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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

Vol. 9, No. 10.]

*"The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."*—Is. lx. 3.

[JUNE, 1887.]

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JAPANESE PRIESTS PRAYING.

THE returning missionaries have arrived safely in England.

**MESSEURS. DAVIS AND LAFLAMME.**—We hear excellent reports of the mission services that are being held among the churches east and west. We understand that they are endeavoring to interest the young men of our churches in a special effort to raise funds for the support of an additional missionary. We sincerely hope that the effort may prove successful, alike for the sake of the mission and for the sake of our young men, who will be greatly benefitted by having a special missionary object to interest them.

**ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.** We publish this month such announcements of Associational Meetings as have come to hand. Those that are not here announced have doubtless received full local notice. We hope to hear that a thoroughly successful meeting has been held in each association, that those who have been asked to take part in these meetings, have, almost without exception, responded to the very best of their ability, that the meetings have been largely attended even at personal sacrifice on the part of many sisters, and that the cause of missions, both at home and abroad, has received a great forward impulse.

**CO-OPERATION OF WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.** We publish in another column an appeal issued by the American Baptist Missionary Union to the Women's Societies, calling upon them for still further and more systematic co-operation in the general work of collecting for missionary purposes. We are sure that a basis of co-operation might be arrived at that would greatly facilitate the work of collecting, and largely increase the missionary funds. We do not of course mean to suggest that the special women's work, which has proved so successful in the past, be in any way interfered with, but that besides doing their own work, the sisters should assist in making a thorough canvas of the entire membership of the churches to which they may belong.

**OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**—We esteem the readers of the LINK fortunate this month in having so large an amount of interesting matter brought before them. The continuation of Mrs. Yule's admirable series of missionary sketches is, we are sure, looked forward to month by month with much interest by many readers. Mr. Craig's letter from Ceylon cannot fail to be highly interesting to our young readers, as well as to those of maturer years. Miss Hatch's letter was not intended for publication, and we had some misgivings about laying certain portions of it before our readers; but after all a familiar letter of this sort often conveys a more correct impression of missionary life than do more labored accounts. We trust, therefore, that she will excuse us for the liberty we have taken. A letter from the same writer, designed especially for the LINK, came to hand after this was in type, and will appear next month. Mr. Stillwell's letter from Samulcotta was written after the departure of the homeward bound party, and gives some account of the work at the Seminary. We trust that the hint about letters from Canada will be heeded. Personal acquaintance is by no means necessary to profitable correspondence of the kind suggested. It may be well to direct attention to the fact that during Mr. McLaurin's absence all correspondence relating to the Seminary should be addressed to Mr. Stillwell.

**THE TIMPANY MEMORIAL SCHOOL.**—We wish to direct special attention to Mrs. Timpany's account of Miss Folsom's work at Cocanada. This important and highly-successful enterprise, though it has been inaugurated and carried on without expense to our Societies, is yet closely connected with our missions, and directly auxiliary to our work. The school is now self-sustaining (with the Government help it receives), but there is an opportunity offered to those who would like to show their practical sympathy with the faithful missionary and her excellent work, to assist in paying for the building recently purchased. We are sure that any of the Treasurers of our Societies would be glad to receive and to forward special donations for this object. With reference to this and to all other special matters that may from time to time appeal to the benevolence of our readers, we would urge that the donation in every case be strictly special that is to say, that there be no diversion of funds intended for the regular work of the Societies, and which the Boards of the Societies are depending upon for meeting obligations incurred; but that all special donations be over and above what the Boards may reasonably expect us to contribute towards regular work. This is a principle that cannot be too deeply impressed.

### For Love's Sake.

You have read of the Moslem palace  
The marvellous fane that stands  
On the banks of the distant Jumna,  
The wonder of all the lands.

You have read of its marble splendors,  
Its carvings of rare device;  
Its domes and its towers that glisten  
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened, as one has told you  
Of its pinnacles snowy fair,—  
So pure that they seem suspended  
Like clouds in the crystal air:

Of the flow of its fountains falling  
As softly as mourners' tears;  
Of the lily and rose kept blooming  
For over two hundred years—

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,  
The jewels that crust the wall,  
The carvings that crown the archway,  
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,  
(Whose chisellings, mortal man  
Hath never excelled), the dearest  
Of the loves of Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends,  
Whose letters are set in gems,  
On the walls of the sacred chambers,  
That sparkle like diamonds.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming  
Whosoever the eye may look,  
Are words of the Moslem Prophet—  
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned  
Right wonderingly, as you must,  
"Why rear such a palace, only  
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it? The Shah had promised  
His beautiful Nourmahal  
To do it, because he loved her,  
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall and column,  
And tower and dome above—  
All toll of a sacred promise  
All utter one accent—Love.

