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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 10, No 6] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [FEB., 1888.

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THE NEW MISSIONARIES.—Messrs. Davis and Laflamme reached Cocanada in safety some weeks ago, and are now earnestly plodding away at the language. Mr. Garvide has been heard from several times while on the way, and has doubtless reached India before now. Mr. and Mrs. Auvache are now, in England, Mr. Auvache in a very debilitated condition. It is not likely that they will ever resume work in India.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—The inquiry has come to us, whether life memberships can be paid for out of the ordinary members' fees of a Circle? That is to say, supposing that by the ordinary fees of the members of a Circle \$25 or more are raised during a year, can the Circle apply this money to making one of its number a life member? This question must be answered in the negative. The payment of the ordinary fees entitles one to membership in the Circle, and so in the Society; and it will be readily seen that if the money which constitutes the various members of the Circles annual members is applied to making some individual a life member the annual memberships are left unprovided for. The chief aim of the life-membership arrangement is, we take it, to promote extraordinary efforts to raise funds. It is often possible, after the ordinary fees have been fully paid, by a little effort, to secure contributions for making some honored sister a life member. Such efforts are deserving of all encouragement, and should be made oftener than they are. What does life-membership involve? It would seem to constitute the person, on whom it is bestowed, a member of the Society for life, independently of the payment of annual fees. But we have no idea that any sister who is at all worthy of the honor would for a moment think of such a thing as making it an excuse for failure to pay regularly for the support of missions. The effect, we should imagine, would generally be to double the amount given rather than to decrease it.

Miss Alexander.

The following letter to the Board will verify the statement in the January LINK concerning Miss Alexander. We are sure now that we are to lose one of whom we had

very great expectations. But may we not pause for a moment and ask, to what is she lost, and to whom? The Board designated her to do mission work in Cocanada. She writes back to us of circumstances that direct her to Madras. Which is right, the Board or the circumstances? Is the Master's vineyard embraced only in the hand-breadth of map that we call "our field," and is she lost to the cause that inspired her to leave home and friends and native land because she is not to go just there?

But the time! We lose a year of precious work in our mission, for it is not considered safe for another to go to India before next autumn. May we not here do well to consider that a year of loss in Cocanada may be a year of gain in Madras, and therefore no loss in the advance of God's great kingdom. Let us be trustful and believing in this, let us take wider views, let us look beyond the narrow horizon that encircles our field and our time, for even now we learn that, as Mr. Drake is to take the place of Mr. Waterbury, deceased last year, Mrs. Waterbury who remained in Madras, working on alone as long as health would permit, is greatly rejoicing at the good Providence that is sending one so able and efficient as Miss Alexander to fill her place. Who knows the "ways that are past finding out"? And who will cease to cherish great expectations of a noble work from a noble life because, forsooth, its ways are not just our ways? We do expect great things from Miss Alexander, and we most lovingly and earnestly pray that she may have a happier life and do a grander work for the Master as wife and missionary at Madras, than she could have done, according to our way, as missionary to Cocanada.

Concerning finance in this connection, the Board is assured of returns that will be very satisfactory, reports of which will be made in the future.

A further indication of God's Providence in this disappointment of ours is, that another young lady, well fitted for the work, stood ready, waiting and longing to go. Of the appointment of Miss Sara Simpson, of Paris, fuller mention will be made at another time.

M. A. CASTLE.

MADRAS, INDIA, Dec. 12th, '87.

My Dear Miss Buchan.—Since my last letter to you a change has come into my life and plans, the Rev. Mr. Drake, one of the American missionaries who sailed from Boston, has asked me to become his wife and work with him here in Madras.

This will involve my severing my short-lived connection with our own Board. I write at once so that the place I was to have taken may be soon filled. I feel leaving our own mission and the special work I was looking forward to, but after considering the matter prayerfully I think I am right in the step I am taking. I am not laying aside mission work, only taking it up in a different place and among the same people to whom I was coming in the first place.

I expect to leave on Thursday of this week for Cocanada and give over all the various articles sent out for the missionaries and schools into the right hands and fulfil that trust. After considering the matter carefully in every light it does not seem wise for me to remain long in Cocanada, as I would simply be learning the language for some time to come and doing little or no work. Under these circumstances it would not be just to our Board to remain there unless I can do a fair amount of work and accomplish something. I shall probably leave some time in January, but that is not decided yet.

This is one of the most difficult letters I have ever been obliged to write, for I feel keenly the position in which our Board is placed, and the lack of workers on our own field. Believe me very sincerely yours,

BELLA ALEXANDER.

An Incident,

Related by a returned lady missionary from India, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Board of Missions suggested the following lines.

One of India's closed zenanas
Opens to the gentle tread
Of a faithful Bible-teacher,
Who for months the word had read
Here a dark-eyed, tender woman,
A fair daughter by her side,
Listens to the old, old story
Of the Saviour crucified.

And it seemed as if each barrier
To the truth was swept away,
Yea, that Christ, Himself, had entered,
Would our sister bid Him stay?
Blessed fears were slowly falling,
And the teacher's eyes grew dim,
As she asked in pleading accents,
Can you give up all for Him?

Angels waited for the answer,
And it came so soft and low,
"May I keep one sacred custom?"
'Tis too precious to let go;
When the first faint shadows gather
At the quiet twilight hour,
When the hush of coming nightfall
Still the song-bird, shuts the flower.

"Then is lit the candelabra,
With its arms of branching light,
And, beneath our household idol
Maidens place it, shining bright.

Next two cocoa nuts are broken,
Such the offering that is made,
While around fresh fragrant blossoms
Pere white jessamine are laid.

"Thus we make our evening worship,
Husband doffs his turban gay,
Little children cluster round us,
Coming in from happy play;
Hands are clasped devout and silent,
'Tis a time so strangely sweet:
Must I pass it by for Jesus,
Lay this offering at His feet?"

"Ah, my sister," said the teacher,
"These are symbols faint and dim,
Of the perfect loyal service
You must render unto Him:
Keep the flowers, the glowing lamplight,
For the solemn evening prayer,
But the idol-shrine abolish,
If the Lord of light be there.

"Step by step His hand will lead you
To the light around the throne,
Where the King in wondrous beauty,
Holds all glories into one;
There, when cloes life's brief day-time,
May we meet a ransomed throng,
Earth's mistakes and pain forgotten
In the new, unending song."

Then, methought, there comes a question
To our Christian homes to-day,
Have we not some goodly treasure,
Some fair idol laid away?
Safe enshrined and worshipped often,
Garlanded with light and bloom,
Where we bow and render service,
Which belong to God alone.

Father we ask and erring,
Make the sort complete,
Some, perchance, have broken idols
And would lay them at Thy feet:
Take our best, our full allegiance,
Consecrate each heart to Thee,
Perfect faith her all surrenders,
Resting safe on love divine.

Mrs. G. B. M.

My Hindu Helps.

MY MUNSHI.

This individual put in his appearance a few days after our arrival. A Bohemian, a queer mixture of arrogant pride and cringing servility. He is about five feet six inches in height; slightly built and yet more slightly clothed. He wears white cotton cloth gathered about his loins and falling loosely so as to form a species of bloomer about his knees. From the waist up he wears a flowing robe of muslin or a cotton jacket. His head is swathed in eight or ten yards of coarse muslin; over his arms he carries a great cotton handkerchief, necessary to assist him in the ever recurring nasal explosions by which he ejects the quantities of mucus being perpetually injected into his nose. His features are a compound of a thrice foiled attempt at the Grecian, Roman and Jewish types. His face is walnut-color badly pitted by small-pox and covered with black blotches, the evident abortions of small-pox marks.

