

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Canadian Missionary

CANADA

INDIA

Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Dawn

OCTOBER, 1897.

CONTENTS.

Editorial	18	Work Abroad.....	24-26
Some of Our Women.....	18	Work at Home.....	26-27
Extracts from an Article - Real		W. B. M. U.....	27-30
India	19	Young People's Department.....	30-32
The Position of Women in the New		Directory	32
Testament Churches.....	22		

CLM 77 10

PUBLISHED
 IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
 OF CANADA.

 DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
 TORONTO, ONT.

Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XX |

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1897.

| No. 2.

Editorial.

Miss McLEOD writes that she is now settled in her new home at Peddapuram. She is pleased to have a place where she will probably be permanent, and wishes to thank the sisters for the gift of \$200, which built the addition to the bungalow for her accommodation.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Board was held at the Board Room, Friday, Sept. 10th, at 2 p.m. Mrs. Booker, Mrs. Hansel, Mrs. Gummer and the Misses Nichol, Her and Walton coming in to the city specially to attend the meeting. Mrs. John Craig and Miss Simpson were also present. The Sec. of the General Board submitted a code of Revised Rules for approval. Those relating to the Woman's Board were read and endorsed. The Treasurer reported the contributions from Circles and Bands to be nearly the same as last year, but a decrease in "special gifts."

After considerable discussion it was decided that in future any one paying the sum of \$25.00 for a Life Membership will not have the privilege of designating it for a special purpose. The Manitoba Board having undertaken the support of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the question of our ability to assume Miss Priest's support was referred to the Executive Committee. A letter was read from Mr. Walker regarding Miss McLeod's removal to Peddapuram; also letters from Misses Hatch and Bankerville. After business had been transacted, a short time was spent in special prayer for the missionaries so soon to leave home, and for the little ones who are to remain here.

ANNA MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

SOME OF OUR WOMEN.

(Concluded.)

No. 6. *Talkative Bapanamma.*—There is a little old woman who lives near us here in Ramachandrapuram, who comes to see us very frequently. She sells eggs now and then, a little ghee and things of that sort. She is a Komma widow, has no sons, and is very poor. On her visits here, she makes quite free use of the house, going from one room to another, as if at home. I try to converse with her sometimes, but as she is quite tooth-

less, it is very difficult to understand what she says, although she loves to chat. She likes, however, to talk on religion, and the women have had many talks with her.

One day, she confessed to them her great sin; she said she had not been guilty of lying, or of stealing, or of being a busybody, or of any such things; but she had committed one great sin; she didn't know how she was to make atonement for it, or how she would get rid of its guilt. What think you was this great crime? She had **KILLED A CAT.** Is not that pitiful? Will not the dear ones at home pray God that these poor people may learn what sin really is, that they may repent of all their transgressions and turn to God for pardon?

No. 6. *The Sweet Veeramma.*—Such a sweet, gentle little thing! Only about sixteen years of age, but a widow of over a year. She was educated in the Boarding school, up to the Third Standard, taken out by her parents when a mere child and married. She was not very happy with her husband, poor child, although he was a Christian teacher. During his long and wearisome illness, he always spoke slightly of her, and complained that she would not take care of him, and we almost thought ourselves that she was of very little use. But with no one to direct, no one to help her, how could a child of fourteen or fifteen be expected to undertake the care of an invalid, search the country for fainty bits for his curry, and keep him in comfort generally? The Hindoos have an advantage over Christians in this respect, when their sons marry children whose ages range from five to fifteen. The little girls who have not the opportunity of learning housekeeping with their mothers, may learn with their mothers-in-law, with whom the sons always live after marriage, and the training, though not so loving, tender and affectionate as a mother's, is, nevertheless, better than no training at all, so far at least as the comfort of the husband is concerned. On the other hand, Christians, but especially Christian teachers, live apart from the rest of the family, as they are sent to different villages to teach, and so the poor child misses the training.

Dear little Veeramma! How our hearts ached for her when she was left alone; for though her husband was not very kind to her, he could provide the wherewithal for her support. Her parents, too, were poor and aged. There was no one else to take an interest in her, so the missionaries gave her some work in the

bungalow, where she was found very faithful and painstaking. When the missionaries left, I began to take her out with me when I visited the houses, and I found that she could tell the story of Jesus' love with much power and pathos. She is now under training. Her sweet disposition endears her to all, and so careful and consistent is she in her walk, that I have great hopes for the future of this young and gentle widow. Will not prayers go up for her continually, that she may become another Mary sitting at Jesus' feet, or another beloved Perda laboring much in the Lord?

No. 7. *Poor Papamma!*—And why poor Papamma! A rich woman but a slave, an awful slave. To what? To the opium habit. Only yesterday were we there and she showed us all her various ornamented rooms, and tidy walled enclosures, presenting us with gifts. She is a wife and mother and apparently rejoicing in her riches, but she knows that this habit is wrecking her life, and she begged us, saying: "Can you not stop this? Can you not free me from this?" Even while she was speaking to us, she took out her opium-box, and taking out some opium, swallowed a portion the size of a pea; and when the child beside her cried for it, gave him some to quiet him, before he would stop crying. Her mother and her daughter, who were both there, begged us again and again to stop the habit, saying that the woman was gradually losing her mind and would get quite helpless. But what could we do? I could only pray with them and for them, that God might have mercy and break the chains of sin.

No. 8. *Pedda Lakshamma and her Friends.*—But time would fail me to tell of Aydia and of Sarah, of Rachel and of Miriam, of Achamma and of Mabalukshmi, and of others, incidents of whose lives would possibly be helpful and suggestive of the different phases of our work on this field. Still, of Pedda Lakshamma and her friends, I would say a word. There are, besides Lakshamma, four other widows of the Komma caste, who have not yet been numbered with the Lord's own, here, but who profess to be fully believing in Him. Some of them have come from their village, five or six miles away, at different times, to see us. They drink in the Word with great avidity and seem to be most devoutly in earnest in seeking salvation. They are all apparently women of means, and I believe hold property in their own right. They say they have forsaken idol-worship, have given up going on pilgrimages, and are praying constantly to the one true God. They have been asking Shautamma, who sometimes visits them, if they cannot be baptized secretly. They are afraid of an open profession, for they know what terrible persecution it would mean. They know that they would be entirely cut off from their people, that they probably would not be allowed

to live in their own houses; that, if possible at all, their property would be snatched from them, and that they must be looked down upon in contempt by those who had hitherto loved them. One of these inquirers asked me on my last visit, whether it was necessary to be baptized in order to be saved. I told her she must answer that for herself, but that the Lord had said that those who would not confess Him before men, He would deny before His Father in heaven. I could not urge her to do anything, but I told her that if she were in a right mind and really believed in Jesus, that He would show her the way in which she should walk, and that He would give her strength to walk therein. I cannot persuade them; they must be persuaded of God to take this all-important step, and then He will give them the needed strength to bear what must follow.

And so, my dear sisters of the dear home-land, of these dark sisters of this far-off heathen land, I have written you, that your sympathies may be aroused, your faith strengthened, your zeal encouraged, and your prayers increased. Does not the burden rest upon you? Will not your prayers be heard before the Throne, that these who still remain in darkness may see the Light of Life, and that those who have come into the Light may always be bright and shining examples of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us?

S. I. HATCH.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE—THE REAL INDIA.

WHAT IS ENGLAND GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE, THE COSMOPOLITAN'S SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

[We would like to give our readers the whole of this very interesting article, but lack of space prevents. It is contained in the September *Cosmopolitan*.]

As I sat in my whitewashed room at the Jutbulpore hotel on the forenoon of the day after the visit to the famine-works, I saw, between the slabs of the blinds, two figures come and seat themselves beside a footway in the rear of the hotel buildings. The blinding sunshine fell on them; they squatted in the dust, making no attempt to protect themselves from a heat which would soon have been fatal to a European. They were garbed in the fewest rags, and the filthiest possible.

They were a grown person and a child of six. I took the former at first to be a man; but after scrutinizing the figure for some time, I suspected it to be that of a woman. There was nothing womanly left about her; but there was a fragment of cloth over the shoulders and hanging down in front which a man so destitute would hardly have worn; he would have restricted himself to the loin-cloth. The head was covered with matted, lustreless hair. The face was held downwards, so that the features were not clearly distinguishable. I could see only that they were repulsive. She sat with

her heels drawn up close to the body, the bony knees on a level with her jaws. She was filthy beyond expression, and as nearly a skeleton as almost anyone I had yet seen alive. She uttered not a sound, and the only movement she made was ever and anon to scratch herself with her talons, now here, now there, with an abrupt snatching movement, like a surly wild beast. In the intervals of these snatchings and rakings, she rested her arms on her knees and held her head between her hands. At long intervals, too, she would partly uplift her hideous visage and give vent to a low groan. She resembled some ghastly ape, much more than a human being. Her body was shaggy with filth, and every vestige of modesty had long since vanished from her.