You know of another temple,  
A grander than Hindoo shrine,  
The splendor of whose perfection  
Is mystical, strange, divine.

You have to read of its deep foundations,  
Which neither the frost nor flood  
Nor forces of earth can weaken,  
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,  
By the wisdom that fills the throne,  
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,  
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,  
So lofty its turrets rise;  
That the pile in its finished glory  
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,  
The roses of Sharon fair,  
Gethsemane's sacred olives  
And cedars, are round it there.

And graven on its walls and pillars,  
And out in its crystal stone,  
Are the words of our Prophet, sweetest,  
Than Islam hath ever known:

Texts culled from the holy gospel,  
That comfort, refresh, sustain,  
And shine with a rarer lustre  
Than the gems of the Hindoo mine.

The plan of the temple, only  
Its Architect understands;  
And yet He accepts—(oh, wonder!)  
The helping of human hands.

And so, for the work's progression,  
He is willing that great and small  
Should bring Him their bits of carving,  
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master Builder  
Disdainfully cast away;  
Why, even He takes the shippings,  
We women have brought to-day!

Oh, not the dead—to the living,  
We rear on the earth He trod,  
This fane to His lasting glory  
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised  
(And dare we the vow recall?)  
To do it, because we love Him,  
We love Him—and that is all!

For over the Church's portal,  
Each pillar and arch above,  
The Master has set one signet,  
And graven one watchword—Love.

—Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

## Timpany Memorial School.

DEAR LINK.—A word to those interested in all departments of our work in India, will be welcome, I trust, if I tell you a little about Miss Folsom's English School in Cocanada. It was started a few years ago, because your missionaries saw the necessity of doing something for the children of the large Eurasian population in and about Cocanada. You will understand the need better, when I tell you that there is not a Protestant school of this kind, where English speaking children can receive an education, all the way between Madras and Calcutta. It was felt, that while the natives were being cared for by all denominations, it was a mistake to neglect these poor Eurasian children, or leave them almost wholly to the influence of Roman Catholic schools. So, at our annual conference in Bimlipatnam some years ago, the subject was introduced by Rev. R. Sanford. After considerable discussion, it was decided to open a free school in Cocanada as soon as funds and a suitable teacher could be found. It must be free, as the large majority of those we wished to benefit were too poor to pay. All the Europeans in Cocanada with the Missionaries, and the members of our English Church able to help, were visited and a monthly subscription solicited. The result was favorable, and we at once tried to find a teacher. This was a difficult matter. Hearing of a lady in England, whom it was thought would be suitable, she was brought out, but on arrival, did not feel strong enough to teach, and we had to look elsewhere. Just at this time, Miss Folsom, the lady now in charge, was brought to the notice of those looking after this work, by Miss Frith. Mr. Timpany wrote to her at once, telling her how greatly the need of an English school was felt, and asking her if she would come and do this work for the Lord. The small amount he was able to promise as salary, left ample room for the exercise of faith and trust. Miss Folsom came, and owing to her faithful effort, the school has already been a blessing to many, an honor to herself and those who sustain it. It was then called "The Cocanada Free School." The English Government are willing to aid schools of this kind, if the teachers are properly qualified persons. Miss Folsom is a highly educated and cultured American lady, who went to India, not connected with any society, believing she would find work to do for the Lord. And herself, as well as all who know her, feel that she is in the very place where she can best serve her Master. She is a Baptist and a member of our English church in Cocanada. The Government pay half her salary, as well as half that of the other two teachers, which, on account of the growth of the school, it has been necessary to employ. The remaining expenses of the school, as I have said, have been met by private subscription. At the beginning, the idea was, if the school proved a success, that it should become a boarding school. It was soon found desirable to make it such, and some of Mr. Timpany's last work, only two days before his death, was with Miss Folsom's help, to plan for a new building for the boarding school. The friends in India have nobly and in the face of many difficulties, carried out the desire of the one who had to lay down this work. Instead of the trouble and expense of building, they bought a house that Mr. T. often wished we could have, but which was not for sale then. In a recent letter from Mr. White, Secretary of the school, he tells me, when the owner, a native, found how anxious they were to get the house, he raised the original price one thousand rupees, but finally took off five hundred of this, making the cost with present repairs six thousand five hundred rupees.

It is likely the Government will give two or three thousand of this, the remainder will be furnished by private contributions. Several friends and one Circle have already sent valuable contributions from Canada, for which they are deeply thankful.

The name has now been changed to "The Timpany Memorial Boarding School," and is still free as far as tuition is concerned, boarders paying for board. Mr. White says "Miss Folsom's salary has been raised to one hundred rupees a month, and in my opinion even that is not adequate to the work she does. When I look back upon the history of our school and think of the gradual, but sure way in which it has evolved itself out of (what seemed to me, utter impossibilities at one time, I am lost in wonder and amazement and am led to exclaim, truly God's ways are not our ways. The very opposition which we met and so much dreaded, has worked to our good; and to-day even those who love us least are bound to admit that our school has filled a gap here and is eminently useful."

