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The Canadian Missionary

CANADA INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light
 And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Dawn

OCTOBER, 1900.

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VOL. XXIII. |

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1900.

| No. 2

Editorial.

THE SEPTEMBER LINK.—We regret the late date at which this number reached our subscribers. It was not our fault, as we had the matter ready in time. Our printer was overcrowded with work. He promises not to let **THE LINK** be delayed again.

UNION MEETING.—As the Women's Convention meets in November, the meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Union of Toronto, usually held in October, will be omitted.

MABEL C. STARK,
Secy, Union.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held in the Board room, Friday, Sept. 7th, at 2 p.m. As Mrs. Booker was unable to be present, Mrs. Freeland presided. Miss Nichols and Miss Walton, of Peterboro, and Mrs. Forbes, of Grimsby, were present.

The full amount has been received for Dr. Hulet's passage, salary, and munshi for the first year; but little money for the regular income during the last four months. A meeting will be held in College Street Baptist Church to bid farewell to Miss Selman, Dr. Hulet, Dr. and Mrs. Woodboorne, and the missionaries for Bolivia, Tuesday evening, Sept. 25th. Those going to India sail from New York on the 29th.

An application had been received from another young lady desirous of going to India, the Board felt it could not be considered at present.

A communication was read from the Secretary of the Ecumenical Conference regarding a course of studies for the Circles. The matter was placed in the hands of Mrs. C. W. King for the Bureau. Mrs. King's address is now 180 Amelia Street, Toronto.

The Programme Committee reported plans well in hand for the Convention in Brantford in November.

Mrs. H. M. N. Armstrong, Mrs. J. A. K. Walk. r., and Miss Baskerville, being among the speakers.

Very interesting letters were read from Miss Morrow, Miss Hatch, and Miss Priest. Miss Morrow has been appointed to the Akidu field in place of Mrs. McLeod.

Miss Hatch reported the receipt of \$1,000 with the promise of more, from one lady for the leper hospital on the Ramachandapuram field. We regret to state that Miss Hatch has been in very poor health since she returned from the hills.

Miss Priest had been out touring with her brother, with encouraging results.

A. MOYLE, *Rec.-Sec.*

CONVENTION NOTICES.

The Convention of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Ontario (West) will be held in the first Baptist Church, Brantford, November 14th and 15th.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Foreign Society will be held on the 14th.

DELEGATES.

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

CERTIFICATES.

Railway certificates can be obtained from agents at starting points, on purchasing a first-class, full rate (one way) ticket. If delegates travel over two lines it will be necessary to purchase tickets and obtain certificates from each railway. These certificates must be surrendered to ticket agents at place of meeting ten minutes before train time, when return tickets will be issued at one-third fare. The certificates are

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

BOARD MEETINGS.

A meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will be held in the First Baptist Church, Brantford, Tuesday, Nov. 13th, at 3 p.m. Members of the Board can leave Toronto Tuesday 13th by the 9.45 train (C. P. R.) arriving in Brantford at 12 o'clock.

A. MOYLE, *Rec.-Sec.*

BILLETING.—Those desiring entertainment will apply to Mrs. Poppelwell, 150 Brant Ave., Brantford. It is important that the names be sent in as early as possible.

MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN CHINA

DR. A. T. PIERSON, IN MISSIONARY REVIEW.

These are days in which we seem to have but one course open to us: God seems saying: "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" There has been nothing which parallels the recent position of affairs in the Middle Kingdom, since Christ ascended. The Indian mutiny of forty-three years ago, was the nearest approach to it, but even that was on no such scale of magnitude. Here were between twenty-five hundred and three thousand Christian missionaries shut up within the empire, many of them six weeks' journey from the coast and the ports, with tens of thousands of poor native Christians, and there was no communication with them by telegraph, post, or other method of contact, and for many of them no human help has been available. Meanwhile organized bands of foes, implacable, merciless, ready for outrage, plunder, torture, and slaughter, hemmed them in on every side.

We could not and dare not attempt to read this riddle of Divine Providence. In this case hindsight will be safer than foresight as an interpreter, and we simply wait and pray, in the calm confidence that the Lord reigneth. When we think how the great Powers stood quietly by, and permitted the Armenian atrocities to go forward without interposition, and see how these very powers have been suffering such suspense over the fate of their own representatives, amid similar Chinese atrocities; when we think of the opium curse, forced upon China by armies and navies, and other forms of injurious trade which have been practically forced on a helpless people by treaties, we can not but ask, may there not be something retributive in this as a judgment of God?

When we remember the World's Parliament of Religions, seven years ago, and how it was boldly affirmed that, however much China might need Christianity to teach duties and relations *Godward*,

Confucianism is quite sufficient to instruct the Chinese as to *human rights* relations, and responsibilities, *manward*, we can not but wonder whether Confucianism is not on trial, in its own chosen territory, and in the very matter of man with man, and found fatally wanting. But, whatever possible solution conjecture may suggest, it is only partial, and we feel constrained to wait until God throws clearer light on the meaning of this mystery.

An acute and devout student of the times, in Britain, writes as follows:

"Dr. Charles Pearson's book, published in 1894, on "National Life and Character," was a professed "forecast." He was a minister of education in Australia, and thought it likely that the yellow and black races would speedily acquire knowledge, come to realize their own might, organize armies, and assert themselves. What if, ere long, they should arise in their wrath, and sweep all Europeans out of Asia! We have given them, or rather a small portion of them, a modicum of the Gospel; but, on the other hand, we have done them all sorts of fearful wrong, our so-called "civilization" being mostly sheer wickedness."

The western nations have been preparing their own chastiser. Ever since the Japan-Chinese war, China has been openly getting ready for a coming and inevitable conflict. Under skilled European training her young men have been taught the manipulation and use of the most advanced and destructive weapons of modern warfare, and the consequence is that when, in this day of awful suspense, and the massacre of of hundreds of Chinese Christians, European nations have undertaken to quell what proves to be a gigantic revolt against foreign interference, China has been found armed to the teeth, and knowing how to use the best rifles and heaviest guns, very nearly as well as the most skilled men from the western military and naval schools. And the allies are taken by surprise to find that the nation that proved as unwieldy as a lame elephant in the contest with Japan, and a thousand years behind the age, unable to cope with the little Sunrise Kingdom, is almost a match now for the combined forces of Europe and America. Her awkwardness and antiquated methods have given place in less than a decade of years to alertness, rapidity of movement, and skillful manoeuvring; she has been mobilizing her forces with astonishing ease, and revealing strategic skill wholly unexpected. The lame elephant has become a tiger for ferocity, a lion for strength, a panther for swiftness, and a serpent for subtlety. China has shown herself to be the Red Dragon indeed, breathing out fire and defying even the sword of "St. George."

One thing which compels us to hesitate to attempt any forecast of the result, is that we really know so little about the real conditions. One thing may certainly be avoided and should be studiously shunned, in the midst of this terrible chaos of events, *viz., the*

depreciation of missionaries and their work. It may suit the political humor of the English premier to hint that "the army generally follows the missionary," and that "the missionary is not popular at the foreign office"; but it is too late in the history of the world either to sneer at the work of the missionary as a sort of mistaken and fanatical enthusiasm, or to underrate his services to the whole race of man. There is something besides the "army" that follows the missionary. Witness the common school and the college, the court and the peaceful home, the industries of labor and the amenities of society. Witness the languages in hundreds of cases first reduced to a written form by these servants of God who have actually laid the foundations of all literature, not only translating the Bible into four hundred tongues, but building up literary intelligence from its corner-stone! Go and visit medical missions and hospitals which have introduced the science and the art of a rational medicine and surgery into many a land where the native system of treatment was but the refinement of barbaric cruelty. Then turn to the zenanas, first penetrated by Christian women with the dawn of hope for woman's education and emancipation.