Her companion was a little girl, perhaps six years old. She was not so bony as the woman, and her manifestations were all animal-like. Her face was broad across the cheek-bones, and her thick black hair had never been combed; it was gray with dust and harsh with dirt. Her eyes were round, shining, and with the expression of a little wild beast. She would protrude her chin and draw back her lips, showing her white teeth; she bobbed her head up and down and swung it to and fro, like an idiot. At times she bent forward and laid her forehead or cheek in the dust; or would rest her brow against the rim of the tin dipper she held and roll it from side to side. She spread her legs apart and twisted them this way and that, as if they moved on toggle joints. All this while she was unconscious of observation. But by and by a servant passed through the yard, and then this small creature looked up and gave utterance to a long-drawn, whining noise—a mere string of vowel intonations, with no words; it was the professional appeal of the beggar caste, to which the two belonged. The woman said nothing. No notice was taken of them for a long time; but they were apparently settled there for the day; they made no offer to move. At last a woman in European dress, who was, I believe, the landlady of the hotel, happened to cross the yard and saw the unsightly group. She said something sharply in the native tongue, and putting her hand in her pocket, tossed a small copper coin—a pice—towards them and passed on. The little girl immediately jumped upon it, monkey-like, on all fours, and presented it to the woman, who clutched it, and with slow deliberation hid it away in a fold of her loin-cloth. Then she slowly arose, an awful spectacle; and I now perceived that both her eyes were gone; they had decayed out of her head. The little girl had a long rod in her hand; she put one end of it into the hand of the woman, and thus led her away. At a little distance the woman stopped to readjust her garment, and the stick fell to the ground. Instead of stopping to pick it up, she felt in the dust with her feet, and caught it between her toes, just as an ape might have done. Then she bobbed away in her darkness and filth, and I saw her no more. She was a woman; she might have been my mother, my sister, my daughter, my wife. What had her life been? What is it to be, here and hereafter?

In the afternoon I departed towards the north. At the railway station were a man and wife, with their little daughter, who was quite naked except for a bit of rag across her shoulders. The woman wore a similar costume, with the addition of a loin-cloth; the man, tall and fleshless, had a loin-cloth only. Had you seen

them out of India, you would have thought they were starving; but, in fact, they were comparatively well off. As they stood there, the man put forth a hand and laid it on the child's head, at the same time covering his face with his other hand. The little thing looked up at him, and apparently thought he was playing with her; she lifted up her arms for him to take her up. But he was not playing, nor was the demonstration one of affection, as I had supposed; the man was engaged in prayer. He had lifted his knee with an impatient movement, striking the child on the side, and causing her to stagger out of the way of his devotions. When the prayer was done, the family moved away, the little girl in advance, marching solemnly in her unconscious nudity. What a lifeless life! The parents were apathetic, neither observing nor aware of observation. Their only gods were sticks and stones; their only world, this world of famine and desolation. They knew nothing but the dismal struggle for existence; and they cared for nothing, hardly even to exist. The little girl alone still retained some tender instincts; but they would not last much longer.

A starving, elderly man sat leaning against the corner of the railway building; he was too feeble to stand without support. A fat and bustling Parsi official came out, and, seeing him, caught up a stone and flung it at him, muttering some violent objurgation. The old man painfully erected himself and staggered away, holding himself up on two sticks. His legs were as fleshless as the sticks. He made no rejoinder to the official's cursing, nor did he seem to resent it. He had the dignity of hopeless misery; he would not long be subject to such attacks.

A missionary, the gentleman whom I found on coming downstairs in the morning, needed no apologies. He was clean, wholesome and hearty from the core outwards. His glance was direct and clear, and his talk succinct and vigorous. He was about five feet eight inches in height, broad-shouldered and athletic; the muscles all over his sturdy body were hard as hammered iron. Would there were more Americans like him at home; yet I was glad, for the credit of our country, to find him abroad. I took him at sight; and so, I am glad to say, did he to me. He was in haste, for he had a world on his shoulders, and plunged straight into the business which had brought him.

"You can't see the famine at the works, or even at the poorhouse," said he; "the place to go to is the native village. I'll take you there, and show you the inside of all my work. You'll have to rough it a little, but you'll see things. We've put in all we've got; we're here for life; we're hard at work; but," he added with a cheery smile, "we're happy." It was a magnificent little speech, such as Warren might have made at Bunker Hill. That was all there was to it. We made our appointment, and he got up and held out his hand. "Don't stay here," he said. "I told my wife you would come to us. We've got some things to show you right there. If you'll stay a week, I'll engage you see more famine than you could, travelling round, in a month." We shook hands, and he went away. He was the man for me. "I'll tell you all I know!" he called back from his buggy as he drove off.

"Travellers in India," remarked my friend, with his cheery smile, "report us missionaries as living in luxury, waited on by troops of servants, demoralizing native

simplicity by an impracticable morality, stuffing them with theological dogmas which they can't understand, forcing them to wear unsuitable and unaccustomed clothes, and that the upshot of our work is to make them hypocritically profess a faith they don't believe in in order to curry favor, and to ruin them with the vices of civilization instead of saving them with its virtues. Well, now you have a chance to see how it is for yourself!"

The household consisted of the missionary and his wife and a young lady who was assisting them; three or four immaculate Mohammedan servants, at wages from one to two dollars a month; a horse and buggy; a chapel; and, within the walls of the compound, some ranges of neat buildings for the accommodation of the native children who were supported and instructed by the mission.

The family sat down thrice a day to a wholesome but Spartan meal. The husband worked with all his might from dawn to dark, and after dark in his study, helping distress, averting evil, cheering sorrow, enlightening ignorance, and praying with heart and soul to the God and Christ, who was more real to him than any earthly thing. His lovely, artless, human, holy wife, with faith like a little child's, and innocent as a little child, yet wise and steadfast in all that touched her work, labored as unflinchingly and unselfishly as her husband; and so did the other angel in the house. There were, perhaps, a hundred native children, either orphaned or deserted, who began to get flesh on their bones, and were busy and happy in learning to read and write their native language, and in singing hymns of praise to the new living God who loves children, meeting morning and evening in the chapel for that purpose, and to listen to stories about this God's loving dealings with His creatures, told by native Christian teachers, and by the missionary himself. They also learned, for the first time in their lives, what it was to live in clean and orderly rooms, and to be fed abundantly and regularly, and to be treated with steady, intelligent and unselfish affection. These children would have died of the famine had not the mission found and saved them. Many of them, in spite of their present good appearance, were liable to succumb at the first touch of any illness, for famine fatally saps children's constitutions; but they would be happy while they did live, and have an opportunity of discovering that there is a Divine Spirit outside of cobble-stones and brass monkeys. But though the surroundings and influences were of the loveliest Christian kind, there was no trace of that fanatic hunger for nominal converts—that blind eagerness to fasten the badge of the cross on the sleeve, whether or not it were in the heart—which has often been ascribed to missionary work. I confess that I had prepared myself to find something of the kind. But one must live with the missionaries in India in order to understand what they are doing and how they do it. From first to last during my sojourn in India I saw many native Christians. Those that I saw are a remarkable and impressive body of men and women. I was always saying to myself, "They are like the people of the Bible." Some wore European dress; others did not. Their aspect was gentle, sincere and modest.

In the torrid morning we went by rail to a village a few miles distant. At the station we were met by a smiling, clean, likeable native, about five and thirty years of age, who at once entered into earnest talk with the missionary. He was the local Christian preacher, having occupied that position for several years. As he talked, I scrutinized him soundly for symptoms of humbug, but

detected none. The missionary was receiving his report of the condition of things in the village. A number of villages, in a district covering a hundred or more square miles, are under the missionary's care; and he makes the round of them as often as possible, say, every fortnight. In this village the famine was sore. Many of the inhabitants were either dead or had wandered off, perhaps to the nearest works, perhaps to die in the jungle. Of those who remained, the majority were of the more prosperous class, and had still contrived to hold out; but there was a residue in terrible destitution; and it was on these that the care of the native missionary, acting under the direction of his superior, was expended. The order was that every person found starving should be brought to the native missionary's house, fed and ministered to, and told to come at least twice a day. Money or grain was supplied to native missionaries by the superior (my friend), and they made their accounting to him for it when he visited them. It was easy to see that the white man and the brown were on terms of complete mutual confidence and respect.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the native's house—it was rather a somewhat extended hut. In front was a little yard, with a slight fence separating it from the dusty highway. The porch of the hut—a structure of bamboo poles, covered with palm leaves, gave it a little breadth of shadow in front; within the rooms were dark but clean. Cleanliness is one of the distinguishing marks of the homes of native Christians in India.

There were some half-naked figures squatting on the hard, smooth earth of the yard in front of the porch. Two or three women—the wife of the preacher and others—appeared from the hut and brought us chairs, and we sat down in the shadow and wiped the sweat from our faces. We stayed there nearly an hour. During that time other figures dragged themselves in out of the road and squatted down before us with the rest. Altogether there were about fifteen persons, besides ourselves and the preacher's family.