The new building was occupied in January, 1887. Already there are six girls as boarders, and about 35 day scholars. But Miss Folsom's work is not confined to the school. In addition to music and drawing pupils, she teaches a weekly singing class, and has two weekly Bible classes, one for young men and the other for young women. In this way she is bringing a large number of the youth of Cocanada under Christian influence, who would otherwise be deprived of Christian instruction. If the English speaking people of India were Christians, there would be many efficient workers found among them to labor for the Telugus, and less need for us to send men and women from this country. Let us then encourage and sustain the dear teacher, who is doing as direct mission work as any of those laboring among the natives. And let us not forget her when boxes are being sent to that far away land.

Woodstock, May, 1887

J. B. TIMPANY.

## Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement. No. 6.

BY MRS. J. C. VYLE

Just at the time that Messrs. Marshman and Ward were being buffeted about in their fruitless endeavors to gain a footing in India, and eagerly availing themselves of the kindness of the Danish Governor of Serampore, in order to escape the hostility of their own countrymen, two young lives of singular beauty and promise were being shaped and moulded by God for effective work in the cause of missions—lives whose records were to go down through the ages as a rich legacy to the coming generations.

The first was Robert Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to China; the other, Henry Martyn, the gifted and earnest but short lived Missionary to Persia. It was partly through the instrumentality of the Rev. Charles Simeon, Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge, that Henry Martyn, then a student in the University, was brought to rest in the truth as it is in Jesus; and it was to him that his first impressions in regard to foreign missions were due. But those convictions were ultimately confirmed by a perusal of the life of David Brainerd, of whom mention has been made in a former number. This consecrated young life, thus early removed from service on earth to reward in Heaven, was destined to go on bearing fruit for Christ; but in another way, and on other

shores, and in different hearts from any he had ever dreamt of while toiling in the depths of the American forests, to bring the poor heathen of the New World to Christ. And yet, how soon was he who under the influence of David Brainerd's life and example, went forth to what he believed would be the service of a long life, like him to drop out of the ranks of living workers, leaving his unfinished tasks for other hands to do, and his example to be a power for God in other lives.

Mr. Martyn, having accepted a chaplaincy in the East India Company's Service, set out for India in 1805, two years before Morrison sailed for China; but in consequence of tedious delays he did not reach Dinapore, the place to which he had been appointed, until after more than a year had elapsed. He had, however, made good use of his time, after entering India. He remained three years at Dinapore, preaching, teaching the natives, and translating the New Testament into Hindostanee. This he sent as soon as it was finished to the Missionaries at Serampore, and their cordial approval of the work he had done cheered him greatly.

But here his health began to give way, and symptoms of consumption became alarmingly apparent. From Dinapore he was removed to Cawnpore, but his health continuing to fail he was advised to return to England. This, however, he was most reluctant to do. He had already made much progress in the translation of the New Testament into Persian; and in 1811 he went to Shiraz, in Persia, in the hope of being at once benefitted by change of climate, and of enjoying greater facilities for finishing and perfecting his translation.

In 1812 he had the pleasure of seeing it finished; but alas, the life that so far had fulfilled the highest hopes of the friends of missions both in India and his own country, was rapidly fading from earth, while sweetly brightening for the glories of Heaven. During the time that had been required for finishing his translation, he had preached and labored to the utmost of his ability; and it is believed that his labors at this period were blessed in the conversion of several persons, among whom were the three Persian scholars, who aided him in his final work upon the New Testament.

After a fatiguing journey for the purpose of presenting his finished work to the Shah, and securing his approval of it—a task he was prevented by illness from accomplishing in person, but which afterwards accomplished through the kindness of the British Ambassador—he found himself forced to consent to return to England. But his strength was too far spent. He only reached Tocat, where he died, on the 16th of October, 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, and was buried with affectionate regard by the members of the Armenian Church.

Martyn's work, like Brainerd's, was cut short at a very early age; but usefulness, happily, is not measured by length of days. Brainerd's life was the means in God's hands of bringing Martyn to decide for the work of a Missionary, and Martyn's life gave tens of thousands of heathen's the precious words of Christ in their own language, besides much—very much of value and significance, the importance of which will never be known except as eternity shall reveal it. The sacrifices this gentle and devoted young Christian made were deeper and more heart-touching than are generally known; but he made them all for love of Christ, and his reward will be seen in the day of his Lord's appearing; "for," says Christ,—“Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

Robert Morrison, whose work in China was begun in 1807, about one year after that of Henry Martyn in India, was converted when about fifteen years of age, while he was yet working with his father at the last-maker's trade, in Newcastle, in the north of England. He had been carefully reared in the principles of the Church of Scotland, and had been distinguished as a boy for his singular love of truth, and his orderly and dutiful conduct at home.