Does the army follow the missionary? How often has the missionary made the army needless? It was a missionary that in the great crisis of India was called in to be a mediator between contending forces and factions as the only trustworthy party. Let any one study the history of Judson in Burmah, Schwartz in India, Griffith John in China, Livingstone in Africa, McAll in France, Riggs in Turkey, Hogg in the Nile valley, Calvert in the Fiji group, Paton in the New Hebrides, Cousins in Madagascar, McKay in Ferosa, and the other McKay in Uganda—let him read the "Ely Tolume," and Dennis' great book on sociology and missions, and similar records of missionary achievement outside of preaching, and he can not speak lightly of the service rendered by missionaries in every department of human progress, not only moral and religious, but literary and scientific, political and commercial, medical and social. The army follows rather the *tradesman* than the evangelist, the money maker rather than the soul winner. Enlightened nations send their apostles of greed to foreign shores to turn the ports of heathen lands into marts of commerce. Opium, rum, firearms—anything that will sell, without reference to either the welfare or the wishes of the people, are persistently pushed forward into the market and often against remonstrance. Then comes systematic land-grabbing with increased proprietary rights and political control: then dissension and contention, then violent outbreak and war, with the oppression of superior numbers and better military equipment. What wonder if at times hatred of foreigners comes to the front and organized conspiracy and massacre are the result! China, like India and Africa, has suffered great and grievous wrongs at the hands of nations

calling themselves enlightened and Christian; and it is no great mystery if at last the great empire of the East, representing nearly a third of the human race, has been roused to assert herself and claim her rights, however wrong the method and spirit.

We subjoin a private letter from a beloved missionary in Chefoo as a specimen of the stamp of men in the very heat of this furnace of trial. Surely these are men of whom the world is not worthy. The letter bears date of June 26th, 1900:

"My thoughts turn to you to-day, as we are in the thick of rumors, and in the midst of the worst rebellion that has ever overtaken China. We are so disturbed here, not knowing what an hour may bring forth, I can only send you this hurried scrawl.

"The Tatu Luli, or Big Knife Society (one order of the Boxers), is both anti-foreign and anti-Christian, and lately have centred all their powers north of us, at Tientsin, Paiting, and Peking, the capital. It is a thousand pities that the European powers have allowed that wicked woman, the Empress, to go on so long against us. The facts, so far, are as follows:

"Tientsin, eighteen hours by sea from us, has been practically destroyed, both native and foreign settlements are burned, and the sacrifice of life has been fearful. All the women and children left last week for Chefoo and Shanghai. How the men are faring we know not. The suspense of wives for husbands, etc., as to their whereabouts and safety, can be more fully imagined than described. Two of our lady missionaries had to fly without even saying "Good-by" to loved ones. Telegraph wires are all down, railways broken up, officials murdered, and the whole district a literal hell upon earth. A relief party (European) has been repulsed twice between Tientsin and Peking. No wire or letter from missionary friends is possible. Peking, shut up and besieged; added to all this, we have heard that Chefoo is to be attacked, forts near here to be opened on us by the Chinese. The admiral at Taku, near Tientsin, says, in case of trouble, he can not protect Chefoo, as his force, etc., is not sufficient. Missionaries from inland stations are pouring in, some without a dollar for personal use.

"Now, all this is a black picture, indeed, and it has not been without its lessons. Praise God! and to God's glory be it said, we are just letting our Father in heaven hold us, moment by moment. It is nice to sing about being safe under Divine protection, but to be in the midst of all this, and not knowing but the people will rise any hour and sweep Chefoo away, is quite another thing, and calls into play how much faith there is actually to trade with.

"Some nervous ones have already caught the panic fever. I scarcely pass two hours without having to bid some one look up and really *trust Him*. I thank God for the testing, and if this be a last letter I can say that, owing to His power to keep my dear wife and myself, we have just kept quiet and restful all

through. Each night we patrol the large compound in twos, two hours each, from 10.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m. These are times of cheering each other on, and practically relying on the rich and precious promises. Some fear the two reverses near Peking may make the soldiers and people intoxicated with excitement, and they may rise locally to burn and loot. Another rumor is that sixteen thousand Chinese troops are en route for this place to kill the foreigners. But many of these are groundless, I am sure. Any way, the situation is sufficiently grave to say we are in great danger.

"In our San we have ten children and seventeen adults, so that causes thought, if not anxiety, but I can say that I never enjoyed more real peace after my patrol. I sleep like a top, and it is not the natural man, but the Divine hand that keeps one steady in this sea of turmoil and strife. It may all end in our having to leave China, but we will not dwell on that, but rather let us think that greater victories than ever will be the outcome of this distress and desolation. All mission property is destroyed in three cities up north, but we can not hear where our brethren and sisters are

"Pray for us, very hard, will you not? Each night forty or more meet here for prayer at 8.30. Meanwhile, wife and myself are going on with our daily work. We have to cheer the servants or they might all desert us and, praise God! the first man who wanted to go has said, 'I can't leave while I see you so calm and brave.'

"Poor native Christians, alas! my heart bleeds for them: they will suffer, indeed, if they have suffered terribly. Remember them especially; rather forget us than them. I can not write any more, my hands are full. I do not anticipate a massacre, but if so, remember I said *He* is worthy, and if I had ten thousand lives they should all be gladly given for such a precious Master. I fear not, but just *trust*.

J. A. S.

PROGRESS IN THE TELUGU MISSION.

REV. GEORGE H. BROCK KANAGIRI, INDIA.

I bring to you from India's coral strands a message of hope and confidence. I can tell you of the walls of heathenism breaking down, of the gates thereof being burnt with fire. I can tell of the building of Zion's wall to the east, to the west, to the north, and to the south. I can tell you of the golden gates swinging wide open, through which a great host of Telugus are pressing; and as they enter I hear their songs of praise to Him who hath washed them and made them white in His precious blood. We have been astonished with what we have seen of God's wondrous power, and we are eager to tell some of the marvellous works of God as seen by us among

the Telugus of South India. In order to note progress, there must of necessity be contrast—contrast of the past with the present. While we have labored among the Telugus sixty-five years, and some of you are thinking it is about time the missionaries withdrew, leaving the people to themselves, it may be a matter of information to some of you that out of the church membership of more than 52,000 Telugus, most have come to our mission during the past twenty-five years. Many thousands are not ten years old in the Christian faith yet.