The missionary carried on conversations, first with one, then with another, translating to me as he went along what was said. Occasionally the native preacher would say something. The women were modestly silent, unless when questioned directly. They were very gentle and happy-looking women; the expression in their faces was quite different from that of the pagan women. Their eyes met my eyes with a soft, trustful, guileless look. I felt respect and tenderness for them. They were dressed in flowing garments of dull, harmonious Eastern hues, draped round the body and drawn over the head. Their feet were bare.

In the group outside were a dozen children, from five to ten years of age. A little apart squatted an old woman, one of the skeletons. There was a great open sore on her left leg, below the knee. She was utterly incapable of getting a livelihood, even had there been any for her to get; but she said, and the preacher confirmed her, that she had been dismissed from the hospital. But for the mission support she must have died. She looked as good as dead—or worse. And yet there was something in her face—an intentness and hope in her glance—such as I had never observed in the women of the poor-houses and the works. She had suffered the extreme of misery; there was nothing left in the world of whatever had been here; but she seemed to feel the assurance that living or dead, she would henceforth be taken care of, and not robbed and outraged any more. So long as she lived she

could come here twice a day and be fed and gently treated. She did not know what Christianity was; but she knew that its effects upon her were good.

Behind the others, in a drooping posture, with her grievous young face bent down, sat a widow with her child. To the people of her own race and creed she was an accursed thing, to be used like a dog. She had survived her husband, and now any man who deigned to touch her uncleanly worthlessness might dispose of her at his pleasure; she had no rights. Her very child, should it live long enough to comprehend her position, would turn from her with contempt. The curse of thousands of years weighed her down, and she believed in its justice as much as did any of them. She could not understand why these Christians treated her with so much kindness. She dared not raise her face to theirs. She sat as if expecting that of a sudden some punishment would fall on her. Incidentally, she was on the brink of starvation; and her baby—it was too late to save that, and she doubtless knew it.

The children, who had no fathers or mothers or that they knew of, squatted in a silent, immobile, apathetic group. One of them, fearful to look upon, had been picked up lying in the shade of a rock in the jungle, abandoned and all but dead. In an hour or two more the jackals would have been at it. I cannot describe the face of a child which is the face of a skull: there are no words for it, and it resembles nothing else—dull, grim eyes, staring amidst parched skin and grinning bone—the ravages of a long lifetime of suffering concentrated in the features of a babe.

"There cannot be much else as bad as this in India," I said.

"I brought you here," replied the missionary, "because the group there before you now is the type of what is to be seen in the villages all over India; they represent millions upon millions. You wanted to see famine; there it is. And remember that we've been doing all we could for these creatures for days and weeks past. Think of the hundreds of villages where no white man ever goes."

"If I could bring those people there to New York," said I, after another long look at them, "and could put them down in Madison Square, just as they are, for New Yorkers to see, I would engage to have money enough in twenty-four hours to save a million lives. But no one can believe this who has not seen it. Photographs themselves are incredible—we don't believe them. But no human being could look on that spectacle and resist it. I shall disbelieve in it myself when I get home."

As to that, however, I was mistaken. I almost wish I had been right; for that group of figures, in the sunny front yard, rises before me vividly still, with their dull eyes as if to remind me of something I must do to help them. I see them when I am chatting with pleasant people at table or in the club: or they come between me and the blue sound, as I look from my study window. I cannot be free from them.

Before we left, the missionary, looking gravely and kindly upon his audience, said a few words to them, telling them who Christ was, and what He had done; and then he prayed. It was very primitive and simple—the elements of what good a Christian may do to others. The native Christians joined devoutly and affectionately—I cannot find a fitter word—in the prayer. Then we returned to the railway station and took the train again.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCHES.

We are told that the change effected by Christianity in the position of woman has been of the most marked character. This is daily exemplified in heathen countries, where the power of the story of the Gospel is being felt.

Previous to New Testament times a woman held a place much inferior to that of her husband, having no voice in public affairs, nor, legally, in the government of her own household.

From cover to cover of the New Testament very few words are expended on the "gentler sex," but those few indicate Christ's broad outlook and tender regard for them; and they also express, in a measure, the necessities of the time, and the narrower vision of the churches of that age.

That women share equally with men all the privileges and responsibilities of being Christ's disciples, members of His church, is shown in Gal. iii. : 28, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

The wonderful mystery of the Incarnation showed emphatically to the world that God honored His female creation.

We believe in the inspiration of the Bible. The New Testament gives a place to the inspired songs of Elizabeth and Mary, side by side with that of Zacharias. Also, when the "Holy child, Jesus," was presented in the Temple, the aged Anna shared with devout Simeon, the privilege of prophesying over the head of the infant Christ. With these examples in our minds, may we not certainly draw the conclusion, that when the Holy Ghost inspires man or woman to utter praises of the Lord, the sacrifice of praise to God, that is, "the fruit of our lips," is equally pleasing to Him?

We shall glance briefly upon a few positions that woman hold to-day in churches, and see if such are authorized by the New Testament.

I. *Women as public teachers or speakers*—

Much discussion has for years prevailed on this subject. St. Paul in I Cor. xiv., forbids women to speak in the congregation. Some divines hold that this prohibition was intended to apply only to certain conditions, others, that it was intended to be for all time. Those who hold the former view have the best support, it seems to me, from the lips of the same author, when he in I Cor. xi. : 5, 6, gives directions concerning the dress of "every woman that prayeth or prophesieth."

Peter quotes Joel ii. : 28, 29, declaring it to be a part of the Pentecostal gift, that the daughters of men should prophesy as well as the sons, and that God would pour out His Spirit on His handmaids.

Public speaking, preaching or prophesying (as you

wish), has been honored of God in the salvation of myriads of precious souls. Shall we, in this age, in the conditions of life that surround us, when women are admitted to most universities, called to the bar, practising engineering of all kinds, in short, marching into all the professions, and into all suitable branches of trade, shall we say that the talents entrusted to us by a loving Father must be wrapped up and hidden away from "the congregation"? We heartily agree with Paul in his first letter to the Corinthian church, 14th chapter, 40th verse, "Let all things be done decently and in order." To a student of those times, and of the membership of some of the early churches, the prohibition concerning female public speaking, and certain other commands concerning the evil practices into which the people had fallen, do not appear at all unnecessary. In that day, it was "a shame" for a woman to speak in public, accordingly the Apostle forbade a public scandal.

The judgment of the master-mind of Paul, great enough to look with clear eyes on any question, would have been different, we contend, had he lived in these days.

II. Women as Christ's Messengers and Missionaries of the Gospel.

To woman Christ entrusted His first message after His resurrection. Hear Him say to Mary in the dewy coolness of that memorable morning, "Go to my brethren"; then followed the message of life.

Long before this we can look back upon the missionary spirit of the Samaritan woman of the fourth chapter of John, who, as soon as she had tasted the "living water," ran to tell others of the treasure she obtained, and they in turn believed.

Did not the missionary spirit of Lois and Eunice manifest itself when Paul found an efficient and willing co-worker in the youthful Timothy?

Stalker, in his "Life of Christ," says, "The life of Christ in history cannot cease. His influence waxes more and more; the dead nations are waiting till it reach them, and it is the hope of the earnest spirits that are bringing in the new earth."

Are they all men to whom it is said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel"? No, a thousand times no. Think of the Judson women and a score of others in the past, whose work the Lord has blessed. Think of our own little band of noble representatives in the Telugu land! Think of many lovely souls (unknown they may be to men, but not to God), who are genuine home and foreign missionaries too, who have obeyed the great command, and have reaped some of the rewards of obedience, even in this life.

III. Deaconesses.

The English word deaconess, means in the Greek, servant or helper. We can trace the word back to the

second chapter of Genesis, in which woman is called by the noble title, "a help."

The first deaconess called by the name, is Phoebe, mentioned in Rom. xvi. : 1. Nearly all authorities agree that the word translated "servant," should be rendered *deaconess*. Owing to several unfortunate translations, it is difficult to prove that the order of deaconesses is apostolic, but the New Testament is exceedingly reticent concerning all details of ecclesiastical organization.

The early church, like its great Founder, reckoned the care of the poor a religious service, and this was; undoubtedly the first work of the deaconesses, as it was certainly the first work of the deacons, according to the sixth chapter of Acts.

In many countries where Christianity was preached the women of the church were excluded from the ministrations of the deacons, and in all countries there were duties to the sick and destitute, that women only could perform.

A New Testament church is made up of men and women, whose daily life should "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," consequently minute directions are given in some of Paul's epistles as to the public and private life of both.

Injunctions are laid upon us to be charitable, generous and hospitable. Dorcas was a pattern of *charitableness*; the poor widow, commended by the Master, a model of *generosity*; and we love to think of the *hospitality* of Martha, and Lydia, and of many more.

In short, may I conclude with a few words of King Lemuel, taken from the Old Testament, "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

E. J. ALDRIDGE.

Korea has been re-divided into thirteen counties. First-class post-offices have been placed in eleven of the cities, and second-class in fourteen smaller towns.

