



OCTOBER, 1901.

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Editorial.

ALL communications for LINK should be sent the editor by the 15th of the month to insure immediate publication. Individual subscribers who send remittance will please notice if their label is changed, as that is their receipt. Larger amounts are acknowledged by postal cards.

DURING the summer months the work of many of our societies stands still, as so many are away from home. September has brought back the wanderers we trust recruited for fresh service and to inspire with renewed courage the faithful ones who have "borne the burden and heat of the day" at home, of whom the Lord has "taken knowledge." Let us remember "all His benefits," and resume our work with thankful hearts, rejoicing that He has honoured us by making us co-laborers with Him.

WHILE we are greatly disappointed that Miss Iler's health prevents her going out as our missionary, we sympathize with her in having to give up the work she desired to enter upon. It should be a subject of special prayer in our meetings that the Lord will lay it upon the heart of a sister who is qualified for the position, to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

It is cause for thankfulness that Miss Baskerville is returning, and especially that she is to be accompanied by Mrs. La Flamme, whose health is restored so that she is enabled to rejoin her husband after these long years of separation, endured for Christ's sake and love for those in heathen lands He died to save. We rejoice also that Mrs. Higgins of the Maritime Provinces is to rejoin her husband.

Sisters, what sacrifice have we made equal to this? The days of heroism have not passed away and none more brave are found than in the ranks of our mission workers.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF
ONTARIO.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board was held on September 6th, Mrs. Booker presiding, eleven present. Owing to its being exhibition week there was a smaller attendance of Toronto members than usual, but Mrs. Booker came from Aylmer and Mrs. Forbes from Grimsby. The president opened the meeting by reading several beautiful selections of scripture, followed by a season of prayer, nearly all present taking part.

The treasurer reported that \$2,100 will be needed before the end of October to meet our requirements. The programme committee for the convention reported satisfactory progress. It is desired to make this twenty fifth anniversary of the formation of the Society an occasion of great interest and to have as many of the original workers present as possible.

Much sorrow and disappointment was expressed that no recruit would be sent to India this fall, the health of our missionary elect having failed. The corresponding secretary, Miss Buchan, read extracts from a number of letters, from Miss Grace Iler and her friends, which shewed clearly that she is far from strong and that it would be very unwise for her to go to India at present. The following resolution was passed:—In consideration of circumstances surrounding Miss Iler's inability to go to India this fall the Board of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society regretfully release her from her engagement as their missionary.

A gift from Mrs. Armstrong, of Burmah, of a number of copies of a choice pamphlet written by herself, entitled "Charlie's Triumph," was most gratefully accepted. These were placed in the hands of Mrs. C. W. King for distribution.

Miss Hatch wrote in connection with the proposed Cockshut Memorial School that the deed of land had been transferred to the Board. Mrs. Hutchinson had been requested to give the greetings of our Society to the Convention of the Maritime Provinces.

Miss Baskerville being with us for the last time before her return to India special prayer was offered on her behalf by Mrs. Pease.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

The Convention of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Mission Societies of Ontario (West) will be held in Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, November 13th and 14th. The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Foreign Society will be held on the 14th.

DELEGATES.

Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life members or contributors of at least one dollar a year to the Woman's Foreign Mission Society.

CERTIFICATES.

Railway certificates can be obtained from agents at starting points on purchasing a first-class, full rate (one way) ticket. If delegates travel over two lines, it will be necessary to purchase tickets and obtain certificates from each railway.

These certificates are only good for use three days after the meetings close, if the delegates go and return on the same line.

BOARD MEETING.

A meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will be held in Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Tuesday, November 12th, at 8 p.m.

BILLETING.

Those desiring entertainment, will apply to Mrs. Wellington, 14 Pine Hill Road.

It is important that names be sent in as early as possible.

A MOYLE,
Rec. Sec.

We regret we have not received a report from the W. B. M. U. of their convention for the LINK, but rejoice with them that the past year has been so successful in their work. We copy the following extract from *Messenger and Visitor*:

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

We are conscious of the many changes which have taken place since presenting our last report, both at home and abroad, making the first year of the new century notable in the history of Christian Missions. The W. B. M. U. has just closed the most successful year in the history of our mission.

THE TREASURY

shows the sum total of moneys from all sources to be \$10,271.02. Of this \$8,247.82 is for Foreign Mission and \$2,023.20 for Home Mission, showing an advance of \$609.31 over last year. Of this amount Mission Bands have contributed for Foreign Mission \$1,747.45 and \$139.93 for Home Mission. The number of contributing Societies in Nova Scotia is 147, in New Brunswick, 72, and in P. E. Island, 20. New Societies number —. Life members of W. B. M. U., 44. Number of contributing Mission Bands is 105; 11 Sunday Schools, 3 Junior Unions have also sent contributions. Life members of Mission Band 29. The estimates for last year were F. M., \$8,000, H. M., \$6,200. It will be seen the Home Mission estimate has not been met. This is due to a decrease in Mission Band receipts for Home Missions.—*Messenger and Visitor*.

We are pleased to see that a resolution was passed that the Union department of the LINK be continued, but in a larger and more comprehensive manner and a special editor appointed, so we shall hope to hear more from our sister by the sea next month.

EDITOR.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

When a husband and wife have trodden life's pathway together for twenty-five years, they look backward with mingled feelings of sorrow and gratitude. They see that the years have been crowned with goodness, and that every grief has been made bearable by the sustaining power of the "mighty God of Jacob." Here and there stand out striking events that mark the passage of the years, but the whole vast panorama cannot be brought to vision. Thousands of the little daily happenings cannot be recalled. The glance backward only stimulates faith and courage for the forward march. They know that "He who has led them hitherto will lead, He who has kept them hitherto will keep." So to day the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has reached the spot where the two ways meet. Twenty-five years

have hurried by since the devoted servant of Jesus, A. V. Timpany, urged the women to undertake work for heathen women and children. Then a small group of earnest women organized into a "helpmeet" society to the General Society. The backward glance fascinates us. Here and there are the events which mark the passage of the years, the appointment of missionaries, their outgoing, their homecoming, the establishment of medical work and the growth in the number of circles and bands. But the Father alone knows all the lilies that have made the work of these years possible. It is God's power touching the mustard-seed that has made it grow into a great tree, and has made the loaves and fishes feed a hungering multitude. The Master has not forgotten the loving acts of service, the self-denials, the willing hearts that prompted the gifts of hundreds of donors who must always remain unknown to men. No historical sketch could ever be complete, but God keeps a true record, not even the cup of cold water going unnoticed. To Christian women, life has been ennobled, petty jealousies have disappeared and wearing cares have been lightened where the heart is occupied with one sincere cry: "Father, glorify thyself." Indifference and selfish ease have fallen before purpose, zeal and love. Neither can we measure the growth of the work in heathen India. Statistics may seem bare and lifeless, yet they give cause for gratitude as we read of baptisms, of increased church membership, of the growth of schools, and of large gifts from these humble followers of Jesus. Yet we cannot understand all the slow process of character-building, nor all the gradual undermining of the ancient religions of India; darkened lives have been brightened, despair has given place to hope, and spiritual life has succeeded death in trespasses and sins. Be assured, far more has been accomplished than we can see. It has all hastened the day when the uttermost part of the earth shall become His possession. So many causes have we for thankfulness, why comes there a note of sadness? Ah, it is because of oftentimes neglected opportunities, of hearts grown cold, of silent tongues when we might have been true witnesses. We are given no use of India-rubber to erase the past. Let us gather up the lessons of the years gone by, let us plead forgiveness for carelessness and disobedience, and—press on!