Who are these Telugu Baptists? Never be ashamed to say that your missionaries have labored chiefly among the despised outcast Pariahs of South India. The message sent by our Lord to John in prison is sent to every missionary in India: "The poor have the gospel preached to them;" and the class from whom your converts come are the despised and the poor. They are almost landless, they are dirty, ignorant and naked. Among Hindus they have no place. They are semi-slaves to the landholders and despised by all. Their miserable huts are always apart from the village proper. They compete with the jackals and hyenas and vultures in disposing of the carrion of the villages—I mean the rotting carcasses of cattle and goats and sheep that die. Their language is vile as well as corrupt. Their songs, like the songs of most Hindus, are most of them obscene beyond description. The horrible figures carved in stone and wood on the idol cars and on the temples, which to look on once is to be defiled and to regret for life, these people have been familiar with all their days. But I need not enlarge. I only ask when you wish me to report progress, that I be allowed to ask you to get some clear idea of what the progress is from, and if you succeed you will have more sympathy for the Telugus.

It is a fact that ought to fill every heart with joy, that we have influenced by the gospel almost the entire outcast community on the fields occupied by our mission. There are more than 52,000 church members, not to mention the host gone to glory. These, with their families, make a Christian community of more than two hundred thousand. Besides these, tens of thousands receive us as their protectors, helpers and leaders, and they firmly believe that they will some day become Christians.

Dr. Lorimer spoke about the realistic in art and in literature at the annual meeting in Detroit. In India we have the realistic in nature, in the form of naked boys and girls and men just as near to it as they can get, to whom this handkerchief would be a burdensome suit. Is this nakedness elevating? India's immorality is the answer, India's leprosy and India's scrofula give an answer that ought to silence all the poets and fools and rascals. As soon as a naked man in India turns to God just so soon does his nakedness become an impossibility. The handkerchief suit gives way to five yards of cotton as the be-

gining of his wardrobe. Of all the thousands of Christians on my field who in their heathenism were shameless, not one would come before me in an indecent dress. It is a joy to see them in church on Sundays with faces washed, hair combed, and dressed not only with a middle cloth, but with an upper cloth or a coat. Here we see the first indication that they are redeemed.

Perhaps in no respect is progress more marked than in this matter of education. The Hindus never thought of educating a Pariah. A Pariah never thought of receiving an education. On my field alone I have one hundred village schools, taught by Christian men and women, and more than one thousand Christian children attending daily as best they can. Paul is a young man whose father fought with the jackals over the carrion. He is now the teacher in his own town and has as his pupils the children of Brahmans, merchants and Sudras—all caste people; and Paul is only one of a number on my field. Do you not think it a mark of progress that on my field we have seven night schools, attended by young Christian Telugus after a hard day's work in the fields? I do, and rejoice.

Hitherto the mission has entirely supported the children in our boarding schools at a cost of about one dollar per month per child. I have twenty-five boys now attending the public school in my town and the parents supply all the food and clothes, and I provide work for the boys, so as to enable them to earn thirty-five cents a month, and with this amount they pay their fees and buy school supplies; so that as far as my station is concerned there is no necessity for a boarding school for boys. Almost all of our mission staff have been educated at mission expense. On my field we have twenty-five teachers who have cost the American Baptists nothing.

These poor people have small plots of land, but are too much oppressed to care to cultivate them. I saw some Christians one day ploughing in a very rude manner, and I stopped and showed them how to do better. I told them how they might improve their well. They acted on my advice, and when harvest came they brought a thank offering of one-tenth to the church. These people were the coolies and slaves of the caste people. I have had the pleasure of seeing caste people working as coolies for our young Christian men.

We sometimes distress ourselves with the idea that before becoming Christians the people spent so very much for their idols and priests. Allow me to state that I have no sympathy with this sentiment. Where the Pariahs may have had a dozen priests as heathen and miserable idols there is on my field alone a mission staff of one hundred and forty-six supported largely by these people. They keep more than one thousand children from work attending school. In 1897 they built twelve schoolhouses at almost no cost to the mission. We have on my field a local Home

Mission Society supporting a family in a part of the field where there are no Christians.

I hear many ask, "Is there any progress spiritually?" Do you know that the Telugus think that Jesus was an Englishman? You smile, yet from the questions asked me about the spirituality of the people of India after they turn to God and the doubts expressed in these questions, I am compelled to believe that Englishmen and Americans also think that Jesus was an Englishman—I mean an Anglo-Saxon. The colossal conceit of the Anglo-Saxon! He was not even a European spirit. Jesus was an Asiatic. And I read that the Asiatic gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

I have seen a thousand Telugus prostrate on the ground, weeping bitterly, and crying to God in prayer, because several Christians had turned to idolatry. When it was time for me to leave my station from forty miles they came to say good-bye. They remained two days. The last moment came, and as I came out of my door the ordained preachers took my hands in theirs and wet my hands with their tears. Were my eyes dry? O, I praise God I am not a brute! There we stood, a great crowd of Christian Telugus, yea, and heathen Telugus also, with three missionaries, the Curtises and myself, and we all wept, and I praised God for their tears. And they said, "Go home to your own people, we would not keep you back, but come to us again. We will pray that you will speedily regain your strength. Give our love to the people of America. Tell them we love Jesus. Tell them we are grateful to them for having sent the gospel to us." Do you want anything better than that? I don't. But they added a word more. They asked, "What about Podili? What about Darsi? What about Kundokur?" Vacant stations. And I bring their questions to you.

Pardon me if I say it, but if there is a broken wall it is here. You American Baptists prayed the Lord to open the doors in the Telugu field. He removed the doors entirely. You prayed for converts among the Telugus, and you have not begun to realize the marvellous manner in which you were answered. You prayed men to go forth, and the men have responded and are clamoring to go forth to help care for those whom God has given you, and yet we have fields as large as Rhode Island, with thousands of Christians, and no one to care for them. You have everything you have prayed for, and in addition the means to send forth those who are ready to go, and yet they tarry. Let the heathen perish if you will, but do send help to the Telugu converts just out of heathenism and still surrounded by it. Do also, I pray you, have mercy on the missionaries already sent forth. Do not, I pray you, kill the men who are always overburdened. You have thrust back on to Dr. Clough two large fields, each with Christian communities of above eight, thousand. Kundakur is vacant, so is Atmakur, so is

Allur. Stanton of Kurnool ought to have returned this year. I weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds, because I had to stay after I was unfit for work. Come, I say. Come, build up your broken wall. Send us men and send us women. I ask it in Jesus' name for the Telugus whom God has given you.

It is very poetic for you to say, "We send the missionaries down into the pit and we stay by and hold the ropes." I feel almost afraid to say it for fear of being misunderstood. You call it going down into the pit. I call it hell, or if hell is worse than India, then I am glad beyond description that Jesus redeemed me. And you are holding the ropes. Well, my brethren, hold them while we are down in that seething hell of iniquity. We at times ring the bell for help and there is no response, and a great fear comes over us that you have let go the ropes. I can understand now a little more clearly why my Lord shed drops of blood in the garden. When we sinful men are filled with horror at what we see in India, what must have been our Lord's agony when he saw the sin of the world? Do not let go the ropes. Lengthen the ropes; send us further down in the horrid pit, but stand by us. Let us know that there is no danger of forsaking us and them and God's blessing will be given.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

THE GOSPEL RIVER IN INDIA: THE "GOSPEL IN SONG."

