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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA INDIA

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

FEBRUARY, 1898.

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CLERGY 23

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1895.

| No. 6.

Editorial.

THE latest news from India says that Mrs. McLeod is a little better. Let us continue to pray that she may be restored to health, that her husband may be able to continue at his work.

ONE of the missionaries, in a private letter, says of our sister, Mrs. Barrow, when her husband's body was being laid away. She said: "Oh! this is what India does for you; but I can give *him* up for the cause." Talk of sacrifice in giving these hard times, but have any of us been called upon to sacrifice like that?

Our statement last month, that the time of Convention had been changed, was a little premature. We were told that the joint committee of the Home and Foreign Boards had decided unanimously for the change. It was a decision to recommend to the Boards. We supposed it was final.

IN reply to the numerous enquiries *re* the lateness of January LINK. An accident to the press caused delay. We were not burned out, but our printing office is less than a block away from the first fire, and when the second one came the January number was at the bindery, second door from the fire.

THE regular work undertaken this year by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario just equals the amount of the *regular* income last year. Extra provision having been promised for Miss McLeod's salary, and other definite amounts promised being equal to the salary of her munshi, the Board felt that this added responsibility was fully assumed by members of the Society, but if the regular income decreases, what position will we occupy when our time of reckoning comes? The Treasurer's first quarterly report shows a falling off of \$200, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, in the regular income, while the disbursements for this quarter are \$75 greater.

By the change in the date of the Conventions, and the closing of the books of the society on April 30th, in concert with the other Treasurers, we have only a little over three months before us in which to regain the

ground we have lost during this first quarter. It is essential that the income before the books close should at least equal that of the corresponding period last year, increased by the amount necessary for Miss McLeod's support during that time, and this means that \$1,800 should be sent in between now and the 30th of April. To aid in this, will every Circle and Band try to forward some amount, so that they may be represented in the Treasurer's report to the Convention, and, wherever it is possible to increase the contributions, will not an effort be made, so that the falling off in some places from real necessity may not have the result of decreasing our income.

Is there not just a little danger that our Circles and Bands will think that, as we came out so well in our funds last year, they need not try quite so hard this year? We have noticed, in looking over the Treasurer's annual report, that the saving of our treasury from embarrassment last year was *largely* due to the *special* gifts from individuals; gifts which we cannot expect to be repeated.

There is no occasion for us, in Circle or Band, to rest upon our oars. The example of the First Church, Brantford, Circle, is worthy of imitation.

BOARD MEETING OF THE W. B. F. S. OF ONT.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held January 18th, at 2 p.m. It was a matter for regret that only two members outside the city were present.

The chief matter for consideration was the recommendation by the committee that the Convention be held in the spring.

Letters were read from a number, regarding the change. Also a message was read from the Woman's Home Board, that at their meeting the previous day a resolution had been passed in favor of the change.

After thoughtful consideration, the following resolutions were passed:—

Moved by Mrs. Raymond, and carried:—"In consideration of the action of the recent Convention in St. Thomas, by which the closing of Convention year is changed to last of May or first of June; *Resolved*,—That our Woman's Convention shall meet the Wednesday and Thursday nearest the 15th of May.

"That the Treasurers of all Circles and Bands be requested to close their books hereafter on March 31st, and that Miss Elliott close her books on April the 30th.

"That the Board meetings held in connection with the Convention be altered as follows, viz.: that the Board of the Society occupying the first day of the Convention, hold its meetings on the afternoon of the day preceding and the morning of the day following the full Convention, and that the Board of the Society occupying the second day of the Convention, hold its meetings on the evening of the day preceding and the afternoon of the day following the full Convention."

On account of the statement of the Treasurer, that there is a falling off of \$200 in the first quarter's receipts, the appropriation of \$200 extra to Samulcotta Seminary was withdrawn.

The Cor. Sec. read letters from Misses Hatch and McLeod, written on board ship; a long one from Miss Stovel, telling much that was interesting about her work; and one from Miss Baskerville to her sister, giving full particulars of Mr. Barrow's illness and death.

Miss Clemeshaw, Secretary of the Prayer Union, reported that 250 names had been sent in.

A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

### ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

(The *Helping Hand* gives the following interesting sketch of Mrs. Ingalls, a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union.)

She met her husband for the first time at a missionary meeting at Racine, and was married at her home in Eastport, Wis.

She was at that time, December, 1850, a young, vivacious and enthusiastic woman, whose hair still hung in long dark curls all around her head. Some people were surprised that Mr. Ingalls should select such a lively and brilliant girl as a wife to return with him to his mission field in Arakan.

But this buoyant disposition, which paints everything in the brightest colors, this heart all full of hope and joy, has been of incalculable service in the arduous life of the missionary. She herself says, "This cheerfulness has been the only thing which has made me of use in the missionary service. The truth is I cannot be discouraged. I never knew what it was to be disappointed in my missionary life. There have often been varying delays but no real disappointment."

In this spirit she began to assist her husband at Akyab in 1852; from there they went to Rangoon in 1854, and in less than two years she stood beside the grave of the husband who, with his dying breath, entreated her not to give up missionary work, but to do what she could for "the poor Burmans."

How she came to go to Thongze you may easily read for yourselves in the *Missionary Magazine* for March, 1894, page 72.

She came to this country to bring her husband's daughter home to be educated, and returned to Burma in 1858, in the same ship which carried Dr. and Mrs. Tolman to Assam. They have kindly furnished the following reminiscences of the voyage:

"Mrs. Ingalls impertuned the captain for the privilege of having the blessing asked at the table; said it seemed

very godless to sit down to eat before looking to the Lord; even the heathen did not do such a thing. The captain having reluctantly granted this request, she approached him with the plea that we should have service on Sunday, saying that all on board the sailing ship were homesick, the men as well as the missionaries, that it would be such a favor to everybody if he would only permit the sailors to bring their stools from the fore-castle into the midship and have preaching. He finally consented to one service, but in spite of all possible persuasion his superstitious fears of disaster on account of the presence of missionaries decided him to allow no more. It was only when Mr. Tolman declared that Mrs. Ingalls' happiness depended upon having divine service on Sunday, and simply urged him to relent for her sake, that he consented, and services were held during the rest of the voyage."

Since this return to Burma, she has made her home in Thongze. She at once took charge of the mission. The little church and its native pastor depended upon her for everything except preaching. She visited districts where no white woman had ever been seen, and with her native assistants made long evangelizing tours into the jungle. She superintended the building of the little church, and later saw to it that the pastor had a comfortable parsonage.

This church, Mrs. Ingalls has used as seed to plant the Gospel in all the surrounding country. Through her labors other churches were formed in neighboring villages, colporteurs sent out into the jungle, Sunday schools formed, and modest chapels built in the jungle hamlets. At one time she wrote, "I have ten preachers under my care. All send or bring me a monthly report of their work. I have a meeting each Saturday morning for workers in the vicinity. I have four colporteurs, whom I send on trips or to work among the heathen. They attend funerals, give books and discuss doctrines, but are not able to perform pulpit duties. The laymen and their families do much colportage work. Each man and woman, free from disease and care of infants, is expected to make some trips for special teaching among the heathen. There are also Bible-women and school teachers who come to the Mama for direction. This Thongze church has a Home Mission, which has sent at least one of its members to the regions beyond."

The superintending of all these operations of the church is but the beginning of Mrs. Ingalls' labors. The needs of the heathen around demand all her powers. Her field lies among the Burmans, who are much more difficult of access than the Karens. She attempts to draw them to hear the Gospel. At the very outset, she erected a shed in the market place, hung it round with Bible pictures, and with her native helpers talked to all whose curiosity led them to visit her. In her house, the most prominent room is called "The Burman Room." Its doors are open from dawn to bedtime to all respectable people. The walls are hung with maps and pictures; books, and all kinds of useful curiosities abound. Her little study opens into this room, so she can step in at any time to help her assistants, to explain, argue or instruct. Here comes the preachers and Bible-women to teach new converts in Bible doctrine. Here all day long come people to ask questions or to listen. In fact, the Burman room is the centre of far-reaching influences.