But it is not all retrospect to day. The future beckons, and allures to higher achievements. We

look with pleasure to the celebration of this "silver wedding" in the city of Toronto next November. We think of what we shall hear from workers at home and abroad, of the education and inspiration the days will bring to us, and of the friends whose hands we shall again be privileged to press. How can we help to make this gathering a success? How shall each enter into the spirit of so notable an event as this? By first coming in touch with our Lord. If these intervening weeks are spent at Jesus' feet learning of Him, we shall come to that meeting with hearts full of enthusiasm, for Christ never fails to impart to the true learner some of His own yearning love for lost souls.

Oh, still in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word:
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

As we pray for laborers the desire comes to go or send. How shall we praise if any debt hangs over our heads? To make the anniversary a success, we must give,—give self-denyingly, give abundantly, give cheerfully. Let us also plan to be present, and interest others in going. Yes, let me hint, that to help some tireless worker to this rare treat, a little practical assistance from a pocket-book might be useful. The afterward—that will mark the real success of this gathering which is being so carefully planned. If it shall enable the circles to do greater and better work than ever before, then shall its influence be felt throughout the years. Few of the older workers will be present at the silver anniversary. We must work to-day; the night cometh. We may rejoice that God is raising up an army of young people who shall continue to labor when we lie asleep.

"What matter we or they,
Ours or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?
Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
We feel the earth move sunward,
We join the great march onward
And take by faith while living
Our freehold of thanksgiving."

S. M. BARBER.

St. George.

There seems to be a shaking among the dry bones in the Philippines. A list of 7,934 names of men, women and children who have banded together as a body in one district to leave Rome, has been received at the Mission Rooms, Boston.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MRS. W. F. ARMSTRONG.

Many years ago I was far away in the jungles of Siam. With me were two native preachers, two of the women who taught in our school and a school boy. We had also a Siamese Karen, a heathen whose elephant we had hired, and who knew the country we wished to traverse.

We found many Karen villages where no missionary had ever been. They were honest, upright people for the most part, hidden away in the dense jungles of those mountain ranges where the words of Christ had never come.

The forest was full of wild beasts and wilder men, but God was with us. We could not see the lurking dangers, but the angel of the Lord encamping round about us could see it all, and that was enough. We had nothing to fear from the Karens, but these mountains are infested with banditti who live by plunder, and murder for a livelihood.

One evening we came to a Karen village and to our surprise they would not receive us, nor allow us to enter at all. It was totally against Karen custom, but they had no welcome for us. So we camped for the night just outside under the trees. The men cut down bamboos and made a platform on which the women put up a curtain and we arranged ourselves for the night.

The men slept on the hides which covered the elephant beneath the load it carried on the march, first building great fires which they kept burning all night to keep away the tigers.

An encampment with its bright blaze lighting up the forest trees is a cheerful place, and we had several visitors that night. The Karens shut themselves up in their village, but there were others, travellers apparently, who crowded round the fires and listened while we told them of Jesus. They did not tire of hearing, but the preachers grew tired of telling; they had tramped a long way and had another march before them in the morning. So they lay down and went to sleep, but these men did not go away and while they would listen I talked, wondering why they stayed so long. At last I told them we had to leave early in the morning, and I was so tired I would have to rest. So they slowly moved off. To my surprise, when I came to mount the little platform where we slept, I found several pariah dogs had chosen to sleep under it, and through the night again and again, when there was any noise in the jungle, they rushed out barking and so guarded us all night. Pariah dogs are much like rats in disposition, as bold to steal and as shrewd to run away, but this night they domesticated themselves and formed a body guard in force.

With the early dawn we were away to a village where we thought we were sure of a cordial welcome. It was Saturday and we would spend Sunday with them. We reached there at noon, but they did not

seem at all glad to see us. The chief, a white-haired old man, told us we were welcome to stay in a part of his house, but they had all to go away; word had come from another village calling them to a council and they must all go, but would be back next day. So we settled ourselves for a rest at least, disappointed that we were to have no hearers.

Before the old man left, he went out and opened up a limekiln, which was burning on the edge of the green around which the village was built. As I saw him do it, it came to me like a revelation that that kiln was opened up to bury us all in, where no trace of us could ever be discovered.

The old man did it for that very purpose, and the word of the Lord came to me that I might pray and see His salvation.

A great horror of death came over me, and I told the Christians with me I was certain some terrible danger was impending, and asked if there was anywhere we could flee. They answered, "Mamma, we are safest in the village. The Karens will not harm us, the forest is full of danger. Mamma is tired from walking so far, when she is rested she will not be afraid. Mamma has never been afraid when there was real danger, why is she afraid now?"

So I said no more, but when we gathered on the green for our evening worship, just ourselves, not a heathen visible anywhere, only empty houses round us, a great burden lay on my spirit—and while they conducted the worship, I poured out my soul in prayer. My mother would never know what had become of me, others would be hindered from coming there by our mysterious fate, and I pleaded for God's salvation till the burden all passed away, and I rose from my knees sure my prayer was heard.

Just afterwards, in the twilight, we saw the Karens coming back. When the old man came slowly up the ladder into his house, I said to him: "Grandfather, we are glad to see you back, we thought you would not be back till to-morrow." But the old man said, "Humph!" and went silently out to his room. About eight in the evening we heard a noise of elephants trampling through the jungle. They stopped near the house and the men dismounted and tethered them with much noise, then came up into the house where we were. They were the same men I had been talking to the night before, but I did not recognize them.

They passed by us and went out to the old man's room and talked not in Karen which we could understand, but in another language—while they talked we went to sleep. About three in the morning I was awakened by their tramping past me on the springing floor. They got on their elephants and went away into the darkness.

Some eighteen months afterwards the chief of this village sent a man to us asking for a preacher to come and teach them, they wanted to be Christians.