I come now to speak of the use of the "Gospel in Song." The Hindus, especially the Telugu people, among whom I have worked so many years, are very fond of poetry and of music. All their ancient literature is in poetic form; their grammar and geography, their arithmetic and astronomy, their works on medicine and science and law that have come down from former ages, are in poetry, which they always intone or chant when they read it. Besides this, they have sweet and melodious tunes that have come down from great antiquity, and of these they are very fond. Of these old tunes we make use as a vehicle for the gospel. They have, indeed, been sung to the praises of their false gods, often to libidinous words that no respectable man or woman would listen to in public without a blush; but in the desperate conflict that is going on between the powers of darkness and the powers of light in India, wishing to seize the devil's choicest weapons to trust him with, we take these old native tunes and convert them by marrying them to Christian words, and again send them coursing through the country; and many, glad to be able to sing the old tunes to words that do not make them blush and which at least teach a correct morality, will join in singing the new words for the sake of the old tunes.

I have before me the *Nistararatnakara*, or "Gos-

pel in Song," issued many years ago in the Telugu language. In it the whole plan of salvation is clearly set forth in songs set to their most loved native tunes; and many a Hindu who has received this has begun by trying to see how the new words fitted to the old tune, and has sung and sung until he has sung away his prejudices, and has sung the knowledge and the love of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ, into his heart, and has gone on singing of his Jesus, his Savior, and will keep up his singing until, thus brought in, he joins in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Who originated this book we do not know; it was in use in several of the languages of India before it was translated into Telugu; but we do know that in each of the eighteen different languages in which it is issued it has been the means of leading many souls out of the thralldom of Hindu superstition into the liberty of Jesus Christ. There are many other poetical tracts, large and small, issued with the same intent, which are willingly received and widely sung by those who thus gain their first knowledge of Jesus and his salvation.

The Telugus also readily catch up and become very fond of our livelier American tunes, especially those with a chorus or refrain; and we make use of them, for the novelty of the foreign music sometimes rivets their attention. Many years ago I translated into Telugu the children's hymn:

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

and taught it too the children of our Telugu day-school. It was scarcely a week before, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town, horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural, down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where I could unobserved look down the street and see and hear; and there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice:

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so. . . .
Yes, Jesus loves me:
The' Bible tells me so"

And as he completed the verse the question arose, "Sonny, where did you learn that song?"

"Over at the mission school," was the answer.

"Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?"

"Oh, the Bible is the book sent from God, they say, to teach us how to get to heaven, and Jesus is the name of the divine Redeemer, that came into the world to save us from our sins; that is what the missionaries say."

"Well, the song is a nice one, anyhow. Come, sing us some more."

And so the little boy went on, a heathen himself and singing to the heathen about Jesus and his love

"That is preaching the gospel by proxy," I said to myself, as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell to his interested audience all he himself knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation.

The tune of "Hold the Fort" is one that catches the ear and rings in the memory of men of every clime. Go where you will in foreign lands, it is hummed and whistled by men and played by bands who do not even know the words. This seemed a fitting winged messenger to carry the gospel message to our song loving Telugus, and I prepared such a message in their language adapted to the tune and sent it forth on its journey.

The first time we used it among the heathen we had gone into the native town to hold a gospel preaching service. We sang this "gospel message" as a rallying cry, and as we sang the chorus again and again, at the close of each verse one and another of the audience were heard, at first faintly and tentatively, to join in the chorus, which in the Telugu runs thus:

"Yesu Kristu naku ganu
Pranam iochenu ;
Tana yodda mannu pilchen,
Kristu vacchedam."

Rendered into English, the message would run:

"Come, ye people! hear the message
By the Savior given.
God the Father loves his children,
Wishes them forgiven.

Chorus:

"Jesus Christ, my loving Savior,
Shed his blood for me ;
Now he bids me come unto him ;
Christ, I'll come to thee.

"God so loved the world of sinners,
Ruined by the fall.
That he sought a way to save them
That might save them all.

Jesus Christ, etc.

"For us all, to die and suffer,
His own son he gave,
That whoe'er believeth on him
Might not die, but live.

Jesus Christ, etc.

"Come, ye weary, heaven laden,
Is my Lord's behest,
'All your sins and sorrows leaving,
Come to me and rest.'

Jesus Christ, etc."

After we had closed the meeting, singing the song again in closing, and were going home, I heard in the stillness of the night air one of our heathen audience singing on his way to his house the refrain, "Kristu vacchedan" ("Christ I'll come to thee"), and

my prayer went up that that message and that refrain, so readily caught up, might go ringing through the country and lead many a sin-burdened Hindu to sing from his heart, "Christ, I'll come to Thee."

We have a Christian song married to one of the most beautiful of the ancient native melodies, that is known all through the country. Its theme is the insufficiency of human schemes and human helps to relieve the burdened soul of sin, and the sufficiency and the love of Christ. Myself and native assistants have sung this song in hundreds, yes, in thousands, of different native towns all up through the Telugu country. It is one of those tunes that linger on the ear and prompt a repetition. The Telugu hymns run thus, for the refrain always comes first in Telugu music:

Refrain:

"Ni charanamule nammiti, nammiti ;
Ni padamule battiti, battiti.

I

"Dikkika Nive taskkaga rave ?

Mikkili mrokkudu, mrokkudu, mrokkudu.

II

"Aihika sukhamu narisiti nitya,
Mahaha drohini, drohini, drohini."

Rendered into the same meter in English, it is as follows:

Refrain:

"Thy refuge, safe and free, would I seek blessed Jesus ;
Thy mercy-giving feet would I clasp, blessed Jesus.

I

"My only help art Thou ; wilt Thou not hear me ?
For on Thee, bowing low at Thy feet, do I call.
Thy refuge, etc.

II

"The fleeting joys of earth have not I tasted !
Traitor I wandered far, far away, far from Thee.
Thy refuge, etc.

III

"My own works, all so vile, filled with pollution,
I abhor, I renounce. Savior, turn me not away.
Thy refuge, etc.

IV

"My hard and sinful will, my baser passions,
Pluck them out, drive them thence ; free me, Lord,
deliver me.
Thy refuge, etc.

V

"My nature so corrupt, canst Thou not change it ?
Ease my pain, O my God ! Save me Lord, save me now.
Thy refuge, etc."

I will remember one evening in 1863, as we were out on a long preaching tour of several months up through a native kingdom, when we were far beyond where any missionary had ever been, and where the name of Jesus had never yet been heard, we went

into the compactly built town near which, in a shady grove, our tent was pitched, to preach of Jesus and His salvation. The people of the town had seen us pitch our tent as we had finished our morning journey, and wondered what we had come for. As the sun was going down we went into the streets of the town, and finding an open market-place, we took our stand and sang that song with its sweet refrain, first, as is always done in native music. An audience soon came together to hear the music, and listened with wonder to their old familiar tune and its new words, with their strange message of a Saviour from sin. And while we preached of Him who alone was able to change our corrupt nature, renew our sinful will, and drive out our baser passions, if we would only seek His safe and free refuge and with earnest desire clasp His mercy giving feet, they listened as though it was sweeter news than any they had ever heard before. We sang the song again before we left, and then they purchased many copies of gospels and tracts and of the "Gospel in Song," and we returned to our tents under the trees, to stay until sunrise, when we would pass on to other villages. We had had our supper and our evening worship, and had retired, and all was still, when through the trees we heard the people in the village singing over the refrain, "Ni charanamule nammiti, nammiti," and then they took up the words of the song, "My only help art Thou; wilt Thou not hear me?" And on in the night, mingled with my sleep, I was conscious of hearing songs of redeeming love, sung by those Hindus, who had until that day never heard of the Bible, never heard the name of that Jesus of whose love they were now singing.