Mrs. Ingalls has had a wonderful power in convincing Buddhist priests of the truth of Christianity. Her article in the *Missionary Magazine*, for November, 1893, page 492, also May, 1894, page 139, will tell the story of

this work in her own words. She says that she has been permitted to see nearly a hundred priests come out on the side of Christianity, of whom many have become earnest Christian men, some of them faithful preachers.

In 1877, the railroad from Rangoon reached Thongze. It ruined for a time the beauty of the umbrageous village, cut up the gardens and established Hindoos and Chinese in the Burman houses. But it had compensations. Mrs. Ingalls saw here an opportunity to begin a new line of work in giving books and tracts at the depots, and in the railway carriages. In less than three months her preacher gave out sixty to eighty tracts each morning. The Bible Society sent her English Bibles, and she distributed tracts in their own language to the English, French, Burmans, Shans, Hindoos, and Karens. Soon she had a library of a hundred and twenty volumes and a reading-room in the depot at Thongze. These were for the use of the employees of the road. In the depots at other places on the line, she has established "branch libraries," and placed tract distributors. On her occasional visits of inspection to these libraries, she takes along a staff of native workers and makes her stay the occasion of missionary work among the heathen. At times, she has even had socials and lectures in the libraries for the railway men.

In reading the published letters from her graphic pen, I have been amazed to see how every one with whom she comes in contact contributes toward her work. Now a Buddhist priest gives her a garden in which to hold schools. Again, she wants a *zayat*, just outside of the mission grounds for a preaching place. Its owner promptly turns it over to her. From America, friends send money to support her preachers and Bible-women, besides books, and even spectacles, that her aged Christians may still read the word of God. The English Government and the railroad officials help on her libraries, and even the heathen contribute toward her tract distribution. She seems irresistible when she needs anything to further her Master's work.

This is but an imperfect sketch of the work of one woman, who in a thousand ways had proved herself worthy of the great responsibilities that have been laid upon her. Her enthusiasm, her faith, her active zeal, have been daunted by no difficulties, and now after more than forty years of work in Burma, she is still unwearied in labors for the heathen, and the stay and the counsellor of the band of believers, who regard her as their Mother in Christ.

### HER OFFERING.

The lock was out of order, so it was a long, cold minute before the lock could be opened. Even though she lived in one room and a closet, Miss Randilla Banks felt a glad sense of home-coming every time she conquered that unruly lock.

She lit her lamp and looked about her. On the floor lay an envelope that somebody had slipped under the door. Miss Banks picked it up and tried to guess what it contained before she lit her oil stove and put her supper on to cook. How frugal was that supper they can guess who, after a hard day's work, have cooked lonely suppers over an oil stove.

Miss Banks sat down to wait for the cooking and examine the envelope. It contained a stirring appeal for the cause of home missions, and the statement that the treasury was empty. Also a little envelope to contain

Miss Banks' thank-offering to be given at the praise meeting on Sabbath night. It was then Saturday evening.

Miss Banks was a seamstress; but for the last three years repeated attacks of rheumatism and grip had left her little strength for work. The last sick spell had eaten up her bank account; now she lived from hand to mouth. She was a tall spare woman, with age thinning and whitening her hair. Some people made unkind remarks about her homely appearance.

Yes, my heroine was poor and homely and old, but to Him that looketh on the heart she was rich, beautiful and immortal. Poor and homely and old; yet her taste for *giving* was royal. She would like to pour gold into the Lord's treasury; she would like to heap diamonds and rubies at the feet of Him who had been her stay and comfort through long years of poverty and sorrow.

After supper Miss Banks laid her week's earnings on the table. The money was in small change; one-tenth of it she put by itself as the Lord's share—it would just pay her pew rent. No thank-offering could come out of that. The remainder she separated into little piles; so much for room rent, so much for coal, and the rest for food. A very small amount of food would it purchase; but Miss Banks knew to a cent's worth how much food she should be *obliged* to eat during the coming week. From her food money she took a bright dime. Could she give that?

As she asked herself the question she heard an ominous click, and a long crack went half way down the lamp chimney. It might last another week, but likely not. Then she must have a bar of soap; she had forgotten that. No, Randilla Banks could not afford even a ten cent thank-offering. Neither could she afford strength for a "good cry," though five or six tears did roll down her sorrowful cheeks, for she knew the importance of home mission work, and sighed as she thought of the empty treasury; but what could she do to help the work of her beloved church?

Nothing, apparently; nothing but to go to her Bible, to her chapter, the fifty-fourth of Isaiah.

How Miss Banks wished that the words "old maid" might have been put in the Bible, at least once! There was plenty of comfort for widows, she thought, but that did not belong to her. So she hunted for promises for the desolate and solitary.

Then this solitary soul turned to the Psalms in search of something suited to one who was too poor to give even a dime thank-offering.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee"—and sustain even the burden of His work, she thought: "Thou tellest my wanderings, put Thou my tears into Thy bottle; are they not in Thy book?" One of Miss Banks' tears had fallen on the thank-offering envelope. There it lay, a little damp spot, where she would have been glad to write ten dollars. Would God accept that salty tear for a thank-offering? Then Miss Banks thought of the "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints." Like a whisper from the Holy Spirit came the words: "I have surely seen the affliction of My people in Egypt, and I have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows: And I am come down to deliver them."

Surely God might do something to deliver His church in answer to her "cry." Unmindful of her rheumatism she got down on her knees, and I wish every other member of the church could have heard her prayer.

That Saturday evening, in another house on another

street, in a cosy room, sat another woman alone. She, too, held in her hand another thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks had found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocket-book whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, besides two twenty dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like any one to know that I had given so little."

"I know what I shall do with these two bills, mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. "This one will buy me a new fall jacket; the new cape collars are so handsome, it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes modern."

"The other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know that I have always said that it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelopes and money were slipped into this unfortunate woman's purse and the whole matter forgotten as a telegram came saying "Fred" had been called out of the city and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening, she suddenly bethought herself of the thank-offering, and with a half guilty flush of mortification that the thank-offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocket-book with the comforting thought, "Oh, well! no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts, as no names are used. I forgot a text, but never mind, it will have to go as it is. It is rather a shabby gift for a thank-offering. I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time, and after the envelopes thus gathered had been opened, the texts read, and the money put in the receptacle awaiting it, there should be a hymn and responsive reading while the envelopes from the contributors in the next aisle were being gathered up.

Miss Banks sat in the second aisle—there were but three—and rebanced that her envelope was the last to be opened of those gathered in that section. The minister opened it to find it quite empty save from a bit of paper from which he read: "It grieved me to think that no coin of mine could be counted among other offerings to-night, and I was tempted to bitterness of soul because of this, when the thought came that I could make an offering of prayer. Falling on my knees I asked that it might be the happy privilege of some one else to make a double offering because to me has been denied the privilege to give at all. That I might not dishonor God by unworthy doubts, that He would answer my prayer, I have chosen for my text, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

There was a little silence after the pastor sat down; many who had given liberally remembered suddenly that there had been no odor of prayer about their gift. It was but a moment that the silence lasted, but it was long enough for the arrow of conviction, shot from a shaft in the Lord's own hand, to pierce the heart of one who sat in the end of the aisle down which the collectors were now coming.

With fingers trembling with eagerness she tore open the end of an envelope she held in her hand, shook out the dime and two quarters which it held and tucked in their place two twenty dollar bills, when she hastily pencilled the words, "Go with the envelope which held the prayer, if God will accept it from one who was selfishly tempted to give a few coins of little value instead." None in the congregation knew who had made the offering, but as the pastor unrolled the bills and read the lines that accompanied them, and then with tender emotion asked for a blessing on the two who had made a special heart-offering, tears stood in the eyes of more than one; but into two hearts had stolen the peace which God grants to those who seek to do His will.—*A. B. in Woman's Missionary Magazine.*

## HOW WE ADOPTED THE TITHE.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time, I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said, "I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically."

"Giving systematically to what?" I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide-awake and interested.