The munshi is not handsome. He comes along each

morning with a great swinging stride, this on account of the Mussulman slippers down at the heel which he wears; he can be heard half-a-mile away by their flip-flap against his bare heels as he walks. When within a few yards he stands, slides out of his shoes, carries his right hand to his forehead as he bends gracefully forward, more or less nearly to the ground, in proportion to his ideas of our importance or his hopes of future profit out of us, and thus salutes us. Primarily this munshi cares little for us, but if he teaches me the language quickly and well he will get a good name. He will get to be munshi, to cram some young official for his exam., who in return will secure this loyal citizen a position on the revenue department of Government service. He will get a small salary and a smaller pension, but his heart is not set on either of these but on the facilities this office affords for speculation and bribery. He is much disgusted because I insist on learning the vulgar, every-day words of the language, he always brings forward the long, jaw-breaking, Sanscrity ones, which on danger a fit of lock-jaw. He needs money badly, he is paying interest, R.5 a month, on his marriage debts. He does not do this willingly, but the Soucar harasses it out of him by his villifying impertunity.

My munshi is an enterprising man and he means to learn as much English as I do of Telugu. He notes the semblance of a smile on my face as he blunders in English, he will not be satisfied till he knows the mistake and corrects it. This correction he keeps repeating under his breath for hours. The difference between us is that I give the pay and he receives it. He is hungry for information, as curious as Mother Eve. I fear he often indulges in a peep when our backs are turned. One day my wife was using a pretty strong bottle of smelling-salts for headache. Munshi watched the performance narrowly. We went to breakfast and returned sooner than usual, we found my munshi in convulsions, his eyes staring, his features distorted, his arms and legs whirling wildly in the air, his turban fallen from his shorn head and he gasping for breath had fallen from his chair to the floor. He had been tampering with the bottle of salts. Once I asked him to accompany me to a Paria village to interpret while I preached. He! how could he pollute himself by going into a Paria street? I might cut his head off, might how him into a myriad of pieces, but he would not go. "Well," I said, "I am sorry, but I suppose there are others who will go. Just think the matter over and let me know in the morning." In the morning it was, "Honored sir, you are my father, my mother, my provider, how can I displease you, I will go."

On another occasion a number of vultures lit on a tree in our Compound. It was my first sight of the disgusting creatures, so I took my gun and shot one. On returning with it to the house I was amazed to see my munshi rise quickly, gather his flowing robes about him and with horror-stricken countenance rush from the house. The carcass was pollution to him. These Brahmans pretend great reverence for life. My munshi dusted his chair every morning before sitting down, lest he should destroy some insect, yet he would starve or abuse a horse or bullock, a dog or cat to death without any compunction. If occasion arose he could hire a Paria to poison or beat to death a neighbor who had become obnoxious to him. Or he would set fire to his enemies' houses at night with the chance of the inmates perishing.

It was funny to hear my munshi spell in English. He had a difficulty with the initial vowel and always invariably preceded it with a "y" sound. One day we came across a word in our lesson whose equivalent in English munshi failed to make-us comprehend. At last, out of

patience, he spelled it thus: yel, o, yu, yea, ye. Can my readers make it out?

Munshi was with us about a year, then we sent him away with the usual character. But he came back next morning with a very solemn face, saying the character would not do at all. I asked him what kind he wanted. He then proceeded to detail one containing the most fulsome flattery of the official to whom it was addressed; the most absurd representation of bearer's capacity, faithfulness and honesty and the most exaggerated statements under which a compliance with my request by that official would place me. I simply laughed at him and told him that any Englishman to whom I sent such a letter would think me mad. His character got him a position, though not on the revenue department. Years after I met him as Inspector of schools: he seemed glad to see his old-time pupil.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No XI.

BY MRS. J. C. CYLE.

Returning again to the latter part of the eighteenth century we find two other remarkable men born, the one in 1796, the other in 1796; the one the son of Scottish parents, the other of English; the one living during his earlier years at Carron Shore, not far from Edinburgh, the other at Tottenham High Cross, near London. The elder of these two children was Robert Moffat, afterwards missionary to South Africa; the other, John Williams, the apostle of the South-Sea missions, the martyred missionary of Erromanga.

Moffat in early life was employed as a gardener, and Williams as an iron-monger's apprentice—two lads of humble birth and lowly calling, yet each, by the very occupations of his boyish years as well as by the careful religious training of pious parents, receiving the physical and spiritual discipline that was calculated to best fit him for the great work God was preparing for his after life.

Moffat's call to the work of a missionary was singular. As he was walking into the town of Warrington one evening in summer his eye fell upon a placard pasted upon the opposite wall and lingered with a strange sort of fascination upon the words "London Missionary Society," and "William Roby, of Manchester." It was simply the announcement of a meeting of some sort that had already taken place, but the words fixed his attention and held him rooted to the spot.

"These two lines," says his biographer, "changed and henceforth dominated his life. He could not move from the spot nor withdraw his eyes from the placard. Passers by may have thought he was some ignorant youth thirsting for knowledge and striving by the aid of those large letters to learn to read. . . . But thoughts had been awakened in his mind that could no longer sleep and that was already started on a new career. 'The sight of that placard alone had,' to use his own expression, 'made me another man', and between the few hours of his coming to Warrington and returning to Leigh, an entire revolution had taken place in his views and prospects. The stories his mother had told him concerning the Moravian missionaries amid the snow and ice of Greenland were recalled to his memory. He was fired with a noble resolve to emulate their example, and become a messenger of salvation to some benighted part of the world. 'A flattering and lucrative prospect far beyond what such a youth as he could expect' lay before him, but

immediately it lost all its attractions. All at once it dwindled into nothingness and vanished out of sight.

"So thoroughly had the missionary spirit possessed him that it ruled his thoughts, feeling, speech and action. Friends who had both the power and will to serve him . . . when they heard him talk about renouncing every prospect in this country and going to spend his life among savage tribes, said 'his brains were turned,' and so they were," he said, "but the right way."

Ah, how little did he who prepared or he that printed that bill think of what would grow out of a boy's first glance at its showy lettering, meant only to inform some passer-by of a meeting of no special importance beyond a very narrow circle! How little did that mother, telling the story of the sacrifices and privations of the Greenland missionaries to her bright-eyed, eager, little listener, dream that in after years a single glance at a printed placard by the roadside would cause her simple lessons to blossom out into the rich promise of a most fruitful life. And how much less might those humble toilers among the snow huts of Greenland have suspected that their patient, unpretending labors and sufferings for Christ would sometime fire the soul of one yet unborn to lifelong service among the degraded sons of Africa! But so it is. No man either lives or dies to himself, and both mother and missionary as they sow the precious seeds of truth in the susceptible mind of child or inquirer, have a right to believe they are doing work that, under God, shall live through all time as a spiritual force in the world's evangelization, and, more than that, bring forth fruit for God to all eternity.

Moffat's new resolutions were speedily acted upon. He went to Manchester, sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Roby, and acting under his advice made application to the London Missionary Society. In due time he was accepted as their missionary, and in October, 1816, when only twenty-one years of age, was publicly designated to the work of his choice. On the same day Williams, then about twenty years of age, was accepted by the same Society and designated as their missionary to the South-Sea Islands.

These two young men received their "marching orders" in the grand army of Christian missionaries the same day, but each to a very different fate. Moffat went forth to more than half a century of faithful and most self-denying service among the natives of South Africa, and to a calm old age of quiet usefulness when his foreign work was done; Williams to some twenty-two years of quite as arduous and successful service among the wild South-Sea Islanders, and then his flesh furnished the material for a horrible cannibal feast to the savage pagans of Erromanga.