The "Gospel in Song"—who can tell its power? In giving to the superstition-bound Hindus this facility for and love of music, God has put in our hands one of our keenest weapons. We do well if we use it to its utmost, as we try to do; for I have only hinted at a few of the many ways in which we use it to bring the matchless love of Christ before the sons and daughters of India.—*In the Tiger Jungle.—Chamberlain.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

WRITTEN BY MRS. A. D. LYON.

"You will be at the missionary meeting to-morrow?" asked the earnest, bright-faced wife of the pastor of St. James' Church, as she parted from a friend at the parsonage door.

"I could count the names on my fingers of the ladies who 'expect' to be there," thought Mrs. Hubbard as she ascended the steps, adding aloud as she entered the house, "I wonder if I can do anything more?"

"I expect to be there," replied Mrs. Hampton with a smile.

"About what, Carrie?" inquired her husband, who was passing through the hall, and had heard the puzzled exclamation.

"I was only pondering on the old subject, the scarcity of ladies in this large church who have any interest whatever in the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. They say they haven't time to attend the meeting, and I suppose they think they haven't; but, dear me! They find time to go shopping, to make calls, to receive visitors, and to make crazy patchwork enough to cover the continent," and she laughed in spite of her discouragement. "Well, isn't it disheartening, Robert?"

"It is indeed! I find it so in my work. As I look over this large congregation that assembles Sabbath after Sabbath, and then consider that less than one-quarter attend the weekly prayer meetings, I ask myself again and again 'can I do anything more?' Where have you been this afternoon?"

"Oh, I've been calling on a number of ladies, inviting them to the meeting to-morrow. But they were like the people bidden to the feast, 'they all began to make excuse.' Mrs. Leonard will come 'perhaps, if it is pleasant.' Mrs. Edson has 'company, a lady friend.' I asked her to bring her friend with her, and she arched her brows doubtfully, and said 'she would see.' Mrs. Morgan said she had promised the afternoon to her girl, who wants to do some shopping for herself, and she could not leave her twins, Harry and Katie. But she takes those children all over town with her, shopping, calling and walking; she could bring them to the meeting if she would. Mrs. Hall had engaged a dress maker for to-morrow. Mrs.—well what is the use in enumerating? I am perfectly discouraged."

"You should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

sang the pastor in reply. And as Mrs. Hubbard ascended the stairs to her own room she thought, "Well I will 'take it to the Lord in prayer' again. To be sure I have prayed over it, but perhaps I am trying to do too much myself. I have done my work as well as I could, now I will leave all the rest to the Lord. He knows how to touch hearts, and can set hidden springs in motion in a manner I can never even dream of; and there are the new leaflets! I will distribute them everywhere, they cannot fail to accomplish something." How the burden was lifted from the weary heart as she resolved to "leave it all with Jesus!" Having done her best to sow the seed, she could let the Master reap the harvest in His own time. Meanwhile she need not "stand idly waiting," she would "do with her might what her hands found to do."

Late that evening there came a ring at the telephone, and a message from Mr. Morgan that the children were both alarmingly ill, and would the pastor come to them at once?

"Oh, the poor mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, "I will go with you, Robert, I may be of some use," and picking up two or three leaflets at random, she thrust them into her pocket."

"Surely, Carrie, you do not think of offering missionary tracts to Mrs. Morgan, at such a time as this."

"I don't know, dear! I like to have them at hand, you know; I may leave them where she will find and read them."

The doctor's carriage was standing before the house when they arrived. They were admitted at once and shown up stairs into the children's room, a large apartment, so daintily fitted up that Mrs. Hubbard could but exclaim mentally, "With what rare taste has this room been made beautiful for this mother's idols."

Katie had already been relieved by the remedies used, and had fallen into a quiet sleep. But Harry, poor baby! was growing worse every moment, the medicines seemed to have no effect upon him. The doctor looked very grave as he stood, watch in hand, waiting the result of the last attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the little one. Mr. Morgan sat beside the crib, his face buried in his hands, bowed in grief. The mother astonished them all; instead of weeping wildly, or going off into hysterics as those who knew her best would have expected, she remained self-controlled, efficient, quiet, now at Katie's crib to see that she still slept, then beside Harry, ready to respond to a word or a look; the best nurse the child could have had. But alas! the skill of the physician, the watchful care of the mother, the frantic prayers of the father, were of no avail. Gray shadows crept over the sweet face, its features grew pinched, the breath came in shorter gasps, and then suddenly all was still! The beautiful blue eyes were sightless now, the sweet lips sealed forever! The Lord who gave him had taken him away ere sin had stained the purity of his soul.

Another month had rolled away, and notice for a meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was read on Sunday from the pulpit. The next afternoon Mrs. Hubbard was summoned to her parlor to receive a caller. The visitor proved to be Mrs. Morgan.

"I have come to you, Mrs. Hubbard, to learn what I can do in the Woman's Missionary work."

Tears came to Mrs. Hubbard's eyes, as she thought, "the Lord has touched her heart, blessed be His name!"

"Oh, come to the meeting, my dear, you will soon find ways to help if you—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, "I will of course come to the meeting, and I shall bring Katie too, but I want to know if I can do nothing before that."

"You are intimate with Mrs. Hall, are you not?"

"Yes, we have been like sisters for years."

(To be continued.)

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF MISSIONARIES.

Darjeeling, May 20.—"I do indeed hope that even yet the four ladies may be sent to the work. I wonder if there is not any one in all our denomination who has means of her own for her support who would come out as an honorary worker! How good it would be to have such on our field. There are so many of that class in the English Church Society. How much better it would be if they only knew it, for them to give their lives to the salvation of these poor people, than to spend them in society and worldly pleasures."

Boat Elizabeth, Kaleru, July 10.—"I am so glad to be able to write you from our tour again. We had a grand time here yesterday with the Christians. There were about ninety at the service, all told and nearly all recited verses. Among these were some caste widows, who, attend very regularly it seems. It means something in self-denial for so many Christians to attend service when their neighbors are all earning their half peck of rice a day during the transplanting, and transplanting lasts so short a time, and besides, many of these people have had to do with their one meal a day during the exceeding scarcity of the last few months. They might easily agree that going to the transplanting was a work of necessity, but no, they were all there so far as I know and four asked for baptism, of whom two were received and baptized. Shantamma still continues her soul saving work which she prosecutes in the midst of her wage-earning labors. Her great desire is that the whole "petta" may be called a "Christian petta." There are about forty Christian houses now, where about four years ago there were none or possibly one. I had our women's meeting in the afternoon and the Sudra women came to that too."

S. I. HATCH.

Coonoor, India, May 26.—To-day we had such nice news from Anakapalle. Nathan, one of the workers, has been reading Luke's Gospel and the letter (written by a school teacher in the town) said that as soon as he had read the 10th chapter he started out on a tour among the villages, alone and without money or supplies. The Lord will surely keep him and provide for his every need and I am waiting eagerly

to hear of his experiences. I wonder if you know about Nathan—he is a lad from a village on the Akidu field, and he came to Anakapalle in response to an appeal for workers Mr. McLeod made a year and a half ago. Telugus are very much attached to their own villages and people, and very few ever consent to leave their village or separate themselves from their people. Nathan, however, was sure the Lord was calling him to the work in and about Anakapalle and came. Mr. McLeod has been much pleased with the way he responds to the truth and was not surprised at the news to-day."

