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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

DECEMBER, 1898.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.....	54	Work Abroad.....	58-59
"As Ye Would".....	54	Work at Home.....	59-61
Hindrances to Foreign Mission		W. B. M. U.....	61-66
Work.....	54	Young People's Department.....	66-68
The Gods of India.....	57	Directory.....	68

CLERGY 23

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1898.

| No. 1

Editorial.

BOARD MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board was held Friday, Nov. 18th, at 2 o'clock; Mrs. Booker presiding. Nineteen members were present—Mrs. Booker, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. J. P. McEwen, and the Misses Nichol and Starr representing those residing out of town.

The Treasurer stated the general receipts were between one and two hundred dollars less than for the same period last year.

A post card from the General Secretary gave the welcome news that the vessel on which the Misses Simpson and Morrow sailed arrived at London on the 16th.

A letter was read from Miss Durfee, of Boston, U.S., asking that a representative from our Society be appointed a member of the committee of the World's Women's Missionary Convention. The Cor. Sec. was appointed to act on the committee, also to represent the Society at the Convention meeting in New York in April, 1900.

A communication from the Rev. Ralph Trotter, of Victoria, B.C., setting forth the claims of the work among the Japanese in that place was read. The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to write Mr. Trotter that it was impossible to accede to his request for assistance, as the Board was unable to take any fresh work.

Letters full of interesting information were read from Misses Murray and Stovel, also one from Miss Simpson, written just before leaving from India, expressing her appreciation of the earnest prayers offered for her, and the loving sympathy extended to her during her visit home. The meeting then closed with the doxology.

A. MOYLE, Sec.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—It is coming towards the close of another year. We wish to thank all who have so kindly aided us during the past year, and to ask your continued and increased effort in behalf of THE LINK. Will not our agents, and those who are not appointed agents, try to secure a good number of new subscribers before the first of January?

We wish this for two reasons: First, we want to reach the uninterested; second, our expense will be increased at that time on account of the new postal law, and we need more subscribers in order to meet this.

"AS YE WOULD."

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness, supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down and sleep in sweet content.

—Edith V. Brandt, Med. Mis. Rec.

HINDRANCES TO FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

BY MRS. J. C. SYCAMORE.

Hindrances to Foreign Mission work may be looked at from different points of view, each leading us to different conclusions. For instance, if we were to ask one of our missionaries what he considered the hindrances to his work, he would give us one set of reasons; or if we should take a general survey of Christendom and look at the hindrances in this large sense, we should have quite another list of statements, and perhaps after looking over these obstacles to mission work in general, we should feel that the little we could do would be powerless to help in their removal. But I take it that those who placed this subject on our programme to-day, meant that we should make it an intensely practical matter, and if possible, a helpful one for the little, particular, everyday difficulties.

In the first place, it is true that the hindrances do exist. We dwell joyfully on the story of what Missions have done during the last 100 years, and rightly so for they

have been marvellous and are unparalleled in history. But we are apt to gain too much confidence as we think of the past and forget the woeful needs of to-day. After all said and done, it is still true that the great majority of those for whom Christ died are still without knowledge of Him, and this truth is the more saddening when we remember that such could not long be the case, if everyone who is called by Christ's name were bearing it worthily. Why is it that almost every Missionary Society is calling for more funds, and is seriously hampered by the lack of them, if it is not that Christians are not truly following Christ? We need not go outside of our own little Convention and the various organizations it represents to be sure that missions are not making the progress they should.

Looking for hindrances is not an ideal task. If you are engaged on an important piece of work you feel annoyed if something hinders you, and you have to stop to find out the hindrance and remove it, you would consider the time better spent in directly continuing your work. Yet, to-day, how many columns of printed matter and hours of precious time must be devoted to the dreary task of searching out obstacles, when they ought to be better spent in the more direct work of praise and service. But as long as we are of the earth and do our work imperfectly we shall have to lose time in this way, so we will set ourselves to the task.

If I were to ask some of the delegates present, representing our Circles in country, town, or city, what they considered the greatest hindrances to their work in the home churches, I think the answers would run somewhat as follows:—

"We cannot get the women of our church out to a meeting to learn and talk about missions. Distances are so great and weather and roads often such that it is impossible for us to meet regularly," or, "We have no one to be leader since Mrs. Willingworker moved away, so our Circle has fallen to pieces, and interest in mission work is at a very low ebb." Or we may even hear so pitiful a story as this:—"Our officers had a difference and two or three resigned and there is such ill-feeling in the church that Missions have no place in the people's hearts."

Another might tell us,— "Half the women of our church do not believe in missions, and even think the missionaries' lot more enjoyable than theirs, and they will not give to their support," or "Many of our members are forgetful of Circle day and will not spare time for it from social engagements. We have great difficulty in getting anyone to help to make our meetings attractive. It is so monotonous for the same few to do all the work."

And lastly, but far from being least in importance, comes the old worn-out complaint, "Times are so hard,

we cannot spare any money for missions!" (Some writer remarks that times are always hard when money is wanted for the Kingdom).

These then are the reasons why our work is not being done as it should be. These are the reasons which we must present to our Master when He asks us bye-and-bye why we have brought so few souls with us into His kingdom. What a dreary list it is! And how these constant complaints must grieve the heart of our Saviour!

But a glance at the hindrances named assures us that they are the outgrowth of some more serious shortcomings—offshoots of a stalk so deeply rooted that we may say of it truly, "This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting." Let us consider four of the great causes which lie back of the petty hindrances that so hamper our work. First among them comes the fact that there is far too little conversation with our Master among the women of our churches—far too few confidences exchanged between ourselves and Him. "Oh," you say, "you are telling us that we ought to pray more—we know that—we are tired of hearing it." Yes, my fellow-worker, and have you acted upon your knowledge until God is tired of hearing you pray? You must confess, I must confess that we have not. The fact that we know so well the need of prayer, makes all the sadder the fact that we do not pray. Here we are given a task which we ourselves are powerless to perform, yet we stubbornly turn from the only Power that can help us. We want more prayer, and a special kind of prayer. Do you remember how the Syro-Phoenician woman prayed when she followed Jesus so persistently? "Have mercy on me O Lord, Thou Son of David! Have mercy on me, my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil!" Why did she pray "Have mercy on me." Because her daughter's need was so much her own that her cry was the outcome of a great personal grief. How many of us do you suppose plead for missions in this way? "Oh Lord, have mercy upon me, my soul is bowed down. My brethren in India are dying without Thee. Millions for whom Christ died know Thee not! Lord help me!" Christ could not refuse to answer such prayer. But we do not make the needs of the perishing our own, and why? Because many of us do not know what those needs are. Ignorance of the unfruitful parts of the vineyard makes such prayer impossible. But is this ignorance excusable? Surely, in this day and age when so much is written, and printed, and spoken on the subject of missions, no one can remain ignorant of the needs of the field without guilt. We could know if we would, and from him to whom much has been given, much will be required. And in our prayer, not only should we identify ourselves with the needy, but we should also identify ourselves with our God. When Aaa, King of

Judah, led his comparatively small army against a million Ethiopians, he prayed thus:—"Help us, Oh Lord our God, for we rely on Thee and in Thy name are we come out against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God, let not man prevail against Thee." Aas started out with the conviction that his cause was the Lord's cause, and should the enemy prevail against him he would prevail against God. So should we pray for missions. "Help us, O Lord our God, for we rely on Thee, and in Thy Name we go out against the terrors of heathendom. Oh Lord, Thou art our God, let not the forces of iniquity prevail against Thee." Such prayer by God's children would soon reduce our list of hindrances, for no one could so pray without working earnestly to help to answer her own prayer.