Then he told us how, when we came before, the dacoits had followed us. They had warned the villagers, when we came Friday, that they were going to kill us all for plunder; and the villagers, afraid of getting into trouble if anything happened to us in their village, had refused us admission. At the next village they had also been warned. They would not turn us out, but they left the village themselves so as not to be mixed up with the affair. The men on the elephants were the dacoits; when they came up into the house they asked the old chief whose side he was on. He said: "We are Karens, we cannot resist you. You are strong and we fear you. We all left the village at your bidding, but we were compelled to come back; we do not know why. If any harm comes to these strangers something terrible will happen to us. It cannot be hidden, God's vengeance will follow us." The old man was a soothsayer, and they killed chickens for divination, and tried many auguries while we slept a few feet away. The result was so alarming that those fierce bandits fled from the house and rode away for their lives; while all the villagers needed no more telling that our God lived; they had seen how He saved us, and they worshipped Him with trembling hearts. Many of those villagers are safe in glory now, after earnest, active service in the church below.

I often yet remember how it seemed to me that the ministering angels about us were shuddering over the fate that awaited us that sunny afternoon in a pleasant valley among the Siamese hills. Then I recall the word of the Lord to Abraham—"Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"

The Lord Jesus said to his disciples: "The servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

What purpose have I in telling all this? God talked with Moses "face to face, as a man talketh with his friend." But "God is no respecter of persons." He will talk thus with you if you will give Him the opportunity. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."—*McMaster Monthly*.

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT JAPAN REVIVAL.

The opening year of the Twentieth Century has been set apart for a special effort to proclaim the gospel in every town and village of Japan. The movement originated with Japanese Christians, who brought the subject before the missionary conference at Tokyo, last October. A committee therefrom was appointed to co-operate with the Japan Evangelical Alliance, and their bold, prayerful, united efforts have been honored of God.

From Osaka, Mrs. Winn wrote in February:

"Since the opening of the new year the Japanese

Christians of all denominations have united in special efforts to arouse a greater interest in Christianity. They have appointed some of their most influential men to go from place to place to hold a series of meetings, and Christians everywhere are helping them with their prayers and contributions.

"At Yokohama, special preaching services were held daily from May 20th to June 11th. Prof. Ballagh says there were 700 decisions to seek salvation. Prayer meetings had preceded these public services. It seems that for five years past 'a few faithful souls have maintained a daily early morning prayer meeting.' One of the members, leading in prayer, told the Lord that 'eight parts were united in favor of a revival effort, but two parts were indifferent.' This prayer was the means of rousing some to action.

"At the beginning of the year it seemed that Tokyo would be the last place to expect a revival. But we are now witnessing such an awakening as was never seen here before. Simultaneous meetings have been held nightly since the 12th, in six different churches and at the beginning of this week a seventh church was added. The seven churches are filled every night. Unbelievers are flocking to hear the Word of Life. From the very first night conversions have occurred in increasing numbers. Sunday night, May 19th, one hundred and four persons declared for Christ.

"The Tokyo campaign, May 12th, June 30th, was participated in by fifty-one churches; out of seventy-four assisting pastors and evangelists only twelve were missionaries, while three hundred and sixty Christian laymen and women volunteered as workers."

Rev. B. C. Haworth writes: "Yesterday afternoon Mr. Nemoto, member of Parliament, made an impassioned speech at the prayer meeting, expressing wonder and thankfulness at the part which women are taking in this revival. I had not realized before what a wonderful thing it is for a Japanese woman to engage in such work. Mr. Nemoto says nothing but the power of God could enable them to stand on street corners distributing tracts and boldly inviting people to come to church. Buddhism has taught that woman is vile, has no soul and cannot be saved unless her head is shorn. The Confucian ideal of woman's position makes her little better than a slave. With such conditions it is indeed a novel thing to see women taking an active and prominent part in the work of leading men to Christ. Educated, refined women and girls from the higher schools are working with a graceful modesty, coupled with earnest zeal, which is making a profound impression on the minds of the Japanese. Human nature could not produce such conduct in Japanese women without the presence of divine help. This has convinced many that the present movement is of God.

"Ladies in silk robes, shy school girls, men in

high position, walked the streets distributing invitations to the meetings. One poor little deaf mute simply dragged his father to church and insisted on his bowing in prayer.

"For the first two or three nights, the leaders were annoyed by the large number of children who crowded into the meetings and filled up front benches. In order to get rid of them, they began to invite children to come a half hour earlier and hear addresses specially intended for them and then go away. These meetings became a permanent feature. Children listened with the most perfect attention, many confessed Christ, numbers worked to bring out parents and friends. A little boy failing to persuade his mother, a zealous Buddhist, to go with him to church, spent the whole night in weeping and prayer. The mother-heart was touched and next night he joyfully led her to the church, where for the first time she heard the message of Jesus and His love. She continued to attend services, and our informant says she will become a Christian.

"The character of the preaching by Japanese pastors in this critical time is highly commended. Preachers preach the straight gospel and aim at immediate decision."

"Over five thousand converts and 'seekers' have been enrolled by name in Tokyo churches alone"—*Woman's Work for Women*.

MEDICAL WORK FOR WOMEN

LORENA M. BREED, M.D., NALGONDA, SOUTH INDIA.

Perhaps no other department of mission work is so necessary as a means of entering the homes of Mohammedan Gosha women and high caste Hindu women as is the medical work, as carried on by women. Shut off from the world as they are by their social customs, not allowed to even see a man, except those immediately related to them, they prefer death rather than to receive aid from a male physician. The number of deaths among women in the harem in child birth alone, either from no treatment, or from improper treatment, is impossible to tell. Their sufferings are scarcely describable in a public article, for they are almost incomprehensible. The low position which women in India occupy is responsible for some of it, while ignorance and superstition is responsible for much. I should like to have the opportunity to describe in detail the condition of women and their sufferings in India to a class of women in some of our medical colleges; women who have an object in life, and that object to relieve human suffering. If that would not make them feel that they had a "call" to go to them, I don't know what they would deem a "call."

And yet with all her sufferings woman in India receives little or no sympathy from her husband on account of the low position which she occupies. She

does not appeal to his sympathy, although her sufferings are apparent. That she shall not make trouble for her husband, that she shall cook his food or superintend the cooking of it, and be the mother of his children, is all he requires of her, and should her sufferings be ever so great it matters little to the husband, unless his comfort is interfered with. *Should* this be interfered with he may coolly "put her away" and secure another wife, or he *may* keep her and bring another wife home.