Ecuador and Bolivia, containing over 3,000,000 of people, have never had a Protestant missionary, and Venezuela has but one.—*Woman's Work for Woman*.

FAMINE IN SOUTHERN CHINA.—India is not the only country where famine has prevailed this winter. A missionary writes to the C. and M. Alliance—"Such misery I cannot picture to you. Boat loads of women and children were being sold and given away until the officials put a stop to it. At least twenty-five bodies floated past us on the river, or had been washed upon the banks. A little boy hailed us as we anchored one evening and cried till we brought him rice. He could not talk coherently, but brushed the rice into his hat, and without ceremony broke it down. Our hearts were wrung at his pitiful condition, as the light of our lamp shone upon him, as he stood there, with glazed eyes and emaciated form. He told us after he became more sensible, that he was the only one left of his family."

Work Abroad.

VUYYURU.

JULY 17, 1897.

Dear Readers of the LINK :

This is my third Saturday in Vuyyuru. While other work is pressing round me I feel impelled to leave it undone for a time at least, for the spirit to write a short letter to you just now has possessed me, and will not let me rest until I have obeyed its impulse.

I came here just two weeks ago, arriving in the early dawn of a warm, showery morning. I found the missionaries of Vuyyuru well and at work.

My very pleasant apartments in the mission house are at last in order and I find myself very happily settled in my new home and my new field. Most of you, at least a good many of you, know the missionaries in charge of Vuyyuru, Mr. and Mrs. H.-E. Stillwell, and I want you to join with me in thanking our heavenly Father for bringing me to a home with my own dear kinsfolk in this far land. I had a delightful and a very helpful holiday season in Ootacumund. A great deal of time was spent out in the open air, taking into my heart and into my life the beauties of flower and tree, of hill and cloud and sky, the many works of God's hand. Another pleasant feature of the holiday was the meeting of many missionaries of other societies who are engaged in God's work here in India. It enlarges and enriches one's life to meet such people and learn from them of God's doings on their fields.

Also, it was a privilege to attend again the meetings of the annual Convention for deepening of Christian life, when missionaries and other Christian workers led us in Bible readings or addressed us on topics closely relating to our progress and growth as Christians. These meetings are always a strength and inspiration. My season at Ootacumund is a lasting good to me I know, and no doubt is considered such in the experience of others.

I am just becoming acquainted with the work down here, which seems to me so vast. It is not necessary for me to write you concerning the state of the work. You have had letters from Miss Murray in times past which no doubt kept you posted as to the progress made here. As I said before, it seems a vast work to me. There are 912 Christians on the church rolls and my work will be largely among the women of this number. I have already visited the Christian women in one or two of the near villages, and have been in many cases helped and inspired by my conversations with them. I know it will be an inspiring and interesting work. But because it is a new kind of work to me and because the field and workers are new to me, I pray you, dear friends, to renew your prayers to God on my behalf, that I may be given wisdom and grace and love to be faithful and lov-

ing to these women who are to be helped and taught and brought nearer to their God. You remember that in Yellamanohili and Narsapatnam our work was naturally more among the heathen women, as the Christians there are so few in number; but here we devote more attention to Christians because they are so numerous and because we feel convinced that in teaching and helping them to live holier lives, we are reaching the heathen in a very effective way i.e. through their own countrymen and women.

I enjoyed the work in Yellamanohili and Narsapatnam more than I can even tell and the work was, and is yet, dear to me. And it is concerning that work that I wish to write you a few lines.

Last night, in the quiet moments of rest, before my eyes closed in sleep, my mind wandered back in loving memory to those I learned to know and love in my former sphere of labor, I thought especially of the two women who are working on the Narsapatnam field—Sarah and Annamma. Oh! if there only had been some one to take the place on that field! But those women are working on alone. And I thought of the heathen women, the two; three or four heathen women in Saralis village who listened so eagerly to the Gospel the last time I was there and who seemed so near the Kingdom. I have a very vivid picture in my mind of them sitting there, their spinning wheels standing idly by, their hands dropped from the work of holding and drawing the thread and turning the wheel, their eyes fixed steadily on the face of the speaker who was unfolding to them the way of life. The speaker paused and said "What do you think?" A deep sigh came from the leaves as their hands sought again their accustomed work and a helpless expression came over the dark faces as they uttered the old, weary, hopeless words—"All true, Missamma, all true—but what can we do in this world of sin?" Ah! Satan is so strong and those poor hearts are so weak and dark and full of sin. They know they are wandering, they sometimes long to enter in, but the cords of custom, the bonds of the evil one bind them hard and fast to a life of sin.

Then, in Yellamanohili, there is the widow who was just waking up and was learning the Commandments and Catechism, and groping after the truth, and the other caste woman who after years of decided opposition to our teaching had at last signified a willingness, even a desire to be taught. These and many more. And as I thought of the work which had been left, my thoughts turned from these poor sisters to the more favored ones in the home land.

Dear sisters, I thank you very much for the interest you have taken in that work, and for the many encouraging and helpful words which many of you have sent me in your private letters. And now you will not forget to

pray still more for that work, will you? You know it, you have read of it, you love it; and I beg of you to remember it in your prayers. Remember the workers, each one. Remember the poor women in darkness who have heard the Gospel once, or maybe twice, and who perhaps are struggling to follow the light. God knows the destiny of each soul, He knows the end from the beginning. Pray that the workers in Narsapatnam and Yellamanohili may have power from God to help those who are sitting in darkness to arise and "Come to the brightness of His rising."

Yours sincerely,

K. S. McLAURIN.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

I am writing from the east coast of India, in the extreme north of the Madras Presidency, where it joins borders with Lower Bengal, and wherein three of her 22 districts. The Presidency throws an arm 300 miles long up the east boundary of the Central Provinces, shutting them out from the seacoast of the Bay of Bengal by a strip of land only 100 miles in width. The famine is milder here than in other parts. The pressure of famine is gauged by the prevailing price of the food grains. In these parts the staple food grain is rice. In ordinary times rice sells at 14 measures to the rupee, that means about 28 lbs. for 30cts., or speaking roughly, one cent a pound. At present time, in many places, rice cannot be had at any price. Famine prices are about 7 measures to a rupee, or twice the ordinary rates, that is the prevailing price in these parts at present. But in the worst famine districts rice has risen to 3½ measures to the rupee. This means a quadrupling of the distress that poor people feel even in ordinary times, how these rates pinch, yes kill, can be gathered from facts set forth in publication of the Indian Government, for March of 1892. In that publication the absolute necessities of life, food, clothing and house of an agricultural laborer, not including extras in the Punjab, are put at Rs. 34 a year. Calculated at three rupees to the dollar, that means \$11.30. This amount is reduced in the warmer parts of India to Rs. 30 (\$10). While that is the income a native in India requires to support life and health, it is by no means what he always receives. No less a financial authority than Sir David Barbour states that the highest income is received in the Central Provinces viz., Rs. 30½ (\$10.16), or just 16cts. above the actual necessities of life. That falls in the North-west Provinces and Oudhe to the lowest for all India, or Rs. 22½, (\$7.40), or 82.60 below the absolute necessities of life.

The famine returns vindicate the truthfulness of these returns as regards these provinces, when 4½ millions were on government relief, the North-west Provinces and

Oudhe bulked so largely in that total as to contribute 1,750,000, leaving 2½ millions to the remaining seven provinces of presidency.

The average income for all India is Rs. 27, (89), per head, per annum. In comparison with the United Kingdom, in which the average individual income is £4-3s.-2½d. In excess of the high standard of comfort in food and profuseness in material things, India shows a minus of 2s.-3d. below the actual necessities in very plain food and scant clothing to which her poverty compels her. As compared to English life, Indian life is very short. The difference between the conditions of life in India and Canada may be illustrated by drawing a line for Canada, three inches and five eights long, and placing over that the sum of \$135 as representing the average annual income of the Canadian individual. Then below that draw a line ¼ of an inch long, and place over it the sum of \$9 to represent the annual average income per capita in India. The gaping discrepancy makes it easy to believe the statement published in *The Globe* sometime since, that 100,000,000 of the people of India in times of plenty (?) lie down every night on a mud floor and an empty stomach. If, in times of such questionable plenty, so many eke out such a miserable existence on fare so meagre what must their condition be when the ordinary sources of income dry up, and food prices rise to four times their actual value? That means indescribable and widespread disaster, such a disaster has overtaken India this year of jubilee.

The statement of an English planter from India, quoted in the *Globe* sometime since, that no deaths had taken place in India as the result of famine or starvation, indicates prodigious ignorance or monstrous mendacity. True statistics are difficult to secure, but the death rate in some provinces has been very high. The plague in Bombay and its vicinity would not have been so virulent had not the weakened condition of the people exasperated its fierceness. 20,000 perished in Bombay alone, while the deaths hitherto have been very numerous, the real testing of the resisting power of the people lies just ahead under the trying condition of the first heavy rains in many mouths.