Mr. Moffat, as we have seen, was not the first Protestant missionary to Southern Africa. But such had been the state of affairs there, that the missionaries who had preceded him had not been able to do much in the way of permanent foundation work. Still good had been done and a number of converts whose lives attested the reality of their conversion had been gathered.

The beginning of Mr. Moffat's work was, as we are told, "a hard, hard one." The Dutch settlers were very suspicious of the missionaries as well as greatly averse to the Christianizing of the natives. "There was a suspicion," says his biographer, "that if missionaries went to the tribes of the interior they might carry guns and ammunition with them; and so endanger the peace of the country. It was therefore without success for a time that day after day he applied to the government for permission to go inland among the natives. But during this delay his time was not lost. He at once set about learning the

Dutch language, so that he might preach to the colonists, and also to such of the natives as understood their language, and thus he was fitting himself to be useful to both. At the same time he was becoming inured to the climate as well as learning something of the character and habits of the natives. Mr. Moffat's first settlement among the natives was at the kraal, or village, of Africaner, a notorious free-booter and warrior, who had become such a terror to the colonists that he had been outlawed and a large reward offered for his capture either alive or dead. But the heart of this relentless savage was tenderly drawn toward the young missionary and he almost at once began to learn to read. In a comparatively short time he was able to read the New Testament for himself and was ultimately converted. He accompanied Mr. Moffat to the Cape some time after his conversion, although at great risk to himself, and his meekness and gentleness was regarded by those who had known him only as a robber and murderer, as little short of miraculous.

This journey on the part of Mr. Moffat was to receive the lady to whom he had been so long engaged, and to whom he was speedily married. This marriage proved an eminently happy one, the missionary finding in her "a companion who was his comfort and joy in his wilderness home for half a century afterwards."

Owing to the extreme poverty of Africaner's people and the distressing droughts that prevailed in that region, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat ultimately removed to a station further inland, and settled among the Bechuannas at Lattakoo, destined to be the scene of his life's labors, and the fountain of so much blessing to the surrounding regions. At this station they had been preceded by Mr. Hamilton, a faithful and laborious missionary who had endured great hardships and privations, but had been permitted to do a good work preparatory to the coming of other laborers. Here Mr. Moffat began at once the difficult task of acquiring the language—Sichuana, as it is called—and as fast as he was able, preparing it in tracts, hymns and Scripture portions. They found the natives thievish, suspicious and often dangerous. On one occasion the rainmakers having failed again and again to bring rain by their incantations, declared the missionaries to be the cause and they were summarily ordered by the chief to go away at once or they would be driven away. The chief stood, spear in hand, at the door of Mr. Moffat's cottage, ready to enforce his order by a murderous assault. "But Moffat," we are told, "was equal to the occasion. He presented himself at once before the chieftain and his twelve attendants. There stood his heroic wife with her infant in her arms. With a steadfast gaze the tall missionary looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eyes, and slowly and firmly replied:

"We are unwilling to leave you. We are resolved to remain at our post. As for your threats, we pity you for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true, and the Master whom we serve has said, 'When they persecute you in one city flee ye to another.' But what we have suffered is no more than we are to expect from those who know no better. If you are resolved to get quit of us you must take stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed my blood or you may burn our dwelling, but I know you will not touch my wife or my children, and," pointing to Mr. Hamilton, "you will surely respect the grey hairs of my venerable friend. As for me my decision is made, I do not leave your country." Then throwing open his vest, he stood erect and fearless. "Now then," he proceeded, "if you will, drive your spears into my heart and when you have slain me my companions

will know that the hour is come for them to depart. "These men," said the chief, turning to his attendants, "must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death there must be something in immortality."

From this time the missionaries met with no more threats and their work was opened to the confidence and affection of the people. But difficulties were not at an end. The tribes were much at war among themselves, and Mr. Moffat was obliged to make long and perilous journeys, in which he encountered many dangers and had many hair-breadth escapes.

After remaining some time at Lattakoo, the missionaries and their people finding Kuruman a more favorable location, removed there and established a permanent mission station. Mr. Moffat's was an intensely busy life. His translations were carried rapidly on. The New Testament, tracts, hymns and other books were prepared and many of them printed under his own supervision. When at length after years of incredible toil, he finished his translation of the Old Testament and thus saw himself in a position to give the whole Bible to the people in the Si-chuana tongue, he was well-nigh overcome. He says, "I could hardly believe I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize that the work was completed. Whether it was from weakness or over-strained exertion, I cannot tell, but a feeling came over me as if I should die and I felt perfectly resigned. To overcome this, I went back to my manuscript, still to be printed, read it over and re-examined it, till at length I got back again to my right mind. This was a most remarkable time of my life, a period which I shall never forget. My feelings found vent by falling on my knees and thanking God for His goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task.

"Taking him altogether," says his biographer, Rev. Wm. Walters, "we have in Robert Moffat one of the noblest characters, one of the finest specimens of sanctified humanity the world has ever seen. His name will be remembered in Africa to latest ages with gratitude and honor. When some future historian, rising up from among the people themselves, shall write its history, Moffat and his distinguished son-in-law, Livingstone, will be spoken of as two of its greatest benefactors. Through all ages their memory will be more precious than jewels, more fragrant than spices or the breath of May

The Living and the Dead.

BY REV. A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

"Let the dead bury their dead."
Follow thou Me.
Go thou and preach the kingdom of God."
Matt. viii. 21, 22. Luke ix. 49.

Words of deep meaning are those words, "life" and "death." The difference between them is the difference between holiness and sin; the distance between them is the distance between Heaven and Hell.

We are in a world of Death. It is full of the death of those who have neither spiritual vitality nor sensibility. We lack all true spiritual life and all proper sense of the powers of the world to come.

God made man, like an ideal house, in successive stories. On the earthward side; the body, identified with matter; next above it, the intellectual, affectional and moral nature, higher up and nearer God; then above all, and crowning all, that which constituted the very "image of God,"—the spiritual nature, the oratory and observatory, nearest to Heaven.

The fall of man shattered the whole house, but left it the upper story in absolute ruin. The spiritual image of God was effaced, while the whole man was defaced. That observatory that looked out upon the celestial scenery, became at best "a death chamber." The noblest, highest, divinest affections, affinities, and capacities of man were left in a state of decay; and so this world became the abode of the dead.

Yes; and the dead are burying the dead. All human history, without God, is one long burial. What is burial? It is the magnifying of the material and mortal; it is lavishing care and cost upon the body, when the invisible spirit has departed, and putting it out of sight and contact of the living. So are the ways of the world. That unseen reality and personality which we call soul, is habitually neglected, while lavish attention is given to the body; and selfishness, that it may revel in ease and indulgence, seeks to bury out of sight and touch of the living, the want and woe, sorrow and suffering of humanity.

The sayings of our Lord, which introduce these paragraphs, are far more comprehensive than may at first appear. Christ is not denying to a son the privilege of fulfilling the last sad offices of filial love to a deceased father. A soul has reached the crisis of history and destiny, and stands trembling and wavering upon the verge of a decision upon which hang eternal issues. To go just now, even to a father's funeral, with its elaborate ceremonial and tedious period of formal mourning, would prove a diversion that might prevent conversion, dissipating serious impressions and convictions. What if that son, drawn back into worldly associations, should lose all interest in things divine; and going to bury his father, should end in being buried himself!

But let us mark the grandeur of the scope of those two words of command: "Follow thou me!" "Go thou and preach the kingdom of God!"

Christ is the Lord of life. He came to give life and to give it more abundantly—not to bury but to revive; not to commit to the sepulchre but to call the dead from their tombs. "Follow thou me" and so *get* life; then "Go thou and preach the kingdom of God," and so *give* life.