I took one little Mohammedan woman into the hospital who had been suffering extremely for some time. She said that her husband did not want her any more, as she was sick, and was then searching for another wife. She was unhappy, of course, for she felt disgraced. After about a month's treatment in the hospital she went home to her relatives well. The husband, hearing of her recovery, immediately came and took her home, to the great delight of the little woman, who had no other object in life but to serve and please her husband. When cast away by their husbands they have nothing to live for. It has often seemed to me that *with* their husbands, shut up in those harems, impure in every sense of the word, even in the best of them, life would not be worth living. Think of being shut up in apartments where the only fresh air or light ever received is from a small open square, around which the house is built, with the various wives and their children, the numerous servants and their children; obliged to listen to the most obscene talk, from which even the children are not excluded; the various wives, with no object in life but to win the highest regard or favor of their husbands by fair means or foul, so that one may have more silks and jewels than another, the favorite pastimes to gossip about and quarrel with each other and provoke jealousy. Add to this their physical sufferings, without any love or sympathy, and you have a picture of woman with a burden almost too heavy to bear. Imagine the blessing to these women of a well qualified lady physician of broad sympathies, desiring to relieve human suffering, and to give to them a true conception of life through a knowledge of the Christ who alone can change their condition. It seems absolutely hopeless and utterly impossible to change the confused filthy bedlams to anything like order and purity, for they have no standard of purity, and we must first set up a standard and raise them up to it.

At first they only sent for me when the native midwives or "hokeens" had done their best—or worst; but they are not slow in recognizing our superior methods of treatment, and they feel the sympathy, whether we speak it or not. They trust and confide in us, and it is not long until we are admitted into the privacy of the home, consulted alike by the husband and the wives concerning various matters. We have opportunity of studying their lives from a close angle of vision. We learn to know them thoroughly

and everything which lies behind and which makes them what they are. We have opportunity, as no one else can, of studying the relationship between husband and wife. The women, shut up in such narrow lives, learn to look forward to our professional visits as the only thing which breaks the monotony of their lives. They learn to have the utmost confidence in us, and often conceive for us such an affection that it becomes a serious question how to retain their confidence and yet not teach them to be too dependent. They ask me why it is that I have left my people and country and come to care for them—better, they say, than their own mothers—unless it is for much money or for a big name. I refer to our "sacred Book," and tell them that we have the example of a man who came to take away all sin and relieve suffering, and who although a *King*, left his father's house, that he might minister to every one who suffered. That he did this willingly, and that all who love him and wish to follow him must help others as he did, and that whoever wishes to be great must be a servant of all. I could write more of these women and their needs, but have not space. If only a few women physicians who are longing for a wider field of labor would seek it in India, they would not only get more out of life, but they would put far more into it, both for themselves and for many others.—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

"DO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS PAY?"

The above oft-repeated question occurred to me this morning as I attended in the old Batticotta church the funeral of one who was truly "a mother in Israel." After a life of seventy-five years on earth, most of it spent in serving the King, she has gone to her reward. She was the child of Christian parents, both of whom were converted after their marriage. This daughter and two sons were baptized the same day that their parents made a public confession of their faith. For over sixty years she has let her light shine, and has brought up a family of children in "the fear of God." She left fifty-seven living descendants, some of them earnest workers in the Lord's vineyard, and not one of the number has gone back to Sivism, the religion of her ancestors.

A Sivite would as soon tell a lie as the truth, or commit a theft if he thought he could do so without being detected; while quarrels among the members of his own family or with the neighbors are too common an occurrence, unless carried to great lengths, to excite comment.

These fifty-seven descendants have gone out perhaps to a dozen different places, and everywhere they are honored by the people among whom they have made their homes, whether Christians or Sivites. They have the respect of the latter because

they are educated, civilized and, as I said before, law abiding.

Judging by the masses around us, less than one hundred years ago the ancestors of these very people were seemingly but little above the brute creation, so terribly degrading is heathenism. How was the change in their condition brought about? Under God, the instruments used in the conversion of those parents were the early missionaries.

I have given this one family only as an example of what missions are doing here, but could tell of many, many others who have become a blessing to themselves and all around them, through the leaven of Christ's gospel working in their hearts.

Do Christian missions pay? If we answer this question only with a view to the benefits derived in this world, must we not do so in the affirmative? If with reference to the world to come, who will dare compute the value of the immortal souls who from this family already have been summoned home, and of those redeemed by His precious blood, still serving the Master here? Jesus' estimate of each one is shown in His question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

As His disciples, Christians learn from their Master something of the soul's incalculable worth. What then must be the reply of every one of His followers to the question with which this letter commences, "Do Christian missions pay?"—*Miss Minnie T. Hastings, Jaffna, Ceylon, in Life and Light for Women*.

I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

I dare not idle stand,
While upon every hand
The whitening fields declare the harvest near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;
Beneath some shell's rough side,
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord would meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine;
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem,
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But, at my Lord's command,
Labor for him throughout my life's short day;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be past,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

—*The Missionary Monthly*.

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

HOLMWOOD, COONOR, JUNE 29TH, 1901.

As this letter is being written from Coonoor, where I am spending my holidays, it may not have so much of news concerning mission labor in it as usual. I came here the end of April and expect to return to my work soon. I feel that I have been benefited *much* by the change and the rest and the liberty. It is here so cool and so bracing that we spend a great deal of our time out of doors. We are surrounded by the most beautiful scenery quite at our very doors and the woods full of many kinds of flowering trees have been left untouched to quite an extent in this lovely retreat, so that everywhere we go it is like being in the country amidst trees, flowers, running brooks, bird-song, and fresh untainted breezes. Some of the home flowers grow most luxuriantly here. I have never seen roses in such variety and abundance as I have here. The bushes grow wild almost, and all the roads are bordered with roses, daisies, ferns, geraniums, and even calla lilies. Every old root and twig thrown out to die immediately takes root in this fertile soil, grows, spreads and flourishes, and in this way the roads have become beautiful. Heliotrope and fuschias grow as high as one's head and have a trunk as thick as one's wrist. You can imagine how we long exiled from the dear familiar scene of home, feast our eyes on the beauties of nature and think of home. It makes us think of our two homes, Canada, our fair Canada, which we love with ever-increasing warmth as the years of separation roll by, and heaven, where our dear ones are gathering one by one: "Where everlasting spring abounds, and *never-fading* flowers," and where He whom we love and whom we serve abides; for the flowers of earth fade and pass away, but our Saviour abides ever. Heaven remains to us, we have a sure hope, an anchor within the veil. Heaven always seems nearer and sin far away in Coonoor. But in the plains sin is an ever present power, and the Evil One a terrible reality, whose work we see and deplore at every turn. Oh! we can just seem to see him at work everywhere, and our hearts would often fail and faint, had we not, as the Psalmist says, "believed to

see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Still we enjoy close communion with our Lord down there in the midst of all that sin and toil. We are driven to the refuge of His presence, and in His presence there is rest and comfort and strength. Besides the beauties of nature we have been privileged in meeting with many missionaries and workers from every part of India who have come here also for rest and health. We have had missionary meetings and meetings for the deepening of spiritual life, which have been informing as to other works in various parts of the vineyard, and which have helped our spiritual life and given us fresh insight into God's word. The natives of these hills do not speak Telugu. All our servants here speak Tamil, a language allied to Telugu, but quite different, so that we have not been able to do any direct mission work while here. But there is work carried on among the Tamil speaking people by various missions here. So all are reached. There are also two hill tribes in these parts, the Badagas and the Todas. Their languages have been only very recently reduced to written and grammatical form, and there are missionaries at work among them too. A lady of the Church of England Mission has translated the Gospel of Mark into the Toda language, and that is the only scripture they have in their own tongue. But as none can read except the children now learning in mission schools, the need for scripture has not been greatly felt hitherto. Think of how degraded that tribe must be. At a missionary meeting not long ago, we heard that there are still at least one thousand languages into which the Bible has not been translated. There still remain one thousand tongues which know not the word of God. How can all the people speaking these languages be saved? Is it not a dreadful burden on the Church of the living God.