In all parts of India cholera is now claiming its annual harvest of victims. What that may mean with the conditions altogether favorable may be gathered from the history of the year 1892 which was a particularly bad year for cholera. With a population of 287½ millions, India lost that year some 12 millions of her people. Out of that vast multitude cholera claimed close on towards 1,000,000 victims. The roots and woods, the jungle berries and barks, the grass and other stuff that the people have been subsisting on, together with the vile water they have been compelled to use or go without has so upset them, that from the chronic diarrhoea and dysentery induced by these harsh foods to cholera is a very short step indeed.

The number of people who die from actual want of food is small compared to the deaths which result from the greater hold which disease gets on those who are enfeebled by the diminution of their usual supply of nutriment. Famine is most felt in the first four or five years of life, it then seems to pass lightly over the adults, and to fix on the aged, but only where the distress is acute.

India has had a long schooling in famine. The government has been attending to the lessons of that school only the last thirty years. Now, as a consequence, there is a more or less adequate provision made to save the poorest from actual death by starvation, and the men of the poorer classes from hopeless bankruptcy. Their first work of relief is to remit the taxes in part or whole where the crops have failed. They then divert the expenditure on public works from that which may require skilled and expensive labor to the building of roads, the digging of canals and other works which will benefit all classes. In addition to these, which reach only the able bodied, the children and the aged must be provided for. Relief doles are distributed gratuitously for these in their own villages, or where possible, they are all collected in some central place, where a famine kitchen is opened and the starving fed twice a day with cooked food.

As mentioned previously in this letter, famine is not proving so hard here as in other parts, and yet even here, were it not for the bounteous provisions made by outsiders the state of affairs would be much more serious than at present. Were it not for the help provided from all parts of Christendom, which must now aggregate about \$5,000,000 including the Indian contributions, the government would despair of being able to cope with the calamity that has overtaken the country.

Only a fraction over three millions are now engaged on relief works or are receiving gratuitous relief. This number gradually diminishes with the steadying of the monsoon rains, which for a time were very uncertain. The cabled number on government relief, by no means represent the total number receiving help. Private beneficence has been magnificent, Mr. Lassavareddi a native merchant in this place, has daily fed about 500 of the very poor. This is insignificant compared with what some of the native princes have been doing. A number of merchants in the town here have formed a syndicate to feed as many poor as come to eat. At eleven in the night when the streets are empty, they feed about a thousand vagrants. In fact the rich get so liberal that no one would go on the relief works opened in the town to provide the poor with employment, and the municipal chairman was constrained to ask them to be more discreet in their charity or they would swamp the town under a load of cholera breeding paupers. As it is we number only 47,000 of a population, and yet in the last ten days out of 90 cholera cases 60 have gone over to the burning grounds.

Our own two Canadian Baptist missions have sent out for distribution some \$7,000. Many of our own poor Christians have been saved from possible starvation, and a lot of small land holders amongst them from losing their earthly all, that, in many cases mean death. We hope the worst is now past. But that has been so bad that we are yet far from being able to get on without further help.

H. F. LANHAMME.

Cocanada, India, 27-7-97.

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCLE LEAFLETS. — *Heathen Claims and Christian Duty*, 2c. (by Mrs. Bird Bishop); *Lands Yet to be Possessed*, 3c.; *Woman under the Ethnic Religion*, 2c.; *Winged Women*, 1c.; *Refusals*, 2c.; *Three Collectors*, 2c.; *A Transferred Gift*, 2c.; *Unawares* (Poem), 1c.; *If They Only Knew*, 2c.; *The Angel of Christmaside*, 3c.; *A Tithe for the Lord*, 2c.; *Ten Reasons for Tithing*, 1c.; *So Much to do at Home* (Poem), 1c.; *The Responsibility of Not Doing*, 2c.

MISSION BANDS. — *The Light of the World is Jesus* (dialogue for 15 children), 2c.; *Shepherds of Bethlehem* (Concert exercise with music), 5c.; *Little Lights* (Concert exercise), 2c.; *Gems for the Little Ones*, 15c. (music) *The Dollie dialogue for 4 little girls*, 4c. Address all orders to

Mrs. C. W. King,
318 Earl St., Kingston, Ont.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

HEPSELER. — It is some time since you heard from our Circle, but we are still working away quietly. There are thirty-eight women, members of the church. Out of these, twelve belong to the Circle. We raised, last year, \$14.92 for Foreign Missions, \$16.85 for Home Missions, and \$2.25 for the Indian Mission. We hold monthly meetings. Our offerings are brought in every quarter, and are sent alternately to Foreign and Home Missions. Like other Circles, we have the faithful few, on whom we can always depend for working and for giving, while we have also those, even among the Circle members, who seldom attend our meetings, and who give but little to missions. It is our prayer that we may become more consecrated ourselves, and that others may be aroused to a sense of their duty and privilege in the mission cause. Our officers this year are: President, Mrs. (Rev.) A. R. McDonald; Vice-President, Miss Elmer; Secretary, Mrs. Brownlee; Treasurer, Miss Rebecca Hodgson. Number of LINKS taken, 6; Visitors, 14.

(MRS.) A. BROWNLEE, Sec.

BROOKE.—The Annual Meeting of the Home and Foreign Mission Circle in connection with the Brooke R. B. Church, was held in the church here on Friday evening, Aug. 20th, at the appointed hour the meeting opened by the singing of the Convention Hymn, the pastor Rev. A. R. Park read for the lesson the 2nd Psalm, after which Rev. J. G. Brown the returned Missionary led in prayer, Miss O. Zavitz read the Annual Report and was followed by a solo by Miss S. Gubbins. Mr. Brown then gave an interesting address on Telugu land and was listened to with continued interest by an attentive audience. Rev. Mr. Parsons then closed the meeting with prayer. The collection amounted to over thirteen dollars.

CALVARY CHURCH.—The Annual Union Meeting of Mission Circles was held at the church on Tuesday, Aug. 24th. Although the weather was threatening there was a goodly number present. Our president called the meeting to order at 3 o'clock, and all joined in singing "All hail the power of Jesus name." Mrs. A. Cohoon of Calton then read the 23rd Psalm, and Mrs. P. R. Carey of Port Burwell, led in prayer. The president then gave a few well chosen words of welcome to the sister circles gathered with us, and called on the Secretary of each Circle to give a verbal report. These showed an increased interest in the cause of missions. After singing Mrs. Hartley of St. Thomas, gave an address on missions, which was most earnest and stirring, and will surely bear fruit. After Mrs. Hartley's address Mrs. Adams of Lakeview gave a solo. The collection was then taken, which amounted to \$5.10, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign missions. After a short time spent in social intercourse refreshments were served, and the meeting was finally closed with prayer by our pastor, Rev. P. R. Carey.

In the evening Mrs. Hartley gave a very able address on temperance, in words which we hope may be received and adopted by all. She dwelt more particularly on the interest of the children to save them from intemperance. I do think this is a question that every woman redeemed by Christ, should ask herself with regard to the work of temperance as well as missions. What we considered a very profitable and interesting meeting was then brought to a close.

Mrs. Geo. McConnell, Sec.

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

Receipts from August 16th, to Sept 10, 1897, inclusive.

From CIRCLES.—Toronto, College St., \$4.85; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$18.06; Westover, \$6; Peterboro', Park St., \$4; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$5.35; Donfield, \$14.50;

Burk's Falls, \$3; Galt (\$1.73 towards Life-membership fee), \$8.23; London, Maitland St., \$7.20; Brooke (\$8 special), \$15.50; Brantford, First Ch. (for Miss MacLeod), \$30; Burford, \$3.95; Pine Grove, \$2.25. Total, \$120.89.

FROM BANDS.—Paisley (for Pitta Kotamma), \$8.50; Peterboro', Murray St (\$10 special), \$13.25. Total, \$21.75.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. R. W. Elliot (special), \$25; For "Pogala Nokamma," \$4.50; Mrs. Willard, Hamilton (for a Biblewoman), \$16. Total, \$45.50. Total receipts, \$188.14

Disbursements from August 10th, to Sept. 10th, inclusive:

TO GENERAL TREASURER.—For special work, \$508.83; on special grant to Samulcotta Seminary, \$41. Total disbursements, \$550.83.

Total receipts from May 1st to Sept 10th, 1897, \$1,485.87. Total disbursements from May 1st to Sept. 10th, 1897, \$2,942.02.

NOTE.—This statement does not include a full month's receipts and disbursements, ending with Sept. 10th instead of the 15th, as I expect to be away when such a list should be prepared. The next issue of the LINK will supply the items omitted.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER. — For our Missionaries going to India, that they may have a prosperous journey, and the presence of the Lord abiding with them as they enter upon their work. For our W. M. A. Societies, that they may be more active and consecrated this year than ever before.

NOTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. B. M. U.

(Continued from September.)

The report of the Corresponding Secretary also gave the glad news that our workers on the Foreign Field were improving in health. A larger number had been baptized than in any former year.

