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The Canadian Missionary Link

AMERICA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Moon

IX-3

APRIL, 1893.

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TORONTO, APRIL, 1893.

No. 8

MRS. BARROW writes from Narsapatnam: "We are just about to go on a tour near the mountains to the north. The gospel, is being preached here and in the surrounding villages daily. The people listen well, and the Lord is evidently working in our midst.

MITE BOXES.—To any who have ordered boxes we will say: Be patient, we are expecting them every day, from the manufacturers, and your orders will be filled as soon as they come.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—"A friend of missions" offers through Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, of Bloor street Church Toronto, to give \$200 toward Miss Stovel's boat, provided the balance necessary is contributed by the Circles and Bands, or individuals as an *extra offering*, without diminishing their usual gifts. Are there not a number of women who would be glad to have a share in this boat? Are there not many Bands that can make a *special offering* for this object?

The boat is very much needed, we hear from the missionaries; they say it will save, very much, the missionary's strength and add much to her usefulness.

The PRICE is \$500, not \$600 as stated last month.

A LADY of wealth has recently sailed from New York, taking with her eight other missionaries, for whose support she is providing. A similar service is being rendered in Japan, where the widow of a missionary is carrying on an evangelistic agency entirely at her own cost.

TO THE MISSIONARIES OF THE LOWER PROVINCES. We wish very much that you would let us hear from you oftener through THE LINK. We have written our sisters down east frequently to send us more missionaries' letters, but they do not come.

MISS HESTER ALWAY, a Baptist young lady from Ontario, has recently gone to India as missionary under the Missionary Training Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. She arrived early in January at Bombay. In her first letter she says: "The life of heathendom seems more like a hideous nightmare, than real existence. Oh, it is awful! awful! Feelings of disgust, loathing and utter repugnance, were, I confess, uppermost in my breast, as I walked through the native streets. Nothing but Divine love and pity would hold me here an hour."

THE CANADIAN Presbyterian Missionary Society sent out during the past year eleven new missionaries

to foreign fields. Six are M. D's, three being ladies, two of whom go to India.

A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.—We learn from *The Church of Scotland Monthly* that in connection with the work of Mr. Warszawiak in New York, 4300 Jews have intimated in writing their resolution to become members of "Christ's Synagogue." These Jews are all men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and many of them belong to the better-off and better educated class.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"As My Father hath sent Me into the World, even so send I you."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.—That the Lord will raise up in all our Societies consecrated women to attend to the home part of our mission work.

WE WERE so glad to receive a card last week asking that this might be our Prayer Topic for April. As the supplications are ascending, let the silent question arise from each heart, "Lord is it I whom Thou dost need for this part of the service?"

Is not the above prayer topic a needful one? Is not just as much consecration wanted in the home workers, as in those that go abroad?

HOW OFTEN we hear, "This is woman's age." Are we using it aright? Will this age be the better because of woman's work for the perishing?

WOULD that the April meeting might be an hour of deep heart-searching. "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"ONLY the faithful few attend our meeting," how many letters come with this remark! Well, the many who remain away are to be pitied.

But let us remember, that with these "faithful few" One *always* comes, whose presence adds a hundred folds to their number, whose presence makes all mighty try their feebleness; One whose hand laid on their gifts, gives to them a value and a far reaching power greater than it is possible for finite minds to estimate.

IT HAS HARDLY seemed advisable to have a list of the W.B.M.U. leaflets in the LINK, and also in the Woman's Column of the Messenger and Visitor. But our sisters will remember that they can be supplied by writing to Miss Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S.

A new supply of Mite Boxes is now on hand. Since

last August the Union has sent out not less than 650 of these boxes.

Remember these are given. The return from these 650 should be—what?

WHAT IS TO BE DONE with these urgent appeals for more workers from the Conference held at Cocanada? Our Board cannot send more missionaries next Autumn with the Treasury as it is now.

There is money enough in our Baptist Churches, to lift all these boards out of their present difficulties, and more, there is enough to keep these boards from ever being again as they are now.

What is to be done? Who will answer? Is it not possible that this being "Woman's age," the answer must come from her?"

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Deliverance will come to the perishing of India, of the North West, of Grande Ligne, and our own Provinces, even if we hold our peace, but the loss will be ours.

IN A LETTER received from Edmonton, N.W.T., the writer says: "Yes, we knew that the Women's Board of the east (W. B. M. U.) had granted \$300 to us for pastoral support, for which we have felt very thankful, but Sister, if you only knew the need of the pure Gospel being preached in this new country, I think you would feel your Board ought to give even more than they do. The way looked dark in the beginning here, but I knew God could open the way and He has done so. Yes, the prospects are brightening, and are visible to the naked eye. About a month ago one woman was converted and came to our prayer meeting and told us that she had learned to trust in Jesus since she had last met with us. Last week we heard of another.

The first fruits of Edmonton are women—now two or three sisters are awaiting baptism. Please tell this to your Board and Mission Circles and rejoice with us in what the Lord is doing for us.

We began our work with prayer, and every step of the way has been paved with earnest, united prayer for guidance; have we not as perfect right to expect God to do great things for us?

On the 1st October we organized our Sunday School. Though few in number we believed it a step in the right direction. We now have about 50 names on the roll. Our school is increasing in numbers, and interest. We organized our Mission Aid Circle in May with three members (surely we have known the day of small things); we now have ten and expect more next meeting. Our Circle has undertaken to distribute religious literature to the emigrant sheds and coal mines, and to private houses where we find it is needed. We make a special effort to visit the poor and the sick. Pray for

us that we may indeed be a Mission Circle, not only in name, but in deed and in truth.

This much work has been done by, say, seven or eight. Lately there have come in some others.

Last Sunday the Superintendent of missions, Mr. Mellick, was here, and organized our church with 19 members.

We have about ten or twelve contributors to the pastor's salary and have pledged ourselves to raise \$400.00 towards pastoral support. Then we pay \$2.00 every Sunday for a hall for our Sunday School. Sunday School supplies, etc., and a Sunday School library of the right sort, we do need so much. I do not see how good work can be done without one.

Our Woman's Board of Manitoba have granted us \$400.00 from the edifice fund towards our building fund, and we have the lot bought. Could we get \$200.00 or \$300.00 more I believe we could go on with the building at once. It does seem too bad to have the work crippled for so small an amount.

This town is growing very fast, and is bound to be a very important centre. Do all you can for us in helping on the Lord's work. How I wish I could be at your annual meeting and lay the needs and opportunities of this great North West before you."

Who will give out of their abundance or poverty? In order to give Edmonton this year—seemingly in the greatest need,—we transferred our \$300.00 from Regina to Edmonton with the consent of the Board. We should have been able to help both.

MY DREAM.

I dreamed, I had children, far over the sea,
And that every one was as dear to me,
As ever a mother's child could be.

And over the sea, from a lavish hand,
To the eldest born of my cherished band,
Large gifts I sent, and the plain command:

"Look well how your brothers and sisters fare,
Justly and kindly with them share
This wealth, that tells of my love and care."

Ere long, from my eldest born I heard;
He told me in reverent, graceful word,
That with grateful love his heart was stirred.

—A year and a day, and a message came;
A message that set my heart aflame
With grief and pity, with wrath and shame.

In a palace was living my eldest born,
His brothers and sisters, all poor, forlorn,
He knew not, or only knew to scorn.

In the palace, a table was daily spread,
Where the rich and the noble were daintily fed,
And my other dear children were starving for bread.

In costly apparel, with jewels and gold,
Was one, and the others were ragged and cold.
This was the story the messenger told.

It was only a dream, but ah! ah me!
What a pitiful, pitiful thing it would be,
Had I truly such children way over the sea.

The dream made me ask, Does the Father above,
Who holds all the earth in his infinite love,
Our use of his manifold blessings approve?
Helping Hand. SARAH P. ELLIS.

REFLECTIONS OF A BUSINESS MAN.

BY A CHURCH MEMBER.