A second great reason why our work is hindered, is the failure to understand the right motive of Foreign Mission Work. So many women seem to take an interest in our work to please the Circle president or because it looks well to do so, or out of an impulsive sympathy with women in foreign lands, and consequently their interest is not very permanent. But, however praiseworthy any other motive may be there is none so pure and high as that of obedience. The effort to carry out Christ's command "Go preach my Gospel"—There is no other that proves so lasting an incentive to work as this, none that gives so much comfort in the work, and none that promises such rewards. There is no other motive that places us so far beyond the fear of other's opinions, either of praise or blame, and none that will lead us to attempt so much for Christ. We could refuse work for every other reason but that it is for Jesus' sake, remembering that we are equipped with double strength for every task.

The third of the causes of hindrance we might think of is the lack of personal contact of the interested with the indifferent. A very successful Circle president with whom I am acquainted would give you as one of the secrets of her success this answer: "Why, I call on people persistently, I buttonhole them when we meet on the street, I use every opportunity to give a personal invitation to the women of our church to come and hear a little about mission work. I never give it up!" And how it pays, this personal touch with the indifferent. Your pastor depends largely on personal pleading with the unconverted, in winning them one by one when he hopes for the growth of the kingdom. When your Mayor or councilmen stand for re-election at the end of the year, they organize their forces so that, if possible, every doubtful voter in his constituency may be canvassed personally. If we who are full of enthusiasm for mission work wish others to be so, we must canvass them personally; we must be content to win our constituency one by one. When Christ healed the leper, the unclean, out-

cast leper, He stretched forth His hand and touched him. Only Jesus would touch a leper! The touch meant love and sympathy, and touch, personal contact, that means love and interest; and sympathy will do more to win the uninterested to service for the Master than a hundred announcements from the pulpit of meetings to which "all are invited." Try this plan of personal canvass; if persistent efforts of this kind do not meet with success, pray that Christ may open the blind eyes that they may see the fields "white already to harvest."

Finally, and this thought is one that is worn out in preaching, though painfully new in practice. The great cause of hindrance to missions, is the prevalence, even among God's children, of the *selfish spirit*—too little of the spirit of self-sacrifice, the spirit of Christ. It is for this reason that we hear the oft repeated call for money, and the constant warnings to help our Societies out of debt. Oh, the shame of it! God is not a God to make us His stewards and not give us the means wherewith to discharge our duties thoroughly. But we are not faithful stewards. We squander His money. If every one of His children gave to Him only the tenth of the old dispensation, how His work would prosper! Yet too many of us withhold even this and use it for selfish purposes. It is not that our churches do not represent wealth enough, it is that they represent too little of Christ. If Jesus should ask each of us, "Lovest thou me more than thy money, thine own ease or comfort, thy social life?" we could not say, "Yea Lord," and feel that our actions supported our answer. We read that one day we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is. Oh, the grandeur of the thought! Like Him in His purity, like Him in majesty, but best of all like Him in utter forgetfulness of self! Truly we shall be new creatures.

But now, what shall come of our consideration of "Hindrances" this afternoon? You feel that the only thing that justifies us in stopping an ordinary piece of work to look for hindrances, is the fact that when you have found them you can remove them. And the only thing that justifies us in looking for hindrances to Mission work this afternoon is the fact, that when we know them we may do our share in removing them. If you are conscious that your lack of prayer is keeping back the work, then pray. If you know of some one whom personal influence might win, be persevering in the effort to win them; if it is your want of self-sacrifice that makes the funds of your Circle come short, or the meetings unsuccessful, then practice more of self-denial and ask our Lord to keep you close to Him that it may be all the easier to copy His spirit. After Judah had made David King over them, Israel delayed some time following Judah's example. Finally Abner wrote to them and said, "Ye have sought in times past to make

David king over you, now then do it." Yes, we have thought in times past that we would make the Son of David more completely king of our lives, that we would talk with Him more, sacrifice for Him more. Now then do it; do it, and God grant that none of us may be proved to have been hindrances when the day comes that "every man's work shall be tried by fire of what sort it is."

THE GODS OF INDIA.

By Lucy F. Gulnness, in the London Christian.

"Stay—what on earth is this?"

We have caught sight in passing of a little doll-like object, tricked out in finery, but uglier and odder than any conceivable doll—a preposterous little figure with an elephant's head and trunk attached to a human body, dressed in an immensely full crinoline skirt, and looking like some novel form of an elephant ballet-dancer.

"Mem Sahib," replied my guide with the utmost gravity, "this is the god of wisdom, Gunputti, son of Siva."

"But why with an elephant's head?"

"Gunputti fought with Vishnu," answered the pundit. "Siva, to end the quarrel, cut off Gunputti's head. The mother, Kali, threatening to wreck the universe if the head was not restored, Siva promised to do it, but the head could not be found, so he gave him that of the first animal they met—an elephant."

"An elephant is wise too?"

"Very wise, Mem Sahib. Gunputti is invoked by travellers and scholars. His name is written at the head of philosophic books."

We look at the pantomime doll again—its foolish gown, its ponderous proboscis curling down among the spangles. Yes, it is quite true; India worships this. This is a fair example of her innumerable gods—the gods of Hinduism—that all-inclusive, all-accommodating cult, "a religion which unites the grossest possible idolatry, in the most horrible and degraded forms, with a very high development of philosophy; a faith that covers and includes monotheism, polytheism, atheism, morality and immorality, ceremonial, non-ceremonial, no rites or any amount of ritual—binding its followers inflexibly together like columns of the hardest adamant stone."

From the Golden Temple and Lake of Immortality in Northern India, down to the Bombay shrines we are visiting to-day, and away across the continent, till it meets the faith of Buddha in Burmah, the Himalayas, and Ceylon, this ancient idolatry still reigns—reigns over more than five times as many men and women as there are in the United Kingdom at this hour.

Dozens and scores of people, mostly men and boys (for very few women are anywhere to be seen) gather round us whenever we stop our *gari* and get down with the guide to see what Hindu temples actually are. Sometimes the shrine is very sacred, no European being allowed within; sometimes a considerable temple, with little shrines around it, a handsome pillared entrance, shaven priests, and the perpetual bull gazing unconsciously towards the central idol. Worshippers pour water over the stone bull's back.

"Why do they do that?" I ask. "Worship," is the answer.

"What use is it when he can't feel?"

"It is the system."

This is the constant reply to every query as to underlying reasons. Always the same thing over again.

"Why do you have a stone bull here?"—It is written in the Puranas.

"Why do they ring the bell?"—It is a kind of sign of worshipping the God.

"Can the god hear the bell?"—"I cannot answer that question."

"But do you think that he can hear?"—"I would rather not say."

You turn to another—"Do you think he can hear?"—"No."

"Then why do you ring the bell?"—"It is the system."

"It is written in the Vedas, 'Ring the bell,'" explains my guide. He is himself a scholar, teaches Marathi in the mission-house, and sees the folly of idolatry, and yet remarks all the same—"It is the system."

One wayside temple is very pretty; green trees outside, a verandah over the lofty entrance, and a young fellow in red and green and purple looking down; a quiet spot with little birds fitting past and a large tree in leaf in the courtyard. The tinkle of the soft bell shows the whereabouts of the idol. A group of men around the door are excitedly discussing the marriage question. Near the priest's house on the courtyard a cow is tethered to the tree. Women, with the usual pretty figures, pass here and there, and children, bright, wee creatures with jewelled nose-rings are playing about. They seem to do so freely all over the sacred precincts. The latter are dark and gloomy, wooden pillars supporting the low roof, fresco pictures on the wall representing grotesque gods variously occupied; glass candle-bowls hung from the ceiling, and a decorated canopy stretches over the idol.

"What is this building at the side?" I ask. "Places for holy men—poor men" (pilgrims and fakirs).

"Do people worship here much?"—"Every day, once a week, on the chief day."

"How do they worship?"—"With flowers and water."

"Can the idols see the flowers or the water?"—"No." "Then why?"—"It is the system."

"Have you read the New Testament?" I ask an intelligent looking young priest. "Being a Hindu," he answers, "I don't wish to read that."