Miss Gray returns to India this autumn, and Miss Archibald, of Turnberry, goes with her. Miss Archibald will take Miss Wright's place at Chicacole.

The President's address was grand. This will be printed in full in the annual report.

On Wednesday morning we opened with a prayer meeting, at nine o'clock. This was for the workers on the Foreign field, and was held at their special request. Seldom have we realized the presence of the Holy Spirit more vividly than during these seasons of prayer.

The reports of the Provincial Secretaries were full of interest, and showed progress. New Brunswick reported 87 societies, with a membership of 1,215. Ten new societies had been organized. There are 25 Mission Bands.

We hope to give the statistics from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, in the next number of the LINK.

A meeting of the County Secretaries was held, which proved of much interest. Of this meeting, our Corresponding Secretary says: "This meeting, which was begun last year, has proved very helpful. Our County Secretaries are brought into touch with each other, and receive many hints and helpful suggestions relative to the work."

The report of Miss Black, Superintendent of our Bureau of Literature, showed that during the last year 676 mite boxes and 1,445 leaflets had been sent out—527 distributed free; \$16.49 had been received from the sale of leaflets and maps. The balance on hand is \$4.20.

The stock in hand at the present includes 2,480 leaflets, 311 mite boxes, 32 maps, 37 games, 6 photographs and 40 books in the Circulating Library. Miss Black has done faithful work in this department, and the Union was grieved when obliged to accept her resignation. A resolution expressive of our regard and appreciation of her services was passed.

The report of the Committee on Home Missions was read, and after discussion, passed. Each Society was urged to have a Treasurer for Home Missions, and to aim at one dollar per year for Home, as well as for Foreign.

Our Mission Band work was given greater prominence this year. An interesting lesson was taught a number of children by Miss Clark, Secretary for Westmoreland County.

It was resolved that a Superintendent for Mission Bands be appointed in each Province. Miss Lenora Barton was given charge of the work in New Brunswick. Her address is Chipman, Queen's Co., N.B. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island hope soon to fall into line. The officers for the coming year were appointed.

President, Mrs. J. W. Manning; Vice-President for N. S., Mrs. P. R. Foster; Vice-President for N. B., Mrs. W. E. McIntyre; Vice-President for P. E. I., Mrs. M. C. Higgins; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. Everett; Provincial Secretaries as before.

Miss Margaret Wood, Amherst, N. S., Superintendent of Bureau of Literature; Miss Bessie Harding, Editor of *Tidings*; Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Golding, Editors of the *Column* in M. & O.; Mrs. M. J. Parker, of River Herbert, N. S., to have charge of the Mission Band Department in *Tidings*.

A talk on the Constitution, which proved inspiring, instructive and amusing, was given by Mrs. Cox, Provincial Secretary for N. B.

As an outcome of this talk, it was resolved and strongly emphasized, that, first, each treasurer when remitting money to the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U., be particular to mention the name of place, and if a branch, give the name of church with which connected, and also name of county.

2nd. Each Society was urged to appoint an auditor.

3rd. No Society has a right to alter the Constitution to suit the local Society.

4th. No Aid Society shall send any money raised by the Aid Society to any other treasurer than the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U. And no money which is raised by the Aid Society shall be appropriated to any other purpose than those named in the Constitution, viz., Home and Foreign Missions.

The difficulty of making our department in THE LINK as interesting as formerly, now that our missionaries write each month to *Tidings*, was also discussed.

Mrs. Chrochill and Mrs. Archibald are the only ones on the Foreign Field who write for THE LINK now. The President suggested that we do away with the department. She thought it hardly gave a sufficient idea of the work being done by the W. B. M. U., though the teaching was of an interesting nature.

Miss Johnston said she was glad this discussion had arisen, and showed some of the difficulties in the way. We cannot do without *Tidings*. It is becoming more and more of a necessity to our workers; and the same may be said of the *Column*; yet it hardly seemed desirable to publish the same matter each month in the three different papers. Writer as well as reader lost enthusiasm. No definite conclusion was arrived at.

Miss Johnston was re-appointed Correspondent, which she begged the delegates to remember meant Correspondent, and did not mean Editor.

Greetings were received from the Methodist Society in Sackville, and from Ontario, by Mrs. W. H. Porter, of Brantford.

On Wednesday evening a very large audience greeted the delegates. An interesting paper on "Systematic Giving," prepared by Mrs. Robert Christie, River Herbert, was read by Mrs. Alexander Christie, of Amherst.

Miss Gray, who returns to India, addressed the meeting.

Among other things, she said: "In India there are 288 millions of people. We have undertaken to give the Gospel to two millions of these, which is tantamount to saying to other denominations, 'These belong to us.'"

The greatest barrier to work in India is caste. Among them religion is caste, and caste is religion. Instead of thinking the work is slow, the only wonder is that they ever come at all. It is so hard for them to believe in our Saviour.

Their temples are a sink of iniquity. Then their superstition is so great. . . . But there are among them many secret believers, who need your prayers. They believe in Christ, but are so afraid of persecution, they dare not come out.

In India there are 23 millions of widows, children—so many of them.

On the Bimbi field there are 250,000, and only one minister among them all; while here, in this land, you will have four or five ministers to a couple of thousand. Do you wonder that they come so slowly?"

Miss Gray asked that, as she turned her steps to India, she might have the most earnest prayers of the Christians here.

Miss Smith then read the appeal which has lately come from our missionaries.

Miss Archibald led in prayer, and addressed us. Her decision for the Foreign field had been no sudden one. Eight years ago her mind was made up to go. Miss Archibald gave an account of the way in which she had been led into the work.

After prayer by Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Foster said a few words of tender farewell to these workers for India.

Mrs. Smith read the appeal from our missionaries. Our parting hymn, "We all shall meet in Heaven at last," was sung, and closed a most successful evening.

On Thursday morning the Union again met for prayer, at nine o'clock. Some routine business was taken up; after which was held the Delegates' meeting. This is always in connection with the Memorial service held each year for those who have been "promoted" to the higher service during the twelve past months. Resolu-

tions of sympathy were passed, with Mrs. Grant, of Winnipeg, and also with Rev. F. M. Young, and the Aid Society at Bridgetown.

A large number of delegates spoke of the work done during the year. Questions were asked and answered, and all felt stimulated and helped.

The singing of "God be with you till we meet again" closed the most successful series of meetings, as well as the most successful year of work the Union has ever enjoyed.

Earnest prayer was made for a new family to go to India this Autumn. In faith the Union prayed, and pledged the passage money and first year's salary. It was a solemn hour.

The Lord has already answered prayer. In addition, Rev. Walter Higgins has decided to return this year.

Dear Sisters of the W. B. M. U. missionaries and home workers—It is not usual for the Editor of THE LINK to communicate with you through this department, but a few words in connection with the annual report may be timely. It is said that since the inauguration of *The Tidings* and *The Column* it is difficult to get interesting matter for THE LINK. Need this be so? Could not the missionaries write enough letters for the three? And is it not a good thing for the work, to use a means of communication that reaches so many of your women as THE LINK does?

It is true there is not as much matter bearing directly upon your work as if you had the whole paper, but do you get no good, no inspiration, nor suggestions from reading of the work of our other societies? We do from yours, and are frequently assured by some of you that you do from us. In order to help us during this year to make the department more interesting, will not the missionaries write us oftener? If you feel at any time that your letter may not reach Miss Johnstons in time, send directly to us and it shall go in the W. B. M. U. We frequently get very bright and interesting extracts from private letters of our Ontario missionaries, which friends send us for publication. Why not do the same with yours?

We have had only a few complaints of irregularity in the receipt of the paper. It may be that some do not get it regularly, and yet do not inform us directly. If this is the case we cannot remedy the difficulty. We have, after years of experience in the work, what we think the best mailing system available to us. THE LINK is mailed by one of the largest and most reliable firms in Toronto. We have the most improved method for keeping our lists, and if our subscribers will see that the addresses are sent us correctly, and inform us whenever any mistakes occur (see standing notice at end of last page), we do not see why any should fail to get the paper regularly.

Very sincerely,

M. A. NEWMAN.

116 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.

TO THE BAPTIST CHURCHES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

We, the undersigned members of the Maritime Baptist Foreign Mission Staff, having had the privilege of laboring personally among the Telugus of this idolatrous land, and having seen with our own eyes something of the length and breadth of the region for whose evangelization

we are responsible, and something of the unspeakable darkness and death of the nearly two millions of the children of men who at present have no other means of learning of the Saviour except through the efforts of our little band. We—all with one accord feel pressed in spirit to make an appeal in the name of the Lord to the churches of the living God in the Maritime Provinces, that they would join with us in earnest and persevering prayer to the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

We have noted with thankfulness the generous sympathy called forth by the terrible famine which now prevails in so many parts of India. We have the privilege of distributing the tangible fruits of your sympathy to the needy, and we thank our God that you have enabled us to proffer to these hungry ones the proof of your love.