Some years ago I was called to face a serious question. This is how it came to me. It was the last day of the year. I had gone home from business a little earlier than usual, and was now sitting alone in my library. My mind somehow fell to thinking on last things. I thought of the last day of my life, of the last generation of mankind, and now, by a swift turn backwards, I reflected on the last words of Christ before he left the world. Instantly those words stood out before me as if printed in large capitals, "*Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*" I immediately rose to my feet and walked the room. These words had never so impressed me before. I had been accustomed to raising some objections to foreign missions. But here was a plain yet solemn commandment from the lips of Christ. It seemed as if he were in the room, although I saw no form. I cannot describe the strange vividness with which the thought flashed upon me that it was the main business of the church, in fact the one thing for which it existed, to carry the gospel throughout the world and to do it as quickly as possible. And I reflected, somewhat uneasily, that I was a member of that church. Then the question came almost as forcibly as if I had heard a voice "*What does this last commandment mean to YOU?*"

I again sat down, resolving before the New Year should come, to find some light on this question. The light came. Let me state, in few words, the conclusions which I then reached and the experiences which have followed.

If I were a *young man*, of suitable qualifications, I should certainly feel that this word of Christ was a pretty direct message to myself. I am sure I should not dare, in such times as these, to take up any other calling until I had seriously considered whether I ought not to be a foreign missionary. I am convinced that the next fifty years will be the most remarkable in the history of mankind. The nations are being touched with a common life and brought near together. I believe, with many others, that pagan systems are soon to meet with rapid and far-reaching changes. It looks to me as if no other field of work were so urgent or so full of promise. If ever God called young men to go to the heathen, I believe he is calling now.

But I am no longer a young man. I am the father of five children, for whose rearing I am responsible. I have come to the conclusion that the last commandment of our Lord has a special application to *Christian parents*. It seems much clearer to me than it used to that children are to be trained primarily and mainly with reference to the work of the kingdom. I hope that each member of my family will come to feel a sort of personal obligation for the spread of the gospel in the world. And if to some bright son or daughter of our household the Spirit of God shall whisper a special call, wife and I have agreed that we shall not stand in the way. No ambition for their professional, or social, or pecuniary success will allow us to hush the voice of the Spirit and so imperil the very foundations of their Christian character.

On that New Year's eve I was in very moderate circumstances. Still I could not escape the conviction

that the last commandment included me. As is perhaps usual at such a season of the year, I looked over my habits of expenditure. I saw that I was spending more upon certain luxuries than for the salvation of the world. To my astonishment I found that I had paid more for a family concert ticket, and two or three times more for an excursion, than I had given during the whole year for the Lord's work in foreign lands. It did not take me long to decide that this was wrong management. I recalled the statement of a distinguished acquaintance of mine who once said: "I settle the matter at the beginning of the year whether, consistently with other duties, I can take in the regular prayer-meeting of my church. I cannot possibly stand the strain," he said, "of having this question come up for settlement every week." It seemed to me a good rule respecting benevolent gifts. I felt I could not stand the strain of having the matter come up for fresh settlement every time I heard an appeal. Nor did it seem to me quite the manly thing to do so. And so, with the coming of the new year, I adopted the plan of giving a certain *proportion* of my income. This I have found to be delightful beyond expression. The vexed question of "how much" is disposed of, and Christian stewardship has come to have a real significance.

I want to add that through the providence of God I have been blessed with some means. The last commandment still rings in my ears, "*Go ye into the world and preach the gospel.*" I cannot directly preach, but yet I am sure that I have a very definite part in this great work. If I cannot *go* I can *send*—and a better man than myself at that. For some time I have been paying all the expenses of a certain foreign missionary. He is my representative on the field. I occasionally hear from him, and I and my family follow his work with great interest and delight. Nothing could induce us to surrender the joy of this service. If I continue to be prospered, I am planning to undertake soon the support of two native evangelists in Japan.

I have now told you what the Great Commission means to me. What does it mean to you? "How much owest thou unto my Lord? Sit down quickly and write."—*Missionary Herald.*

WANTED. CROWN ADVOCATES.

W. B. M. U.

It was only a single sentence, lightly spoken on the impulse of the moment, but it was a message from God, and I want to pass it on, in the hope that He may use it to put a new purpose and glory into our lives, as it has already into mine.

We were sitting round the breakfast-table at Keswick when a friend made the remark, "You have never told us about your work in Africa," to which I replied that, as the words would usually be understood, I had as yet no "work in Africa," unless it could be called "work" to enter, as far as possible, into other people's work and interests, to look on at what was being done, and to pray for the workers and those among whom they were working. This called from another the words which have come back to me again and again every day since with every-increasing power and meaning, "You are watching the case on behalf of the Crown?"

Is it true that, in these days of opening and closing doors, of growing readiness to hear the message of salvation and life on the part of so many, and yet of increasing opposition on the part of so many more,

THE GREAT NEED OF THE CHURCH

and of the Church's Head is not so much more gifts for missionary work, though from so many sides come the tidings of work straitened and limited for want of necessary funds; nor even an increased number of labourers, though from all lands the cry is sounding louder and louder, "come over and help us"; as men and women in sympathy with the Lord, who, realizing their calling to be his remembrances, will take it as one great part, if not the chief part, of their life-work, really, constantly, earnestly, to "watch the case on behalf of the Crown," to look on at the great conflict which is being waged day by day with greater concentration and force on both sides, between the powers of Heaven and Hell, between the forces of the Prince of Peace and of the Prince of this World; so watching it that they may be able to pray with the understanding as well as with the spirit; so watching it *on the Lord's behalf*, that they may see all from his point of view, as it affects his interests and his glory, and may be able to offer such prayers as shall be according to his will, and therefore heard.

If, in all the details of ordinary life, we thus watched every case as part of this case, in full sympathy with the King, who can say what a difference it would make to the progress of his kingdom?

For it is as a practical thing that the Lord has been setting this before me, and, in its practical working, as a wonderful means of hourly fellowship with Himself. What a different thing the reading of a newspaper becomes when, instead of merely looking to see what is going on in the world as a matter of personal or general interest, we study it *for God*, to see how his cause is prospering; what *He* is doing among the nations of the earth, and what attitude they are assuming towards Him; recognising his Hand in all the events of the day, and comparing them with what He has said, shall be. Reading it thus, we find in almost every column some new cause of prayer or praise; and the reading, instead of being, as it sometimes has been, a break in the conscious, personal intercourse of our soul with God, becomes a definite means of communion with Him, as we enter into his thoughts and plans for men, and watch the unfolding of his purpose and the fulfilment of his word.

PRAYERFUL STUDY OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Or take the case of a missionary magazine. How many of us, even in our missionary reading, have read as those who were "watching the case on behalf of the Crown"? Have we not often taken up such magazines as a kind of spiritual relaxation, especially on Sunday evening, when we have been "too tired for anything deep"? How far have we read them as a matter of business as carefully as a lawyer would read up all the facts of the "case" he had undertaken, in order that he might be able to help to bring it to a successful issue? Is it not true that in every trial the result, if not mainly, at any rate materially, depends upon the persevering, painstaking, diligent study and watching of the advocates on either side? How far are we thus helping on the cause of our Lord?

To go back to the missionary magazines, how often we have been content with just glancing over them. If we have friends in the mission field we read carefully every paper in which they are mentioned, and when we lay down the magazine we perhaps even pray in a general way for "all who are working for Thee among the heathen"; but what do we know of real prayerful

study of missionary news? When the next number of such a paper reaches you, will you take it up as a "watcher on behalf of the Crown"? When you read of some triumph, great or small, of the Lord over the enemy, will you stop right there and praise Him? When you read of work languishing, of a worker being weary and disappointed, of some who "did not well" going back and walking no more with Jesus, will you lift up your heart in prayer to God for that work, for that labourer, for those back-sliders? When you find a story of a recent convert from heathenism or Mohammedanism, will you ask the Lord to make him stand and confess Christ boldly before men?

And then—*watch* the case. Look out for the next news of those workers and those converts; look out on behalf of the Crown. Even from my small knowledge of missions and missionaries, I am sure the writing of a report would be quite a new thing, if the writer knew that it would be read in such a way as this, and would call forth such a response. Do you think it would give no new impetus to a lonely, discouraged worker to know that his very discouragement, when once it was known, would call forth this kind of prayerful sympathy from a company of Christians at home who were watching what was going on in his distant corner of the harvest-field, and watching on the Lord's behalf?