But I must close this letter for this time, assuring you once more of my interest and my prayers, and praying that God's blessing may follow all your works. Pray for us.

Yours sincerely,

K. S. McLAURIN.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

The North-West Baptist gives a very interesting and encouraging report of Mr. J. E. Davies' work at Ramachandrapuram, India.

Our readers will remember that last year the W. F. M. S. of Manitoba and the North-West assumed the support of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and his report is given to this Board.

The following are portions of his report :—

“RAMACHANDRAPURAM

“*Work at the Station.*—Besides the regular preaching services which have been kept up throughout the year, considerable work has been done in the near villages and already a number are asking for baptism. The Boarding School has been superintended by Mrs. Davis, and the teachers have done good work.

“On Saturdays Mrs. Davis has conducted a sewing class for the school boys, in order that they may learn to make and mend their own clothes. She has also superintended the Famine Relief Work, which was carried on for a month to help the poor Christians and their heathen relatives. In addition to this she has had to nurse the sick and give out medicines. Four Christians brought in from distant villages after a lingering illness died here in the compound. The nursing of these sick ones and the preparations made for their burial fell to the lot of the missionary's wife while her husband was far distant touring among the villages. Such are some of the duties of the wives of missionaries in lonely stations.

“*Touring.*—We spent about 55 days away from home, looking after the building of the new boat and attending conferences and associations. In addition to this we have toured 112 days. Our message has generally been well received. The caste people are manifesting a greater in the Gospel from year to year. This is especially noticeable among the women.

“In some villages from 50 to 100 women came out into the streets to listen to our message, while as many more were on the verandas and hiding behind walls. The work for lady missionaries is rapidly developing, and India will be turned upside down when her women are brought to Christ. We have frequently been invited to sit on the verandas of wealthy farmers and to read and expound the Scriptures. Four new villages have opened up and 24 men and women have been baptized in these villages. Our workers have been greatly encouraged by our visits and souls have been saved.

“There seems to be a general awakening among the leather workers and 48 from that caste have been baptized during the year. There is a growing conviction among all castes and classes of the people that the Christian religion is the one true religion and Jesus Christ the one true God and Saviour of men.

“*Incidents in the Work.*—In August we were led to hold special services in the Muramanda church

where for years there had been standing quarrels among the members. We were almost heart broken over the condition of these Christians and often cried to the Lord for them. The time did not seem favorable then, but when it came, we went to the village and began to preach on the holiness of God and the sinfulness of the human heart. On the evening of the 4th day when we were all bowed in prayer, I suddenly heard a noise and looking up I saw two men run across the church; they clasped each other's hands and shook with emotion. Tears were in their eyes as they forgave and were forgiven. Others followed their example and confessed their sins one to another. The church was greatly helped and strengthened by these meetings and we hope for better things there in the future.

“In the Kaleru church, Mary, a Christian woman who receives no salary from the Mission, spent her spare hours in teaching the women of another village about Jesus. When I visited that village in October I was surprised to find how much Bible knowledge they had acquired. Their repentance was so genuine that I almost wept as I listened to their testimonies. Shortly afterwards 8 of them were baptized.

“In another village, Jacob, the ex sorcerer, who was baptized about three years ago, has visited his relatives in many villages and borne his testimony to the saving power of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

“*Quarterly Report.*—48 persons have been baptized since the year opened up to the time I left, April 9th, and 12 others applied for the ordinance and are waiting my return. I certainly think that you and we ought to give special thanks to God for His abundant grace. From October, 1900, to April, 1901, 78 persons were baptized on profession of their faith. That was a great six months' work and it gave my nerves a great strain. Let prayer go up from every Circle for this great work. Yours in His service.”

Report of Mr. Jackson, Organizing Secretary of Leper Mission in “Without the Camp.”

“On arrival at Cocanada at 12 30 (midnight) I was met by Miss Hatch's servant, who had a conveyance waiting. In this I was driven through the sleeping city to the Canal where the boat was moored—with Dr. Woodburn (of the Canadian Baptist Mission), who accompanied me to Ramachandrapuram. Miss Hatch welcomed us at the bungalow which she shares with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and after a rest she accompanied me to the Asylum, which under her able and devoted supervision has made such an encouraging beginning. Already there are forty-five inmates, though only about nine of these (viz. the women) are at present occupying permanent houses.* A large number have been turned away, especially of women, who could not be received because they had

*By now one large ward for men will have been completed and occupied, and another will be nearly ready.

untainted children for whom there is at present no accommodation. It was shocking to set the number of untainted children now in the Asylum, and when the buildings are complete and all lepers applying are received, Miss Hatch believes she would have thirty to forty untainted children at once. This makes a Home an urgent necessity. This is, I believe, the only Asylum (except Madras) for the whole thirty millions of Telegus, among whom leprosy is very prevalent, so you will see the need for it, and the almost certainty of its growing rapidly. Already it is being talked of in the villages for many miles round, and is preparing the people to receive the missionaries with far more sympathy and attention than formerly. In this respect leper work has the same effect as medical mission work. They gave me a very touching reception, and it was evident my visit was a great event to them. On Saturday morning we visited the Asylum again before breakfast, especially for a service at which all the lepers gathered save a poor old woman who is too ill. She is in so terrible a state that she has to dwell alone in a little hut of leaves, and is quite helpless, but is most kindly cared for by one of the other leper women, who was greatly surprised and delighted at being rewarded by the gift of a quilt for her unselfish care of her fellow-sufferer. Already this year fourteen have been added to the church among the lepers, so it is evident that God is very specially blessing these outcasts of Hinduism."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

In our bereavement we have sorrows and heart-aches and lonely hours, but yet we look forward to meeting in the glad beyond, where partings never come, but heathen hearts, perhaps as full of love as ours, bleed and quiver and break, and have no light or joy, or rest or hope beyond this world.