Anakapalle, June 25.—"The Sunday School cards are all right and we are using them in four schools. Have been using them this three Sundays and vote them a great success. I am confident that they will result in untold good. I find them pasted on the doors and door frames in the houses and the mothers are eager to tell that a son or a daughter brought it home on Sunday and that it means so and so. Yesterday's lesson was on John the Baptist, and this morning four boys who do not attend either of the schools, came to the house asking for pictures of John the Baptist. I was surprised and asked them what they knew about John the Baptist, to which they replied that he was a great preacher and that he preached the coming of Jesus the Saviour. They had seen the picture cards in the hands of children of the school and had learned this and wanted pictures too. . . . On Saturday the teachers all came and we put the rolls (sent by Jarvis Sunday School and by Mrs. Newman) on to cheap cotton. Mounted thus, they will last for years and will come in for the work generally as well as for the schools."

F. S. McLEOD.

Dear Readers of The Link:

Two weeks ago I came back from a three month's rest on the hills. Invigorated by the cool breezes there, conscience, which had almost ceased to speak on the question because her voice had been so often unheeded, revived and spoke so loudly, that I came back with the resolution to take advantage of my long-neglected privilege of a chat with you.

However, I cannot say that even now I would have hearkened to conscience only that circumstances and a friendly voice came to her aid; the circumstances being cholera in my horse keeper's home and conse-

quent inability to get to my work, which is more than two miles away; the friendly voice being a suggestion from Mrs. Craig that I spend the time in writing to you.

Doubtless you are very much interested in hearing of God's dealing with this people in the matter of famine and will be glad to hear that He has heard the cry of the needy and has sent rain abundantly in some districts at least.

We have been greatly favored and all nature wears a beautiful garment of living green that is very pleasing to the eye as well as comforting to the heart in its assurance that God is still "remembering mercy."

You have so often heard comparisons made between the physical and spiritual famines, and know so well the needs of this people in regard to each, that I can say nothing new to you on either subject, but I would like to give you a practical illustration or two to show you how God is using your gifts to satisfy the need of those, who, while they realize to the full their physical need, have very little comprehension that mentally and spiritually they are "miserable and poor and blind and naked."

Shall I give you the dark side first? You have often had your attention drawn to it before, but "we forget."

I want you to see it as it is seen in the Madya Petta of Peddapuram. Then come with me down the road through the Malapilly. The picture is dark enough here but we will not stop. We will go on to where it is just a shade darker if possible. So over the fields we go, and presently we come to a rude collection of thatched houses which in themselves speak loudly of the unenlightened condition of those who dwell therein. The first house to which we come is that of their priest, who alone of all there can read. He is probably lying somewhere taking his ease, but he will rise and come and ask us for a tract, for he is proud of his superior knowledge. He may ask some hackneyed question concerning the Christian religion, but as he asks it, you will probably get the breath of "toddy" and your heart will grow sick as you think, "Like priest like people," and soon it will be sicker still as you go on and find that physically he is cleaner, mentally he is clearer, and morally he is perhaps a trifle more enlightened, if not more conscientious, than they.

Words fail me to tell of the unclean clothes, the

unwashed faces, and the unkempt hair that will meet your gaze there and then when their brawls and vile language have assured you that the outward is but a type of the inward uncleanness, when their foolish questions have made you realize that their mental capacity is narrowed down to almost as circumscribed a sphere as their spiritual understanding, then indeed I think you will be ready to say, I never understood what spiritual famine meant unless indeed you have been in such scenes before. Try to see it, "lest you forget" that they too are included in that Word so dear to us: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever* believeth on Him might not perish but have everlasting life"

One who came very recently from what would seem to you with your great light, midnight darkness, into the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, said of that place: "I was afraid to go there but I asked the Lord to take away my fear and He has done so."

But this is only an aside and is not calculated to give you a full view of what God and you are doing for such. To show you that side, the bright side, I want you to come with me to another place.

It is Sunday afternoon and the bell has just rung to call the people of the Samalkota Compound to the Sunday afternoon service. Soon we are all gathered, and as you look around you see such a lot of bright, intelligent faces, no rags, no dirt, no uncombed hair, and yet all of these have come from similar places to the one we visited before, or if they have not, their fathers did. Perhaps we need not have gone quite so far in our journey to have found the exact counterpart of the place from which they came, for many of them were Malas but some of them, at least, have seen the sights and heard the sounds of just such a place as we glanced upon.

Is it such sights and sounds that we and they have gathered to see and hear now? Oh, no! Seated on the clean mat, they look up into the preacher's face while he exhorts them in earnest, steady tones to "Present their members as instruments of righteousness to God," and as he tells them, if they give up their eyes to see only the things God would have them see, what a difference it will make in what they see and what they desire; if they give up their ears to hear only what God would have them hear from how many temptations they will be saved; if they

work with their hands only the things that are pleasing to God, how Satan's kingdom will come to naught, and as you see their earnest, responsive faces if you are like me your heart will be stirred within you and you will come away from that place making fresh resolves to be what the preacher said you were and do what he said you were doing, not because you were taught by those you came to teach, but because it is your reasonable service to Him who gave His life for you even to "present your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." And so counting nothing your own, give, if need be, a portion of your daily bread that the famine-stricken may feed on "the bread of life;" and deny yourself a part of your clothing that the naked may be clothed with the righteousness of Christ; and counting not even your life as your own, commit it to Him and leaving home and friends, come to a land where your portion may be loneliness, sickness, and death, that these may have a portion in the land where there is "no famine or sickness or death."

Dear friends, it is a high ideal. Is it not?

God sent it through His servant before the early Christians and through them it has come to us, and as I sat there and listened to one whom your prayers and gifts have been instrumental in leading to see this ideal, and to desire to attain unto it exhorting others to "present their members as instruments of righteousness unto God" I was led to ask myself the question which I in turn pass back to you. "Have I? Have you?"

LOTTIE MACLEOD.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

LAKE SHORE CALVARY MISSION CIRCLE.—We as a Mission Circle have every reason to thank God and take courage. We meet the third Saturday of each month and our meetings are very interesting. We have raised more money during the past year than ever before, and this year we will undertake to support a native preacher instead of the Bible woman as formerly. The sisters of our Circle and congregation gave a very nice strawberry tea, an interesting programme was rendered, and we realized the nice sum of nearly \$29, which will be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Our offerings for the year ending March, 1900, were:

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

29

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| Home Missions..... | \$55 85 |
| Foreign "..... | 62 35 |
| Indian "..... | 6 10 |

Total..... \$124 30

May "He who doeth all things well" aid us in helping to send the Gospel to every creature.

MRS. R. W. McCONNELL, Sec.

COPLESTON.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was organized in connection with the Copleston Baptist Church, Feb. 16th. Five members enrolled. Officers: President, Mrs. Dowling; Secretary, Mrs. Scott; Treasurer, Mrs. Drope. Miss Dowling and Miss Wolsey, collectors.

M. F. SCOTT, Sec.

NEW CIRCLES.