When once we take our position as those whose business it is to

WATCH THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

of God, in individual hearts and lives, and in different communities and nations, we shall find that subjects of prayer will crowd in upon us day by day. Personally, I found this to be so much the case, that before many days it became necessary to keep a list of the "cases" I saw and heard of that needed to be "watched" on God's behalf, and already that "Watchman's Book" has come to be, not only a wonderful interest, including as it does definite subjects of prayer for every quarter of the globe, some *only* the result of personal watching, others again requested in by friends, but also a record of the faithfulness of God, as one after another the answers are received, and the watcher and the King rejoice together.

It is sometimes said that missionaries, and others, too, have a way of writing to ask prayer for certain places and people, and never afterwards mentioning the subjects, nor saying whether the prayer was answered or not. If this should be the experience of any reader of this paper, why not, after waiting in vain for further tidings, write to the missionary and ask for them, saying that you have been praying for the work of the people, and would be glad to know if the answer had come? The very discovery that there was any one at home so watching and praying would surely be an inspiration to greater zeal and new ardour, and kindle fresh hope in one who might perhaps be just then specially needing it.

We hear that the contributions to a Missionary Society in which we are interested have fallen off, and that the funds are low; we are asked to pray that more gifts may come in, and for the moment we respond in some measure to the request. But how many of us take the trouble to "watch the case"? When the next monthly or quarterly statement of accounts appears, are we watching even to such an extent that we turn up the last "statement" and compare it with this one to see whether the prayer has been answered or not? If not,

IS IT IN NO DEGREE OUR FAULT

that the Lord's treasury is not replenished?

And turning from the foreign to the home field, what do we know of this watching on the Lord's behalf? How much would it influence our conduct if we knew more of it? We go to a service or to a meeting, and find it "flat," we go away complaining that there was "no power," the speaker was so nervous, the meeting was so cold, there was "nothing worth listening to." But it never occurred that if, instead of judging, we had been watching for God, and pleading with Him for life and power and warmth, the state of things might be changed, still less that if things went on as they were, a large share of the responsibility would be ours, if we, seeing and feeling the lack, were content to criticise, mentally or verbally, when by our "effectual fervent prayer" we might have been instrumental in transforming the whole. Have we ever the right to condemn a work or a worker before men, for whom we have never poured out our heart before God? Shall we ever feel like criticising them, when we have so pleaded for them? Have we never, instead of "watching the case on behalf of the Crown," even watched for the halting of the King's servants?

Shall we have a personal time with God over this? If it is true that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man *availeth much*," can we not see what a change "one short hour spent in his presence might avail to make," not only "within us," but in the heart, and life, and work of many another for whom our faith might "obtain promises," whom the Lord might enable, in answer to our believing cry, to stop the mouths of lions, to subdue kingdoms and work righteousness, to be made strong out of weakness, to wax valiant in fight, to turn to flight armies of aliens? "It came to pass, when Moses' hands were heavy . . . and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands. . . and his hands were steady . . . and Joshua discomfited Amalek." "Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down," "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

Will you

SET YOURSELF APART TO GOD FOR THIS

—to watch all things for Him, to be in your measure a mediator between man and Him? It may take time, but surely in these days too little time is spent in speaking to God on behalf of men, even in comparison with the time spent in speaking to men on behalf of God. And might not our words to man on God's behalf be more used by the Holy Ghost, and do more real work, even if they were fewer than they are, if we gave ourselves much more to the work of pleading for man with the God whose is the kingdom and the power, without whose power all the best words are *only* words, and will go no further than the ears of those to whom they are spoken? Surely we shall find, too, that God's work done through us personally will gain and not lose by our giving ourselves to watching and praying on behalf of the work of others and the needs of others.

And the Lord can teach us so much more than we have ever yet learned what it means to "pray always," to "pray without ceasing," to live in such an atmosphere of prayer, and a consciousness of His Presence, that it will become a natural habit to speak to Him at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, of everything we see and hear, so that we shall be able to "stand continually upon the watch-tower," and at the same time to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord."—*The Christian*.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

MRS JANE SMITH'S CONVERSION.

"I never tried to talk in public before, and Sister Reynolds came to me last night and asked if I wouldn't come to the Society and tell the women about my visit to Cleveland, poor talker as I am, I said I would do my best, seeing I had promised the Lord to take hold of whatever work He would put in my way when I got home.

"As Sister Reynolds has told you, I was up in Cleveland at the Volunteer Missionary Convention and got converted. I don't want any of you to think that I went there because I felt an interest in what was going on, for I didn't. It wasn't missionary zeal that took me there. I never thought of going into the Convention when I started, and all that took me to the city at that time was the excursion rates which the railroad offered. I had been saving up my market money to get a new silk dress and I wanted cousin Emily to help me pick it out, so I went when I had a chance of getting my ride for half-price. Jennie said she and her Pa could manage the house, and Ben promised to see to the milking, so I went off feeling comfortable.

"Cousin Emily had her house filled with delegates to the Convention and she could talk about nothing but the Volunteer Movement; but I spoke out plain and told her that I took no stock in foreign missions, and when she asked me to go down to the church I told her I would go to accommodate her, but I knew I would fall asleep, for I always did when Brother Reynolds preached his annual missionary sermon. But I didn't go to sleep. I sat through the whole afternoon and went back to Emily's wider awake than I had ever been before. I can't give you the least idea of the enthusiasm those young people put into that first meeting. They called it a consecration service, 'Everything I am and have for Christ,' and before the hour was over, I felt as Peter did when Jesus 'turned and looked upon him.' It seemed to me I had been denying Him all my life. When they sung that hymn asking Him to take hands and feet and lips and heart and will and make them His, I shut my mouth tight, for though I knew the words very well, I was not hypocrite enough to sing them. I looked at my hands, grown hard and brown toiling for self, and I said to Jane Smith, 'What have your feet or tongue or brain or heart ever done for Jesus?' I looked back over my life of more than forty years but I couldn't think of a single deed of kindness that I had ever done out of pure love for the Master. As these young people, eager to lay themselves on the altar, stood up and gave such beautiful testimony and over and over expressed the wish to be 'nothing' that 'Christ might be all,' I tried to pull my bonnet down over my eyes, for somehow I felt they must know how very different I was from them. I had always thought before, that people went to church to worship God and the Sabbath had been set apart especially for His service, but to see those young things carrying religion right into their every day work, and even arranging their amusements for His glory, started some queer notions in my head. It seemed strange to hear them talking about the 'duty of physical culture,' and the necessity of 'shaking hands for Christ's sake,' but it did appear so restless that I couldn't help wondering if I could not take Jesus with me into the hot kitchen, or if there mightn't be such a thing as milking and churning and washing to the glory of God.

"You all know that I have never been much in favor of foreign missions. I have always tried to make myself believe that it was zeal for the home cause that

made me give so stingily to the foreign work, and over and again I have quieted my conscience by repeating the old saying 'Charity begins at home,' but one of those young volunteers put a piece to it. He said it was 'all right for charity to begin at home, but all wrong for it to end there,' and he made it very plain that it is not the folks that keep crying out about their devotion to 'the heathen in our own country' that do the home work. He said 'If these croakers would only do their fair share towards supporting the Gospel at home, the foreign treasury would not be kept drained so clean; if they would only take the home work on their own shoulders, friends of the heathen world would not have such a heavy burden to carry.' He said: 'The statistics of every church and missionary society within my knowledge will show that it is supporters of the foreign work who do the bulk of giving in the home-field, too.'

"I am not very thin-skinned as you can see, but my cheeks did burn, and just then cousin Emily happening to look round, asked in a queer voice, 'Are you sick, Jane? You look as if you were overcome with the heat.'

"I shook my head but I did not tell her that I was thinking of that miserable ten cents a month that I managed to squeeze out of my butter money to divide between the work at home and abroad. I had not got through despising myself, when one of those missionaries who had come home on a visit, begun to tell about woman's conditions in heathen countries. My blood did boil while I listened to the way the poor creatures are treated by their fathers and husbands, and when he went on to tell how the baby-girls were put out of the way, I felt so indignant with those heartless men that I whispered to cousin Emily, 'I am glad that I have never given more'n ten cents a month towards supporting such rascals.'