We have intelligently chosen these words as the motto of this *Missionary Renewal of the World*. Taking the two accounts as presenting the whole incident in its spherical completeness, we find here the entire duty of every human being comprehensively expressed: first, to be a *follower* of Christ, and then a *preacher* of Christ; *receiving* life from the dead, to go forth bearing the potent message of salvation and so *imparting* life to the dead.

Our Lord thus sounds, in these sayings of His, the silver trumpet of evangelization, and down through the aisles of the ages, with growing clearness rings the clarion peal. It is time that it had reached and rallied the whole church of God to the universal assembling of the Lord's hosts, and the universal onset of the army against the foe.

Evangelization is the one word that deserves to be emblazoned on the banners of the believing host. The one immediate, imperative duty of every follower is to become a "herald." To bring this gospel of life into contact with every living, human soul in the shortest possible time and the best possible way—that is evangelization.

The scheme is so grandly colossal that it fills the whole world of God, and reaches round the whole world of the dead. Like the wheel of Ezekiel's vision, it is so high that it is dreadful. Its rim rests upon the earth, but reaches to heaven.

God's gigantic plan of evangelization embraces the

whole family of man. That family consists at this time of fifteen hundred of millions of souls now living upon the earth. More than one-half of this vast number have never yet had a copy of the Word, heard the sound of the good tidings or even seen the face of a missionary. There are some thirty millions of evangelical Christians within the territory of a nominal Christendom; and the problem is how to bring those thirty millions into contact with the seven hundred and fifty millions who have not the gospel within the space of a generation's lifetime!

How can it be done? That is the absorbing question. We should utterly despair of doing it but for one fact: *The Captain of our salvation has commanded it, and the existence of the order is the warrant for obedience, and the assurance of success.* Let the whole church but take the attitude of obedience, and we should see wonders of achievement that would astonish us.

It is, nevertheless, very plain that the methods now employed by the church of God are inadequate to this great work. All Christendom sends to the foreign field to-day less than seven thousand workmen, of whom more than half are unordained laymen and women. The native Christian churches contribute some thirty-three thousand of whom nine-tenths are laymen. We have, therefore, more than a total of forty thousand Christian disciples scattered among the millions of Papal, Pagan, and Moslem communities. Were these evenly and equally distributed, it would still give every worker, male or female, native and foreign, ordained and unordained, a parish of 18,750 souls to reach with the gospel in the space of about thirty years, the lifetime of a generation.

"What are these among so many?" And with all the obstacles of foreign language and hoary superstition to surmount before there could be even an approach or access to them. Our missionary workers—nay, even our missionary stations—are like stars set in the centres of vast vacancies. And, therefore, it is that with over one hundred missionary organizations belting the globe, the unevangelized population of the world grows faster than the church; population strides more rapidly than evangelization can keep up with, and there is to-day a larger number of unsaved souls on earth than during any previous decade of years.

Where lies the core of this difficulty? We have forsaken the standard set up for us by our Lord and adopted by the primitive church. To every human being our Lord's double message is "*Follow me, and preach me.*" The command is representative. The only qualification necessary for preaching the kingdom is to be a subject in it, and every follower of Christ must be a fisher of men.

This is the doctrine of the New Testament, and this was the practice of the New Testament church. Our Lord laid down the law of evangelization: ALL ARE TO GO, AND TO GO TO ALL. The occasion on which upon that Galilean mountain, He said "Go make disciples of all nations," was, without doubt, the occasion on which He "was seen of above five hundred brethren at once," commissioning all disciples to make disciples.

And they accepted the commission. The persecution that followed Stephen's martyrdom scattered the disciples abroad, and they went everywhere, preaching the Word. (Observe:—not the apostles, for they are expressly excepted, as remaining at Jerusalem. Philip, though only a deacon, not only evangelized but baptized. The careful reader of the "Acts of the Apostles" finds there the acts of a great many beside the apostles. He finds there a vital truth of scripture side by side with a vital fact of history. The obvious intent of our Lord was that every follower should be also a witness, warrior, worker, winner

of souls. The so-called "ministry" properly exists in the interests of law and order, sound doctrine and safe polity; but does not properly exist as a clerical caste, drawing a line of division between the followers of Christ in the matter of work for souls. Neither the world nor the church can afford to confine or entrust this work of evangelization to a class. The world needs all disciples as heralds, if all men are to hear the gospel; and the church needs all the members to be workers if she is to fulfil her great commission, or even escape the dry rot of indolence and inaction. Growth there must be where life is, and action there must be where growth is. What we do not use we lose. Current alone keeps the stream from stagnating and freezing.

Go thou, whoever thou art, if thou followest the Lord, and preach the kingdom of God. This is a universal duty, an individual responsibility. It is not necessary to change our sphere, but only to pervade our sphere with a new spirit of life. "In whatsoever calling he is found, let every man therein abide with God." Let him use the shoemaker's shop, the carpenter's bench, the merchant's desk, the artist's studio, the market stall, the senator's chair, the kitchen or nursery, the throne or palace, as the pulpit from which to preach Jesus. If, like Wesley and Whitfield, Moody and McAll, you can reach the multitudes with your voice, thank God for the privilege. But if not, perhaps, like John Pounds, of Portsmouth, you can win the confidence of street gamins by a hot roast potato, or, like Maria Millis in the humble nursery, teach infant lips to pray, and sow in a child's heart the seeds of a mighty passion for souls that shall yet away, with resistless persuasion, the Lords and Commons in Parliament!

Before the church stands a great problem, for which the Scriptures furnish the only practical, possible solution. The whole church must accept the duty of telling the old, old story. Each of us is his brother's keeper. *Every hearer must become a herald.* This is the theory of evangelization in a nutshell; and we have only to put this principle into practice, and the wisdom of our Lord's words will be demonstrated; we may thus bring the gospel to the ears of every living member of our ruined race, before the bells of God's great clock of the ages shall ring in the natal hour of a new century.

"GO TROT, AND PREACH THE KINGDOM OF GOD."—*Miss Review of the World.*

Our Missionary Prayer Meetings—Will the Women Help?

BY J. L. PHILLIPS.

At a meeting of a temperance society we know of, there was a decidedly discouraging tone, and a debt to be liquidated, and doubts as to future work, and so on. Everybody doubtless had his reason why for this state of things. But a bright friend of ours put the case in this way: "The reason why that temperance society doesn't get on is a short and simple one—the men don't let the women help them."

In missionary work, so far as I have noticed, the men are not merely willing, but eager, that the women should help them. And what needs woman's heart and hand just now in our churches, is the *monthly concert of prayer for missions*. I have never known a really successful concert, in which Christian women had no part in the planning or the execution. There are strong reasons for woman's hearty co-operation in this movement, some of which may be cited.

Women constitute the majority in our church membership; hence, whatever interests and occupies them, must have a strong hold upon the Church. Women are the natural teachers of the rising generation, and should share in all that goes to make the children and youth of our churches more intelligent and more useful. Women, as a rule, succeed better than men in enlisting their neighbors in benevolent enterprises, by securing their sympathy and their regular contributions. And women have the gift—for such it really is—more than men, of making our schemes of philanthropy a vital force, and a warm, pulsating, and persuasive power in the home and in the Church.

How may our sisters help us with the monthly concert? First, by helping the pastor in planting it; and then in faithfully maintaining it every month. So far as heard from, only one of our Rhode Island churches observes this concert regularly. A few others in New England—probably less than a score in all, counting in New York and the West—are doing this same thing. Here are the facts, so far as I have been able to reach them. Who does not see the need of patient and persevering effort on the part of our sisters, towards improving this state of things?