This famine if for the bread that perisheth, a more widespread and awful famine for the bread of life prevails, and the vast majority of the population are mere gaunt skeletons perishing for lack of knowledge. The sight of a group of famine victims is a faint picture of the miserable and perilous spiritual condition of these people. They are in the grip of an eternal death whose breath chills even the cheek of the Christian who walks among them, and their dying souls haunt his heart immeasurably more than their dying bodies.

Every day in our own mission field about one hundred and fifty funeral dirges are heard, whilst one hundred and fifty processions pass to the burning ground, each bearing the mortal remains of one whose soul has gone out into everlasting darkness. Daily one hundred and fifty souls go down to the bottomless pit because they do not know the way of life and have no means of receiving that knowledge except through the effects of the little handful of laborers (six families and three single ladies) who represent the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces.

In order that the mind may conceive how utterly inadequate is our present force to meet the need, let us draw a few comparisons. Suppose Halifax or St. John to have a population of 50,000, if there were but one denomination working in each city, and only one man in that denomination to preach the Gospel there, we would think the religious interests of that city very sorely neglected indeed. If then these cities were four times as large as they are, each having a population of 200,000, with only one ordained minister of the gospel in each, the proportion would be the same as it now is on the Bimlipatam field under the care of Bro. Morse, or the Bobbili field in the charge of Bro. Churchill. The Bobbili Missionary has already spent a second term of ten and a half years in India and probably will be obliged to lay down the work for a season inside another year. If five and a half cities like St. John or Halifax were placed side by side, or eighteen the size of Charlottetown, or twenty-eight as large as Fredericton or Yarmouth with but one ordained preacher to break unto its people the bread of life, the supply would be the same as that we now find on the Vizianagram field under the care of Bro. Sanford. Again if St. John or Halifax had each six times its present population, or Charlottetown twenty times; or if Fredericton or Yarmouth were thirty times as large as it now is with only one pastor in each, the proportion would be the same as it is now on the Parlakimedi field under the care of Bro. Corey. Lastly if our two largest cities

already mentioned had each seventeen times its actual number of inhabitants, or Charlottetown fifty-six times or if Fredricton or Yarmouth had each eighty-five times its existing population with only one ordained evangelist to preach to the whole 876,000 the city would be so well manned as the Chicacole, Palkoudi, Tikkali and Somapet fields now under the care of Bro. Archibald, the health of whose wife is in such a condition that we know not how soon this vast and populous district may be left without a missionary.

In view of the possibility that in the near future the Bobbili and Chicacole fields may be deprived of their present missionaries, for at least a time, we have but slight hope that the services of Bro. Gullison will be available for opening up a new station.

With all this inexpressible and inconceivable destitution spread abroad daily before our eyes, we dare not represent the urgent and instant needs to be less than thirty-one additional families, and a corresponding number of single ladies, making one mission family to every 50,000 Telugus.

Relying upon the promise of our Lord recorded in Matt. 18:19, we all are pleading in agreed prayer with God to send this very autumn three families chosen and sent forth by Himself, and to give us three new mission houses—a family and a mission house for Palkonda field with its 212,000 souls, a family and a mission house for the Tekkali field with its 216,000 inhabitants, and a family and a mission house for the Somapet field with its population of 200,000.

We ask our Brothers and Sisters in Christ at home to join us in this prayer.

H. Y. COREY,
CLARA L. COREY,
L. D. MORSE,
LILLIE P. MORSE,
MAURIE M. E. HARRISON,
IDA M. NEWCOMBE,
MARTHA CLARK.

C. H. ARCHIBALD,
I. C. ARCHIBALD,
R. SANFORD,
R. E. GULLISON,
NELLIE C. GULLISON,
GEO. CHURCHILL,
M. F. CHURCHILL.

FROM OUR AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS.

Some of these reports reached me too late for our Annual Report; so are printed in the LINK instead. While some few were late, yet a great improvement could be noticed this year in the making out of the reports and in the promptitude with which they were returned.

DEERFIELD, Yarmouth Co., was organized in April, 1896, with seven members. During the year the membership has increased to twenty-one. The members are widely scattered, and it is difficult to keep up the meetings regularly; but the sisters are glad to have a share in the good work.

The "Cheerful Workers" Mission Band of French Village, N. S., held their annual business meeting August 22nd. The officers appointed for the year are, President, Louise Hubley; Vice-President, Mrs. Neil Macdonald; Secretary, Mrs. Morrison Hubley; Treasurer, Sanford Hubley. We re-echo the prayer of the President that "the God of Love may guide and direct each officer through the year that is before them."

Mrs. G. O. Crabb writing from Barton, Digby Co., N. S., says, she has had the pleasure of attending quite regularly of late the meetings of the Aid Society at North Range, which is doing grand work; its members are so earnest and devoted. Barton Society is small, but nine members. Owing to illness, and other causes, the meetings have been but poorly attended, still some money has been raised, and more interest during the year.

SPRINGFIELD, P. E. I., "Star of Hope" Mission Band was organized on June 25, 1895, with nine members, last year there were 18 members, this year 17, with the following officers. Mrs. Carter, Pres.; Herman Costain, Vice-Pres.; Annie Frost, Treas.; Abbie Easter, Sec. Our Mission Band is the only one in the district. We reorganize our Mission Band about the beginning of June each year and meet once a fortnight till Nov. or Dec., when we close with a concert. Owing to the bad roads in winter and some of the members living such a distance we are not able to keep up our meetings all the year. Although we are few in number, we were able last year to send over \$24 for the Foreign Mission work. We hope to do better this year. Pray for us.

ABBIE EASTER, SEC.

Young People's Department.

FAMILY BABIES.

We are permitted to give to our young readers a part of this letter from Mr. Laflamme to his little daughter....

My Dear Irene,—

Men who go up in balloons say that as they rise away above the tree tops and the high mountains, and climb away up where the clouds frisk about like lambs in a blue pasture, the sounds of earth die away, one after the other, the hoarse call of men, the lowing of the cattle, the clang of the church bells, the shriek of mill-whistles, the roar of trains, the dull base of the great cities mingled noises, and last, though not least, the high trouble of children's voices. The child's cry is the last call on earth to reach their ears. The child's voice reaches highest in the heavens.

I believe that God hears that call above all others, and that He pities little children, and gives their wants His first thought and their cry His first care.—God takes care of little children just as well as of grown up folks, and loves them just as much. I think He cares for them even more tenderly, if that is possible. For He says of Himself in the Good Book, "He will feed His flock like a shepherd, He will gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that give suck."

One hot night, in a sleeping car, on an American railway, where every one was trying to get to sleep and could not, because it was so hot, and there was a baby crying, a harsh voice called out, "Can't the mother of that baby keep it quiet so that some of us may get to

sleep!" There was a hush for a few moments. Then a voice answered, "This baby's mother is in a coffin in the baggage car. I have had no sleep for three nights with the baby, but I shall do my best to keep it quiet." There was a rush through the car, and the harsh voice, now all softened, said, "Excuse me, sir, I am so sorry for having said what I did. I did not know, sir. Let me take the baby, and you try to get some sleep." So the strong man paced the car till he had quieted the baby. Then he laid it down on his own berth and watched it till morning. When he took it back to the father, he again apologized, saying, "Excuse my hasty words, sir, I did not know. I am so sorry." Only a baby's cry and a baby's need would pull on a great strong man like that.

I know God hears and answers the call of little ones. If you had been with me last Thursday in the dear old place at Yellamanchili, out on the village common, where the market is held, you would have seen how God cares for the children. There stand six long, low sheds, with no sides, rough leaf roofs supported on posts just high enough to let one stand up under them. Round about is a light fence of bamboos and palm leaves. Dr. Smith and I stood at the entrance of this yard, while a little, short, fat faced man, with a print coat, and white loin cloth and turban, called out in a loud voice many names. A naked fellow with a dirty head cloth was all the time beating a big drum. From all around came crowds of the poorest, raggedest, dirtiest, noisiest, leanest and scabbiest lot of human beings I had ever seen together at one time before. There must have been 500 of them. Dr. Smith said the crowd wasn't anything so large as last week, when 1,800 gathered at the roll of the drum. They were the famine stricken, being fed at the government soup kitchen. The rest of the 1,800 had gone back to their own villages, where relief works and grain doles are now ready for them. The doctor carefully examined the babies as their mothers carried them in. There must have been 300 children. None of them were over ten years of age. There were ever so many poor lean mothers with the scrawniest little babies you can imagine. Some of them were covered with sores brought on by lack of food.