A story comes from India, from the Amritsan Medical Mission, of an old woman eighty years of age, tall and erect, and with hair like driven snow, but who was totally blind. She came to the dispensary of the mission and said to the missionary: "Son, I will give thee all I have; bear all the pain, do anything, if thou wilt but give me sight but for a single moment." "Grandmother," said the missionary "why undertake all this pain and weariness for a fleeting good?" "Son," she replied, "since I became blind a little grandson has been born to me. He is the only one I have, and I shall never see his face. I shall die, and shall then become a cat or a dog or a frog. We must be born 84,000,000 times and the lad will become a cow or a hen or a crow. After this life he is mine, and I am his no more. If I don't see him now I shall never see him again, for through all eternity our lives will never again touch. And, oh! I do want to see the laddie's face before I die."—*The Inland*.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

HARVEY, A. Co., N.B.—Another year has rolled by since the last report from our Aid Society in connection with the Harvey Church. We have never missed a meeting this year. Our meetings are well attended and I think a greater interest is manifested in missions. We are thankful to be able to report a small increase in the amounts raised. We have raised \$70.64 for Foreign and Home Missions, we have a Mission Band in connection also, it has raised \$11.03. Owing largely to our President, Mrs. M. E. Fletcher, the Society and Band are doing a good work. We have added new names to our Society, but it has pleased the allwise Father to call two of our sisters, Mrs. G. R. Smith and Mrs. P. Morphy, to higher services. We miss their presence and the interest they took in the work. Our hopes are that the Society may be able to do better work in the coming year.

MRS. G. A. COONAN,
Secretary.

Through the efforts of our energetic Assistant Director (Mrs. Mullock), a Circle has been organized at Tyneside, with Mrs. George Harris, President; Miss Berry, Vice-President; Miss Lilly Burrows, Secretary Treasurer; and Miss Berry, agent for LINK and *Visitor*.

MARY P. WALKER,
Director.

NEWS FROM BANDS

WOODSTOCK.—OXFORD ST. MISSION BAND.—For about three years this Band has supported a girl student at the Cocanada School. It takes over \$18.00 a year to support this girl and this amount has been raised chiefly by the children's mite boxes. Our annual concert by the children helps to raise the amount necessary. Miss Nellie Hatch, our former president, has been very much missed since she was taken from our midst as she was very faithful and enthusiastic in mission work. Our new president, Miss Best, is carrying on the work quite successfully, and the number of members is steadily increasing. At the last monthly meeting a very interesting talk was given by Mrs. Seldon, of Denver, Col. A brief

sketch of the history of each mission station in India is now being studied by the Band. By this means we hope to raise a class of young Christians who will take a greater interest in mission work than their predecessors have yet done.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

Thank-Offerin; Leaflets—A Thank Offering, 1c; Come near and bring Thank Offerings, 1c; How our Woman's Thank-Offering Envelope came to be Filled, 1c; My Beckey's Thank Offering, 5c; Forget not, 1c; Friend, go up higher, 1c; A Sacrifice of thanks-giving, 1c; Mrs. Stanton's Thank Offering, 1c; God's part, 2c; Thank Offering invitations, 2c.

Other Leaflets on Giving.—Right Ways of giving, 1c; A Mosaic on giving, 2c; A Farmer's Wife on Tithing, 2c; Stewardship and Proportionate giving, 5c; Ten Reasons for Tithing, 2c; A Tithe for the Lord, 2c; Bible plan of giving, 1c; What do the Heathen teach us? 2c; Motives instead of Enticements in giving, 2c; "Peggy Jane," 3c; Giving—an Experience, 1c.

Pyramids for gathering Foreign Missions *only*, free. Barrels 35c. a dozen, pre-paid.

Address all orders to
Stamps received.

MRS. C. W. KING,
80 Amelia St., Toronto.

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

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

Receipts from Aug. 16th to Sept. 15th, 1901, Inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Atwood, \$2.35; Brownsville, \$4; Brantford, First Church, for Miss MacLeod, \$50; Chatham, \$1.35; Chatham, fund collected by Mrs. Mellish for Lizzie, Bible woman, \$21; Hillsburgh, \$2.40; London South, \$3.85; Markham, Second, \$6.50; Toronto Junction, \$4.35; Tilsonburg, \$5. Total, \$100.80.

FROM BANDS.—Port Arthur, for Yadida Ramaswami, \$4.25; Toronto, Christie St. (Gleaners), \$1.60; Waterford, \$2.75. Total, \$8.60.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Holmedale Y. P. S. for lepers, \$0; Mrs. Johnston, Princeton, \$2; Mrs. Vickert, Princeton, \$1; A friend, Wolverton, \$2; Legacy from Miss Gemima Shenstone, St. Catharines, \$50. Total, \$61.

REFUND.—From Miss A. Grace Her, on account advance to purchase outfit, \$50.

Total receipts during the month, \$220.40.

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer, Regular work, \$473.75; Special appropriation for Village Schools, \$18; Extra: Rent for Rest House, 50 rupees, \$16.67. Total, \$508.42

HOME EXPENSES.—Miss A. Grace Her, return fare from

Ridgetown for second examination by physician, \$8.40
Rev. J. G. Brown, expenses incurred for our Society, \$3;
Dudley & Burns, blank forms for Bands, \$1; Postals and postage for Miss Buchan, \$4; Postals and postage for Mrs. H. H. Lloyd, \$4. Total, \$20.40.

Total disbursements during the month,	\$528.82
Total receipts since October 21st, 1900	\$6,320.80
Total disbursements since October 21st, 1900	\$7,685.42

CORRECTION.—In September LINK, page 12, the position of the totals has been reversed; they should read:

Total receipts since October 21st, 1900	\$6,100.40
Total disbursements " " " "	\$7,086.60

SPECIAL ACCOUNT.—"Medical Lady" Fund,
Receipts, Brantford, First Ch. M. C., per N.
A. D. \$100.00

Disbursements—By General Treasurer for Dr. Gertrude Hulet,	\$42.90
Total receipts since October 21st, 1900	\$151.90
Total disbursements " " " "	\$430.52

NOTICE.—The Treasurers of Circles and of Bands are reminded that their books should close for the Convention year on October 15th. The amount then on hand for Foreign Missions should be forwarded to me at once, as my books only remain open until the 20th.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

A HINDU'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity makes visible progress. There are educated Hindus who see plainly enough that the hope of individual and national salvation lies in the Christian religion. One of them wrote:

I have given the subject of social reform my best thought and attention these twelve years. My conviction is that the liberal education of women and the consequent happiness of the home is possible only in the Christian community. It is Christianity that permits the postponement of the marriage of girls. It is Christianity that allows widows to remarry. It is Christianity that gives fallen women a chance of reclaiming themselves from evil ways. It is Christianity that allows foreign travel. It is Christianity that teaches the dignity of labor. It is Christianity that allows all facilities for being rich, wise, and philanthropic. It is Christianity that gives free scope for women to receive complete education. It is Christianity that gives salvation without the laborious and multifarious ceremonies. If ever the Hindus are to rise in the scale of nations, it must be by Christianity, and Christianity only. Some of my Hindu brothers may say that agnosticism or atheism may produce these results; but I do not believe in that. Man cannot do without religion.—MR. SLATER, in the *Harvest Field*.