The apostle Paul wrote to his "true yoke-fellow" at Philippi: "Help those women." Were he here, I can not doubt he would say to the women of our churches **HELP THOSE MEN.** The pastors, deacons, and the brethren of the committees, all need woman's heart and hand in planning, and her hand in carrying on successfully, this monthly meeting of prayer for the world's evangelization. Who better than woman can glean the golden grains of progress from the great harvest fields, and bring them in—for cheering on men to pray, and give and work for the redemption of our lost race? With all my heart I say: **May God grant that the women of our churches may now come up nobly and resolutely in support of this monthly concert of prayer for missions.**—*Missionary Helper.*

An Arab Bible-Woman.

BY MARY GORDON.

She is called "Im Daoud," which means "the mother of David." A woman is nothing in this land. It is only by associating her name with that of some man that she can claim any respect, as we place a unit before a zero in order to give it value. She is a pleasant-faced woman, whose dark skin and hair mark at once her Arab origin. She has adopted the European costume of "sack and skirt," but instead of a bonnet she wears a white mull veil two yards long, the middle of which she puts over her head, letting the ends fall over her shoulders and back. She and her husband became Christians after their marriage. They have quite a large family and their names, like those of Scripture, have a meaning. The first little girl who came after the conversion of her parents was called Light, because light had dawned in their hearts. The next was called Thanks, because those who have light should be thankful. The next was named Peace, because those who have light and thankfulness have also peace; and so on through a long series of children and Christian sentiments.

Im Daoud suffered much persecution because of her change of faith, and in her isolation from other companions she used frequently to go with her children to the mission school. There she learned enough of reading to pursue the branch at home with the aid of her little ones who kept ahead of her in their classes. She now spends

most of her time in efforts for her people. She sets apart several days of the week for going from house to house, to read the Bible, and hold meetings for the women. We attended one of these gatherings where over two hundred women and girls were assembled in a recitation room of the mission school. Im Daoud stood before her audience beside a little table, her white veil falling about her form and in her hand an open Arabic Bible, from which she read and spoke twenty minutes upon the passage selected. The tongue was an unknown one to us, but not the expression on the face. It was unmistakably the family likeness of the children of God and so different from that on the half-veiled faces we daily met on the streets. She was evidently deeply imbued with her subject, and spoke with an ease and forgetfulness of self which many a lady in our home auxiliary meetings might envy. The most of Im Daoud's work is done in the homes where only a few meet at once. One woman, whose husband had beaten her because she had attended the Bible-woman's gatherings, sent word to Im Daoud that she wanted a meeting at her house. When reminded how much she would suffer in consequence, she replied "I have had one beating and can take another. I would rather have the meeting even with the beating."

An Arab woman had lost her favorite boy and was inconsolable in her sorrow. Im Daoud went to see her and tried such comforting words as only one mother can say to another, but with no effect upon the wild Oriental grief. She could scarcely be heard for the shrieks of the mother and the wailing of the child who had come to mourn with her. At last Im Daoud ventured to try to give her an idea of her own sources of comfort in tribulation. She told her of heaven, of her loving Father; and taking her Bible from her pocket she read of Christ's tenderness to little children, of the blessedness of those who always "behold the face of the Father," and know no more pain. Gradually the mother's loud wailing and swaying of the body ceased; the hands which had been thrown wildly about in the Oriental expression of grief, were clasped quietly over her raised knee as she sat in Eastern fashion, on the mat beside the reader to listen. In half an hour Im Daoud left her calm and comforted. A day or two after, as Im Daoud sat, toward evening, in her own house, there appeared at the door this same woman bringing with her five others, who had evidently been offering her their doubtful consolations. Their noisy sympathy had disturbed the peace which Im Daoud had left with her, as a jewel is jostled from the grasp by a rude crowd. She realized anew the earthly side of her loss and, to use her Arabic expression, her heart "was aflame" for the son she should see no more. She had come to beg Im Daoud to read to her from the comforting book again. Her request was gladly complied with, and the precious words seemed to open to the poor benighted heart the same heavenly vision as before. As she left the house she said to the Bible-reader, "Oh, I thank you so much, that you have cooled my heart," this being a translation of the expression she used. Significant it is! When I compare Im Daoud's life with that of the women about her; when I see what she would have been without religion and what she is with it, I feel that it is worth while to make the long journey from America to Syria to gain the realization, which one seldom gets at home, of the power of religion when it sets thorough hold of men and women. It transforms them, soul, mind, and body.

We complain that mission work is slow, and it is; but the conversion of one such woman compensates for much weary labor, and she herself sets the work forward in geometrical ratio. I am sure if the numbers of our

auxiliaries could go with her from house to house, and see her in her earnest life, they would not regret any little sacrifice of time or money they had made for a cause which has such results. *Life and Light.*

Why Do We Need a Mission Circle in Our Church?

BY MRS. WM. SIMPSON, ONONDAGA.

(Owing to the fact that we have just organized a W. M. Circle, we propose this question, and propose to try and answer it in such a manner as will make it quite evident that the Mission Circle is really a need among us. In the first place, then, it will be necessary to define what a Women's Mission Circle is.

It is an organization formed by the females of the church to create an interest in the work of spreading the gospel news of salvation; of sending the gospel to those dark heathen lands, where the name of Jesus is almost or totally unknown. It is thought by many that there is no way so calculated to arouse personal interest in this great work as a regular meeting where we are expected to contribute each in our turn, and according to our several abilities, something of interest and information concerning missionary work; and also to unite our voices in sincere and earnest prayer for God's blessing upon the labors of those who have sacrificed the pleasures and comforts of homes in a Christian land to carry the great message of love to the dark, destitute homes of the heathen. This organization also affords an opportunity for each member to contribute of her means to aid in the support of this work, something we are quite apt to neglect if not called upon in this way. The apostle Paul says in Rom. x., 14: "How can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach except they be sent?"

Now, if this be a true definition of a W. M. Circle, the question comes, "Why do we need one?" Are we not sufficiently interested in the spread of the Gospel and extension of Christ's kingdom here on earth?

I answer decidedly, NO. "If we claim to be, therefore to use Jesus' own question, "Why stand ye all the day idle?" With most of us our circumstances and surroundings are such as to keep both mind and hands busily engaged with the things pertaining to this world. Let us decide to throw aside these cares a few hours once a month, and if thereby we become more interested in this noble work we will thereafter find it much easier to drop household cares occasionally and spend a few moments in gleaning such information on this subject as may be within our reach.

Many of our sister churches are doing a glorious work for the Master by this very means, and shall this fact not be an incentive to us? All that other folks can do, why with patience and God's help may not you?

In conclusion, dear sisters, I must say that when this busy toilsome life is ended, our reward for any sacrifice we may make, either as regards time or money, will far exceed our highest anticipation, for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. ii., 9

A poor, secluded woman in one of the zenanas of India, said to her missionary teacher, "Do you know why I am always glad to see you?" On being answered in the negative, she replied, "You bring in with you a breath of the fresh, outer air. I should be stifled if I did not see you once a week."

The Railroads and Caste.

The railroads of India are practically working against the caste system in a way to secure its ultimate overthrow. The people must use the railway, but in so doing they invariably violate their caste rules. We probably have little conception of the trial it is to Hindus, thus to be forced into contact with those whose touch they regard as defiling. A native paper, the *Gujerat Mittra*, thus expresses its complaint: "The question of the Dhed and Bhangee passengers has been urged by the native press on the attention of the government many a time; but unfortunately, this long-standing grievance has not been redressed. The practice of forcing the above-named low-caste people amongst passengers is still in force. It passes one's comprehension to think what gain the government and the railway authorities get by enraging the religious feelings of the people. Once a Dhed or a Bhangee enters a carriage, the rest of the passengers consider their bodies, clothes, and things polluted: they raise a howl, but have to submit ultimately. The European officers cannot imagine the trouble the passengers have to go through on going home. They can neither eat nor touch anything before their bodies and clothes are washed and purified. To an European mind, this may appear meaningless, but, nevertheless, the people will do it and cannot help doing it." - *Ex.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Going and Coming.