"She laughed and shook her head, and whispered back 'Listen.' I did listen, and, sisters, I want to tell you that I never knew before what a blessed privilege we enjoy in this land where we have the word of God in every home. That speaker made it so plain that the Bible is the only thing that can better the condition of those down-trodden women, and that it is the duty of women in Christian America to deny themselves some of the luxuries in order that the bread of life may be carried to their famishing sisters, that the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Then a lady who had spent ten years in India, told some of her experience, and from the wet cheeks that I saw here and there all over the house, I think there were more than me who felt ashamed to hear how much more sacrifice the poor heathen women are willing to make for Christ than we are, here at home. She said some folks thought women ought not to go out as missionaries—the work was too hard for them; but she wished to say that the world could never be evangelized without the help of woman. She could gain access to the women, and by Christianizing the mothers get a firm hold on the children.

"Some one in the audience asked if it would not be better to send out only unmarried women, as the care of families must be an hindrance.

"The reply was: 'My dear friend, there is no stronger plea for Christ and the Bible in a heathen country than the Christian home. The spectacle of a wife walking as an equal by the side of her husband and of parents and children dwelling together in love, are object lessons that touch the hearts

of woman in idol lands, as nothing else could. Let us have more of these living epistles in happy homes.'

"Do you think it is right for parents to leave their children in this country, and go back to the heathen?' inquired another voice. 'They are obliged to make that sacrifice if they wish their children to enjoy a Christian education,' was the reply. 'It is very hard, but if they have the grace for such self-denial, who shall condemn?' Now, I had never looked at things in this light before, and had always said that a mother's first duty is to her children. I know I said some hard things about Mrs. Wray when she went back to China, leaving her three little girls to the care of strangers, but after listening to that plea for giving Christ the best of everything, I concluded that I had been weighing people in a very different scale from that used by the Ruler of all the earth, and I determined in the future to 'keep the door of my lips' and let Jesus decide about the motives which influence He servants.

"I can't speak of everything discussed in that convention, but, before I sit down, I want to say a word on the Scripture lesson that was read from Exodus 35, about the free gifts of the tabernacle. If you will believe me, what was only dry reading to me before, suddenly bristled with suggestions. Even in the old days women and children had a hand in giving, and God demanded their best and a willing heart to make the gift. Those young people, in their talk, made it so plain that the silver and gold all belonged to the Lord, that I felt I had been cheating Him all my life. I said this to Emily and she said that was just the way she felt. Then I whispered back 'I am going to begin all over again,' and the next minute when the contribution basket came into our pew, without a pang I dropped my roll of bills into it and that is why I came home without my silk dress. Sister Reynolds told you at the start that I had been converted, and I have been even down to my pocket-book, and you may know it took Grace to reach such a depth. If any of you are still skeptical on the subject of foreign missions, I would advise you to attend a Volunteer Convention or a Christian Endeavor missionary meeting and listen to the Testimony of the young people who have consecrated themselves, body and soul, to the Master."

--*Woman's Work for Woman.*

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

NOVEL MISSION METHOD AND NOVEL MISSIONARY TESTING.

Seram is the largest of the Molucca Islands, and among its inhabitants are the Alfores, for whose conversion but little has been done by the Dutch missionaries on the coast at Amahay and Lokki. They are a fierce and cruel people. Some time since, a young man, knowing the Alfores' language as well as he did the Malay, was sent by his teacher to see if anything could be done to establish a school in the Alfoer village of Absano. At first he said nothing about school or Christianity, but, sitting down under a tree, played on his violin and sang some Malay songs. Very soon the whole population were gathered around him, and, having good ears, they caught up the melodies very readily. Then the young man began to talk about Ambon, and about the Dutch. Having said something about soldiers, the younger portion of the gathering at once wanted to know how to march, and our missionary, knowing some words of command, began to teach

them. Presently they said: "This is a clever man. He must know a great deal." "Oh, yes; I know a great deal. I can tell you about the Lord of Heaven" (*Oepoe lanyii*), "who made and sustains all." At last he told them they must rest on Sunday, the Lord's great day, and talk and think about Him. On the following Sunday, accordingly, a great number assembled, and he talked about sin and forgiveness. "This is very good," said the people, "but it cannot be that God wishes us to rest on Sunday. Our fathers never did so. All days were alike to them. Indeed, Sunday was the great hunting day." "Yes, but this must cease, and you must stay at home and talk about God." "Well," they said, "we will put you to proof." Next Sunday we will go to the hunt, and, if we catch nothing, we shall believe you." It was a trying time for the young man, for they started off in large numbers when Sunday came, and went to the place where they were wont to find most game. Meanwhile, the missionary laid the matter before God, and, to his delight, when they returned the next day, they had taken nothing. The natives were greatly struck by this fact, but said: "We must put you to one more test. We will go out again in a day or two, and, if we get plenty of game, then we shall believe in you and your teachings." Accordingly, they went off shortly after, and this time the young man accompanied them. He had again laid the matter before God, and, to his delight, there was plenty of sport that day. The Alfoers at once evinced their delight, and pledged themselves to keep the Sunday for the Lord; and to honour and serve Him.—*Translated and abridged from "De Macdonner," 7 de Aftvervign, 1892. Chronicle of the London Miss. Society.*

Work Abroad.

TUNI INDIA, February 8, 1893.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of success," in India whether it be a preacher, teacher, cook, coachman, horse, cow or cat. In the case of the preacher, the missionary rejoices that a man for that particularly needy part of his field has at last been found. But he must be looked after, taught and prayed with.

If it be a teacher, the joy is even more, perhaps, to think that the school need not be closed as was at first feared. But every day his work must be looked into, he must know you are coming, or else benches will be crooked, the children sit hunch-backed, their books up to their noses, while he lounges in a big arm chair and the work will not be done. In both it is "Eternal vigilance."

Agood cook has come and the missionary's wife is the one to rejoice this time, for a week his lovely soup gladdens her heart, and she smiles upon him gratefully. But one morning, up unusually early and as consequence unusually bright, she thinks she will have all the shelves in the dining room dusted; so plates, cups and saucers are brought down, and put upon the table. Of this dozen there are only six, of that ten there are only five, the knife for beating eggs and the spoon for lifting flour are nowhere to be found, she lifts her voice, "Sub," no answer from the cook house, so putting on her hat she runs out and there in that place are the other six dinner plates, the other five tea cups, all the last week's towels, the knife for eggs and the spoon for flour, most of them on the floor and all of them dirty, (not what we

call dirty at home, dirty at home would be thought clean here.) The plates are covers for pots, the tea cups hold something of everything, the towels are for straining soup, the knife to clean the fish and the spoon for ghee. If this were all it might not be so very bad (as we count badness here), but his wife, a child of thirteen summers, is using the corner behind the door for storing up *parda* for her own future use both for house cleaning and cooking purposes. This is the last straw. But "Eternal vigilance" is the price of future success.

The coachman has a family, and so (for he knows very well nobody would ever dream of his doing such a thing) he feeds them to a—well we'll say a limited extent upon the horse grain, and they—his dear little brown babies—grow fat and nobody has such nice shiny babies as the missionary's coachman. The pony of course does not look so bad, for there is the whole compound to stray over, and it is only when the coachman and cook fall out on the back verandah and call each other names, that the cook tells on the coachman, and so ever after he measures the grain and feeds the pony at the back door. But, "Eternal vigilance" or the brown babies will get that grain yet.

The horse, the cow and the cat come next. But what about them? nothing, only it is an Indian horse, an Indian cow, and worst of all an Indian cat. Now the horse should be kept tied up, for is not the monthly rope bill long? But it has for all that been found in the dining room standing by the lamp table waiting for some one to give it a plantain, and the missionary hearing the noise has gone there and, (fearing it might if turned about to go out the way it came in, perform its usual feat when glad—shake its hind heels high in the air)—has led it right through the dining room into the sitting room, and down the front steps.