"Why, to the church and missions, and so on," explained Dennis.

"Give what?" I asked again, setting my lip a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

"Money of course," he answered. "You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe-box. At present we really give nothing worth speaking of."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis," said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet."

I looked meaningly around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things we both needed. I even quoted Scripture, to the effect that if any provide not for their own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying, "Oh, well! no doubt, as you say, what is impossible is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

A serious illness came to me, and, as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the Orphans' Home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice. I loved to hear it so well that during my convalescence I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithe-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sabbath."

"Why, child," said I, "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me that you give a tenth to the Lord?"

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply, "Why, yes, ma'am. I am very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided inversion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconsciously of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the Home, who had taught her as a little child, that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father or mother she had lost. "She told me," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left the earth, after His resurrection, He put the missionary work He had been doing for three years—and for that matter, all His life, the matron said—in our hands to do for Him; and He said plainly that everyone of us who love Him shall show it by what we do of the work He loved. If we cannot preach or teach, or give up all our time to Him here or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to Him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people He loved, and so must be the division of one's money that pleases Him best. 'It is all right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to give a tenth of our all; and after that, if we spare more, we can call it a gift.' She gave us a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it."

"So your matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our everyday living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when once we begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of Him with the one He accepts; so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with those sweet words long after Maggie had left me, and the question came, "If she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse?" Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been in the wrong, and a stumbling block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cosily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis, "I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?" And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us, over this little box, won't we?"

It would be a half truth to say that we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. "Oh, Dennis," I said, the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"—*Selected.*

## PLODDING.

(Carey's estimate of himself.)

Do not for large talents praise me,  
Said the faithful man of God;  
This plain truth alone portrays me,  
"I can plod."

Not with genius in her glory,  
Is my soul endowed of God;  
This one sentence tells my story,  
"I can plod."

All the way my work surveying,  
Giving all the praise to God;  
I have said, while Him obeying,  
"I can plod."

Let not coming ages doubt me,  
I have swayed no magic rod;  
This alone is true about me,  
"I can plod."

He, who thus far, safe hath brought me,  
Through whose grace my feet are shod;  
He hath well this lesson taught me,  
"I can plod."

Marching where the desert dreary,  
Hides from view the growing sod,  
I have said, though faint and weary,  
"I can plod."

This it is that scales the mountain,  
Turns to gold the common clod,  
Finds amid the rocks a fountain,  
"I can plod."

Let each one who now is treading,  
Where the noble Carey trod,  
Say like him, no danger dreading,  
"I can plod."

True success comes not by shirking  
Duty's task, or chastening rod;  
He who wins must say by working,  
"I can plod."

Not by special gifts displaying,  
May we win the smile of God,  
But by faithful service saying,  
"I can plod."

Let no brother think of swerving  
From the path the Master trod;  
Let each say, by patient serving,  
"I can plod."

T. WATSON.

Colborne, 1895.

## Work Abroad.

### TUNI.

*Dear Friends of the LINK*,—Is it time to report myself again? Although I have very little that is news to write of, still I think I would like you to know that I have moved, and where my new home is.

You can see where to address your letters by glancing at the heading of this letter. Please remember it well. When you see that name, Tuni, I know you will think

of one who labored here years ago, and whom God removed to higher fields of service, but whose works do follow him here. I have heard Mr. Currie's name so often from the Christians since I came.

But I must tell you how I came here. I left Bangalore in company with Mrs. Laflamme, her little daughter Irene, and ayah, on the evening of Nov. 9th. The train bore us safely, if not swiftly, along on our journey, and we arrived at Madras the next morning. After staying there a few days in order to supply ourselves with some necessaries before retiring into the back woods of this Presidency, we set off in the steamer "Goalpara" for Cocanada. All went well, that is, comparatively speaking, and at 6 a.m., on a cool, showery Friday morning, we anchored about five or six miles off Cocanada. The water along this coast is so shallow that steamers are obliged to anchor some distance from the shore, and the passengers are taken off in a steam launch.

I went on deck as soon as it cleared up, and leaning over the railing on the landward side, I endeavored to locate the city of my youthful habitation. The chief engineer, knowing that I had taken my passage for Cocanada, came to my side and, pointing away to the left, said: "That is Cocanada." "That" seemed to consist only of a few red roofs and white walls, interspersed with the familiar palm. But, when we had transferred ourselves to the launch, and were steaming up the canal upon which the town is built, Cocanada resolved itself into something more than it had seemed to be at a distance. And as we were drawn by the coolies through the streets on our way to the mission-house it resolved itself still more into the regulation Telugu town. There were the crooked streets, mud huts and thatched roofs; the little laughing brown-skinned children, and the sober and very dignified Brahmins; the hens, the dogs, the cows and the goats. We came along the streets in a pelting shower, and at last up to a gate-way over which I read the legend which announces to all the fact that this is the Canadian Baptist Mission. How pretty the compound looked after the rains. The grass was so fresh and green, and the white houses shone so prettily out of the trees. On we went, past the church, Miss Baskerville's house and the boarding-school on the left, and the Rest House and Miss Simpson's home on the right, until we drew up at the Mission House, and were greeted by our hostess, Mrs. Smith.

The few days at Cocanada were full of interest, there was so much to see and hear, of which I had long read and thought. While we were there, God came very near to us, for He came into our midst and took unto Himself our brother and fellow-worker, Mr. Barrow. It was a time when we all felt drawn nearer the great heart of our Father, "e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." It was a time when we felt the solemnity of one of our

number leaving this world for the next, and the great importance of being as ready to go as our brother was. In that time we all felt how glorious was the home-going of a Christian. We rejoiced in our brother's infinite gain, while we sympathized with the dear one left behind. Between Mr. Currie and Mr. Timpany, his two fellow-servers, who had entered within the veil before him, we laid our brother to rest, just as the evening shadows gathered tenderly over us and the sun set, to arise on other lands. And the standard-bearer of Narsapatnam has fallen. Some one must take his place. We feel keenly the loss, and look to God and you at home to send a reinforcement.

It is only a few hours' ride from Cocanada to Tuni, and soon after leaving that place I was being welcomed by the school girls on the veranda of the bungalow here. A day or two later the people of the compound generally met with us in the church and welcomed me more formally but very heartily into their midst. And so I am here, down in the field, right in the midst of the work and the workers where I have so often longed to be. Every day I hear the chatter of Telugu tongues, and though when I first came it seemed like bedlam itself to my English ear, I am glad to find that the method of the madness is becoming clearer and more familiar every day, and I am even making it my own, slowly.

It is a great help to be among the Christians, for they take a real interest in one's progress and are quite ready to aid one in any way they can.

Of the work on the field I can say little, as yet, except that there is plenty of room for hard, consecrated effort. When one is surrounded on every side by those who are in such complete ignorance, it is borne in upon one how great is their need. Christ said once to His disciples, "The poor ye have with you alway." And here we have the poor, the ignorant and the eternally lost with us every day, walking the street in front of the door, doing our washing, baking our bread and coming into contact with us in a hundred ways. It gives one a sense of constant burden; we can never forget it. Can you wonder we long to be at work—at work telling, preaching or teaching? We long so to do something that will bring these people to Christ. They need Christ, not education, not moral uplifting only; they need Christ, first, last and all the time. We put our faith in the promise Christ gave us when He said, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Oh, sisters, send!

Yesterday came the *Baptist* with news of the Convention, and "Praise God" was sung in happy hearts on this side of the water as we read that our Ladies' Board was free of debt.

We are now enjoying a beautiful, cool, breezy climate. There is one feature of the Tuni landscape which is full of beauty and strength, that is, the hills. Right over the road which passes in front of our door they rise—those everlasting, enduring hills. They are always there in the same place, unchangeable, although the shadows flit and pass over their heights. I like to think that so stands the word of our God, although the shadows of time and of things unstable may flit across and obscure it for a moment. But it reveals itself again, out of the shadow, always the same. "Heaven and earth shall pass away; My word shall not pass away." And we in this strange land feel safe and secure with that Word round and about us.