What changes we have experienced in our mission during the past four years! Or perhaps I should say the past three years, because the departure of Mr. Currie and family and of myself and child for Canada in Feb., 1884, was not an unexpected event. But the death of our pioneer missionary a year later brought Mr. Currie back months before he expected to come and even I hastened my departure from Canada and came as early as was safe for Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell. Then we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Auvache in March, 1886, and felt that we were picking up strength once more. But July brought sorrow and loss when Bro. Currie was called home to glory. Then it soon became evident that Bro. McLaurin must leave. We gave Miss Hatch a heart welcome in December, that is, a year ago, but I for one was very much disappointed in not seeing any young men coming. Next came the decision that Miss Frith must go home, and her departure with Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin soon followed. What an anxious time they had on the way to England every one knows. Well, what next? Some more joy in the shape of reinforcements. But before the first of them came another decision had been reached. Extreme illness had forced Bro. Auvache to decide that he must leave for England at once. On the 12th November I went out to meet Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Laflamme. I can assure you that was a high day at the Mission-house. Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell were in from Samulcotta and Miss Folsom was with us too. A young lady for the Narasapur Mission came on the steamer with our friends and was met by another young lady, and both were with us during that day.

Only a week later I went out to the steamer once more. This time to see Mr. and Mrs. Auvache and baby safely on board, Miss Ellen Gibson, whom I call the deaconess,

was with us. This expedition was as wretched as the previous one had been enjoyable. In the one case I went to welcome new-comers with vigorous bodies, in the other I went to say farewell to those who were in weakness and illness, leaving India to save their lives. On the 12th I went on a steam-launch, and the sea was calm. On the 19th we had to go in a sail-boat, and the sea was rough. We were three hours and a half on the way to the steamer. First Miss Gibson became dreadfully sea-sick, then Mrs. Auvache, then Mr. Auvache and, lastly, I succumbed. After we reached the side of the steamer Mr. Auvache fainted, being the only one who could help him, I tried to do so, but my own sickness forced me to leave him hastily. One of the ship's officers came to our boat and the baby was handed up to another one on the steamer's deck. Then Mr. Auvache and afterwards Mrs. Auvache were taken on board by means of a kind of chair fastened to the crane—hoisted up like a bale of cotton, and drawn in with a rope. As for Miss Gibson and myself we were only too glad to see our boat turn to the land as the wind was fair for going back. At 8.30 P.M. we were once more on shore, having had an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Before this I should have said that on Monday the 14th there was a pleasant welcome meeting, and on Thursday the 17th there was a farewell meeting, both given by the English Baptist church. An address was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Auvache and with it several copies of a photograph of the Timpany Memorial building, in which a large company of church members, school-children and missionaries is seen in the foreground. Bro. Auvache has taken such a deep interest in the Timpany Memorial school that no more appropriate gift could have been selected. I am sure that he and Mrs. Auvache have the prayers of all our fellow-workers at home.

I am out on a tour of the Akidu field at present. Yesterday I heard that Miss Alexander had reached Madras last Sunday. We like to see recruits coming, it is the going that is painful. But I must stop. Thirty-two (32) were baptized on this field in September and twenty-five (25) have been baptized on this tour. We expect many more soon. Farewell!

9th Dec., 1887.

JOHN CRAIG

THE WORK AT HOME.

Leaflets, Books and the "Link."

After several efforts to supply the Circles with literature needful to make their meetings useful and interesting, it was arranged at the last annual gathering that the President of the Board, 401 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, should, for the sum of twenty-five cents enclosed to her at any time, supply the best-mission leaflets published so far as the money would go. She is happy to say that if the demand is a success the plan is a good one. Then, Circles get more than the worth of their money and we get more than the worth of the leaflets. If this seems a somewhat intricate problem we will try to solve it all right at the end of the year. Meanwhile we hope that the little missives are making our heads wiser, our hearts better, and our hands stronger for the greatest work that was ever entrusted to human care. But the leaflets are not all that is needed to deepen and widen our interest in missions. THE MISSIONARY LINK with its monthly news from the field abroad and Circles at home, its readable items of instruction from the past and present, all are needed by every one in every family. Then, more than

these, there is at Port Hope, established by Mr. Craig, a Circulating Library of the best missionary books, that, we understand, does not circulate at all as it should. Those books can be had for a reading on application to Mrs. Wm. Craig, at the cost only of postage. It is certainly cheap enough and a most beneficent arrangement, the wonder is that there is ever a book left in the library. We subjoin a list of the books which we hope the readers of the LINK will carefully preserve and never rest satisfied until the whole list is finished and a call given for more.

M. A. CASTLE.

1. Pagoda Shadows.
2. Missionary Sketches.
3. Rambles in Mission Fields.
4. From Darkness to Light.
5. Our Gold Mine.
6. Heroines of the Mission Field.
7. Day Dawn in Dark Places.
8. Alfred Saker.
9. Around the World.
10. Mission Life in Greece and Palestine.
11. Work on the Congo River
12. Our Eastern Sisters
13. Self Giving.
14. Prize Essay on Missions.
15. Every-day Life in India.
21. Decennial Missionary Conference
22. Hindu Women.
23. Fortune's Wheel.

New Circles.

The Band reported as organized at Dartmouth, N. S., last month, should have been "re-organized."

First Houghton, Mission Band organized Dec. 10th. Naine, Willing Workers. Officers: *Pres.*, Miss A. Stevens; *1st Vice-Pres.*, Miss A. Haskins; *2nd Vic.*, Miss A. Smith; *Sec.*, Miss W. Raymond; *Treas.*, Miss H. Brown. Number at present, thirty-three.

News from the Circles.

Jeddore Light Station.

As there has not been anything published in your columns concerning the doings and progress of our Mission Circle, we will try to furnish you with a few words which may be the means of encouraging our sister circles.

A few words, a small effort, sometimes though spoken in weakness may be the means of doing much good for the Master, for whom we are all working. Our Mission Circle, organized in August 1886, by Mrs. Miller, wife of Rev. E. S. Miller, is still progressing favorably; starting with eighteen members and numbering at the present time thirty-eight. Our meetings are held alternately at Upper and Lower Jeddore. In consequence of the distance between the two places (being over three miles), the sisters cannot attend regularly though they often travel the distance. Our meetings are very interesting realizing the presence of the Master. We have some aged sisters among us, whose presence we feel a blessing and also an encouragement. Before the mission circle started here we knew very little about the condition of the heathen and our interest in them was small, but we are thankful to-day that our Father in Heaven has seen

fit to call us to help in the work of bringing precious souls into His kingdom, who has promised the inheritance of the heathen to His Son, expecting much from His children in advancing His kingdom upon earth. O, how earnest and faithful we ought to be in our dear Lord and Master's service, in denying ourselves of home duties and cares in attending those monthly meetings, in casting our mites into the treasury of our Lord and in mingling our feeble prayers and praises in behalf of the poor benighted heathen who know nothing of Jesus and His love. Feeling assured that the blessings will descend from Him who is not backing in His promises. A few of us take the LINK. We find it very encouraging and a blessing, learning from it much that we did not know of the customs and sadness of the life of heathenism. Our Circle joins in the glorious motto of the year, "All the world for Jesus," looking forward to the precious promise "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that win many to Christ as the stars forever and ever." We are hoping for much in the New Year, earnestly desiring to be remembered by our sister circles at the throne of Grace.