What does he read—the histories of his idols? "Do you know that, as a Bengali newspaper* confesses, 'abomination worship is the main ingredient of modern Hinduism'?"

Standing in the sunshine and looking into the gloom of the idol hall, the contrast between the Light of the World and India's heathen darkness fills the heart. Face to face with Christ, think of the ideals before us: of

SIVA.

"Siva, the destroyer, covered with the ashes of funeral fires, drawing a veil over the sun, and driving creations into chaos. A glance from the third eye in his forehead strikes dead those who offend him. His neck is a human skull, and his rosary is of the same; serpents writhen in his hair and wreath his neck."

Think of these ideals! of

* *The Revue and Rayet*, in an editorial.

KALI.

Kali, wife of Siva, "an abominable personification of hatred and cruelty."

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more hideous than the image of this goddess. Her body and four arms are dark blue, the hands red, to intimate her delight in blood. . . . The mouth is open wide, and the tongue, all red with blood is hanging out. . . . The hands on the left side are extended in welcome to her worshippers. Those on the right hold a weapon of war and the head of a giant.

"At her best," writes Bishop Thoburn, "Kali is a wretched idol, and no one who comprehends even faintly the blighting effect upon the heart and mind which the adoration of such an object must cause can think with indifference of the manner in which millions prostrate themselves before this revolting object."

Siva and Kali are worshipped by myriads. Krishna is another of Hinduism's ideals.

KRISHNA.

"The most popular god of India," over the narrative of whose shameless and abandoned life "the Pundits allegorise and the common people gloat," is represented by more frequent images than those of any other god. One of the best known is the shapeless, hideous idol in Orissa—nothing but a black stump with a head on it. The difference between it and other images of Krishna is accounted for by the saying that "his limbs dropped off on account of his wickedness."

When I was remonstrating with some Hindus (writes Dr. Robson) on their worshipping a being guilty of such acts as Krishna, they replied very warmly, "Why, these were but his sports. You English have your sports. You have the railway, and the steamboat, and the telegraph, and no one blames you. Why should you blame Krishna for sporting in his way?"

Naturally "his way" is followed by his devotees. "Starting from the worship of a sensual god, they have sunk to his level. . . . The nemesis of their origin seems to have followed them all." Consecrating body and soul to the god, supposed to be incarnate in his priests, "the worshippers throng into the temples. . . . and in more esoteric worship emulate the example of their prototype, Krishna. . . . But 'it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them'—in worship."

We turn away from the dilapidated, picturesque old temple—home of what thought, of what iniquity!—thinking with amazement that the Church of Jesus Christ still allows this Hindu system to outrage with its secret cult and open festivals the great names of Religion and Humanity. As Carey said a century ago, of those who might be witnesses for Christ, "in face of facts like these, staying at home is becoming sinful in many cases, and will become so more and more."

Sadly we wend our way out of the "sacred" precincts, among broken old stone, fragments of Marotti, Gunputti, and the sacred bull lying about on the ground. In spite of being castaways they are venerated, and the people protest a little when I venture to examine them. Children crowd around us—a sudden swarm of gay mites gathered in half a minute, and chased away by a vigorous old wife. We leave the Hindu "holy" rooms garnished with their small what-nots, with little brass things stuck on them, and gods in gay attire, to visit one last temple—that of the Jains. It is handsomer than any Hindu shrine we have seen to-day. The central building is composed of fine wood-carving, one hundred years old—quite a beautiful structure. Whatever idol lives here they will not let us see. The priest, a quiet thoughtful man, seems to have never heard of Christianity.

"Do you know nothing about Jesus?" I ask him and the others with him—three tall, grave men.—"We have not heard of Him."

"Have you never seen the Bible?"—"No."

"But you must have heard the missionary speaking in the bazaar?"—"No."

Solemn—impenetrable faces! Unknown, unreached hearts beating beneath this calm exterior! I try to tell them something through the guide by interpretation, but he hurries me away.

"They do not like us here," he explains. "They do not like me—a Brahmin. I cannot tell them Christianity?"

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Dear Miss Buchan.

You will rejoice with me that at last, after years of inconvenience and most unsuitable quarters, we have secured a bit of land (leased for three years) and have put up a shed (a very simple affair of bamboo and palm leaves, with only woven bamboo walls), for the Weaver Street Sunday School. The school grew and grew and because of its size people objected to having it on their verandahs, and we were driven from one verandah to another, and from one dooryard to another, and were even notified that we were a nuisance. Then we tried to keep school under a tree in the street. More than once we almost succeeded in securing land for a shed, but at the last minute some orthodox Hindu would be sure to make a fuss and spoil the bargain. You can imagine our joy and thankfulness over this bit of land, and the completion of the shed. It was a very happy time for both teachers and scholars the day we held our first service in the shed.

We hope to do better work now that we have fewer interruptions and have better opportunities of really getting the children in hand. Pray for this school, especially.

Very lovingly yours,

F. M. STOVELL.

AKIDU, INDIA, Oct. 10th.

Mr. Reeskie writes:

There is, of course, a great deal of ignorance and superstition here, and the moral condition of the people is very bad. But people more benighted than these have been saved through the Gospel, and I am confident that it will triumph here. A few days ago I was talking with a Colonel who seemed surprised to learn that Protestants believed in God at all, and his ignorance is but an example of that which prevails among the people. From all they have read and heard of Protestants, they think them to be a very dangerous class of people, and are

naturally afraid of them. But some are learning that we are not so bad after all, and I know I am gaining the confidence of some. Two boys who attend my Sunday School, were talking some days ago about religion, and said that if the priests taught like the Protestant missionary there would be a great many more people believe in religion.

I arrived here April 20th, and started my Sunday School June 19th. I began with only three boys, and the average attendance for the first seven Sundays was not quite four. But each of the last two Sundays I had ten, and each of the two preceding I had eight. They never heard gospel hymns, nor prayers offered in the name of Jesus before, and are very much pleased with both. I did not have prayer for the first few Sundays, as I did not feel that I had a free enough use of Spanish, but after I began to have prayer the boys never wanted it omitted. Once or twice they thought I was going to forget it, and they asked if we weren't going to pray. It was six or seven weeks before they would attempt to join in the singing, but it would have done your heart good if you had been hear last Sunday to hear them singing alone, "When He Cometh" in Spanish, and another hymn with beautiful gospel words to the tune of "Jesus Loves Me, This I know." My heart is full of gratitude to God for the way the work is opening up, and I hope it may not be long before some of these boys will know the Saviour.

Besides the Sunday School I have had men in every Sunday for the last three months for religious conversation. Last Sunday there were four in, and five the week before. One of them is a lawyer who has come quite regularly from the first. A few weeks ago he seemed under conviction of sin, and last Sunday he said he was trusting Jesus, and looking to Him alone for salvation. So far as I can see he seems to have fairly clear ideas of the plan of salvation, and I am rather inclined to think he is saved, but I have not yet encouraged him to say that he is.

ORURO, BOLIVIA.

Miss Murray writes :

Another hindrance that is met with in Cocanada and other large towns is the ungodliness of many of the English residents. Even the women in the zenanas often remark as we speak to them of sin and its punishment :-- "But Doralu (meaning English people) do so."

I presume you are familiar with the term "nautch girls," or "dancing girls." They are the prostitutes of the land. One day in visiting one of these houses of ill-fame I was speaking with the inmates about the immodest way in which they perform in the streets (they are engaged by the Hindoos to sing and dance at weddings, etc.), whereupon one of them, a pretty woman bedecked

with jewels, replied to the effect that she did not consider herself or the women of her caste more immodest than English women who dance with men. She had heard of "balls" and of how men and women dance together, but would not believe it until she went one night and saw for herself. This familiarity was to her shocking to say the least.

The Lord's day is spent by many of the English people at the Club in playing tennis or other pastimes, and on the whole their influence is not good.