Sisters, do not lose your grip on us. We are still in the same work, and the blessings which the Lord gives you at home reach out and enrich our hearts here, bringing us close to you, while I am sure the news of progress here kindles your hearts, and you touch us, heart to heart.

Remember us and our work when you pray, "Thy kingdom come."

KATIE S. McLAURIN.

Nov. 28th, 1894.

### CHICACOLE.

DEAR LINK,—You are probably having a cold December morning, while bright fires and warm clothing are all the fashion.

We do not require any fires yet, but during the last month we have alternated between light clothing and some rather heavier. Last week my white dress was in order, this week, with the mercury between 70° and 76° wool is very comfortable.

A richer color adorns the roses, but nothing touches the stainless purity of the Eucharis lilies, while both seem to delight in blooming.

What we call our garden appears to prosper in our hands, but in the vineyard of the Lord there is not the fruitage we long to see. There is growth among the Christians, taking them as a whole, but we are pretty sure that there are tares among the wheat.

Two were baptized at Tekkali in November, a Telugu woman and a Saura man, while the whole church there is in a much more healthier state than it was one year ago. At another out-station an inquirer says he wishes to be baptized after the harvest, which is in progress now.

Only three were baptized on the field this year, and, humanly speaking, they are not the sort of people from whom we would expect much help. But if they belong to the Lord He can do something with them.

I have never known such dearth in any of my previous experiences with the Chicacole field, as this of the last

two years. But "the Lord is my light and my salvation, and He will not fail nor be discouraged till His purposes are accomplished in the earth."

The year is nearly gone, and some changes are being made.

Bagavan has done as well as he could perhaps, as pastor of this church; but a change seems rather desirable; so the church has given Subraidu, now at the seminary as teacher, a call, which he has accepted, and we expect him to begin work about the beginning of the year.

I can scarcely realize that the boy I took fifteen years ago, is now a man, ready and willing to do a man's work. He is very short, and has not yet outgrown being my boy.

We hope the Lord will come with him; lead him, bless him and use him to the salvation of many here. He has two little children now, Sontoshemah, a girl, and Archiekas, a boy. By the way, how do you like that last name?

Our school has just got through with its examinations. We do not draw any Government money, neither do we have any trouble in securing Government inspection. We sent up twenty-eight pupils and three failed. Seven were in the primary, or, in this case, the highest class, and one failed; the others will receive Government certificates. Five were in the third standard, and one failed.

All of the second standard passed, but there was one failure in the first. Still, it is a good record and several passed with merit. Eight of these children are from the Kimidi field, and one of the boys, who passed in the primary, may fall into Miss Clarke's hands, as he is young and needs to learn a few lessons not found in books. Miss Clarke has not heard of this yet, as she only arrived in Bimli last Saturday.

Another boy will also leave the school, but it is a little difficult to find his place, and we are waiting.

Our girls have tithed their rice all through the year, and put the proceeds into the Sunday collections. Our boys tried it, but have not done so well; they give some, but not a tenth.

Mr. Archibald went out to the railway station yesterday morning, some eight miles distant, to meet Mr. Corey, whom we were very glad to welcome to Chicacole a few hours later. After a short visit he and Mr. Archibald started for Palcondah, which we suppose they reached this morning. This is only a flying visit, and is made, because the question as to where Mr. and Mrs. Corey are to locate, must be settled. We all thought it was settled, and that Palcondah was to have a missionary at last, but changes elsewhere, may result in one here.

Our Union Conference meets in Cocanada this year, and is to convene almost a month earlier than usual. So next Monday about three p.m. Mr. Archibald and I hope

to take the train at Amedalevalsa and be in Samulcotta twelve hours later. This will be our first ride on the East Coast Railway, and we are quite eagerly anticipating the pleasure. We have heard that a branch line is to be surveyed from Drosie, a station some six miles from us to Calingapatam, our seaport town, via Chicacole. If this is correct, we will be in close contact with the whole railway system. The main line runs through the body of our present large field, but if we ever get reduced to our Chicacole field proper, it will not be of much service, in direct mission work.

The schools and my health have kept me at the station the whole of this year; but we trust this will not be the case during '95. If Subraidu comes, I hope, at times, to put the charge of both boarders and day school into his hands, while I visit parts of the field with Mr. Archibald. The translation of our new S. S. lessons has helped largely to keep me here, but we hope that in the approaching conferences, some arrangements will be made, whereby they will be removed from the shoulders of those who have borne the burden thus far. As I was so poorly the latter part of the rainy season, Mr. Higgins took the last part of the last quarterly and finished it up.

As we go into the new year, we hope we are going strengthened by your prayers, and to the God of missions we will look for a blessing.

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Dec. 13th, 1894.

*Original*  
S. S. *Oriental*, Dec. 21, 1894.  
Nearing Bombay.

*My dear readers of the LINK.*—I hope to post this to-morrow morning in Bombay, and I write that you may have the news of our safe arrival in India on Saturday, December 22nd. Our arrival in Samulcotta will not be until Tuesday, Christmas night, at midnight, or possibly Wednesday night. Our hearts were made sad at Aden on hearing of dear Mr. Barrow's death, and we regret that this year no one is on the way out to be preparing to take his place, but we hope that in some way our coming may help to relieve the burden.

Our voyage, on the whole, has been a pleasant one, though at times the seas have been pretty high, so that none of us can boast of being good sailors. Many and many a time have we longed to be at our desired haven, and now, we trust, our longing is almost realized. Mrs. Churchill joined Miss McLeod and me at New York, and has been voyaging with us. She, too, will be glad to reach her home. We have been observing together the 12 o'clock hour of prayer, and have found it a time of deep spiritual enjoyment. Often have we remembered those who promised to join with us in this mid-day prayer for missions, and this, too, has been a source of strength to us.

My dear readers, may your prayers for us be constant that we may be kept in His abiding love, that we may always know His guiding hand and that we may be constantly filled with His abundant fulness.

Yours in love for the Master,  
S. ISABEL HATCH.

## Work at Home.

### OUR INDIAN MISSION.

It may be of interest to the readers of the LINK to receive further information concerning the above Mission.

Our work has been greatly facilitated, the Lord nobly served, and many hearts made glad by those who have sent us various gifts of clothing. Generous and helpful contributions have been received from the Mission Circles of St. Thomas, Perth, Strathroy, Aurora, Port Colborne, Ormond, and North Star, Brantford; from Miss Hurne's S.S. class, Port Hope, and Lindsay Mission Circle and Band. In return, we offer grateful acknowledgement, and pray, "God bless you."

In connection with these gifts of clothing, the Indians visit our home, and little Gospel meetings are held, when the glad news of salvation is proclaimed to those who know it not. Within the past six weeks, about one hundred and twenty heathen people have heard the message of God's grace; and as the same Indians come again to our meetings, those have heard of Jesus several times during the above period. In our meetings we sing, read, preach and pray. Rolls of pictures, kindly sent, presenting scenes in the lives of Paul and Jesus, have proved most serviceable. Those present are all eyes and ears while the view is followed and the story is told; and often expressions of mingled wonder and pleasure arise from our humble audience.

At these meetings, Indians have been present from at least six different reservations; people who were ignorant of the way of salvation through the Crucified Redeemer, and the thought is appalling that within one hundred miles of this town there are over seven hundred Indians who are practically in heathen darkness! They are untouched by other denominations. We, as Baptists, now enter the heathen field of the North-West. We have a heathen religion to overcome with the Gospel of Christ, but there is no other denomination with which to contend.

These Indians hold to their heathen form of worship; but it does appear that some hold to it less firmly than they did a few months ago. The following statements have been made by our Indians on different occasions: "The minister tells us good things, and we like to hear him." "I want to come and learn more about God, when I can tell other Indians." "We never heard this

before, for the 'white man' never tells us anything about his religion." "We want to do what is right and good." "I shall go home and tell my wife and other Indians what I have heard to-day." "I am glad you are bringing that Book (the Bible, which had been commended) to this Reserve." After making due allowance for Indian character, the above expressions afford substantial encouragement, and a confident expectation for the ultimate triumph of the truth.