JAFFA.—A few of the sisters of the church whose hearts were so stirred by what they heard at the Woman's Meeting of the Elgin Association at Aylmer, that they wished to help in the good cause met in the church on Thursday, June 21st, and organized a Home and Foreign Mission Circle with the following officers: Mrs. J. K. Pound, President; Mrs. A. Treadwell, Vice-President; Mrs. W. Pickard, Secretary; Miss Jennie Backhouse, Treasurer; Miss Olive Young, Agent for LINK and Visitor. Though few in numbers they are strong in the Lord and hopeful of success.

A. S. NEWCOMBE, Director.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

Thank Offering Leaflets.—My Buckey's Thank Offering, 5c.; A Thank Offering, 1c.; Come near and bring Thank Offerings, 1c.; How our Woman's Thank Offering Envelope came to be Filled, 1c.

Other Leaflets on Giving.—God's Tenth (by Dr. Gordon), 2c.; Motives Instead of Enticements in Giving, 2c.; What do the Heathen Teach us? 2c.; How Much do I Owe? 1c.; Bible Plan of Giving (by Dr. Pierson), 1c.; A Tith for the Lord, 2.; Ten Reasons for Tithing, 2c.; What ye Will, 1c.; Bible Rules for Giving, 1c.; Stewardship and Proportionate Giving, 5c.; A Story of the Bees, 1c.; A Mite Box Opening, 2c. Address all orders to Mrs. C. W. King, 80 Amelia Street, Toronto.

(Note change of address from 318 Earl Street, Kingston.)

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

Receipts from August 16th, to September 15th, 1900, inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Atwood, \$2.20; Birtch, \$6; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$75; Forest, \$2.83; Guelph, First Ch., \$4.65; Hartford, \$6; Keady, \$5; Lakeshore Calvary from social, \$14.42; Malahide and Bayham, \$5; Owen Sound, \$6; Owen Sound, \$5.50; Port Elgin, \$5;

Tara, \$1.50; Teeswater, \$3; Toronto, Western Ch., 35c.; Westover, \$8; Westover, for Biblewoman, Peddapuram field, \$16. Total, \$166.45.

FROM BANDS.—Birtch, for Natti Peter John, \$7.75; Brigden, \$5; London, Maitland St., (Senior) for famine, \$5; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25. Total \$22.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Toronto, Parliament St., Y.P.S.C.E., \$1; Mrs. E. B. Selman, Hickey, Michigan, \$10; Mrs. E. M. Southworth, Theford, \$2. Total, \$13.

Total receipts during the month..... \$201 45

DISBURSEMENTS—By General Treasurer:

| | |
|--|----------|
| On account regular work..... | \$464 98 |
| On account special appropriation for Village Schools..... | 20 75 |
| Famine Relief—for Mr. Craig from Mt. Forest Mission Circle..... | 12 85 |
| For Engala Nokamma, extra girl at Cocanada, from Woodstock, Oxford St. Mission Circle..... | 4 50 |
| For Miss Selman's passage (\$183.40 provided from our special balances)..... | 350 00 |
| Total..... | \$853 08 |

HOME EXPENSES:

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Mission Band Secretary's postage..... | 2 60 |
| Total disbursements during the month..... | \$855 68 |
| Total receipts since May 1, 1900, for famine relief..... | \$284 95 |
| Total receipts since May 1, 1900, for Mission Work..... | \$1303 65 |
| Total disbursements since May 1, 1900..... | \$3004 15 |

SPECIAL ACCOUNT—"Medical Lady" Fund.

Receipts:

From Circles:

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Bobcaygeon..... | \$1 00 |
| Brantford, First Ch., special..... | 100 00 |
| Port Hope..... | 33 00 |
| Owen Sound..... | 3 15 |
| Simcoe, Young Ladies'..... | 3 10 |
| St. Catherines, Lyman St..... | 2 70 |
| Total..... | \$142 95 |

From Sundries:

| | |
|--|--------|
| Interest to September 1..... | \$6 05 |
| W. B. H and F. M. S. of Manitoba "I. S.", Brandon..... | 25 00 |

Total..... \$ 31 05

Total receipts during the month..... \$174 00
Total receipts since May 1, 1900..... \$681 50

DISBURSEMENTS—By General Treasurer:

| | |
|---|----------|
| For Dr. Gertrude Hulet, for passage to India..... | \$350 00 |
| Salary and Munshi allowance for part of November..... | 24 00 |
| Total disbursements to date..... | \$374 00 |

NOTE.—The Treasurers of Circles and of Bands are reminded that, on account of the change of date of the Convention,

they should close their books on the 15th of October. The amount then on hand for Foreign Missions should be forwarded to me at once, as my books only remain open until the 20th.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

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

[The usual matter for the W. B. M. U. has not reached us. We fear it has been lost in the mails. We give some items that were left over from last month.—ED.]

HILLSBOROUGH, N.B.—On Thursday evening, June 21st, a large number of ladies representing the W. M. A. S., of the First Hillsborough Baptist Church, gathered at the parsonage and presented the pastor's wife (Mrs. C. W. Townsend) with a certificate of life membership in the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces. The presentation was made in an appropriate and effective speech by the President, Mrs. J. A. Blakeney. Both Mrs. Townsend and the pastor responded, expressing their appreciation of the honor conferred.

THE LARGER EDEN.

By Pastor J. Clark.

Since the days our parents fell,
In yon far-off Paradise,
Earth has never looked so well,
Nor so bright yon starry skies ;
Thorns around are thickly sown ;
O'er their graves the nations moan.

Yet we trust we yet shall hear
Angel-songs on earth again,
Ringing out, both sweet and clear,
O'er a world redeemed from pain ;
When mankind, from shore to shore,
Walks with God, as once before.

Let the happy hour draw nigh
When Thy gentle, loving voice,
Shall be heard beneath the sky,
Bidding man again rejoice,
Glad, from sin to be set free,
Glad, Thy smiling face to see.

Let the wide-world's scanty flowers
Bear a sweeter, richer hue ;
Shedding perfume through the hours,
Bright with pure and heavenly dew ;
Let the souls of men be fed
With Divine and heavenly Bread.

Bid again, Thy children rise,
Lifting holy eyes above ;
Clear once more the clouded skies ;
Fill all hearts with grace and love ;
Mighty God ! through Thy dear Son,
Speak the word, and all is done.

Goodness is Thy nature, Lord !
Kindness meets creation's needs ;
Let us hear the wondrous chord
Sounding through Thy mighty deeds ;
Let Thy power work all abroad,
Bringing all mankind to God.

Let man love his fellow man ;
Bid each heart be pure and kind ;
Ransomed souls Thy wonders scan ;
In Thy Truth all treasures find ;
Thus shall Time's long sorrows end ;
Earth and heaven in gladness blend.

Westchester Station, N. S.

WORK AMONG WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The last year has been the best of my three in India, and it has left the promise of a better one to come.

With the exception of the month of May, I have spent the entire year on our field. Two months more were spent touring with my tent, but the most of the time I have been at the station. Here various interests have occupied us. At one time a number of the High School boys used to meet every Saturday afternoon in my room, and together we studied several chapters from John's Gospel. Touring and examinations interrupted us, but a few are still coming. At another time the Women's Bible Class claimed a good deal of attention. During all this time we visited homes in the town and in the neighbouring villages. Often we came home down-cast and weary ; but sometimes, hopeful and happy. During the interval of about five weeks between Mr. Gullison's going and Mr. Churchill's coming, many of the Christians used to gather on my verandah every evening, except Saturday, for prayer. We usually talked for a few moments about the day's work, and then read some Scripture portions regarding " prayer," and this was followed by many earnest prayers for God's blessing upon our field, and also upon our sister and brother laborers. This was a blessed season to many of us.