Young People's Department.

"I FORGOT."

Wonder how many of the boys and girls who read our LINK have to use these words, "I forgot!" My we daughter Grace learned a little recitation lately, called

"A QUEER LITTLE GIRL."

"She forgot to go to the meeting
Of her own dear Mission Band,
But remembered to go down town
For candy, I understand.

"She forgot to put her pennies
(For she told me so herself.)
The pennies for heathen children
In the Mission Barrel on the shelf.

"She forgot to ask God's blessing
On the missionaries too,—
Does she care no more for Jesus
Than the heathen children do?"

What a sad thing it would be for us if the dear Saviour should forget us when He comes by and by to gather the redeemed people for his beautiful Heaven? But that could never be. You know how dearly your mother loves little baby brother. She watches over him day and night, always taking the very best care of him because she loves him so. God says in the Bible that even if a mother should forget her child, He will never forget those who love him,—He knows all about us, and just how hard our great enemy tries to crowd our hearts so full of other things that we are like those people in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago, who had "no room for Jesus." Let us pray for His help to remember the things Jesus wants us to remember because we love Him. Then our Mission Band meetings will be better attended, and the mission barrels, which we took to help Jesus do His work for the little heathen children, will not be left empty or forgotten on the shelf. Two lines of a little poem come to me very often—

"If one only is really in earnest
There's wonderful power in prayer."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, Sept., 1901.

MRS. TUCKER'S CONVERSION.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Tucker was very tired. Life was hard at best—only a tedious routine of wearisome duties; but on this particular afternoon the closing of the week's work pressed very heavily upon her.

As she passed wearily back and forth from stove to ironing table, and from table back to stove, the easy lives of many of her friends and neighbours came to her mind; and her thoughts grew hard and bitter as the contrast forced itself upon her. Down the lane and across the doorstep came the sound of hurrying feet, and an eager voice cried, "Oh, Mrs. Tucker, can Sallie go with us to the mission band?"

Mrs. Tucker raised her eyes, and saw standing in the doorway three little girls.

"Mission band! I'd like to know what's a mission band?" she demanded sharply.

"Why," spoke out the bolder of the three, "it's lots of children all together working and sewing for heathen folks. We bring our pennies to Miss May for them, and she says it's giving to Jesus. We have just the nicest time—do let her go!"

"Oh, mother," and Sallie's brown eyes looked appealingly into her mother's face, "please say I may—do let me!"

Mrs. Tucker slowly folded the garment she had ironed, and hung it in its place before she answered.

"No, she can't. I can give her all the sewing she wants at home, and we've got nothing to give to the Lord. He don't give to us. So go along, and tell Miss May that Sallie Tucker's better set to work."

"My!" said Lulu Strong as they gained the safety of the street, "wasn't she cross! And Sallie was just crying. I'm so glad she isn't my mother."

"I'm very sorry," said gentle little Susie Earl, "that Sallie could not come. But we'll tell Miss May about it, and I'm sure she will pray that God will make her mother willing, and find something to give him, too."

When Mrs. Tucker, the hard day's work at last completed, toiled wearily upstairs, she found her little daughter seated upon the top stair, while about her on the floor were scattered all her childish treasures.

"What on earth, child," exclaimed her mother, "is all this clutter for? What are you trying to do?"

"Why, mother," chirruped the sweet child's voice, "I am looking to find something to give to Jesus."

"Give to Jesus! What do you think the Lord wants of such stuff as this?"

"But, mother," she explained, and her voice grew unsteady, and the bright eyes filled with tears, "my teacher said anything we give to him he would like it, and if we gave what we loved best it pleased him most; and this is what I love most, my wax doll and my birthday book. Won't he take it, mother? Can't I give him anything?"

"Sallie Tucker," and her mother's voice was cold and stern, "you just put this notion out of your head. You don't know what giving to the Lord means. Put this trash away. When the Lord remembers us with some of his plenty 'will be time enough to give to him, I reckon."

It was the afternoon of the women's quarterly missionary meeting in the Shadyville Baptist church. Mrs. Gray, the minister's wife, came to the vestry with a sad heart. She knew too well the character of these gatherings. A few ladies came together in a listless, apathetic way, a few lifeless prayers were offered, a little business disposed of; and the ladies went to their homes wondering why there wasn't more interest in missions. Mrs. Tucker wasn't in the habit of attending the missionary meeting; so when she came into one this afternoon, the ladies present looked at each other in surprise. Mrs. Gray read the psalm and offered prayer, and then came the usual dead silence.

Presently Mrs. Tucker rose to her feet, and in a voice shaken with emotion said:

"I s'pose you're all astonished to see me here, but the truth of the matter is, I've got something to say to you which can't half be told in words, neither. You all know my little Sallie has been sick, but I don't s'pose none of you know what that sickness has been to me. You see the children wanted her to go to the mission band, but I was tough and cranky, and dead set ag'in' anything of the kind, an' told her in the crossest way she couldn't go. She'd heard somethin' about giving to Jesus, and laid out her best doll and book; an' I laughed at it, an' told her the Lord didn't want her trash. Well, she took sick, an' got sicker an' sicker, till my heart stood still with the fear o' losing her. She was out of her head, you know, and every time I come near the bed she'd start right up an' say: 'Oh, can't I give him anything? Don't he want my dolly? O mother, mother, can't I go?' till I just thought my heart would break in two. Everywhere I looked I could see her eyes with such a beseechin' look in 'em, and hear her voice callin', 'Mother, mother, can't I give him *anything*?' till at last I went down on my knees all broke up like, and I sez: 'Lord, I'm a poor, ungrateful sinner, and I've been a withholding from you all these years, but if there's anythin' I can give you, won't you please take it? Even my little girl and everything I've got I just lay down.' Well, my sisters, I cried an' cried as I hain't for years; and it wasn't all for sorrow, neither; therh was a great, deep joy in it all. And I come here to-day to tell you that I just give myself and all I've got to the Lord's work. I'm fairly converted to missions, and if the Lord will only take the poor, miserable offerin' I've got to give, and use me roughshod in his work, I'd really be only too thankful. Why, my sisters, I'm the happiest woman on earth, and it's all owin' to the blessed child and the children's band."

With one accord the ladies present sank upon their knees, while from awakened tender hearts went up earnest vows of consecration. And Mrs. Gray wended her way homeward with lightened, grateful heart, saying softly to herself, "And a little child shall lead them."—*Helen E. Crosby, in Home Missionary Echo.*

DR. HODGE'S PRAYER.

"As far back as I can remember," said a wise and good man, "I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and of asking him for everything I wanted.

"If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school or out of school, whether playing or studying. I did this because it seemed natural to do so. I thought of God as being everywhere present, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to Him."

That man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the distinguished schoiar and preacher. How happy all children would be if they were to talk with God as to their father, which he did as a child, and had also the habit of thanking God!