About fifteen children have been promised for the boarding school. We hope to establish, for our Indian boys and girls grow up in ignorance and superstition—following in the footsteps of their heathen parents, who are without hope and without God in the world.

May the light of divine truth dispel the darkness that envelops these people, and may the power of endless life arouse their souls from the deadness of trespasses and sins.

Yours for the salvation of the North-West Indian,

B. DAVIES.

Portage la Prairie, Man.,

Jan. 14th, 1895.

#### NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

**SWEDEEN.**—We organized our Circle Nov. 2nd of last year, Mrs. Welter, our Associational Director, being present at our first meeting. We take up both Home and Foreign work. Our officers are as follows:—President, Mrs. Thos. Orchard; Vice-President, Mrs. Geo. Silcox; Secretary, Miss Rachel Silcox; Treasurer, Miss Alice Silcox. We meet the first Thursday in the month. Our meetings are interesting and we are very hopeful in our work. We have sent \$6 for Home Mission, and expect at our next meeting to send \$5 for the Foreign work. We organized with 21 members, but have lost one by removal. We intend giving a Missionary tea in aid of the extra fund needed.

Yours in the work,

SARA A. ORCHARD.

#### THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 18TH, 1894, TO JANUARY 17TH, 1895, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—Hamilton (Wentworth St.), \$3.35; West Toronto Junction, \$1; Attwood, \$2.85; Paisley, \$7.20; Woodstock (First Ch.), \$16; Wallaceburg, \$2; Thedford, \$6; Port Rowan, \$1; Stonyville, \$3.40; Selkirk, \$2.40; Beachville, \$2.93; Listowel, \$3.00; Peterboro', \$11.62; Toronto (Bloor St.), a member, special, \$5; Campbellford, \$1; Galt, a Christmas gift, \$1; Guelph (First Ch.), \$7.13; Forest, \$4; Toronto (Jarvis St.), a member, special, \$15; Collingwood, \$2; Mount Forest, \$4.57; Toronto (Dovercourt Rd.), \$8.75; Brooklin, \$3.05; Grimsby, \$5; St. Thomas, \$13; Galt, \$9; Port Perry, \$2; London (Adelade

St.), \$11.50; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$38.16; Woodstock (Oxford St.), \$7.30; Brantford (Calvary Ch.), \$8; Hespelet, \$8.33; Westover, \$7; Brantford (First Ch.), for Miss McLeod, \$25; Glamis, \$4.77; Sarnia Township, \$4.50; Toronto (Parliament St.), \$4.07; Toronto (Beverly St.), \$17; for Garsala Abraham, \$23.34; Hamilton (Victoria Ave.), \$3.00; London South, \$3.50; Toronto (Monifon College), \$3; London (Grosvener St.), \$2.00; Waterford, \$10; Wheatley \$1.50; Daywood, \$5; Norwood, \$3; Petrolia (\$1 for Miss McLeod fund), \$9.34; Tilsonburg, \$5; Bethel, \$3.97; Total, \$341.13.

FROM BANDS.—Bloomington, for Uba Appalawami, \$25; Attwood 45 cents; Hamilton (James St.), for G. Chinnamma \$5; Port Perry, 30 cents; Wingham, \$2.18; Wingham (Juvénile), \$2.47; Wallaceburg (Girls), for M. Venkayya (toward last year's support), \$12; Barrie, \$1.75; Brooklin, for Karu Sanyasi, (\$11.70 completing support for 1894) \$12.50. Total, \$61.65.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Toronto (Beverly St.), Bible Classes, for Todoti Philomen, \$6.25. Total receipts, \$409.03.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, regular remittance, \$815; Specials from Gladstone and Pickering Circles, \$8.45. Total disbursements, \$823.45.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

100 Pembroke St., Toronto.

Jan. 21st, 1895.

#### W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY. — For Mr. and Mrs. Morse, that our God will supply all their need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. For the Officers of our Aid Societies, that their zeal may be increased.

#### A GATHERED BLOSSOM.

From yonder church upon the height  
The funeral bell is tolling,  
Reverberating through the vale,  
Where deep the stream is rolling.

A sad procession issues forth.  
And yet not wholly sadness  
Their mien bespeaks, the while they raise  
Sweet hymns of solemn gladness.

These Indian brethren bear to rest  
A little Christian maiden,  
A gathered blossom, like the flowers  
Wherewith her bier is laden.

Yes, gathered safe from earthly storms,  
In Christ her Saviour sleeping;  
"Not last, but gone before," they know,  
And comfort blends with weeping.

They pass along the winding road,  
Above the rushing river,  
And still praise their strains of praise,  
Although their voices quiver.

In Tamil speech they sing, "O, oomo  
Thou Fount of every blessing!"  
And "Jesus loves me, even me,"  
Their trust in Him confessing.

These Christian parents laying down  
The body of their daughter  
In tranquil trust, in graveyard green,  
Beside the falling water.

What blessed contrast to the rites  
By heathen practised round them !  
We thank Thee, Lord, thy Gospel light  
In darkness sought and found them !

ISETTE TERESA MODY, LL. A.

Coonoor, Nilgherries.

—*The Christian.*

In connection with the tale of the children's gifts, in another column, please read in order Matt. xxviii. 18 ; xix. 20 ; John iv. 34, 35 ; Deut. vi. 6, 7.

WOULD it be possible for every Aid Society to make one life member this year? What an income that would be. An extra, because these life memberships are not taken from the regular members' fee, but are an extra offering.

EVERY few days appreciative words are received regarding "Tidings," our monthly leaflet to the Societies. It meets a long-felt want. The letters, fresh from our missionaries to the sisters, are of incalculable value. India and the W. B. M. U. are nearer than ever before.

Twelve cents per year is all we ask from each Aid Society for these monthly letters,—to cover the cost of printing. Do not forget to enclose the *twelve cents* to our Treasurer when you send your quarterly remittance. And *tell her* you enclose it.

As is now well known, our Bureau of Missionary Literature has journeyed from Dartmouth to Amherst, N.S., and changed its residence for the better.

Instead of printing the catalogue in the LINK and column as formerly, Miss Black has issued a neat catalogue, which was sent with each copy of *Tidings* for January, so that no Society or Band need be at a loss to know just where to send and what to send for.

THAT Circulating Library, long wanted and hoped for, is now a settled institution. Several donations of books have been sent. Some came from the library of Mrs. Selden, one of our best workers in this cause. She is not, for God took her—but by these books she yet speaketh. Some have been kindly sent by Mrs. Archibald. To one of these we would call particular attention. It is entitled "The Bishop's Conversion." The preface says of the author, "Mrs. Maxwell has seen much and has served well in the missionary field, and has well earned a right to be heard on the subject which she has chosen."

The scene is laid in Lucknow, whither the good Bishop, his wife, and only daughter have journeyed; the former bent on seeing for himself—by a year's sojourn on a mission field—living as the missionaries do, the latter being at his wife's suggestion, if these "tales of luxury and ineffectual work in India, can be true." He will put a stop to the talk, or find the cause of it.

Living as the missionaries do is not found to be as pleasant in reality, as it looked, seated at their own table in the home land; but they go bravely through, and "many of the incidents used" are recitals of actual

occurrence; scenes of actual occurrence as Mrs. Maxwell met them.

We wish the few grumblers and sceptics left in these provinces would peruse this book. Members of the W. B. M. U. who have such people near them, will do well to send for "The Bishop's Conversion," and persuade the grumblers to read.

Any of the books on the catalogue will be sent to the address of any sister in the Maritime Provinces, on the receipt of six cents—to cover postage, and may be retained for two months.

Address all orders to

MISS MYRA J. BLACK,  
Amherst, Nova Scotia.

TREASURERS of Aid Societies and Bands will please see that all moneys are sent to our Treasurer *every* quarter.

Remember we are pledged to raise this year \$8,500: \$7,000 for the Foreign field, and \$1,500 for our Home fields.

We promised that this sum should be sent to our Treasurer in quarterly amounts. If this promise is not kept, how is she to meet our obligations?