We are having indications of the presence of God in our midst. Four were baptized yesterday. Chinnamma's brother and sister-in-law were of the four. There is a general awakening among the Madigas living near Chinnamma's home and we hope many will come out.

Chinnamma has gone to help Miss MacLaurin in Vuyuru. Mahalakshmi has removed to Peddapuram. Caserio has not yet returned to the work.

Minnie is doing good, faithful work. Miriam also is in the work.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

GUELPH, TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH.—Our Circle held a very successful Thank-offering meeting on Thursday November 3rd. A large proportion of the Circle members and a goodly number of visitors were present. The programme consisted of the roll-call, each one present reciting a verse expressive of thanksgiving ; the opening of the envelopes containing the offering and the reading of the enclosed quotations ; a duet by Miss Couch and Miss Evans ; an address by the Rev. W. C. Weir, late of Everett, Washington. Mr. Weir has lived and worked for eight years in the West, and so was able to give us many interesting facts relating to his theme, which was church work in the West, its difficulties, its necessity and its prospects. Among the difficulties he mentioned the unrest of the population or rather populations, the heterogeneous elements in those populations, their lack of trust in each other, their worldliness, their moral condition, their lawlessness, the desecration of the Sabbath, the newness of the field, and the great variety of "isms" to be met there. The necessity of the work consisted in its largeness, in the destitution of the people religiously, and in the fact that it is the only work that can save the people. As to the prospects, Mr. Weir declared himself to be no pessimist, and that he thought the prospects were very bright and very encouraging for Baptists. The meeting was closed with prayer by our pastor, Rev. J. W. Weeks. The amount raised was about fifteen dollars, to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

JENNIE S. HILL, Sec.

WHITBY.—Our Mission Circle held its annual meeting on November 7th, at which we elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Deverell; Vice-President, Mrs. Richardson; Treas., Miss Thompson, Sec., Miss Starr; Agent for LINK and *Visitor*, Mrs. Bateman. At the close of this part of the meeting, prayer was offered by one of the sisters, thanking God for what He had given us to do, and the blessing we had received in doing it. The Circle then planned their winter's work, and one of the things we intend to do is to make quilts for sale. We did something in that way last year, and found it very helpful to our funds. We expect to hold an open meeting in December. Two new members were added to the roll. At the close of the meeting, refreshments were served and a social time was spent. We begin a new year hopefully, and pray that we may do more than ever before.

MISS STARR, Sec.

FREELTON.—It is some time since the readers of your paper have seen an article therein headed Freelton. One reason being we sometimes fail to publish all our good works, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes forget even to do them. But on the evening of the 27th of Oct., the little Baptist church of Freelton was the centre of attraction: Our Mission Circle having secured a missionary fresh from the field of labor (a real live one), in the person of Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., of Orangeville, to address us on India. It has never been our privilege to listen to an address so filled with information; one which every Baptist church would do well to hear, and to which all listened as if spell-bound. He mapped out to us the vast extent over which our denomination is laboring, fixing each station with some interesting observation of his own. And as he talked to us of the sin, superstition and degradation of the people, our hearts felt the inspiration of his words, and we longed to do more for the heathen than ever before. Our pastor's wife, Mrs. H. Gurney, filled the chair with great acceptance. The music, scripture-reading and prayer seemed each to have in them a special inspiration. Our Thank-offering amounted to \$9. Let me say here we have but seven members in our Mission Circle, but with even this small number, if we were all consecrated to the work, we would accomplish great things, and hasten the coming of our Lord and Master's kingdom.

MRS. W. H. REVELL, Sec.

CLARENCE.—Just a word from our Circle. During the past year our Circle has held eight meetings, with an average attendance of nine members during the winter months. Owing to the great distance some of our members have to come, we find it very difficult to have our meetings regularly every month, our esteemed President

having to travel over four miles to be with us. During the year death has visited our Circle, and removed our much loved Vice-President.

In the month of June we held a public "Thank offering," inviting the Rockland Circle to be with us. Readings, recitations, music and refreshments helped to make up the evening's entertainment, the Rockland friends very kindly assisting in the important part. Perhaps the most important was the collection, amounting to about eighteen dollars. Thus we have been able to send to the Foreign Mission Treasurer some thirty-one dollars. Although we may feel as if we were not doing very much, yet the fact remains that the Foreign Mission Board have just thirty-one dollars that they would not have were no Circle in existence; hence the importance of organizing, however imperfect it may be. That this year may be a much more successful one than the last is the prayer of our Circle.

M. G. W., Sec.

BRANTFORD.—The Calvary Baptist Church held their annual thanks-offering meeting Nov. 3rd. At the close of a very interesting programme, envelopes were opened and the Scripture verses were read (the offerings were \$13.50), after which we had a plain tea. We find that when we visit the ladies of the church and invite them personally, and explain the object of the meeting, we have more out, and our collection is larger.

K. W. LUNDY, Sec.

A NEW CIRCLE.

PALMYRA.—A Union Mission Circle was organized at Palmyra, Nov. 4th, with the following officers:—Pres., Mrs. A. McTavish; Vice-Pres., Mrs. A. Mills; Secty., Miss Mattie McTavish; Treas., Mrs. J. Orr.

F. M. J.

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

Receipts from October 16, to November 16, 1898, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Toronto, College St., \$6 20; Sarnia, \$9.25; Sarnia, Y. L., \$3 50; Burk's Falls, \$2.60; Wheatley, \$2.75; Wingham, \$2.25; Pickering, \$5.50; Paisley, \$3 50; Salford, \$7.10; Toronto, Walmer Road, \$7.95; Brooklin, \$3.80; Calvary, \$9 50; Keady, \$5; Lakeland, \$9.25; Norwich, \$5; New Sarum, \$3 80; Stayner, \$1 80; Toronto, Dovercourt Road, \$6.05; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$4.85; Flesherton, \$1.45; Grimsby, \$5; Lindsay, \$8; Toronto, Western Ch., \$7.09; Brownsville, \$4; Lakeshore, Calvary, \$15 90; Cheltenham, \$6.10; Strathroy, \$11.50; Toronto, First Ave., \$6; Acon, \$2; Brantford, Calvary Ch., \$3.75; Forest, \$2.78; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$61.00; Pickering, \$1.25; Westover, Thank-offering, \$13 66; Toronto, Walmer Road, Thank-offering, \$15; Hampton, Thank offering, \$2; Hartford, \$7; Brantford, Park Ch., for Miss

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER. For the work and workers at Bobbili; the school and its teachers. For the new converts, that they may be steadfast, and bring many more to a knowledge of the true God.

"ONLY."

"My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from Him."—Ps. lxxli., 5.

Sow, and stint not in thy sowing
Water with thy tears the soil,
Labour, pray, as if the harvest
Hung upon thy faithful toil.
God will guard the golden grain—
Trust the sunshine and the rain.

Find the infinite compassion
Mirrored in each human love;
Welcome every rill of blessing
From the sacred source above—
Yet on cisterns do not count—
Take thy pitcher to the Fount.

Soothe the aching heart to slumber,
Fear its aching if you may;
Be thy burdened breast the pillow
Where thy friend his grief may lay.
But thine own heart's bitter moan
Keep it for one Ear alone.

Let the clinging spirit-tendrils
Twine around no earthly stem;
Tarry not for human helpers—
"Wait" indeed, but not for them:
From the blessed One in Three
Let thine expectation be.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

This is our December number. A bright, glad Christmas to all our readers. Do not let the multiplied home duties of this month make us forget the monthly missionary meetings. And in the multitude of Christmas gifts, let us not forget one for the Christ whose coming made all the joys of Christmas possible for us.

The Home Mission Board of the W. B. M. U. have asked the Aid Societies to make their Christmas offerings this year to Home Missions.

It would be a good plan if each one of our Mission Bands were to make a special Christmas offering for the children of India who know nothing of the joys and pleasures of this day.