Well, what about the cow? A real little Indian cow will break every rope it is ever tied with (at least this is the kind up here) and eat everything it sees. The young trees carefully planted and watered, will not be allowed to have on any leaves for months at a time, it will be found in the vegetable garden (and our vegetable gardens are very precious here, for we cannot buy any English vegetables but depend altogether on what comes up), on the verandah or with its head in the water pot. But you may say you get its milk and it does not really matter so much: that is true, when we get its milk we do not mind anything, but for an Indian cow of this kind to give milk is only a great event that happens now and again, for if the calf—Oh, but you must hear about the calf first. Here a cow always has its calf right beside it, no one ever dreams of killing a calf and having some nice veal, no indeed, for the cow would immediately refuse to give another drop of milk, so when you think of the cow in the garden remember the calf is there too, for it no sooner sees its mother break her rope than it does the same, and this is why the getting of the milk is such a great and rare event, for when the cow does not break its rope and go over to the calf the calf breaks its rope and goes over to the cow. But when nothing has happened and in the morning the boy brings the half a quart the cow is supposed to give daily it is a time of great rejoicing unit,—well, it is the cat this time, for a cat that has descended from generations of cats that have lived upon the plains of India is very tall and thin with a long narrow tail. And even though it be adopted into a proper family and be made the house cat, even though it gets its breakfast, dinner and tea at the proper time, it has

lived all its life in an over crowded world where man, woman and child; dog, jackal and crow are all busy trying to get something to eat and it too has this instinct strong upon it so when after breakfast it sees the bowl of milk being carried in with great ceremony it immediately decides it will get it if it can, for should it not be getting something to eat, did not its parents work day and night for a living? So it watches the meat-safe all day, and if it does not get the milk it gets a loaf of bread instead—of what we call bread out here, something a little larger than a big penny bun, tasteless, and perfectly useless as far as sustaining life is concerned, no one ever thinks of calling bread the staff of life after coming to India, and off it goes over the garden wall with it in its mouth, the household in hot pursuit, but somehow although that cat has stolen a loaf again and again it has never been caught, and that loaf was brought thirty five miles by cooly.

The preacher and teacher are needed, the cook and coachman are quite as indispensable, the horse the cow and the cat are necessities but "Eternal vigilance is the price of success."

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

TUNI, February 11, 1893.

At present the weather is all that could be desired for touring and camping. In many parts the people are listening with great attention, and some are thinking seriously about the salvation of Christ.

In the large village of Rontalapoody 200 people listened for an hour to the gospel, a quarter of these being women. A preacher should be stationed here. My camp was at Paropaka, where a work among the Madigas has commenced, five came out and were baptized while here. In another village, Jaggapetta, the whole of the Malas followed me after a moonlight meeting, and their spokesmen said that they were all ready to come out in a body and be baptized. Here I left two preachers to talk with them, and they decided to wait a few weeks yet.

Much faithful work has been done in this village and it seems as if the reaping time is coming.

In another village that is called Chendurty, a work of grace is going on amongst the Madigas. One of them, Kamudu, a hunter who has killed twelve panthers, a large tiger and other game, is now hunting for souls, and a most untiring worker he proves to be, going from village to village and speaking to his relatives about Christ.

Last Sunday, in Tuni, I baptized two who came in and who gave intelligent answers to all questions asked them before the church.

In the vicinity of Nandir there are some who profess to be believing in Christ and may be baptized soon.

If the Lord will keep us faithful to his word and work, many others will come and rejoice with us in a common Salvation.

The native Christians themselves are really the soul winners, and when they come out like Kamudu, voluntarily, and work for the love of the work, their influence is indeed great.

We need the preachers, for they have given special study to the Bible, and if really called by God are fitted to teach the Christians, but they alone can never overtake the work. Not one can be spared from the Native Church, all must work and testify and seek to lead others to the Lord.

As yet we have had but a little sprinkling; we look for showers of blessing.

Remember the Tunni field in an especial manner in your prayers. "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me and there are many adversaries."

Natives and native Christians. When first the missionary arrives in India, he may love the natives in a way, but his affection is apt to be sentimental. He sees smiling faces and flowing robes, and hears some fulsome flattery accompanied, perhaps, with presents of flowers and lemons and rose water.

Afterwards he finds that these people even some who are called Christians are not speaking the truth to him, and he is often deceived and some of his property is stolen. Then his feelings undergo a change and he is apt so say, "all men are liars," and his faith in natives as natives evaporates.

This, however, is a transitory stage, for he remembers that all men and all Christians at home are not perfect and that he himself falls short in many ways.

The next stage in the development of the missionary is that he again loves the natives, not with the guileless, unsophisticated love of former years, but discerning the faults and sins of the Hindus and of his native brethren he also discerns that they possess other qualities, and in the Christians he sees the work of the Spirit of the Lord. His love is now intelligent and not so easily shaken.

This indeed is the way God loves us. He knows our sins and follies, He reads our thoughts afar off, but still He loves us, though he hates our sin.

R. GARSIDE.

Ramachandrapuram, India January 7, 1893.

My dear Mrs. Newman.—You have doubtless heard from all the fields in our mission, except that of Ramachandrapuram, to which Mr. McLeod and myself have been appointed by the Foreign Mission Board.

This Taluk, or section of country, is situated southwest of Cocanada, from which it is distant about twenty miles by road and twenty-five by canal. It has 260 villages with a population of about 240,000. It is well watered by canals, by which it is intersected in all directions, greatly facilitating cultivation. The farmers here are always assured of a bountiful harvest, even when other sections of the country may be stricken by famine on account of drought.

On this field we have twelve native preachers, eleven teachers and one colporteur. As yet we have only two Bible-women—Sarahma and Marthama, the former being supported by the B. Y. P. U. of Tecumseth street Church, Toronto, who also help towards supporting a student in the Samulcotta Seminary and a girl in the Cocanada Boarding School, both of whom belong to this field.

We were given charge of this work at our last July Conference, held in Cocanada; and just as the Conference closed we both fell victims to a severe attack of malarial fever, which confined us to our room for nearly two months.

On the second of September we began our first tour on our new field. Since that time we have made ten tours, covering 85 days. I have accompanied the missionary on eight of these tours, in all 66 days. I have also, in company with the missionary and preachers, visited the near villages along the canal. When distant villages were being visited, I stayed in the boat. dis-

tributed booklets, tracts and Bible portions to those who could read, and medicine to the sick.

During the four months of last year in which we had charge of this work, we baptized 32 believers, and on the morning of New Year's day we baptized 11 more.

We feel quite hopeful of the work here. Much good seed has been faithfully sown by our predecessors, and we believe that if we are faithful to our trust, the heaven will still keep working and souls will be saved.

For the benefit of the younger readers of the "LINK" I hope in the near future to write something on touring. Yours in the Master's service.

CHRISTINA C. MCLEOD.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

ST. MARY'S.—We like to hear from other circles, so we presume they like to hear from us. Our work is progressing and a good interest is kept up, although three of our best workers have moved away during the last few months. We miss them very much their places are hard to fill. But the Lord's work must be done, and we must trust Him to send the workers. We had a thank offering service on the 14th of March; it was quite a success. We had a good program consisting of addresses, reading and singing, which was appreciated by all. The offerings amounted to \$4.20 which we devote to foreign missions. The needs of the foreign field are greater this year than ever before. Then why should we with hold our gifts from the Lord?—MRS. SMITH, SECRETARY M.C.

TOWNSEND CENTRE.—We have just appointed officers for our Band for the second year, as follows: Miss Charlotte Pettit, President; Mrs. A. Hellyer, Vice President; Mabel Moore, Secretary; Bessie Pettit, Treasurer; Rosie Pettit, Organist; David Jones and Leslie Smith, Solicitors. Now we hope that we are fully equipped for the dear Saviour's work, there are so many opportunities of doing good and saving and sacrificing if we are watching and praying. We feel we have done but little the past year but we hope good seed has been sown, and will blossom and bring forth good fruit unto eternal life, and our prayer is, that at least one missionary may go from our little band to carry the Saviour's love to our heathen sisters and brothers. —MABEL MOORE, SECRETARY.

NEWS FROM AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS.

A letter from Miss Gray, Bimlipatam, to one of our Bands, came just when the leader was so sorely discouraged she knew not how to go on, but stimulated to fresh zeal by our Sister's words the prospects are brightening fast.

(Do our missionaries realize how eagerly our papers are searched for their letters?)

A Convention composed of part of the Aid Societies of Hants Co. N.S., was held in Falmouth last month and also one in Annapolis. Good results are looked for. The attendance in both places was not as large as it would have been had the drifts of snow been not quite so high.

DARTMOUTH AID SOCIETY held its annual "Thank offering" meeting this month. About 36 were present, and \$12.00 the result for Home Missions.