The most responsible office in our W. B. M. U. is that of Treasurer. No missionary organization owns a more faithful, and painstaking and thoroughly competent business woman for Treasurer, than does the Woman's Missionary Union of these Maritime Provinces.

Few of us realize the amount of work done by her; nor do we realize how that work is increasing year by year. None rejoice in this increase more than our Treasurer. But, a word in your ear, fellow-workers; let us help her to rejoice. Take care of your blessings, lest you lose them. Let the money reach Amherst so regularly, that these heavy burdens will be lifted from our fellow-worker.

\$2,125 should be in Mrs. Smith's hands every quarter.

#### GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN MISSIONS.

WHEN the Lord wanted the first foreign missionary for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, we would have supposed that one of the apostles would have been chosen; no so, the Lord chose a Roman citizen, born and brought up in Tarsus, the chief city of the Roman provinces, noted for its arts and sciences, and for its University of Philosophy.

It was an exceedingly rich and populous city, and the inhabitants had a habit of sending their sons into other cities for learning and improvement. So the embryo missionary is sent with others to Jerusalem, to the school of that eminent Rabbi, Gamaliel, and was taught the most exact knowledge of the law of Moses. A thoroughly educated Roman and a thoroughly educated Jew combined; he could go among the Jews, where a Roman would not have been tolerated, and say, "I am a Jew like yourselves, and have brought you the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation." He could go among the Romans and say, "I am a Roman like your selves, and have brought you the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation."

This is the man whom God chose as his first foreign missionary, even the great St. Paul, than whom no greater man ever trod this earth, at once an intense Jew, and a broad-minded Roman, whose first words when he was convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, the promised Saviour, were, "Lord, what wilt thou have

me do?" And he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but when brought before kings and rulers, he told them plainly how God had appeared unto him, and how Christ was formed within him, the hope of glory. In all his imprisonments the first thing we hear of; is his preaching Christ to all that came near him; and certainly "all things worked together for good," if not in his personal comfort, in advancing the Kingdom of Christ, which was Paul's highest joy. Behold the wisdom and power of God!

When the Lord wanted the Baptists of America stirred up and interested in the cause of Foreign Missions, who did it? And who was their first missionary to the Burmese and Karens? It was a young man whom the Lord was having educated for that purpose in the Congregational Church, one of the finest minds that the world ever saw; one whose peculiar aptitude was the study of languages, one who would have adorned the highest position in any profession; this was none other than the great Adoniram Judson. He had imbibed sceptical views, but as soon as converted, like St. Paul, he cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And his alio, like St. Paul, was not disobedient to his Lord's commands. He and a number of his fellow-students decided they would give themselves to foreign missionary work.

Some time before this, the English Baptists had established a mission at Serampore; the English Congregationalists had followed in the same work, and their American brethren had helped them by liberal donations. Now these young men were planning a mission separate and independent, and after many disappointments, their denomination decided that they would send them as their missionaries, and would support them in establishing a mission in Asia. And the 18th of June, 1812, saw them landed at Calcutta, after a long sea voyage of some months.

The quiet and leisure of the lengthy voyage was employed by Mr. Judson, in thinking and planning for his future work. In doing this, the directions given by the American Board received especial attention. By the directions of that Board he was instructed to baptize believers and their households. He, as a matter of course, felt he could baptize those who seemed to be true believers, but as to baptizing their still idolatrous households, he was dismayed.

He was still very young, it had only been a few years since he had felt any personal interest in religion, and had never had any personal responsibility in administering the ordinances of the church in a Christian land, and how could he determine the constitution of a church for a people who had never heard of Christ. So he reasoned. Besides, he was about to meet the Serampore missionaries, Carey and Marshman, men who were looked up to by the entire Christian world for their eminence, alike in learning and piety. Mr. Judson was the bearer of a letter from the American Board, asking for the kindly aid and notice of these excellent men. In expectation of soon being their guest, he began asking himself how he should meet their objections, and defend his denominational views. The more he examined the subject, the more distrustful he became of his own belief, and he would tell his wife that he feared the Baptists were right. Mrs. Judson, a most winsome and lovely woman, believing it a point of no vital importance, endeavoured to dissuade him from further investigation, seeing at a glance the distressing consequences which must result from a difference in their denominational views. His answer

always was that his duty compelled his examining the subject, and he hoped that he should have a disposition to embrace the truth, though he paid dearly for it. A critical study of the Greek New Testament, in connection with this inquiry decided him; he saw that the command which Christ gave every believer was still unfulfilled in his case. But how could he do it? He foresaw the disappointment, grief, and mortification that it would occasion his parents and Christian friends, his dismissal from the Congregational board, and his separation from his missionary brethren. It was with sorrow of heart, that this great man contemplated his position. He asked himself whether, under circumstances as peculiar, some departure from the strictness of the command might not be admissible. But the question would come again, how shall I treat the children and domestics of converted heathen. This was the Gordian knot, which, as he expressed it, he heartily wished his brethren could feel the tightening of, as he did, when passing judgment on him.

After some weeks in India of continued search for the truth, he, and his no less heroic wife were baptized in the Baptist Chapel at Calcutta; love for their Lord and loyalty to Truth, were stronger than poverty and the loss of friends. And here we find the first foreign missionary for the American Baptists, whom they accepted as God given.

You, who are acquainted with his life know what a power it was. The translation of the Bible into Burmese, the compiling of a dictionary for the use of other missionaries, the care and love he had for those converted Burmese and Karens, all show him as the perfect missionary. His life was a wave of truth in this century, the ripples of which are still felt and shall be forever more. These and such as these are the men whom the Lord has called as for missionaries.

Some years ago, a young man from this country, the Rev. Mr. Timpany, became a very successful missionary among the Telegus. The Rev. Mr. Randall, of blessed memory, in speaking of him said, "There is a proof of God's accepting what we would do, if we could; that man's mother, speaking in a conference meeting, gave the greatest missionary address I had ever heard; her very soul yearned over the perishing heathen; she would have given herself so cheerfully if it had been possible; but her duty was with her family, all she could do was pray for them. In due time 'God provided the lamb for the sacrifice'; her own son became the successful missionary to the Telegus," and last summer I met her grandson, the Rev. Dr. Timpany, he and his young wife are devoting their lives to missionary labors.

And now when the Lord provides the missionaries, and they give themselves so cheerfully and unreservedly, what is our duty? We should give of our means for the support of missions, just as cheerfully, and according as God prospers us, glad that we can be of the smallest use in so great a work.

I have been acquainted with a number of prosperous men, who gave the first dollar they possessed for the furtherance of the Gospel, and it was their firm conviction that all their after success was due to the blessing of God.

"The blessing of God maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

The first person baptized by Dr. Judson, in Maulmain, died in the Mission hospital there last July. She was a very aged Burmese woman.

## CLEANINGS FROM MANY FIELDS.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied. All nations shall call Him blessed. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

ZENANA AND BIBLE MEDICAL MISSION, ENO. — On Tuesday afternoon (16th Dec.), farewell was said, at a large gathering of the friends of this Society, to twelve ladies going out for the first time as missionaries to India, and one who is returning after furlough at home. Mr. T. A. Denny presided, and, after a few opening words, called upon the Bishop of Honduras, who addressed the young laborers in earnest and inspiring terms from the motto, "Christ for all, all for Christ."

Miss Baumann, one of the most successful and experienced Zenana missionaries, gave an account of the women of India, and of the joy of working among them. Difficulties there certainly are, but one forgets these in the joy of seeing precious souls won to Christ. If young Christian girls only knew the privilege of such service, surely many would come forward to offer themselves. Workers are sorely needed. Who will come to the help of the women of India?

AN old Bedaween woman who had been restored to health in a Christian hospital, returning to her tribe, said to her husband: "The Doctor was as kind to me as if I had been a man!"

MR. GLENNIE (Baptist) reports the baptism of seven youths at Bolobo Station, Upper Congo. First-fruits of Gospel service are reported from Stanley Pool, after five years' labor. Two have been baptized, and there are several others who have given their hearts to Jesus and who are expected soon to join the church.