The letters from Mrs. Gullison and Miss Newcombe will be an incentive to this.

V. Beggs, \$14.25; Lindsay, Thank-offering, \$7; Woodstock, First Ch., Thank-offering, \$4.75; Watford (\$11 Thank-offering), \$16.50; Sault Ste. Marie, First Ch., \$2; Toronto, College St. (\$4.50 Thank-offering), \$7.65; Toronto, Beverley St. (\$4.78 Thank-offering), \$11.05; First Onondaga, \$3 50; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$75; Beachville (\$3 33 Thank-offering), \$5; Petrolia; Thank-offering, \$3; Stroud, for Bolivia Mission, \$2; St. Mary's (\$1.21 Thank-offering), \$2.76; Boston (\$19 Thank-offering, to be applied on a life-membership fee), \$33; Brighton, \$1; Plympton (\$2.55 Thank-offering), \$5.55; Toronto, Parliament St., \$9.76; Warton, \$2.37; Brooke and Enniskillen, \$1.45; Freelon Thank-offering, \$7; Listowel (\$2.07 Thank-offering), \$5.25; York Mills, \$6.50. Total, \$504.90.

FROM BANDS.—Toronto, College St., Junior, \$2.75; Chatham, for Sampara Davidasa, \$5; Mount Forest, Thank-offering, \$4.51; Dundas, \$3.75; Burch, for Bolivia, \$5.50; St. George (\$7.53 Thank-offering), for Thuluru Esther, \$12.50; London, Adelaide St., Y. P., for Samulcotta student fund, \$5.70; Guelph, Trinity Ch., for Sumpara Sundramma, \$8; Townsend Centre, \$3; Stouffville, \$10.40. Total, \$61.11.

FROM SUNDRIES.—London, Talbot St., Y. P. S. C. E., \$2.85; Collection, Union Meeting of Toronto Circle, \$8.50; In memory of the late Mrs. Watson, of Thedford, from her daughter, \$1; Brantford, Junior B. Y. P. U., for Thalla Saramma, \$13; Ridgetown, Junior B. Y. P. U., for Ballikuri Mary, \$3.85. W. B. H. and F. M. S. of Manitoba.—Qu'Appelle M. B., for M. Manikyamma, \$6; Mrs. Rouleau, for Biblewoman on Mr. Davis' field, \$20, \$26. Mrs. E. M. Southworth, Thedford, \$1; St. Thomas, Centre St., Junior Y. P. S. C. E., for Mantada David, \$10. Total, \$64.20.

Refund from General Board (second instalment) on advance made for their share of the Cocanada School Buildings,—replaced in "fund for sending out missionaries," according to agreement, \$157.24.

Total receipts during the month, \$787.61.

DISBURSEMENTS.—

Regular work in India	\$ 488 00
Balance of Miss Simpson's furlough allowance ..	3 35
" advance required by Miss Morrow to purchase outfit	40 00
Balance of passage allowances for Miss Simpson and Morrow	475 00
Amount sent to India for January, for Miss Morrow and her munshi	43 75
For "Engala Nokamma," an extra girl	4 00
Beamsville C., for Deborah, extra Biblewoman, Akidu	8 00
Burch Band, for Bolivia Mission	5 50
Total disbursements during the month	\$1067 60
Total receipts since May 1, 1898	\$4931 89
Total disbursements	5601 17

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

This is what the native nurse said when the missionary was blest with a little daughter: "Oh, Missi, Missi, you are young and will live to forget this day! You must not fret about having only a girl this time. You know you have had two sons already, and may have many more before you die. We all have to bear the same disappointment. We cannot always have sons."

Our first Mission Band "Life Member" has been made, and the honour belongs to the Arcadia Mission Band. They have constituted Mrs. Amy L. Fraser a Life Member of the M. Band. \$10 for F. M.

Presidents and Secretaries of Bands are requested to read carefully the constitution for Bands, as altered at the last Annual Meeting.

It seems a settled thing that receipts for the first quarter should be small, (*vide* Treasurer's report.) It is time we got out of this rut.

A Mission Band was organized by our Pastor, Mr. Whitman, in Knutsford, P. E. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, with a membership of 20. The officers of the first quarter are: President, C. M. Clay; Vice-President, Lucinda Harris; Secretary, Maud Silliker; Treasurer, Lena Harris.

MAUD SILLIKER.

O'Leary Station, P. E. I., Oct. 22.

BRIGGS CORNER, N. B.—On Oct. 9th, with the aid of Mrs. W. E. McIntyre, we organized a Mission Band with seventeen members, superintended by Miss Ada M. Small. We now number thirty. Our Band is called "The Golden Rule." The meetings are interesting and the members are gradually becoming more interested in this great work, and will in future, we believe, be active workers in the cause of missions. We are only infants in this work; but we pray God will use our little gifts to His honor and glory.

Sec'y.

CUR AID SOCIETIES.

SOMERVILLE.—A public meeting of the W. M. A. S. was held on the 29th of September, in which our County Secretary, Mrs. J. Walder, was present, on her annual visit, and gave us a very interesting and soul-stirring address, telling us of her acquaintance with Pandita Ramabai, and something of the wonderful work she is doing for the widows of India. We had also present with us Rev. George Caldwell, of Block Island, R.I., and Bro. Sandford Field, Secretary of the N. S. S. S. Assn. Both of these brethren, on being called on, gave us most excellent addresses, in which they spoke of the very close relationship of the home to the foreign work, indeed linking the two together as one great inseparable work. Bro. Sandford mentioned the fact that the first petition in our Lord's prayer, was, "Thy Kingdom come," and of the blessed results that would follow if that were always the first prayer, the first desire, of every Christian heart. In the reading of reports the death of one of our aged sisters, Mrs. Elias Henery, was referred to. The music of the evening, which was very appropriate, was furnished by the choir. Pastor Wethers gave a short closing address, followed by the collection which amounted to \$2. Then ended with the benediction a meeting which we trust may be the means of lifting some of us a step higher in the interests of our Redeemer's Kingdom.

Laura A. Wethers, Secretary.



MISS NEWCOMBE'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

MISSION HOUSE,
Bimlipatam, May 21st, 1898.

Dear Boys and Girls of the Dartmouth Mission Band:

I had a letter from Miss Johnstone a few weeks ago and in it she told me that there had been a change made in your Band. Now you are no longer a part in the Sunday School but a separate organization. She added, "don't forget us." I am sure I cannot forget you and as I write this I wonder how large some of you who sat in that front seat and listened to me so earnestly that day, have grown.

I am sending you this time a picture of my S.S. class. You will be glad to know something of each one I am sure.

This picture was taken last January or February. Since then some changes have taken place but I will speak of them as I write.

I have numbered each one on the back and will introduce each in order to you. I hope you will feel acquainted at once.

No. 1. This is Nurasimhulu as we would write it in English, I think. He is a son of Mrs. Morse's cook, and such a bright little fellow. Madoni of whom you may have heard is a half-brother, and we could wish that Nur-a-sun-hu-lu might develop in the bright, honest, Christian boy that his half-brother Madasi was and is. The grace of God can do it and let us pray that early he may learn to love and obey Jesus.

No. 2. This is little Luther and his sister Laura (No. 11) at the other end of that row. They are Preacher Fathayya's children. Since this picture was taken their mother died, and now these little ones with their baby sister, only a few months old, have gone to live with their grand-mother in Cocanada and so are not in my class now. Poor little Luther was with his mother so much and cried much for her, but we will ask Jesus to tenderly watch over them and lead them to Himself.

No. 3. This is my little pet, — Appa-la-nur sam-ma is her name. She is Verrachargulu's little girl and so sweet and loving. She and I are great friends now. Do you see all those little balls on the middle anklets. They make a little tinkling noise as she toddles along that always reminds me of the rhyme about the woman that had "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, so she makes music wherever she goes." Little A—— is very young, but not too young to learn the

sweet stories of Jesus and to love Him who blessed little children when here on earth.