The School caused some anxious thought. A change in the educational rules cut off our Government grant, and left us dependent upon the results of the Inspector's examination for aid. However, the teachers worked well, and succeeded in earning a hundred rupees more than our previous grant. This pleased us, but better still has been the increasing interest manifested in our school prayer meeting on Friday afternoon. A number from nearly all classes take part in this service, either by prayer or by quoting some Bible verse. Seven girls appeared for the Primary Examination. Before the examiners came, one little Brahmin girl said to me, " Before we prayed we were afraid, but now we have peace." I thought that if they had learned *that* lesson it was enough ; but the Lord strengthened it by granting their request—every one of them passed.

The two months spent on tour stand out as the best of the year. I cannot tell you just how many villages we visited, but I could tell much that would cheer the hearts of all interested in this work, did space permit. In a village of wealth by dyers we were kindly received last February. In October we returned, and the women and children literally thronged us. They wore an abundance of beautiful jewelry, but they listened with the closest attention. On our previous visit, one widow followed us from place to place, and this time she would not allow us to go home without coming to her house. As soon as we were seated, she asked us to sing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." She had remembered the hymn since our first visit, and we hope that she has experienced it also. Twice during the year we visited the Rajah villages, and we saw much to encourage us. We found believers in three new villages. At least eight, whom we had never seen before, told us that one of the believing widows had told them the story of Christ, and that they believe He is their Saviour too. After returning to Bobbili, I sent them a Bible, New Testament and other reading matter. Perhaps I should add that a number of these women read well—an unusual thing.

Recently we have been hearing of one here and one there who are believing; in each of two villages about twenty-five are said to be deeply interested. And so the year has closed bearing a bright prospect

MAUD R. E. HARRISON.

In the course of a recent interview, Mrs. Bishop, the author of the interesting "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," expressed somewhat pessimistic views in regard to the results of missionary work in that country and in China, and attributed the slow progress not only to the general indifference to all religion, and the fact that most of the Eastern students who come to England return imbued with the theories of Huxley, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, but also to the far more painful fact that "neither the manners nor mode of living of European lay residents commend Christianity to the natives of any country."

Mrs. Bishop, however, paid a high tribute to the Christian missionary, and furnished some striking food for thought in her statement that: Whilst we have baptized only five million heathen during the present century, two hundred millions has been the increase of the heathen world. Thirty-five millions of these heathen pass annually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful procession into Christless graves.

PORT HOPK.—The Gleaner's Mission Band has just completed a talent enterprise. As the Band was dispersing for the vacation, the sum of \$3.75 was distributed. The smallest amount given to any one was two cents; the largest, was \$2.10. The majority ranged from five to twenty-five cents.

The first meeting of the season was held Saturday, Sept.

8th, and the talents were returned with an increase amounting to \$24.50. The most remarkable gain was that of Miss Margaret Hume, who began with ten cents, and returned \$4.10. The offering of the day was \$1.60 making the total receipts \$26.10.

We were so fortunate as to have Brother Baker with us, and he interested the children with an account of the work in Bolivia, to which he will soon go. P. K. D.

Young People's Department.

FIVE INDIANS AND A JACKKNIFE.

BY EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Indian boys dearly love pocket knives. As they have to make their own bows and arrows, the paddles for their birch canoes, and also the frames for their snow shoes, of course a good knife is a valuable possession. In whittling, Indian boys do not push the knife from them, but always draw it toward them. They are very clever in the manufacture of the few things which they require, and are encouraged by their fathers to do their work as neatly as possible. So the better the knife, the better the work which these Indian lads can do; and they are ambitious to possess the very best knife that is possible for them to obtain, just as the older Indians will give any price within their means for the very best guns that are made. Knowing this love for a good knife, I once used it among a lot of Indian lads as an incentive to encourage them to sing, as our story will explain.

At one of our Indian villages, where a flourishing mission with its day and Sunday schools exists, the devoted lady teacher said to me on a visit: "I do wish you would do something to encourage our boys to sing. They have good voices, but they seem afraid to use them."

The request was made during the celebration of a feast which I was giving them. I had taken out from civilization such things as flour, tea, sugar, currants, and candies; and at 4 a. m. the Indian women had come to the place appointed, and had cooked the cakes, etc., and made all other needed preparations.

At about ten o'clock the people assembled on the bank of the river in front of the church. Everybody came. It was not asked whether they were Christians or pagan.

The girls sang very sweetly, but not much music came from the boys; and so I began at once to act on the request of the teacher.

Knowing, as I have stated, the boys' love for pocket knives, I went to one of my boxes, and, taking out six very good ones, I stood up before the crowd and said: "Boys, listen to me. I am going to give these six knives to the six boys who will sing the best. And look! While five of them are good two-bladed knives, one of them is a splendid four-bladed one! Now, I am going to give this best one to the boy who will sing the best of all."

Great, indeed, was the excitement among the Indian lads. Nearly every boy in the audience rushed to the front, and the trial began. Indians in their wild state have no music worth preserving, and so in all our missions our hymns and songs are translated, and the tunes of civilization are used. The teacher seated herself at the little organ, and the testing began. They sang such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," "Just as I am," "Jesus, my all to heaven is gone," and many others.

The inferior singers were weeded out very rapidly, and sent back to their seats. When the number was reduced to about ten, the work of selection proceeded more slowly; but eventually the number was reduced to six. The question now was, Which of these six was to receive the four-bladed knife? This was not easy to settle. The members of the committee differed very decidedly; so one boy after another was tried, over and over again, and still no unanimous decision could be reached.

While the committee was discussing the matter, five of the boys, seeing our perplexity, took the matter out of our hands and settled it in a way that surprised and delighted us all. These five were fine specimens of Indian lads. They were lithe and strong, and full of life and fun. The sixth boy, Jimmie Jakoo, was a cripple, having one leg which was very much shorter than the other; the result being that he had to use crutches. These five had moved over to one side, and were observed to be excitedly, though quietly, engaged in conversation.

After their brief discussion one of them sprang up, and, looking at me, asked: "Missionary, may I say something?"

"Certainly you may," I replied.

"Well, missionary," he answered, "we five boys have been talking it over, and this is what we think about it: You see, we are well and strong. We can chase the rabbit, and partridge, and other game; and then when winter comes, we can skate on the rivers and lake; but Jimmie is lame, he has a bad leg. He cannot run in the woods, he cannot go skating on the ice; but Jimmie is fond of whittling. He is a good hand at making bows and arrows, and paddles, and other things; and a fine knife would be just the thing for him. And so we five boys have talked the matter over, and as he is a cripple, we will be very glad if you will give the best knife to Jimmie."

Noble boys! How the people were thrilled at this speech! It electrified me, and filled not only my eyes with tears, but my heart with joy.

I could not but think of the past—of the cruelty and intense selfishness of those dark days, when, among both the young and old, every one was for himself, and the unfortunate and feeble were despised. Now, thanks to the blessed, ennobling influences of Christianity, even the boys were catching this Christly spirit.—*Young Folks' Missionary.*

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