CHINA.—Miss Elizabeth Stoddard writes as follows in the *Independent* concerning a trip into the interior: "As I heard the school-girls sweetly singing first and second parts of 'All the way long it is Jesus,' I could not help thinking what a disastrous thing it is for Satan's kingdom in China when the name of Jesus and the story of His love is set to some sweet melody and hymned out from native lips, prompted by a heart of gratitude. I am not sure if there is anything that makes devils tremble much more than the discovery that the Chinese can be taught to make melodious sounds as well as have melody in their hearts. Oh, the horrible concatenation of sounds that passes for music in this China! Now many mothers may put their children to sleep hushed by the same lullabys our mothers hymned to us in days gone by."

Again: "On the boat passing the 'customs,' you will hear the men shouting out, 'Jesus Hall,' and then you appear by way of confirming their verbal testimony by personal witness. On the river boats, you may find a list of the passengers as follows: 'Sixty-eight Chinese and three Jesus men.' You will hear, perhaps, also 'foreigner—Jesus,' by some one passing."

Mrs. Esselstyn, of Toheran, in a recent letter refers to what is known in Persia as the *Mutalu*, a legal, authorized transaction, which is among the greatest abominations of any country or any age.

"Mr. Esselstyn has been telling me about the condition of the women who work in the rice fields in Mazanderan. A man who owns a field instead of hiring laborers, marries eight or ten or as many women as he needs to do the work. He marries them for the few months that there is work and then divorces them. During the winter, each goes somewhere else, and becomes the wife of some other man, or finds work, or begs, and at the beginning of the next rice season they often come back and re-marry the same man. These poor women work all day in the hot sun, in mud two or three feet deep, often with babies strapped to their backs. In Persia there are two kinds of marriages: one where the people are married until they grow tired of each other, then they easily get a divorce. The other way, the man takes a wife for three days, a month, or a year, or as long as he pleases to contract for, and until this time has expired he cannot divorce her." — *Woman's Work for Woman*.

(And yet the religion of Jesus Christ was, at the World's Fair, put on a par with Mohammedanism, which teaches the above.)

## SOME DATES WORTH REMEMBERING.

- 1792. The First British F. M. Society organized through the efforts of Carey.
- 1793. Carey landed in India.
- 1813. East India Company compelled by Parliament to tolerate missionaries.
- 1813. Judson arrived at Rangoon, Burmah.
- 1814. American Baptist Missionary Society organized.
- 1816. Moffatt sailed for Africa.
- 1826. Mission to the Kserens commenced.
- 1828. First Karen convert.
- 1834. Death of Carey.
- 1807. First Missionary to China.
- 1859. First Missionary in Japan.
- 1840. Livingstone sails for Africa.
- 1829. Widow burning abolished by the British Government in India.

## NEWS FROM THE AID SOCIETIES AND BANDS.

AYLESFORD.—Miss Bancroft has organized a Mission Band.

PUGWASH.—The first of January, sister Mrs. Lowe, constituted herself a Life Member of the W. B. M. U.

NORF, HANTS CO.—Mrs. Nalder writes that an Aid Society was formed in Oct. The President is Miss Annie Hunsingur; Secretary, Miss Mary McLellan.

GASPERANCE, KINGS CO., N. S.—A Mission Band with 66 members has been organized. Pres., Miss A. Williams; Treas., Mrs. Fred Davison; Sec. Miss Josephine Eagles.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.—January 15th. The Aid Society presented Miss Hume with a Life Membership. Miss Hume had been Sec. Treas. of this Society for nearly six years, always faithful, always in her place, and earnestly true in her work, her fellow labourers owed her much, and accepted her resignation as Sec. with deep regret. This certificate of Life Membership in the

Union, was not only a recognition of her work, but an expression of the warm love of her comrades in the mission work.

ONE day last month, the Treasurer of our Union was sitting with some friends in her parlour, when the door opened, and three little children were shown in. The eldest handing our Treasurer an envelope, said, "Here is some missionary money, Mrs. Smith. Fifty cents from me, fifty cents from Roy, fifty cents from May, and twenty-five cents from Hazel. A note from the mother said that the children heard her speaking of the North-West Mission, and the great need of money to carry on the work, and they all wanted to know if the money in their "Banks" would do any good. The mother adds, "The amount is very small, but it is given willingly, I think God will bless it." Aye, and He will bless it. Can we not see the children's Saviour taking these gifts, even as He took the loaves from the hands of the lad on the shores of the lake of Galilee? How many were fed then, how many baskets full of fragments taken up? Even so to-day, the children's faith, and the children's Saviour will feed a great multitude, until, "They sing a new song, because Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

LOCKEPORT. —In September, 1894, through the efforts of the W. M. A. S., a Mission Band was organized at Lockeport, of which the entire Sunday school forms the membership. It was thought best to include all at the beginning, as some might have kept out for no real reason, and the uninterested ones stand a better chance of becoming interested within the Band than from the outside. Every second Sunday after the lesson and before the school is dismissed, we have a ten minute missionary talk. Sometimes for variety one of the boys or girls recite something good, and occasionally the little ones sing. The first Sunday of every month there is a special missionary collection. We have undertaken the support of Lingiah, a native preacher at Chicacole, so you see we have a living tangible responsibility in the Foreign mission field.

January 1st we had a concert, in which every member of the school took some part. Everything about the concert was bright, cheerful and successful, while "Our Mission Band," in large letters suspended over all by an invisible wire, proclaimed the spirit and inspiration of it all.

The collection was very good, being something more than \$8.00. At the close mite boxes were distributed, some of them were taken by friends outside the school; they will all be opened at our next quarterly concert. If these little boxes will teach early lessons of self-denial among our children here, still another merit will be added to their already long list of usefulness.

Our Aid Society goes steadily along, a help and blessing to those whose hearts are there. It is the old story of the "faithful few." Still the few are very faithful. Three names have been added through the year. We are going to try to make our H. M. collection double last year's figures. We wish all our sisters in the church were interested too, then we could do a great deal more; but we are working for a Master who does not reserve His blessing for great things only, but has promised to accept even the cup of cold water given in His name.

S. B. S. BROWN.

## Young People's Department.

### TO THE MISSION BANDS.

*Dear Young Friends,* —Although I have not written to you before, I very often think of you working away lovingly and earnestly for the boys and girls of this dark land of India. We call it a dark land, although the sun shines so brightly, very much brighter and stronger than it does in Canada.

But the people's hearts are so dark. You know Jesus is called the Sun of righteousness and the Light of the world, but so many boys and girls here do not know anything about Him. Let me tell you something I saw the other day.

One day in every year the people worship the snakes, of which there are so many poisonous kinds here. The ants build up mounds of earth and the snakes live in them.

On the last day of October, some one reminded me that was the day for snake worship. As there are a number of ant-holes near our compound, I had a good chance to see. We went quite close to one, where a father and mother and their children were worshipping. They were so devout. First the father and then the mother, poured milk into each hole in the ant-hill. After, they put a kind of candy, and sprinkled something that looked like flour. The parents stood aside, and the children very carefully did just exactly as their parents had done. Then the father put some sweet-smelling spices on a live coal, and placed it so that, the smoke would go into the hole. After all was finished, there was still some candy left, or mitti, as they call it. This was divided amongst the children and women who stood near. They offered some to us, but of course we could not take any.

We went near another place where they were worshipping, but as the people there seemed angry at our coming, we went away. Some people pour milk and eggs and place flowers, etc.

Does it not seem very terrible for fathers and mothers to teach their children in this way? If a snake should pop out of the hole and try to bite them, they think it does not like the kind of food they have brought, or that they have not brought enough. How very thankful we ought to be that God has given us *light*. Are you not glad that you do not have to wait until you grow up, to help tell them about Jesus, who only can take away our sins, but that even the wee little ones can help. I hope every boy and girl who belongs to our Mission Bands will truly love Jesus and *pray* every day for the boys and girls out here.

But my letter is getting too long. I will write again some day and tell you more.

Pray often for the missionaries.

Your loving friend,

Tuni, Dec. 4th, 1894.