Now we will introduce you to No. 4, — Rutnama, a cousin of Appalanuramma's and Sunalingsham's little girl. Her name means "jewel." May she be one of the precious jewels that shall shine in heaven one day—a bright gem indeed. She is a precious little jewel now. Is very much like her father.

No. 5 is Rut-na-ma's sister Sangas-sa-ma, or in Telugu ———, and No. 9 is another sister, Soon-dram-ma, ———. San-yas-sam-ma is such a bright, womanly little girl and has rather a motherly care for her little sisters and brother. I love Soon-dram-pa too, though she is not quite so nice a dispositioned child as the other. She likes to have her own way. I wonder if any of you know of any one like her in this respect. I am afraid I know someone a good many years older than S——— who likes to have her own way too. But let us all ask Jesus to make us love his way and not our own.

No. 6 is our little treasure, the sunshine of Bimli Mission House, and though so young she loves to tell of Jesus to others. Her name you have already learned perhaps. She is our little Marion.

No. 7. Here is a boy with an English name Alexander. Such a time as I had to reorganize it the first day he came to my class, for of course they will put their Telugu twang to their English words that quite disguises them at times. Just the other day I was talking with a Telugu who knew a little English and he brought an English word into the midst of his Telugu. I said "that's a new word, never heard it before, what does it mean?" He was somewhat bewildered but at last informed me it was English. Then I had a good laugh. Please don't think I am forgetting my English.

Kil Alexander is the telegraph signaller's son. His father belongs to the London Mission, but Alexander and his sister Rutnama (who is not in this picture) come here to school and to Sunday-school.

No. 8 is Soon-do-row, and No. 10 his little sister Karu-na. They are Preacher Ap-pa-la-snami's children. Since I began to write this letter they have moved away, and thus are not in my class now. I am going to write their mother this week if I can to find out if there are any Christian people where they now live. Let us pray that wherever they may be they may "shine for Jesus."

And now, last but not least, is little Daniel another of Cook's boys, and a bright little fellow is he. He is No. 12 in the group.

Don't you love my boys and girls? I see this letter was begun almost two months ago. I have been very busy and have not had time to finish it. But I have thought of you many, many times during this month as I have tried to finish my letter.

I now have two new boys in my class. One is a little fellow who comes from a heathen home. Oh, how we need to pray for him that he may learn of the true Jesus and believe in Him as he comes to Sunday-school.

The other is a brother of Gurayya, of whose baptism you may have read. He ran away from home to come and live with his brother and learn of Jesus. He has broken caste, cut off his juttu and is one of Jesus' boys, I feel sure. Oh how eager he is to learn of Jesus. His eyes just shine all the time I am teaching them and he remembers so well.

Now, dear boys and girls, I must close, for I have many more Bands to write if I can before next mail goes off. Don't forget to pray for these little ones and

for her who is teaching them, that she may always speak to them as Jesus would.

I will try and write you again before many months.

Lovingly yours,

IDA M. NEWCOMBE.

HILL DEVDANGER, June 20th, 1898.

To the Mission Band at Dartmouth:

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: —

In a letter received from Miss Johnstone last week, she said: "When you can, will you write a note to my Mission Band?" As she is a very dear friend of mine, and I like to do all I can to please her as well as Him who is our greatest friend, I take this the earliest opportunity of saying "How-do-you-do." I wish you had written first and asked me lots of questions, then I would know what to write about. But you will answer my letter, won't you? We like to hear from the Mission Band children. Some of my boys and girls at Lower Aylesford write me very nice little letters. A few of them have asked me if I thought the Lord would call them to be missionaries when they grew to be men and women, and I think He will, for they are real little missionaries now. I hope you are all missionaries. I am a little missionary. You have heard of Marion Morse, have't you? She calls me her "little Auntie," because I can sit in her little rocking-chair. Our sweet little Marion has been very sick lately. Her papa and mamma did not take her to the hills this year because she seemed so well. She got along very well until the latter part of May, when she was taken ill with dysentery. But the Lord spared her life, and although the sparkle has gone from her eyes, and she is very pale and thin, she is recovering and we hope ere long will be restored to her usual health.

But there are many poor little children in India, who, if they had been as sick as Marion, would have died; their papas and mammas would not have called a doctor who could help them, but a naughty man who knows nothing about medicine. He would give something he would call medicine, which in all probability would make the child worse. Then he would say the child had a devil and he could not cure it with medicine. It would have to be burnt to let the devil out. You think that is awful, don't you? But you will open your eyes wide when I tell you that I don't think I have seen one heathen child whose stomach was not covered with marks where it had been burned. Just think! Perhaps some of you have a little baby brother or sister at home. What if your mamma would heat a needle real hot, and then burn baby's stomach in forty or fifty places with it? You would say, "Mamma has gone crazy," and you would run to find somebody to take her to the asylum, wouldn't you? Yet this is just what the heathen mothers do. They think it keeps the baby from being sick. How those poor little babies must suffer! Aren't you glad you were born in a Christian home? I have seen a number of people with a large mark from a burn on their foreheads, and upon enquiring found out that at one time when they had a severe headache their parents or heathen priest said they were possessed of a devil, and their forehead was burned to make the devil go away. I read, just last week, about a little girl who was found by a missionary, whose fingers were nearly all gone. When asked why her hands were in that condition, she

said she had done something naughty. Her mother thinking she had a devil took her and held her hands before a fire until her fingers were nearly all burnt away. How sad these things are! How Jesus, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, must feel as he looks down from his home in Heaven and sees these things! Just think, dear boys and girls, He died to save all these little Hindu children and their parents just as much as he died for us and our parents. But these poor people don't know about our loving Saviour. They worship the ugliest looking things, made of metal, wood, etc. I know some of you would be frightened of them if you saw them. But Jesus does not want them to worship these awful idols, so before he went home to Heaven he told us to go and tell these people about Him; how he left his home in Heaven about 1900 years ago, and came to this world; how he was poor, just like these people, and didn't have a house or any place to live in; how wicked men took him and nailed His hands and feet to a big wooden cross, and how He hung there till He died. All this He suffered that He might be able to have us all with him in Heaven by-and-by.

But dear me! children, there are so few of us to tell the story! When do you suppose all these people will hear it. Ah me! many of them will never hear it. So many die every day without knowing anything about Jesus who gave His life for them. Are you doing all you can for these poor little heathen children? Do your best, boys and girls, and ask everybody you see to help you send the gospel to India. Do all you can for the heathen now, and as you grow older the Lord will give you more money to spend for him. If you don't have much money to give perhaps He will ask you to give yourselves. Wouldn't that be nice? There is no work in the world which would give you as much real joy and true, abiding happiness as this work of "telling the Old, Old Story," in heathen lands. Now I think I will close, this my first letter must not be too long, or you will be so tired listening to it, you will never want to hear from me again.

When you write tell me how large your Band is. What are your ages? What you do to help make the meetings interesting. How you earn your money for your mite boxes, and ask all the questions you want to.

Now, before you go home, you had better have a little prayer-meeting for the boys and girls in India. And when you say your prayers every night, don't forget them. Also remember your missionaries.

With many good wishes, I remain,

Your Missionary,

NETTIE C. GULLISON.

WHAT CHRIST'S COMMAND "GO" MEANS TO WOMEN.

Read by Mrs. Jost, of Guysboro', at the Annual Meeting of
W. B. M. U.

Turn back with me this evening to that wonderful story of beginnings, recorded in Genesis, and read the various progressive steps leading up to the creation of man. At the close of the fifth day of creation, as God reviewed the work of His hands, and the order and beauty that had sprung into being, at the word of His power, He pronounced it "Good." But at the close of

the sixth day, when the crowning act of the week's work culminated in the creation of man, as God surveyed His finished work, He pronounced it "Very Good."