Too often when our prayers are answered we forget to give God thanks.

The child who talks with God will not be likely to use bad words at any time. His speech and his heart will be sanctified by communing with one who is perfectly pure and loving, so that only words which are good and pleasant will flow from his lips.—*Selected, in the Missionary Monthly.*

SOUTH AFRICA'S PESTS.

South Africa imports hides, wool and mohair, and the ranchmen would revel in riches were it not for the various pests that decimate his flocks and herds. The most deadly one is the rinderpest, a cattle plague, which in the past ten years has been slowly creeping from Central Africa southward, leaving a wake of whitened bones. In traveling through Natal I saw fifty oxen lying dead about a spring, where they had tumbled one over the other, so suddenly had the disease attacked them. Dr. Koch and other eminent specialists tried in vain to stop the plague. The country is now recovering from its slowly.

Another pest is the tsetse fly, an insect resembling our common housefly, but three times as large. Its bite will kill a horse, cow, or any other domestic animal in about ten days, but strange to say, does not affect a wild animal or a human being. A less dangerous, but more troublesome pest is the white ant, which is about one quarter of an inch long and ubiquitous in many parts of the country. They live under the ground and can only be routed by the killing of the queen, which sometimes reaches one inch in length. This insect is particularly harassing in Rhodesia. At Buluwayo my traveling companion inadvertently left his boots on the floor after turning in at night, and he arose next morning to find the uppers carefully separated from the soles. "Lucky, you didn't leave your clothes on the floor," was the hotel-keeper's only consolation. These ants will eat

through anything but metal, and for that reason much of the building is done with corrugated iron. The ant hill is one of the conspicuous land marks in traveling over South Africa.—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

One of the most encouraging features of the Y. P. C. Societies is, that they "are finding their greatest stimulation and largest opportunities for growth along missionary lines."

However important their social or educational efforts or aims, "the most important of all is their more perfect enlistment in all missionary activity through existing denominational organizations."

May God hasten the day when a new generation "trained to missions," may more fully obey the Lord's command to "go."

"But ye shall pass before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valor, and help them; and until the Lord have given your brethren rest, as He hath given you, and they also have possessed the land which the Lord your God giveth them: then shall ye return unto the land of your possession, and enjoy (possess) it." Josh. i: 14, 15.—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

HELPS FOR LEADERS.—I often wonder if we appreciate how many of our boys and girls are growing up without the simplest forms of missionary information. A goodly number are being trained in Mission Circles and Junior Endeavor Societies; but apart from these there are a host of children having absolutely no missionary instruction. How this shall be remedied is a vital question which must be answered if we are to have interested men and women to take up this work as older ones are obliged to lay it down. The Sunday school seems the place for special effort along this line. We hear it said again and again, "Knowledge is power." We must give the children the knowledge that they may possess the power which will help on the kingdom of God in this world. Information in story form always appeals to children, and leads to questions which, with tact, can be led into missionary channels. The papers and magazines of our denomination are full of material which can be so used to great advantage.—*By Miss A. R. Hursthorn, Life and Light for Women.*

Faraday, with the intellect of twenty men, was asked on his dying bed, "What are your speculations?" "Speculations? I have none. I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to Him."—*The Missionary Monthly.*

JAPAN.

A peculiar feature of the work of Missions in Japan is, that it has been largely among the upper classes, while the coolie or peasant classes have been as yet but little touched. It is on this account that the influence of forty years of Christian effort in the empire is so felt in the laws, customs, thought and life of the country.

Thus while there are only 120,000 members of Christian churches, including Roman Catholics, in that country, yet out of 300 members of the National Diet last year the speaker and thirteen other members were Christian, among whom are found some of the most able and efficient men in that body. One of the three members of the Executive Committee of the great Liberal Party is a Christian, and there are 155 Christian officers in the army and about an equal proportion in the navy. In the government universities and colleges the number of Christian teachers and professors is noticeably large, while in the new literary life of Japan, as editors and leading writers in the secular press, Christian men hold many prominent positions. Christians take the lead in the organization and conduct of charitable institutions, such as orphan asylums, homes for released prisoners, schools for wayward children, etc. This large proportion of Christian men in leading positions in Japan is due to the fact that the better classes there are accepting Christianity, and that the impulse of their new faith leads them to the front in all good measures for the education, elevation and salvation of their country.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

In 1868, the first building for Christian uses was erected in Tokyo; now there are ninety-two such in that city. In 1873, the calendar of Christian nations displaced the pagan. By the treaties which came into force in July last year, all the country is now open for missionary residence and work. Japanese Christians have sent, and will support, five missionaries to their own countrymen in the Hawaiian Islands. There are two battleships of the first class in the Japanese navy, and both are commanded by Christian captains. These are both Presbyterians, as is also the President of the Lower House of Parliament. There are three Christian professors, and upwards of sixty members of the Christian Association in the Imperial University of Tokyo. Sixty students were baptised last year who had been brought to the acceptance of Christianity, chiefly through the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association.—*Free Church Monthly.*

"I think it will be admitted by all that lack of interest in foreign missions is due largely to lack of knowledge. If we would cultivate the interest we

must assuredly begin in childhood. Is there a child who does not dearly love a story? And is there a story equal to the beginnings of our several missions? More thrilling experiences, more truly brave and noble deeds than those of our missionaries it would be hard to find."—*Selected.*

WHERE LIFE COUNTS FOR MOST.

Two men were before the Board for examination with reference to their becoming missionaries. They were examined at different times, never saw one another or had any correspondence with one another. One was in the prime of youth, unmarried, well educated, and with fine prospects of success in the Gospel ministry in this country. Yet he desired to become a missionary to the heathen, and was happy upon his appointment. The other was older, though still young, with a noble wife and a loving family. He was a physician, in full and successful practice, yet he was willing to count all lost, that he might minister to the souls, as well as the bodies, of those who live and die in heathen darkness. Both were splendid men.

In answer to the question, "Why do you think of becoming a foreign missionary?" both gave the same answer—"Because I think that in the service of the Lord Jesus my life will count for most there." The answer is a striking one, and suggests the inquiry, ought not every Christian to ask the question, "When and in what service will my life count most for my Lord?"

There are noble young preachers, a host of teachers and physicians, who ought in good conscience to ask this question and settle it on bended knees before God. Our times are in His hand, and our inquiry should be, How can our lives count for most in His service? Young physicians ambitiously looking into the future should consider the millions of suffering men and women who have no one to minister to them intelligently; teachers seeking a place here should consider how great are the opportunities in foreign lands, and preachers—what unparal- leled opportunities to preach the everlasting Gospel, and to render a true account to God, in the giving of their lives to foreign mission service.—*The Foreign Mission Journal.*

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;

The good begun by thee shall onward flow

In many a branching stream, and wider grow.

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,

Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,

And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's own bowers.

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