The young people of Argyle gave a very interesting missionary concert on the evening of February 28th. Neither time nor trouble were spared in the preparation of the program nor the decoration of the platform, and the large audience enjoyed the evening very much. Some very little people delighted all with their singing and reciting. There were two dialogues and the "missionary clock" from the invaluable "Portfolio," and the singing was excellent. The collection amounting to \$11.60 will be sent to the treasurer of the W. B. M. U. This aid society at Argyle have neglected their monthly meetings for some time, but mean to revive them, and are determined to do better.

THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18TH TO MARCH 17TH, INCLUSIVE.

Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.B., \$3.00; Toronto Junction M.C., \$7.20; Parkhill M.C., \$2.70; Wingham Juvenile M.B., 64c; Wyoming M.B. for Kommuguri Lamson, \$17; Pine Grove M.C., \$3; Wolverton M.C., \$2.25; Galt M.C., \$6.90; Listowel M.B., \$5; Calton M.B. for K. George Mason, \$19; Port Hope M.C. Thank-offering, \$28.65; Port Hope M.C. Thank-offering, (additional) \$5; Guelph (First Ch.) M.C., \$10.71; First Houghton M.C., \$3; Toronto (Parliament St.) M.C., \$9.90; Teeterville M.C., \$4; Owen Sound M.C., \$7; Hillsburgh M.C., \$3.91. (of this 31 is commission on the Baptist); Louisville M.C., \$3; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$17.05; Peterboro (Murray St. Ch.) M.C., \$16.82; Forest M.C., \$4; Hamilton (James St.) M.C., \$20.65; London (Adeleide St.) Junior M.B., \$11.50; Peterboro (Murray St.) M.B., \$6.55; Strathroy M.C., \$11.25; Burk's Falls M. C., \$2.35; Hagersville M.B., \$2; Brantford (North Star) M.C., \$9; Mrs. E. Collins' Sunday School Class Simcoe, for Gudise Sublamina, \$4.25; Hartford M. C., \$8; Cheapside M. C., \$3.22; Toronto (Bloor St.) M.C., \$48.22.

Receipts from Circles, \$257.93; Receipts from Bands, \$64.60; Receipts from Sundries, \$4.25; Total receipts, \$326.87. Paid to General Treasurer, monthly remittance for India \$521.

Note.—The Gladstone M.C. Thank-offering is for work on Mr. Brown's field.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

100 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC—RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 23RD TO MARCH 24TH 1893.

Oliver, \$27.25; Kingston, \$5.00; Pembroke, \$4.00; Carlton Place \$10; Prestonvale, \$8; Vankleek Hill, \$1.60; Athens, \$6; Quebec, \$32.87; \$94.72.

M. A. SMITH, Treasurer.

8 Thistle Terrace Montreal.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

GIRLS SCHOOL AT TUNI.

Mrs. Garside, in a letter received from her this afternoon says: "The girls always come into my little sitting-room, each morning on their way to school to 'Salaam' that I may know that they are all well and off to school. Here all the sewing classes are held, and the little meetings we have with these girls. I shall give you right there a list of my girls, and by whom they are supported. There have been some changes since the list was published in the LINK of May, 1892.

INFANT CLASS.—Venkama, Nokama (Miss Rogers.)

FIRST CLASS.—Ruth Laura (Mrs. Parson, Ottawa.)
D. Mary, G. Appalani, Niessama (Mrs. Garside)

SECOND CLASS.—T. Atchama (Rockland Band), P. Mary.

THIRD CLASS.—C. Atchama, B. Amelia (Brockville Band), G. Sanejasia, K. Dalama, B. Condama.

FOURTH CLASS.—D. Parama (Teewater Band), D. Susie ("Immanuel" Toronto), D. Lydia ("Cheerful Gleaners," Ottawa.)

You will see from this list how the school is growing, and now there is not really room in their house for another child, and I have requests now by me from those that cannot well be denied; for, as this is the girl's school for three fields, Nursapatam, Yellaman-hilli, and Tuni, I do not like to have to say no to a child sent by either of the missionaries in charge of these two first-mentioned fields. Another room at least will be required next year. When building, my husband thought of the possible growth of the school, and a room or two may be easily added at any time. Examination day is fixed for the 28th of February, the children seem to be trying their best to be ready. A Government Inspector has promised to come on that day, and Government is willing to give a money grant to all such schools; but we, as Baptists, do not (and on the Tuni field never have) used a cent of any money for our school but what comes from the Christian Baptist friends at home or what we may give ourselves out here. Mr. Garside believes that God's blessing is needed upon the money used that it may rest upon the work done. And He has blessed us already since school opened in August, for about the second week in

November three of the scholars were baptized: C. Atchama, K. Dalama and T. Atchama. I do believe God can give us every child in the school, and it just seems to me, when He makes these his own children I do not mind being so far from home. I hope you will find Mission Bands to take the girls still not supported in this particular and very helpful way, for when a Band takes a child to support, I just look for that child's improvement every day in answer to their special prayers for her. This last month or two so many kind messages have been sent to me about the school that I have felt helped and encouraged more than I can say; if we only work with you at home we can do it, but if we work alone it would be too hard and sometimes I fear we are apt to forget that we only have our little part to perform. The work here just now is very encouraging: My husband baptized two men last Sunday, and a few days later four women and one man, and others seem ready to come out. God grant us many more of those that are His own!"

Our eastern Bands will see that there is plenty of work for them to do in these schools at Tuni and Akidu. As the Foreign Mission secretary said in Ottawa a few days ago: "We must either work harder, and give more money for the work in India, or stop praying for God's blessing on it. For when he pours out His blessing upon these needy fields, new doors are opening all the time, and we must go forward or stop praying. We must help to answer our own prayers for heathen India."

SISTER BELLE.

347 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

"MANY SALAAMS."

TUNI INDIA, January 31, 1893.

For all the good wishes, kind messages and little parcels that have reached us lately. With these last we had such a fine Christmas tree with something on it for everybody. Those of us that are very little got dolls, Mrs. Walker, who came to see us two years ago, sent them all dressed and ready, just like white people, with every so many things on.

Then some ladies that live in Canada, in a place called "Abbot's Corners," sent us such nice prints for bodices—red, with different kinds of spots on each and red thread to sew them with; we big girls think this the very nicest thing of all for red is our favorite color. Then for all of us, even for old Ereka (she must be getting older still for she has had rheumatism for a month and cannot go to the bazaar every day), a needle-book tied with ribbon and the name of the little girl it was for worked outside; we think there must have been some very busy hands somewhere, for "mother" says our names are very long with many letters.

But this is not all yet; the Rockland Mission Band,

that sends money for T. Atchama to go to school, and prays for her more than for any other little girl, sent her a parcel with her own name written outside, and inside, every so many things.

But there was something else too that we nearly forgot to tell—something very funny. An English lady, before she went away (she went away last week), gave "mother" something for our Christmas tree—all colored paper things rolled up tight, and when we pulled them every one of us screamed, for they were just like fire-crackers; but inside we found hats and caps, bonnets and crowns, of every color; and some had stars on the sides, so we think them much better than fire-crackers, for they never have anything.

Besides the Christmas tree, some of us got prizes for Bible lessons and sewing, but "mother" says we need not say any names for we all did so well she would have liked to have given us each one.

From fifteen little brown school girls.

Dear Mrs. Newman.—Because of the kind messages lately sent in regard to our school we feel so encouraged. The thought that so many in the home land remember and pray for us out here and that we are only working with them and not by ourselves has made labor light.

Yours lovingly,

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

MITE BOXES FOR MISSIONARY MONEY.

W. B. M. U.

It is only a *Mite-Box*, yet handle with care ;

Weave round it a setting of faith and of prayer ;
Then cast in thy offering, though small it may be ;
If pure is thy motive, thy Saviour will see.

'Tis only a *Mite-Box*, not much will it hold,—
Some pennies and nickels, but not often gold ;
Yet Jesus will add His own blessing, I know,
As forth on its mission of love it shall go.

Tho' only a *Mite-Box*, a power it shall be ;
In scattering the leaves of the world-healing tree ;
And oh ! what a song at the harvest we'll sing,
With those who are singing to-day with our King.

Then guard well the *Mite-Box*, and gather, with prayer,

The crumbs that lie scattered about here and there ;
Like stars they will shine in thy crown by and bye,
When thou shalt have entered thy home in the sky.