MRS. J. W. MITCHELL.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF CIRCLES.

Dear Link - In December I went to Niagara Falls South to attend the quarterly meeting of their Circle, and thought I might let other Circles know how they conduct them. They are held from house to house, and wherever the quarterly meeting happens to be a plain tea is given and in the evening a programme of music, etc. is provided, the gentlemen being present and a collection taken. It was a very pleasant and interesting meeting, about fourteen being present in the afternoon. A full programme was not given on this occasion owing to evangelistic services being held in the church. The interest and sympathy with the work seems to be increasing, and I think the Circle there has reason to be thankful to God for blessing their efforts.

MAGGIE E. ROBERTSON,
Thorold.

GLAMIS. - Our Circle was organized in June, 1887, by Miss Stovel of Mount Forest. We meet the first Wednesday of every month and enjoy our meetings very much. We have raised altogether \$63.55, of which \$20 was realized from a social we had for Bro. Garside, and \$10 at a Thanksgiving Service, at which an address was given by Rev. J. C. McDonald, of Paisley, on Mission work.

EDITH HOWSON, Sec.

Encouragement for Workers on the Home Fields—Old and Young.

A sister in one of our isolated districts writes "Last week I took it upon myself to gather the money which we should have sent in before for foreign missions, and though my faith was small yet I set out with an earnest prayer for success, and was fully rewarded by receiving more than was ever sent from here at once before. I was pleased to note that the 'Missionary Boxes' greatly helped to swell the funds. I had scattered several of them round, and my little niece, a child of eight years, thought she must have one also. You would be pleased to see what an earnest worker she is for foreign missions. Her box when opened contained \$2.25 which she handed me with a cheerfulness that I know was pleasing to the Master."

A. E. J.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

To MISSION BANDS. - The Treasurer of the Ontario Board (Mrs. Elliott, whose address will be found on the last page), requests that the Mission Bands, in forwarding funds for the support of students, state whether the student is at Cooanada or at Samnicotta.

Mission Band Report, ending Oct., 1887.

The year's work has been on the whole encouraging, perhaps more so than on any previous year. From reports received the children have not only evinced great pleasure in the work, but it has been profitable to themselves and to the Society to which it is auxiliary. It is acknowledged that good mission work is done when the missionary spirit is called into activity, and we know not how this can be better done than by means of Mission Bands. The reports show that meetings have been well sustained, and that contributions have been cheerfully given, and all has been done with so much zeal as to augur well for a coming generation of devoted and trained missionary workers. As was the case last year, so during the present, quite a sum of money has been raised. There is no reason why this department of work should not be extended greatly, both as to numbers and efficiency, if Christian women, Christian mothers, would give the subject prayerful consideration. It has none of the drawbacks which are so familiar in Circle work, as apathy, lack of time, more pressing engagements, etc. As a rule, especially in smaller places, the meetings of the Bands is eagerly anticipated and its service entered into most heartily by the children. When it is considered that comparatively few boys and girls banded together have accomplished all that the report shows, it will be readily seen that with a little encouragement the result might be greatly increased. Most of the \$1,001.04 reported to the Secretary has been raised by 45 Bands. A feature of the work which surely ought to make the churches generally interested in it for its financial aspect, if for nothing else. Why should not the 45 Bands which have raised this commendable sum of money this year be increased to 200? and the \$1,000 be increased to \$4,000; it would need some thought, and a good deal of careful oversight, but with such material to work upon, and such a result in view the needed stimulus is surely not wanting.

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of Associations, we find in the Brant Association, out of 21 churches, only 4 Bands reported; in the East Ontario, out of 33 churches, only 6 Bands; Elgin, 19 churches, 1 Band; Grand River, 45 churches, 6 Bands; Huron, 45 churches, 1 Band; Middlesex and Lambton, 26 churches, 8 Bands; Midland Counties, 23 churches, 8 Bands; Niagara, 16 churches, 4 Bands; Toronto, 34 churches, 5 Bands; Western, 29 churches, no Bands. If now those who have oversight of the Home and Foreign work in these Associations, would take the trouble and persevere in this work, it would not be long before a large increase might be made. If each Association Director would set a Band to work in each church within her limits, she would be building a foundation for future usefulness, and future revenue.

And now the abandoned Bands must be mentioned, while the number of Bands are steadily increasing, 16 new ones this year. Each year tells the sad story of the death of some; this year quite a number have expired, and presumably the unreported ones are among the number of whom it must be written, "died of discouragement." This is a great pity, for the fault does not lie with the children, who are very ready and anxious for Band

meetings, and happy in Band work, but it is simply because no one can be found to lead, guide, interest and instruct them. What more acceptable service to the Master could any young man or woman be engaged in, than this of helping the children to do the work which they love to do. Another point must not be omitted. One Band reports three little girls converted through its influence. We cannot attempt to estimate the good that might be accomplished through faithfulness in this matter. May every leader in mission band work keep the highest aim in view.

In conclusion, the Secretary wishes to say, that she will be happy to furnish Mission Band Constitutions, and general information to those wishing to organize Bands, also names of Cocanada Boarding School Girls, and Samulcotta students needing support. Any desiring Mission Band Leaflets, or the address of Children's Missionary Papers, can also be supplied by her.

Respectfully submitted,

J. E. DADSON, Cliftonmont.

Sec. of Mission Bands.

Bringing the Ranks up to the Standard.

When a boys' mission band was started in Fairview Church, with the popular and energetic Miss Nannie Bennett for President, and eleven members to begin with, they agreed to raise twenty-five dollars annually. This was a very fair amount for them, as nobody belonging to the band was rich, and some were what might be called poor. They also decided to raise the money, if possible, without resorting to the plan of giving entertainments.

The first year all went prosperously. The membership speedily increased to nineteen, and the promised sum was sent to headquarters in March, which was the time it was due. The next year things did not go on so swimmingly. Three boys, who gave the most money, moved away from the town. Several others were away all summer, and came back with empty pockets, so, at the September meeting, it was found that the treasury contained only four dollars and sixty-nine cents.

"Boys," said Miss Nannie, "this won't do. Half of our year has gone, and we haven't got one-fifth of our money in yet."

The boys said: "Oh, never mind; it would come out all right. They would get some new members; three or four new boys were coming. They would pay up their dues. Christmas was coming, and then they would have plenty of money, and would give extra amounts."

But, after once falling behind, it was very hard to pull up again. Boys who were able to give five or ten cents a month as they went along found it impossible to give twenty or forty all at once. Even Christmas did not help much. Some did not get the money they expected, and others could not resist temptations to spend theirs; so, when the January meeting came round, the treasurer had only ten dollars and ninety-three cents to report.

There were some very blank looks, and Miss Nannie said: "Well, here we are with less than two months in which to raise more than half of our money."

"I'm afraid we shan't get it this year, Miss Nannie," said Daniel Rosoman.

"It looks very much that way," said Martin Conway. "Won't it do to give just whatever we can raise each year?" Charlie Hope asked.

"You know we talked that all over at the beginning," Miss Nannie replied, "and agreed that it would be far

the-best way to fix upon a sum, and try always to come up to it."

"Well, can't we send in what we have this year, and start fresh next year?" Walter Green suggested. "We know now that every fellow must pay up as regularly in spring and summer as in winter, if we are to come out right."

There was some further talk. And the boys said they were sorry they could not come up to the mark; but there seemed to be no help for it now, the time was so short. They would try and get fifteen dollars, if possible, and that would have to do this time.