E. PRIEST.

## JACK'S MISSING MESSAGE.

It was a glorious day, and the skating on Quicksilver Pond was still fine, although February was half over. Jack Prescott and a dozen other boys, with glowing socks and shining skates, were making the most of it.

Phil Donovan, running by, drew up to see the sport.

"Hullo, Phil!" called Jack; "aren't you coming to skate? Where are you going?"

"To the mission band meeting," answered Phil, a little shortly.

"Oh! phaw! missionary meeting on a day like this! Let it go for once, and come and have some fun."

"Can't," replied Phil, firmly; "there's lots of business on hand, and besides it's all pretty jolly, any way. And then there's Miss Molly, you know."

Yes, Jack knew Miss Molly. He was in her Sunday-school class, and he liked to be with her, too, almost as well as any of the boys. Still he had never joined her mission band.

"You'd better come along with me," added Phil.

"Oh! I can't bother about it," said Jack, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I haven't time, and I don't believe foreign people care about having us fuss over them. Boys can't do much anyway, and there are persons enough to look after them. Besides, I don't have much money, and I'm saving up now for a bicycle. Maybe when I have everything I want and am tired of playing, I'll come round," and, with his merry laugh, Jack was off like the wind.

Phil, however, sped on his way. He was the first boy at the meeting, so had a chance for a short talk with Miss Molly, and before long, because they had troubled him a little, he had confided to her Jack's view of missions.

Miss Molly sighed a bit of a sigh, but in another moment smiled her sweet, hopeful smile. "Never mind, Phil," she said, "we will do our part, no matter what others say, and I think we'll have Jack yet."

The meeting was one of the best the "Busy Bees" had ever had, and Phil was not sorry that he had been faithful to his duty.

The night before Washington's birthday, Jack was hurrying home in the dusk when he ran into a knot of boys talking together in front of Mr. Donovan's house.

"Going to-night, Jack?" called one of the boys.

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Why, up to Bramford, with Miss Molly, and all of us. There's going to be a sort of missionary Washington's birthday celebration given by the band there in the Sunday-school room, and our band's invited. It's to be about our country and other countries, and there will be songs and speeches and exercises with flags, and games and refreshments at the end. I thought Miss Molly said she meant to ask all her class, too, but maybe that wasn't so. It's too bad that you don't belong to the band."

"I never heard a word about it," thought Jack, as he went on alone with a somewhat hurt, heavy heart. An excursion with Miss Molly and the boys was not to be despised, and Miss Molly had never left him out before.

After supper he crawled into a big chair in a corner where he could think by himself in the firelight and his low spirits might be unnoticed. But he soon felt that his mother knew something was the matter, and he could not deny himself the comfort of sharing his trial with her.

As he finished his story there was a sudden sound at the door, and in rushed Phil Donovan and Hugh Wharton, panting like two steam-engines.

"Mistake!" gasped Phil.

"Yes," added Hugh, "not Miss Molly, my fault! Can't wait now! Come catch train! Hurry!"

It was not much of an explanation, but Jack understood at once. He was ready in a trice, and the three boys bounded away toward the station. All was quiet there.

"Just gone," said the station-master, cheerfully, as the anxious faces looked into his.

"That's the end of it then," said Phil, dolefully. Hugh and Jack stole little glances at each other, then they all stood still and stared out of the door in mute despair. At that moment a tall, manly figure came swinging round the corner. It was Miss Molly's brother, whose name also was Jack.

"What's the matter here?" asked Mr. Jack, "Not going after all?"

"We're left," answered Hugh gloomily.

"Too bad," said Mr. Jack, with sympathy, though with a little laugh at the three mournful faces; "there's no help for it now, I suppose. But, wait a minute and I'll see."

The boys felt a thrill of encouragement as Mr. Jack disappeared. In about a quarter of an hour he returned.

"Well," he said, "I don't quite see why anybody should be so crazy to go to a missionary meeting, but I've found an old cart and horse that I think will hold together for two miles, so come along."

"Oh! thank you, Mr. Jack," cried the boys in one breath, and they followed their friend in need with radiant faces, and were soon bouncing round in the back of the wagon like corn in a popper.

They reached the church just at the close of the first hymn. Mr. Jack led the boys out, and then, with the poor old steed, whisked away in the darkness.

Nobody enjoyed the celebration more than Jack. He would not have believed a missionary meeting could be so entertaining. It had been very good in Phil and Hugh to come back for him, but he still had a sore feeling about Hugh for his former neglect.

On the way home in the train Jack managed to slip into the seat next to Miss Molly.

"So you almost didn't come, Jack," she said; "I am sorry that Hugh was careless about my message."

"Oh! did the fellows tell you about it, Miss Molly?" asked Jack.

"Well, of course, I can't be very mad at Hugh now, because he did his best to make up for almost cheating me out of the fun, if he did come near to being too late about it. But I've been thinking it over by myself, and I'm not going to say so to anybody else, but, Miss Molly, it seems to me it was worse than careless, it was up and down lazy and selfish. You see he didn't feel like going up the hill the night that you gave him the note, and in the morning his father told him he might go to the city with him to buy a printing press, and he thought he'd wait until he came home to attend to me. Then they had company at his house, and he thought I wouldn't care much for the celebration, because it was a missionary meeting, or else that somebody else would tell me if he didn't, and then he forgot all about the letter until at the station you asked where I was. Now, Miss Molly, I call that downright mean when you'd trusted it to him. Don't you say so yourself?"

Miss Molly looked down at Jack, with a queer, arch, yet serious little smile.

"Jack," she said, "I can't help thinking of another boy, who, like all boys in a Christian land, has had a message to deliver, but who is quite sure that he can't bother about it until he has done everything that he wishes for himself. He ventures to suppose, too, that the people for whom it is meant won't care to have it, if he should try to give it to them. Did you hear of such a boy, Jack?"

Jack looked puzzled. Then a flash of remembrance, mingled with surprise and a little shame, swept over his face.

"Oh! you mean about the heathen and missionaries and things like that," he said. "That Phil Donovan went and told on me," he finished, shaking his head.

But Jack was an honest lad, and a just one, in spite of his thoughtless disposition and love of play.

"I guess I did say something like that, Miss Molly," he confessed, with another laugh: "but you see it seems different when you're the other fellow. But truly, I never thought of that sort of thing as being like a message or anything like that."

Miss Molly drew from her jacket pocket her little New Testament, and opening it at I Thessalonians ii, 4, she held it under the lamp, where Jack could make out these words, "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak."

"That is the invitation to the Father's house, meant for all of His children, and entrusted to us to pass on. What shall we do with it, Jack?"

Jack stole a glance at her from under his lashes, colored again, and laughed his frank young laugh.

"Got me there, haven't you, Miss Molly?" he said.

"We have heard a good deal about George Washington to-night," continued Miss Molly. "He was a man who delivered the message given to him quite regardless of all loss to himself. That is not a bad lesson for Washington's birthday, Jack."

Jack's head drooped, and he was quite still for awhile, thinking the matter over.

"No," he said at last, "I never knew that it was like an invitation that I had to do anything about especially, but if those heathen people feel the way I felt about Hugh at first, I'm sorry for them. And, say, Miss Molly, I think I'll join your band. When's the next meeting?"—MARTHA BURR BANKS, in *Over Land and Sea*.

### ONE DAY TOO LATE.

NUM. xiv. 40-45.

One day God said to Israel, "Go in and possess the land." But Israel refused. The next day Israel said, "We will go in to-day." But God refused to go with them, and they are driven back with slaughter.

To-day is God's day. He lays the burden of some soul on my heart to-day. He says, "Go up at once and possess it, for you are well able to overcome it." But I shrink back and say "giants," or "high walls,"—"not to-day, Lord." Afterwards I repent. The next day I say to myself, "I'll go and win that soul to-day." But the ark of God's presence and power goes not with me, and it is failure—possibly the loss of a human soul because I did not *instantly* obey the heavenly vision. Oh, my God, deliver me from blood-guiltiness. "A word spoken in season."—*Selected*.

A saint is often under a cross but never under a curse.

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