H. M. Echo.

THROUGH THE SCHOOL TO THE HOME.

I HAVE just heard an interesting story of what a little girl did. Her father told me to-day, coming home from church. It was the story of his wife's conversion. His face was radiant with joy as he told it. For many years his wife had been an enemy of the truth, and opposed him in every possible way.

He was a warm hearted Christian, and tried by every means to win her, but in vain. She refused to believe.

All his efforts, his earnest prayers and exhortations went for nothing.

About two years ago, their little daughter, about twelve years old, went to school, where she learned to read the difficult Chinese character. When she came home in vacation she taught her younger sister, Lan-mei, to read and also taught her the catechism. While they were busy with their books their mother was a silent listener and wondered to hear her own little girls reading and understanding those mysterious characters, which, she thought, no woman could ever learn. Finally she became intensely interested herself, and when her oldest daughter went back to school, she learned the catechism from Lan-mei. Her heart was won for Christ.

But all this was done on the sly. Her husband knew nothing of it. His prayers were already answered, but he knew it not. She was, perhaps, ashamed to tell him, because she had formerly opposed him so bitterly when he became a Christian. But she continued to learn from her little daughter Lan-mei, for nearly a year before her husband knew it. Imagine if you can, his joy when he learned that his wife would unite with him in attending service and worshipping the true God.

I arrived here last evening, and Lan-mei heard that I had come. "I should have said that *Lan-mei* means "beautiful lily." She will surely be a beautiful flower in the Garden of the Lord. She has been the means of bringing her mother to Jesus. She was so excited that she could not sleep last night. Several times in the night she asked whether it was not almost morning. She wanted to see me and ask whether she could go to the mission school with her sister. When she came to the house with her mother where the service was to be held, she ran up and greeted me with the usual Chinese salutation. *Shienseng hao, ah!* which means "Teacher are you well?" After service she repeated a number of passages of Scripture which she had learned. But how sorry I was to tell her that the schools are all full and there is no place for her. And, worst of all, we have no funds, to open another school.

The process which I have described is now going on in hundreds of families in this part of China. Chinese mothers are being brought to Christ by their little sons and daughters, who have been in our schools and studied Christian books and go home to tell what they have learned. How true and how beautiful are those precious words of Scripture, "A little child shall lead them."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

J. A. LEYENBERGER.

Chang-Ching, Shantung.

A PROUD Manchu woman told a missionary: "It was not the sermons I heard that moved my heart. It was my boy who came home from the mission school, and with tears in his eyes begged me to go to heaven with him. Night after night he wept for me.

THE FAIRY FOX.

I think we have all of us, whether we are so old as to have forgotten it, or so young as to remember it very well, passed through a time when we believed in fairies. But as we get older, fairy stories lose their interest for us, and when we learn that our bread and butter and all the other pleasant things of life come only by working for them, and not by the kindness of fairies—or such delightful little creatures as Palmer Cox's brownies—then we lose faith in them altogether and become quite too sober or matter-of-fact. And this is where you and I are very different from a Chinaman; because, no matter how hard a Chinaman has to rake and hoe and grub for his daily bread, his faith in the fairies never leaves him. If you see an old Chinese gentleman with large spectacles, and a face so grave that it makes you quite chilly even to look at him, you would never think that he would kneel down and pray to a fairy, that any small boy at home could tell him was all moonshine. And yet he will, and do more than this too, if he is one of the common people.

I really wish that the Chinese fairies were more like these same brownies that you all know so well—always wearing a smile or a grin, and brimming over with good-humor and helpfulness. But if you were to guess from now till night-time what sort of fairies they are that nearly all the common people of Tientsin believe in and worship, I am sure you would not guess rightly; they are the "Fairy Family," the fox, snake, hedgehog, weasel, and rat. Not the kind with gossamer wings, you see, or in the shape of little men and women, but very ugly creatures that most of us do not even care to look at. And the people's belief in them is not at all a make-believe kind of faith, but a worship in downright earnest. You will find shrines for them in many houses.

When I was in Mongolia last summer, I was looking at one of the large towers of the Great Wall, and trying to find out how we could climb up to the top. On one side of it, in the stonework around its base, there is a small hole just large enough for a man to crawl into on his hands and knees; this ran right into the tower, into pitch darkness. We crawled in. There was a little tunnel inside, with a square hole at one end of it leading up to the top of the tower; but the tunnel itself was very dark and dirty and just the place for a beast's den, for it was far from any houses, and there are foxes and wolves in Mongolia which would be glad of such a hiding place. As we crawled out we noticed pieces of paper pasted on the stone with characters written on them. What do you think they said? That wretched little hole had been dedicated as a home of the fairy fox, and these pieces of paper, with sentences of prayer or praise on them, had been brought by worshippers and pasted about the door of this curious

temple. Some one had probably seen a fox take refuge there, and jumped to the conclusion that it was the real fairy fox and that he must be worshipped.

Ancient philosophers say that the fox at the age of fifty can take the form of a woman; at one hundred can become a young girl or a wizard, if he chooses; that at one thousand he is admitted to the heavens and becomes the "celestial fox." The common people though, say that he only has to practice certain occult arts for six hundred fairy years, which are only eighty of our years, and then he is immortal and can change his shape as he pleases.

A year or two ago, in the city of Tung-cho, a man saw, or pretended to see, a fairy fox take refuge in a hole in the city wall. The news spread quickly, and people began to come from all quarters to offer worship at the hole in the brickwork and pray for what they wanted most. As offerings flowed in, a little temple was built against the side of the wall and here hundreds burned their incense and besought the fairy fox to be merciful to them and help them. Some thought that the powerful fairy heard their prayers and sent an answer. These brought strips of cloth with short sentences of praise or of thanksgiving written on them, and hung them on the wall above the shrine. One of these, which you often see on idol shrines, has the words "Ask and it shall be given;" another calls the fox "Preserver of all life"; and some refer to him as enlightening or saving all men. Indeed, he is constantly working miracles of healing or help, so the people believe, and the worship of many a gorgeous idol in the temple is neglected for that of the god-fox.

If you were to go into his temple, here in Tientsin you would not see any image of the fox himself, but only one of a solemn Chinese mandarin, with his wife, Mrs. Fox, sitting by his side, and a number of small boys and girls about them—the little foxes. It is not considered respectful to make a picture or an image of him as an animal, so he appears always as a grave old gentleman, very unlike the sly skulking creature that you and I have always thought a fox to be. You could never tell, if you were to go into a Chinese temple, what the idols were meant to represent, whether animals or men or fire or thunder or money or long life, or what else. For example, the thunder-spirit is a very unamiable-looking old patriarch, with mallet and chisel in his hand and a chubby attendant on either side.

There is only room here to say two things more. First, do you live in New England? If you do, then I think the fairy fox used to be worshipped, much as the Chinese worship him, by the very people who once lived there before you,—that is, the Indians. The Pilgrim fathers could have told you about it very well, and John Eliot, who was the great missionary to our own Massachusetts Indians, saw so much of this curious

belief that he has written about it in his books. But the second thing is the most important one. When you next pray to our Father who is in heaven, and especially when you have any trouble or need to bring to him for help or comfort, remember those who at such a time have no better than a fox to tell their troubles to. There are thousands here about me, who, when they are in great sorrow, go in all earnestness to beg these five poor animals to help them, not knowing where else to go. Let us remember, then, when we pray, to thank our heavenly Father that we know him. Perhaps some day, and in some way, we may even help those who are now worshipping the fairy fox to thank him with us. — *Missionary Herald*.

TOO LITTLE FOR ANYTHING.

M. B. M. U.

"I'm too little to be in the missionary s'iety. I'm too little to be in the s'iety of Christian Endeavor. I'm too little for everything, I guess."

Aunt Lucy was sitting on the piazza as Jessie slipped out of the parlor window, and she heard the sorrowful words and called the little girl to her.

"What is the matter, pet?" she asked.

"Sister Isabel and the big girls are having their missionary meeting in there," said Jessie, pointing into the parlor. "They said I might listen to them, but that I couldn't be one of them 'cause I am so little. I'm too little for anything, Aunt Lucy."