Miss Nannie listened quietly for a few minutes, and then sitting up very straight in her chair, with shining eyes, she said:

"Boys, I want to tell you a little story."

They all turned towards her.

"Once upon a time in a fierce battle, when many were falling around him, and his own company retreated, a standard-bearer was commanded to bring the standard back to the ranks. He refused (this does not seem like military discipline, but it's in the story), and called out: "Bring the ranks up to the standard!" The officer did so, and victory followed."

The boys looked at one another. It was a very good story; but it wasn't a missionary story, and this was a missionary society.

"I'm not very good at illustrations," Miss Nannie resumed, "and perhaps you won't think this a very perfect one; but it does seem to me that, after entering this missionary army and pledging ourselves to give a certain sum each year, we ought to strain every nerve to redeem our pledge. When we agree to make a smaller sum do, it is like retreating and bringing the standard back to the ranks."

Again there was silence. Some of the boys moved about restlessly, though none were ready to speak.

"Now, boys," came in the President's clear tones, "shall we retreat?"

"No!" shouted half a dozen. "we'll bring the ranks up to the standard!" And Lewis Birch, the Secretary, sprang up on a chair waving the minute-book, crying out: "Come on fellows!"

"We must raise that money," one boy declared.

"It would be a burning shame not to do it," said another.

"The meekest thing going," said a third.

The tide had turned, and now the only question was how the money should be raised.

When quiet was restored, Miss Nannie said:

"We will resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and consider how we shall get fourteen dollars and seven cents by the middle of March."

"Stop a moment," said Frank Redner, feeling in all his pockets, and finally producing seven cents, which he handed to the treasurer, "let us make up that eleven dollars, and start it fair."

"Good for you, Frank!" the boys exclaimed.

"Now," said Lewis Birch, with mock gravity, "part of the sum having been donated by the liberal Mr. Redner, we shall proceed to consider how the rest may be procured."

"Can't we have some sort of a show, and raise the money that way?" Harry Young, one of the new members, suggested. "One of those funny art galleries, or something like that."

"We want to run this band without any shows," Frank Redner said. "Besides, the girls' band has just had some kind of a colored tea party, pink and white, or blue and yellow, or something; and folks don't want to

hear of any more shows for a little while. No, we've got to earn this money, or *squinch* it out of ourselves somehow."

Nobody spoke for a moment; then Willie Naylor, the very smallest boy in the band, said, timidly;

"I've thought of a way to get a little money."

"How is that?" asked Miss Nannie, smiling encouragement.

"Mamma gives me three cents a day to buy something to eat at recess. I'll ask her if I may do without the bananas and things, and give the money to the band."

"That's splendid!" Miss Nannie exclaimed, and the boys cheered.

"If such a little fellow can do without things he likes, I guess I can do without a new sled," said Martin Conway.

"Here, Joe,"—to the treasurer—"here's forty-two cents I've saved towards it."

Again the cheer broke forth.

You perceive this was rather a noisy missionary meeting; but it was an extra occasion.

"I guess I'll let the mixtures go this time," said John Harvey, taking out a quarter and tossing it with a nonchalant air to the treasurer. "Catch it, Joe."

Everybody knew John got very few quarters, and was extravagantly fond of candy, so the applause was long and loud.

"Here's the dollar that was to take me to the concert next week," said Miss Nannie.

"No, no, Miss Nannie," the boys cried, "that's not fair. You've given a dollar and a half already, and you're so fond of concerts."

"I'm not any fonder of them than John is of 'mixtures,' or Willie of bananas and pretzels. If you boys can give up sleds and all sorts of things, I can give up a concert. We all have the same interest in this matter."

"I haven't a cent, and don't expect to have any money given me between this and next Fourth of July," said Lewis Birch. "But I'm glad to see it is snowing pretty fast. I'll get some money out of that."

"Clearing off pavements?" inquired Gus Clark.

Lewis nodded.

"I always do ours, and that's ten cents every time. Then I can have old Mr. Carpenter's and Miss Kelley's any time for the asking. I'll stop on the way home to-night and engage them."

"I always have to do ours," said Gus, "but don't get any ten cents for it. I've a great mind, though, to get up early to-morrow, and try to get some others to do."

"Yes, do," said Lewis, "you hear about people dedicating their pens or their needles to missions; we might dedicate our shovels, at least until this money is raised."

"I haven't any shovel to dedicate," said Jack Boland, "but I'm going to ask them around at Brown & Smedley's grocery to take me on Saturday when they want extra help."

"I haven't an idea how to earn anything," said Harry Young, "but I'll ask mother. Just tell that blessed woman you want to earn some missionary money, and she'll find you a way."

When closing time came they knelt in prayer for a blessing upon their efforts, and Miss Nannie counselled them not to adopt any plan without praying over it.

There is not space to relate how that money was raised—how Robbie Wells gave up going to see the trained horses; how Joe Redner, who was very fond of cultivating flowers, sold his two most precious plants; how John Harvey, not finding anything else to do, turned to and sewed carpet rags for his grandmother, and wasn't ashamed of it, either; how Walter Green put on a big calico apron,

and scrubbed the pantry, cellar stairs and back kitchen, his mother paying him the same she would have paid a woman for it; how Miss Nannie bought cheap buttons for her new suit instead of the more expensive ones she wanted. It would be impossible to enter into the particulars of the raising of that money; but it was raised, every cent of it, and more, too. The boys said they would not for anything have handed in only fifteen dollars.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO

Receipts from Dec. 31st, 1887, to Jan. 24th, inclusive.

Virgil, M.C. \$2.00; Bloor St., M.C. \$27.24; Woodstock, M.C. \$14.00; Wilkesport, M.C. \$3.00; College St., M.C. \$10.45; Port Hope, M.B. \$23.00 (raised at an entertainment by the Band); Harrison, M.C. \$2.75; Denfield, M.C. \$6.20; Wingham, M.C. \$4.32; Miss Dunbar, \$2.50; Tiverton, M.C. \$1.00; 1st Southwold, M.C. \$14.50; Peterboro', M.B. \$7.63; Blythwood, M.C. \$2.00; Paris, M.C. \$23.46; Paris, M.B. \$8.47; St. Thomas, M.C. \$11.00; Grimsby, M.C. \$2.60; Thedford, M.C. \$2.00; Parkdale, M.C. \$3.88; Guelph, M.C. \$10.00; Beachville, M.C. \$12.00; Attwood, M.C. \$5.00; Hillsburgh, M.C. \$5.90; Alexander St., M.C. \$20.74; Collection at Union Meeting, \$1.50; Maple Grove, M.B. \$5.40; Glanville, M.C. \$9.77; Port Arthur, M.C. \$14.20 (towards making Miss Endes a life member); 1st. Houghton M.C. \$20.00 (of this, \$13.00 from an entertainment, \$2.31 from mission boxes); 1st. Houghton, M.B. \$2.00; Osawa, M.C. \$1.0; 2nd. Markham, M.C. \$6.00; Manila, M.C. \$3.00; Talbot St., London, M.C. \$18.35 (\$17.00 of this to support a girl in Cocanada school); Talbot St., London, M.B. \$4.00; Jarvis St., M.C. \$86.84; Broke, M.C. \$2.60; St. Mary's, M.C. \$8.00; Ailsa Craig, M.C. \$10.00; 2nd. King, M.C. \$7.20; Bookton, M.C. \$1.22; Woodside, M.C. \$1.55; Woodale, M.B. \$4.00; "Sharpe" Boys, Winnipeg, \$17.00; Rodney, M.C. \$1.70; Mrs. Wadless, Parkdale 75c. Total, \$454.48.

Mrs. JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

231 Wellesley Street.

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The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.
Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. M. A. New man, 114 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

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