Although man was placed in the Garden of Paradise, amid its perfect loveliness, unmarred by any shadow or taint of impurity, with every thing around him that was "good for food," or "pleasant to the eye," something was still lacking to complete his well-being; and in order to supply this lack and perfect the bliss of Eden, God created woman, to be the equal (not the rival), the companion, and the help meet for man. Too soon, alas, before the crafty, subtle temptation of the devil, our common mother fell from her high estate, and with her husband, forfeited the favor of God. Soon the guilty ones are brought before their Maker, to face His displeasure, and hear from His lips the sentence proportionate to their guilt.

Punishment falls first on the deceiver; and in addition to this punishment, the far reaching declaration is made, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," a statement which succeeding ages has so abundantly verified. Thank God, the assurance of enmity does not close the verdict of the Judge; but in addition, the promise is given of the ultimate triumph of the "woman's seed," who should "bruise the serpent's head." Following this promise, comes the direct punishment inflicted upon the woman, sorrow and suffering that must be borne, and subjection that must be endured. In this outline, we are not touching the penalty of death, temporal or eternal, but rather glancing at the fall as it has affected the life of woman through all the centuries of the past. Forth from the Garden of Paradise with slow reluctant steps, and bowed beneath the burden of a curse, and punishment only half understood, passed our sorrowful mother, to comprehend more fully, with every passing year, the meaning of her sentence.

As the years glide into centuries, to the daughters of Eve come in fullest measure, the sad inheritance of a mother's sin. How bitterly and how relentlessly the "enmity of Satan" has followed the daughters of Eve; and with what ruthless cruelty the yoke of subjection has been forced upon their necks, let the blotted, tear-dimmed pages of history show.

Just in proportion as the world has gone away from God and come under the power and dominion of Satan, has this "enmity" been manifested, in the more entire and servile subjection of women. One of the greatest aims and works of the Devil in this world had been to carry out the purpose begun in Eden, in effecting the entire degradation and demoralization of womanhood.

A gleam of light breaks through the darkness when God calls Abraham, and through him establishes a new order of things, in the setting apart of a nation for Himself. Through all the history of the Israelitish nation, women held a place far superior to that accorded to them by the idolatrous nations, by whom they were surrounded.

Four thousand years pass down the stream of time after the expulsion of Eve from Eden, without any mitigation of the sentence passed upon her; or amelioration of the servitude; or sign of the promised victory. At last, to the Village of Nazareth, an angel is sent to make known that the fulfilment of the promise made in Eden is near at hand, through the coming of the Son of God, as a babe in the manger of Bethlehem. But not as the son of man, but as the son of Mary, was the deliverer to come.

Through a woman came the curse on all mankind ; through a woman must come redemption from that curse. We say "In Him the tribes of Adam boast more blessings than their fathers lost," and fail to recognize the full extent and meaning of this boast. When Christ came to remove the curse and open the Gate of Heaven to all believers, included in that mission, also, was the restoration of women to the place assigned her by God in the creation. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the work of the Devil."

Women have borne the curse of the fall to its fullest extent, and hardly dared to rejoice in or failed entirely to comprehend the fact, that by the Incarnation of the Son of God, they have been raised again to their first estate. What has been the meaning of Mary's song to Protestant Christian women, during the past centuries, "For He hath looked upon the low estate of His bond-maiden, for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed." What has that meant to you and me, and to the whole generation of women of the present day? How have we been recognizing Mary's claim to this title, and what share have we had in the tribute of blessing, which succeeding generations should accord? Does not Mary's claim for Christian women and for universal womanhood, lie in the fact that through her, God's curse has been removed from them, by Him who bore the curse for us; the bondage of servitude, broken by Him who ascended up on high, leading captivity captive; and bearing up to the Throne of God, as trophies of His victory over the enemy, the new nature, which our conquering King of Glory, bore, by virtue of His human mother; and the new name, before which every knee shall bow and every tongue confess the name of Jesus, which His human mother gave her baby boy in the lowly manger on the hills of Bethlehem.

Remember, we are looking at this question from its social side, as the curse of God has affected woman in her social capacity, with the purpose of seeing the meaning of Jesus' command to those women who first saw their risen Lord, and also all that was implied in that command.

Centuries before the Psalmist beheld in prophetic vision, the glorious triumphs of the Church, when "God should arise and His enemies be scattered," and as a distinctive feature of that time, and of the means used for the spreading abroad of the news of salvation, He declares that "the women who publish the tidings are a great host." Of their share in the victory He also assures us, for, while kings led forth their victorious armies, "She who tarried at home should divide the spoil."

Through all the ministry of Jesus, see His tenderness, His compassion, His appreciation of those women who were brought under His notice. How graciously He revealed to the woman of Samaria, His ability to satisfy her longings, to fill her soul with joy, and to give to her that "loving water," which should "spring up" within her poor, parched, restless, longing heart, and flood her whole being with the wonderful "peace of God." To the woman whom Simon despised, the loving Lord gave His blessed forgiveness of sin; and the Word tells us that He loved Martha and Mary. His care for His mother, even in the agony of death, shows His thoughtful love for her.

At length, in fulfilment of that ancient promise made in Eden, the bruised heel of our Immanuel testifies to

the serpent's enmity to Mary's Son; but the third morning dawns; and those women who ministered to Jesus in life, and mourned and wept as the Saviour hung upon the cross in death, come "very early in the morning," to pay the last tribute of their love, when to their awed and wondering eyes comes the vision of their Risen Lord, and His voice bids them, "Go, tell the story of His Resurrection." Out of that "other garden," fly the eager feet to tell the wondrous story of the triumph of the "woman's seed." The "serpent's head" has been crushed beneath the Victor's "heel," and the bitter yoke is broken from off the neck of woman!

The "enmity of Satan" remains the same, as is fully proved by the condition in which women are held by all those who are the servants of Satan, and who have no knowledge of God; but it is the enmity of a conquered foe; and with the knowledge of the truth comes freedom and uplifting and the fullness of life.

All through the history of the Church women have been the messengers of Christ. We hear of Phœbe and Priscilla among others of whom Paul wrote, as, "those women who have labored with me in the Lord," and when, on the lonely Isle of Patmos, to the beloved disciple was granted the wonderful vision of the glory of the Church triumphant, the crowning splendor of that glowing grandeur, was when the "Second Adam," our Lord from Heaven claimed His Bride, the Church of the living God; redeemed at such infinite cost, from every kindred and tribe and tongue. Here we see fully revealed the beauty and the glory of which we catch hints and shadows in the earthly Eden, with the added assurance that no evil serpent can ever enter the Paradise of God.

The voice of Jesus sounds to-day, as it floats across the centuries, from that garden wherein was Joseph's rock-hewn tomb, and the message comes to you and me, Go tell the story that the promise is fulfilled, and the enemy has been conquered by Mary's triumphant Son.

Truly woman's voice should be the first to tell the story of her deliverance; to proclaim the power of His might, who came to set at liberty those who were bound; to redeem from the curse those who had groaned so long beneath its load! Oh, women! slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, Jesus, born of a woman, by that Incarnation has raised you to your place again, out of your ruin and your wretchedness. To you the commands come. Go, tell! Go, tell those dark-eyed sisters in the harem and the hut, the story of their redemption, Go, tell it out where the child widows weep, in hopeless misery and abject despair. Go to the outcast and the fallen, and tell of the blood that can cleanse and the love that can cover all the sin. Go, tell it out, where the toiling woman slaves as a beast of burden under the Tropics sun. To India, and Africa, and the Islands of the Sea, tell it out that Jesus saves! Go, tell the daughters of Eve, that their burdens are lifted off their shoulders by the strong Son of God!