God knew long ago that this famine must come on India, because of her idolatry and licentiousness, and that He must punish the grown up people. Of course many babies must suffer too. That is one of the terrible things about sin, others suffer with the guilty. But God has done the best possible with the poor instruments at His disposal to save the little ones. God has a lot of boys and girls in ever so many Sunday schools in America and England and everywhere. He touched their hearts, and the hearts of their parents. They unbuckled their pockets, and sent out bags on bags of money and clothes, and grain for these poor people. Amongst them He touched the hearts of some men in England who make "Mellin's Food" for babies. You lived on that when you were little. Those men sent out to India thousands and thousands of bottles of Mellin's Food to give to the little emaciated babies in the famine. So Dr. Smith was there to pick out all the little babes in that camp who must die if they do not get Mellin's Food. For their mammas have no milk for them. Then the poor cows are so thin that last week one sold in Yellamanchili with her calf for 82. So they can't spare any milk. This Mellin's Food is God's gift through these good men to save babies all over India from dying of starvation. We picked out thirteen

babies. The government order says that "emaciation means when all the bones in the body show through the skin." At the same time we selected about thirty who would make good subjects for a famine photo, and had them come over to the house the next morning, so that I might take their pictures. If the pictures are a success, I shall send you some. When the children saw that we were choosing only the thinnest, the little fellows would draw in their stomachs and throw out their chests as they passed us, so as to show all their ribs. We chose the poorest because only they can give any idea of the distress.

The sight of their leanness and suffering made me sick. Dr. Smith, who has cut off ever so many legs for people, and taken out awful sores, says he never turned sick at the sight of suffering till he saw these people dying of famine. Now he sometimes gets so faint at the sight he can hardly stand. You may know how the rest of us take it when a medical man, accustomed to sights and sounds of suffering feels that way.

When the doctor was talking with the native magistrate, a fine looking, Bramin official, about discharging and punishing the fat little man who called the roles, because he had stolen Rs. 500 of the money sent from all over the world to feed these poor people, Mrs. Smith and I went in to see them eat. The grown up folk got two chunks of sodden porridge each, about the size of a man's two fists put together, and each child got one piece, with some boiled horse gram, the stuff we used to give Dapple, and about a coffee cup full of tannarid water. They all cried out for this last, as it is sour and adds relish to the porridge and gram. Then it keeps off the sores that come from living on such poor food. They were not long in making away with those short rations. They get two meals a day. Yet they look well and manage to live on it, if they can keep from getting sick. When they get sick, there is another shed for them called the hospital, where they are fed on rice.

God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. But sin has split them up into many different and sometimes hostile races. It has divided these races in some cases, as in India, into different castes. This famine is doing a great deal to redeem the people from that division. The love of Jesus in the hearts of His people everywhere in sending relief to these starving people has done much in helping them to realize that though, according to their religion, Christians are outcastes, yet they have shown a great nobility of character in coming to their help in this the hour of great need.

The Walkers, at Peddapuram, fed 597 last Sunday. A godly South sea captain, who was visiting them for the day, was so moved with the sight that he paid the bill, about \$5. You might keep a little box for the famine children, and get your friends to put something in, and then send the money to any of us, and we would give them food to eat.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

Cocanada, India, July 20, 1897.

A FIVE-MINUTES' TALK ON BOYS' BANDS.

[By Mrs. C. E. WATSON at the Woman's Missionary Union.]

It is a pleasure and a privilege to introduce the subject dearest to me, and one that will touch a responsive chord in every woman's heart, that is, the organization and training of our boys in church and mission work.

This is by far the most inviting and profitable field for home effort, and one which has been greatly neglected. Our Woman's Mission Societies are mediums through which thousands of women get information, and as a natural consequence make liberal contributions. The Girls' Bands are developing many lives and sowing precious seed which will bring forth an abundant harvest in the next generation. The children are the "Little Sunbeams" being trained by faithful leaders for future usefulness. Why is it so few efforts have been made to help and train and save the boys? They are the hope of our country; on them depend the civil and religious honor or dishonor of our nation in the near future; to them we must bequeath the results of our labors, either to be carried forward to a glorious consummation or cast aside as a worthless heritage.

Like Israel of old, God has led us to the borders of the promised land. Our faithful leaders are sounding the watchword, "Go forward"; our missionaries are sounding back the report, "It is a goodly land, and we are fully able to possess it"; a faithful few are straining every nerve to carry out the commands; but where are the multitude?

For want of the training and information, that should have been given them when they were boys, those who are men of this generation, are indifferent and self-satisfied, knowing little, caring less for the cause, not assuming their share of the responsibility that rests on every follower of Christ. I know it is the earnest prayer of each heart that God will not turn us back until another generation shall be raised up more worthy of the honor He is offering us. Shall we not realize how much depends on the training of our boys, and ask Divine guidance to our duty?

Some ask, "How can we interest our boys in missions, and get them to attend the meetings of the Band?" Experience has taught some of us that they attend more punctually than girls, and are quite as easily interested.

To any one who would be a leader I would say, always be there yourself and let nothing be considered of more importance. Boys are sensitive plants, and should always be made first choice. Be interested and informed on missionary subjects, and they will catch the spirit of your enthusiasm. Scatter missionary literature as good seed, broadcast in this rich field, and many will take a deep root and bring forth a rich harvest. Pray for and with the boys. God has ordained prayer as the medium by which we receive strength and wisdom, and secure for others those blessings we desire for them. Consecrate your time and means to the work, and do not be discouraged by the seeming smallness of your efforts. Remember the valuation our Lord put on one soul; also that we are seed sowers in this field; the harvest time is not yet, but if we sow liberally we have God's promise of a bountiful harvest.

Then there is a social side to the boy's nature that must not be neglected. This is the point at which "the world, the flesh and the devil" make their most successful attacks, and we must be wise enough to provide for them such healthful, pleasant and innocent social meetings as will satisfy this want in their nature, and cultivate in them a genuine self-respect.

If in every church there could be a faithful leader who would organize and help the boys, furnish them the best literature, impress on them the necessity for a knowledge of the Bible and prayer, leading them into the ways of doing the Lord's work that lies nearest them, and informing them of the great fields beyond, within the next decade we should have a grand army whose motto would be "Christ for the world and the world for Christ."—*The Foreign Mission Journal.*

ADDRESSES.

OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock, Ontario; Sec., Miss Buchanan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Mrs. C. T. Stark, 108 Park Road, Toronto; Bureau of Information, Mrs. C. W. King, 318 Earl Street, Kingston.

Of Eastern Ont. and Que.: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 263 Green Ave., Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley; Cor. Sec., Miss Nannie E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas., Miss Sara Scott, 482 S. Urban St., Montreal; Sec. of Mission Bands, Mrs. Halkett, 347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

North West: Pres., Mrs. C. W. Clark; Cor. Sec'y, Miss M. I. Reekie; Treas., Mrs. W. McBride, Box 1230, Winnipeg.

Officers W. B. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces for year ending July, 31st, 1897:—Pres., Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N.B.; Treas., Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N.S.; Cor. Sec'y, Mrs. Henry Everett, St. John, N.B.; Prov. Secretaries.—Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N.B.; Miss M. E. Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Mrs. Cox Chipman, Queen's Co., N.B.; Editor of W. B. M. U. Column M. & V., Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N.B.; Correspondent for the Link, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N.S.

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

FOR ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Abids (Godaveri).—Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Chute, Miss F. M. Stovel.

Accanada.—Rev. H. F. Ladama, Misses A. E. Beakerville, E. A. Folsom, and S. A. Simpson.

Norrapainam.

Pedaguram.—Rev. J. A. K. and Mrs. Walker.

Ramachandrapuram.—Misses R. I. Hatch, L. McLeod.

Samulocia.—Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Stillwell.

Tuni.—Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Priest, Miss Ellen Priest.

Vuyyuru.—Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Stillwell, Miss Anna Murray.

Vellamanchil.—Dr. E. G. & Mrs. Smith, Miss E. McLaurin.

On Furlough.—Rev. A. B. and Mrs. McLeod, Carvona, Cal. and Mrs. Ladama, Wolfville, N.S., Miss M. Rogers, 107 Ave. Rd., Toronto, Rev. J. and Mrs. Craig, 334 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Rev. Jno. E. and Mrs. Davis, Fort Hope, Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Brown, Ketchum Ave., Toronto.

FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

Chiacole.—Rev. I. C. Archibald, B.A., and wife.

Bimipocia.—Rev. L. D. Morse, B.A., and wife, Miss Ida Newcomb.

Vasianagram.—Rev. R. Sanford M.A., and Rev. R. E. Gilliam, B.A., and wife.

Bobbit.—Rev. G. and Mrs. Churchill, Miss Maud Harrison.

Paria-Kinedy.—Rev. H. Y. Corey, B.A., and wife, Miss Martha Clark.

On Furlough.—Rev. W. V. Higgins, B.A., and wife; Mrs. R. Sanford; Miss Greig and Miss Archibald under appointment.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. Mary A. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

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

Subscription 25c. Per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers will please make inquiry for them at their respective Post Offices, if not done notify the Editor in person, giving full name and address and duplicate copies will be forwarded at once.

Send Remittances by Post Office Order, when possible, payable at YORKVILLE Post Office, or by registered letter.

Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing for new subscribers.

Subscriptions to the Link, changes of address, and notifications of failure to receive copies of the paper, should in all cases be sent directly to the Editor.