"Too little? I guess not," said Aunt Lucy with a very loving kiss on the woe-begone face. "I think some of the little ones who came to our Saviour must have been as small as you, or smaller. And he did not send any of them away. I have read lately of some children who formed themselves into a band which they called the "Little Helpers." The only thing the members had to do was to see to it that they let no day pass without doing some little kindness—something to make somebody happier."

"That's just what I'd like, Aunt Lucy," said Jessie, with a wonderful brightening of the face. "Only there ain't any s'iety like that for me to belong to."

"You might be the first one in such a society, and get the little girls to join it."

"Well, I will," said Jessie. "But what if I shouldn't find anybody to be kind to every day, Aunt Lucy?"

"You will be sure to, dearie, if you keep on the lookout. Try it, and come to me to-morrow evening and tell me what you have done."

The sun was just sinking behind the hill as Jessie spied Aunt Lucy on the piazza, and ran to make her report.

"Well, have you seen anyone to be kind to?" asked Aunt Lucy, smiling at her glowing face.

"Oh, plenty, Aunt Lucy. Why, they began the very

first thing in the morning. I was out getting a bouquet to put by mamma's breakfast plate when nurse and little Harry looked out of the window, and nurse said to Harry: "What shall I do now at all that ye've dropped your belt buckle, and I can't be leavin' the baby to go and find it?" I wanted *petticularly* to go down to the pansy bed, but I stopped and hunted under the bushes until I found the buckle."

"When I was going to school I was running after May to walk with her, 'cause she's my best friend. But then I saw Susie Spencer. She's a poor little girl, and the other girls don't walk with her much. So I whispered to May about my s'iety and she said she'd join, and then we asked Susie to walk with us and she was so glad!

"Oh—when I came home to dinner I went for the pansies, and old Peter was working in the garden and he was just taking his dinner out of a basket. And he had a little tin of coffee and it was cold, and I asked him if he wouldn't like it warmed, so I carried it to the stove. And I saw a pretty card and gave it to him for his little girl.

"When we went out into the garden to pick some berries I let Harry have the now pail and I took the old one. And then I wanted dreadfully to go and play croquet with May, but mamma wanted me to carry some of the berries to old Mrs. Carter. I didn't want to, and I'm afraid—yes I am, Aunt Lucy—that I pouted a little. But I made myself feel pleasant every soon again, and when I got there I didn't hurry back, but I stayed and read to her."

"Very well, Jessie, I hope you will keep on. Your whole life will be sweet and lovely if you begin by trying to bring little deeds of kindness as offerings to your Saviour."—*Selected*.

ONE WAY OF USING MITE BOXES.

The *Child's Gem* tells a good story about a collection taken in a little mountain village in Virginia. A lady living there formed a missionary society and put mite-boxes in all the families for the use of the children. At the end of the year they had an "opening." Almost every box was found to contain fifty-two cents. Now and then one had a dollar.—The company were both surprised and delighted to find on adding up that they had forty-seven dollars for missions, and all through giving one cent every Sunday morning. The writer adds "some of us remembered when the minister's wife tried to raise some money for missions. She went all around and worked hard, and got just ten dollars, and the minister gave five of that."

Surely Paul's way of laying by on the first day of the week is a good one.

THE CHINESE HABIT OF DOING THINGS BACKWARD.

We find the Chinese are a peculiar people, odiously practical. Despotically governed, they are abominably free. Ugly in features, they are substantial in color and appearance, and make a Caucasian who has his photograph taken with them look milk-and-watery. Proverbially polite, they are impertinently inquisitive! Lovers of proverbial truth, they are a nation of liars. Reliable, substantial, industrious and conservative, they are yet non-committal, lazy, and to use Mr. De Quincy's words, "unrelyuponable." They work for nothing and board themselves, supporting their families out of what they can make by such an opportunity.

But one of the most peculiar traits of the Chinese is the way they have of doing things backwards, or diametrically opposite to what we do them in Europe and America.

In America when two persons meet they raise their hats and shake each other's hands; here to raise the hat would be an insult, and each man shakes his own hand.

When a friend or relative dies they wear white mourning instead of black, and allow themselves to become dirty, instead of keeping themselves clean.

They turn to the left when they pass each other on the street, instead of turning to the right.

And when they address their friends they use the family name first and the surname last. Thus John Smith in China would be Smith John.

Enter a school and you hear a tremendous noise as of a hundred persons talking at once; it is the pupils studying, they all study aloud.

The carpenter when he uses his line, instead of using dry white chalk, uses wet black ink.

When women sew, instead of pinning the garment to their knee and sewing toward them, pin it to their bosom and sew from them.

They read down their book instead of across, and from the right side cover toward the left, putting the foot-notes at top of the page, and the running titles along the left side of the leaf; printing on one side of the paper only; folding it at the outer edge and cutting it along the back.

Instead of blacking their shoes they whiten only the edges of the soles.

They wear their sleeveless garment, corresponding to our vest entirely on the outside, each outside garment being a little shorter than the one under it; as if our undercoat were longer than our overcoat.

In company they keep their hats on while we take ours off.

We stick the candle into the candlestick and waste about an inch; they stick the candlestick into the candle and burn it all.

Our ladies wear their bangs on their foreheads; the Chinese ladies wear theirs on the back of their necks.

We build the best side of the house toward the street, and very often throw the dirt in the back yard. They build the windowless side of the house outward, and throw all the dirt into the street.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

A TEAK FOREST.

Since in India there are not many really durable timbers the teak is held in the highest estimation. Once seasoned, it does not shrink, split, or change its shape and suffers but little from the depredations of insects. Beams of the wood in good preservation are often found in buildings several centuries old. It takes a beautiful polish like mahogany, and has a delicious aromatic odor. The leaves are one or two feet long and are used by the natives for wrapping parcels and for thatching. The small white flower in dense panicles terminate the branches. When growing alone the trees put forth side branches quite low down, but in forests, as you see in the picture, the trees are destitute of branches till near the top. Most of the teak timber produced is used in the country, but the British Government is taking pains to increase the supply so that other nations may have the benefit of this beautiful and valuable wood.

THE London *Missionary Chronicle* gives an account of a little boy six years old, in Scotland, who heard a missionary sermon that made a deep impression on his mind. He often spoke to his mother of the sermon, and said: "I must be a missionary when I grow up." A few months ago he was taken sick, and when told that he must die his chief concern was that he could not bear the gospel to the poor heathen. He was comforted by the assurance that our Heavenly Father knew their wants, and would raise up missionaries to preach in every land. Turning to his mother, he said: "Mother, the preacher said a teacher could be supported for £10. I want a teacher to preach the gospel for me. I have £11 8s. 6d. in the bank. You must send to the minister £10 to support a teacher, and spend the rest for Bibles." The wish of the dying boy was complied with by his mother, and a teacher is preaching for him among the heathen.

THE Russian Government is just now experimentally shoeing its cavalry horses with aluminum. This is as strong as steel, but lighter. These men mean to win, and if so little a thing as the lightning of a horseshoe can turn the scale from defeat to conquest, they intend that victory shall perch on the banner of their Czar.

The Ambitious jockey boy, by means of fasting and a long-continued Turkish bath, will often reduce his own weight to the utmost limit, in order that by sacrificing his last superfluous ounce he may the more certainly bring his feet racer through victorious.

LET us, therefore, lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, in order that we may run with patience and with success the race that is set before us. Would every soldier of Christ show a like eagerness for victory, how soon would the world be conquered for Christ.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

ONE day an Indian asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The bishop asked: "Why?" He said: "One dollar for me to give to Jesus and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said: "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him: "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman who was standing by whispered: "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."

THE SOWERS.

All seed is in the sower's hands.

—*Rossetti.*

Ten thousand sowers through the land
Passed heedless on their way;
Ten thousand seeds in every hand
Of every sort had they.
They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
They cast seed every where.

Anon, as many a year went by,
These sowers came once more,
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky
And wondered at the store;
For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
And fruit hung everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
The trees that were their own.
Yet as they plucked, as each one should,
Each plucked what he had sown.
So do men here, so do men there,
So do men everywhere.

—*Leaflet.*

A Roman Catholic church, originally built for the Hussites, has been ceded by the Town Council of Laun, in Bohemia, for the use of the Protestant congregation gathered in that town. The event is evidence that religious liberty is making headway even in Austria.

ADDRESSES.

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