The habits and customs of centuries bind them down by their relentless force, and no one has told them of Him who came to save and bore the curse and paid all the price of their full release. The wail of suffering womanhood is borne on every breeze that blows. In every country and in every clime where Jesus is not known, women are the slaves and the burden bearers still. The command of Jesus is the authority on which we rest. His voice is sounding still. Can you not hear it? "By whom shall I send to these poor, suffering,

moved away from her, I heard one girl with very dirty clothes on say, "dirty." At least that's what the word usually means. They have such queer customs and are so outspoken about many things, that we never mention, hence I considered it wise not to make any inquiries, so I just remarked that God looks at the heart to see whether it is clean or not rather than at one's clothes. However, it worried me to see how two or three girls kept edging away and making remarks as though the little one had the small-pox. Meanwhile she was as bright as a new pin, and answered all my questions so promptly. As soon as they were all gone the preacher who was with me told me that the child's mother had died about a week ago, and hence she was ceremonially unclean for ten days. The child was a Brahman, neatly dressed, while the girl most afraid of contamination was a Shudra in a dirty cloth. I was inclined to feel indignant at first, but I soon remembered that the Israelites had similar laws in regard to ceremonial uncleanness. Still a very strong feeling of pity rose up in my heart for the little motherless girl, and I was glad to think she had begun to learn something about the great Saviour of sinners.

My preacher went on to tell me that the child's father died some years ago and that the mother's death was partly due to grief at the loss of some money. Her eldest son had been fooled by a biragi or fakir into believing that the latter could turn silver into gold. So the foolish youth had entrusted seven hundred rupees to the holy man, and been relieved of further care of the money, as he never saw it again.

JOHN CRAIG.

18th Sept., '98.

WHO SAVED AZALEA ?

MARY S. HITCHCOCK.

(If there are any of our Mission Bands that are forgetting to provide for the support of the student they have taken, we hope they will read the following article—ED. LINK.)

Azalea was so young and so pretty; but to-day there was a look of overwhelming sorrow in the dark eyes. She stood in the deserted school-room, at the west window, but did not notice the beauty of the sunset.

When her teacher approached, she turned with such a sad little smile that the tears sprang to Miss Ellis' eyes.

The girl bent her glossy dark head, and touched the kindly hand laid upon her arm with her lips.

After a moment's silence she said, huskily,
"When the sun sets again they will come for me."

"My child, my child," pleaded Miss Ellis, "don't give up yet. The foreign mail must come to-morrow. Pray God that He may send us help."

The American lady who supported Azalea at the mission-school had died, and left her unprovided for. In another year she would have been accepted as a teacher in some of the other schools. But now she must go back to her parents, who would be glad to have her only because an old mandarin had offered many cash for her, to be his side-wife.

"Our poor, contemptible daughter shall go to your magnificent house as soon as she returns," they had promised.

Azalea's years with her Christian teachers and companions had taught her the shame and degradation of such a position, and the poor girl's heart was breaking under her sad fate.

Miss Ellis had written to different auxiliaries, and done everything she could to raise the means to keep her, and now could only wait and pray.

Florence Meredith and Lena Lewis walked happily down the street of a busy American city.

"Where are you bound, Florence?"

"I am going down to Hall's to buy one of those pretty braided jackets. There is one that is just a match for my new suit. The price is fifteen dollars. Papa gave me the money for it this noon. Isn't he a dear?"

"Yes, he is, decidedly, but what is the matter with this jacket?"

"Oh, the sleeves are too big to be in style, and I am going to the convention next week you know. Why are you stopping here?"

"Mrs. Arnold, a returned missionary from China, is to speak to the ladies in our church parlors. Come with me."

"Oh, I think not, I don't believe I am very much interested in foreign missions. They seem so far off."

"You ought to be, if you are not, so come along. Any body would think you hadn't heard of telegraph cables."

A sweet gentle-faced lady was just commencing to speak as they entered.

"Before I begin upon the subject you wished me to discuss, I would like to tell you of a letter I received from Miss Ellis this morning. She is an American missionary in China and is in great distress about a much-loved pupil, who will be obliged to leave at the end of the year, unless we can send fifteen dollars for her support another year."

Then Mrs. Arnold told them all of Azalea's sorrowful story. When she had finished she said, "Will you bow your heads a moment, and ask God to put it into some one's heart to send the sum so sorely needed?"

Florence, at the first mention of the desired amount, felt how much better it would be to save that girl than to wear a pretty wrap, but she hardened her heart and put the thought persistently away, and told herself some one else would be sure to give it. She always gave liberally from her allowance, and no more was required of her; but she knew her excuses were as flimsy as selfish.

When the others bowed their heads in prayer, she did the same; but she could not pray.

She only kept saying, "I can't go and wear this old wrap."

Mrs. Arnold went on with her talk, but Florence did not hear her; at last she muttered, "I just won't do it any way. Now I am going to listen to what that woman is saying."

Suddenly there flashed into her mind the remarks of the Society president, made when they appointed her delegate to the State Convention.

"I think," he said, "sometimes we make a mistake and send our most brilliant members to conventions, instead of tried and live Christians; but we have combined the two, for while Miss Meredith is a brilliant and intellectual member, she never forgets our constant aim is to 'lift up—to hold up.'"

"That was what he said," she whispered, "and I have not even tried to be intellectual, I have thought of nothing but my pretty clothes, and my head bowed low, in shame and sorrow."

At the close of the talk, a lovely girl came up to Mrs. Arnold and said in a low voice.

"If you please I would like to give you this for Azalea," and she put fifteen dollars in the lady's hand.

"O my dear! my dear! How can I thank you! Come with me to tell the ladies about it."

"O no! I would rather not," said Florence, crimeoning deeply.

"At least tell me your name," entreated the lady.

"Please just say, it's from one who needs praying for," came the answer in almost a whisper.

"Azalea, the devoted native teacher in far away China always prays for the one who saved her; but she never knows even her name.

But God knows and will not forget.

Woman's Missionary Friend.

OTTAWA—"MoPhail Memorial Band,"—As our report, duly sent to Miss Muir, went astray, our contributions were not given correctly in the LINK last month. For the year ending Sept. 30th, the Treasurer sent to Foreign Missions in India, \$30; Bolivia, \$5; to Home Missions, \$20; Grande Ligne, \$5; North-West, \$5, making a total of \$65. Our meetings are bright and interesting and the Band feels encouraged to press on for better service.

We mourn the loss of two of our active members, Ernest Elborne, who was suddenly called to leave earth for heaven without a moment's warning. Dear Ernest was ready for life or death as he had early given himself to Jesus. The Boys' Auxiliary will miss him very much at their meetings. Emily Ardley had a long and weary illness. Nearly a year of suffering, but she was so gentle and patient that her little friends loved to sit beside her. As she had strength, when the pain allowed her to work, she lay making such pretty mats, to sell, so that she could fill her mission barrel. These sacred earnings were handed in at our last Band meeting two days after little Emily had gone to be with the Saviour she loved. "Being dead, she yet speaketh" through these pennies earned to send the Bible to India. Another of our girls told the Band one day of her desire to become a missionary if the Lord opened the way for her to go. We feel in looking over the work for the past year, that we may "thank God and take courage."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, Nov. 8th, 1898.

"TEACH ME A LITTLE PRAYER."

The *Zenana* tells this story of a little girl in the Mission Hospital at Banares:

"She is only four or five years old; and when she heard the missionary lady teaching a poor heathen woman how to pray, she came up to the lady and said: 'Miss Sahib, will you teach me a little prayer?'

"The missionary was very pleased to grant such a request, and she taught the dear little girl to say: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' She learned it, and then she taught it to an old woman. She used to kneel on her bed and repeat this prayer every morning and evening, and from this little child's example four others used to pray in that ward daily."

TO MEMBERS OF MISSION BANDS.—The Editor has decided to offer to publish each month the best article on some missionary topic written by a member of a mission band under fourteen years of age, received during the preceding month. Only one such article each month and that the best. Articles should reach the Editor by the middle of the month. They must not be over five hundred words long and must be original.

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