As soon as he was converted, young as he was, he entered quietly upon systematic Christian work; visiting the sick, reading the Scriptures, and praying with them; and, when it was needed, rendering them pecuniary aid. In order to do this he resolutely set aside a portion of his earnings. At the same time he was privately, and at hours when most other lads are sleeping, prosecuting his studies, and quietly preparing the way for the remarkable success he afterwards achieved in scholarship, and, quite unknown to himself, being educated and disciplined for the work of cross-bearing and self-denial that was being marked out for him in a heathen land.

Mr. Morrison was very young when his mind was definitely directed to missions as his future life-work. But his mother, between whom and himself there had always existed a peculiarly tender attachment, and who was in very delicate health, seemed unable to endure the thought of his leaving her; and he accordingly promised her he would not do so during her life-time.

He had not, however, very long to wait. In 1802 his mother died, and very soon after he offered himself as a missionary-student to the London Missionary Society, and on the 4th of September, 1807—"a date," says his biographer, "ever to be remembered in connection with the beginning of Protestant Missions in that immense country," he landed on the shores of China.

Alone in this vast empire, with only a very small beginning made in the acquisition of the language, looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the Romanist Missionaries who were already there, and the natives shy—even hostile, the wonder is his heart had not failed him at the very outset. But not so; for he was sustained by the strong arm of the God he served, and impelled by the two-fold energy of love—love to God, and love to perishing men. Morrison toiled on for a considerable time alone, and surrounded by difficulties and even dangers which only a consecrated purpose and a lofty trust in God could have carried him through. And such had been his diligence that, at the end of six years, when Mr. Milne came to his assistance, he had not only mastered the language so as to have been for some time able to do good work as translator and secretary for the East India's Company at Canton, but had prepared a Chinese Grammar, was preparing a Dictionary, and had carried far towards completion a translation of the Scriptures.

In 1814, not far from seven years after entering China, his Grammar and New Testament were printed; and in 1818 the whole Bible was translated.

In 1824, in consequence of impaired health, he returned home, and for two years labored there with great zeal and success in the cause of missions. In 1826, he returned to China, and entered with his wonted ardor upon his loved work in writing a commentary on the Scriptures in Chinese, preparing and distributing tracts and books, and preaching the Gospel. His unwearied labors were beginning to yield visible fruits, when the Master's call came, and he passed away to his rest, at the early age of fifty-two.

Such was the man whom God had raised up to open the doors of China to the entrance of the Gospel. A Chris-

tian life began like his could not fail of being fruitful for Christ. They who begin by being faithful in the little things that lie in their daily paths, will not fail to have their way opened to larger and wider fields; for, in service as well as in offerings, "the Lord loves a cheerful giver." Mr. Morrison died early, but the work he began under discouragement and difficulty lives on, and will live until the millions of China shall have been brought out of the darkness and death of heathenism into the light and life of Christ.

### "The Spirit Suffered them not."

To me, one of the strongest pleas for Foreign Missions is to be found in Acts xvi. 6, 7.

Paul, it seems, wished to preach the gospel in the province of Asia, being forbidden of the Holy Spirit to do so; he next essayed to go into Bithynia, that is to the eastward, "but the Spirit suffered them not." How much that means to us. We know of the vision that appeared to Paul, whilst awaiting God's will, from which he gathered that he was to go into Macedonia, this being the introduction of the gospel into Europe. Let us suppose for an instant that God had allowed Paul to choose the countries where he should preach the gospel, does it not seem probable that after preaching in Bithynia, he would have passed still eastward, away to the lands where we are now so slowly sending the gospel? If so, I often wonder would they, of those lands, be sending us the gospel in the same way that we are sending it to them; would millions of us be dying, not having heard of the Saviour of the world?

It was then God's will to send the gospel to Europe, is it not now His will to send it to Asia and Africa? Are not these continents being opened up in a wonderful way? Is not the Spirit leading us now, as surely as He led Paul? Let us follow His leadings, as Paul did.

How can any one say he does not believe in Foreign Missions? Are we not the offspring of Foreign Missions? To turn against it, is like a man turning against his own mother. Here the gospel has been established for hundreds of years when it was set to us; it was quite a new thing in Asia Minor, yet Paul did not say there was so much to do at home that he could not think of Foreign Missions. No; it was the very best thing for the infant church, as it is the best thing for the church now. The charity that begins and stays at home, generally gets so weak from want of exercise and fresh air, that it meets an early death.

Dear sisters, when we think of what might have been, if it had not been that "the Spirit suffered them not," let us, remembering the golden rule—do unto others as you would that they should do unto you—send the gospel to the perishing millions just as quickly as we can. We can aid in this great work by praying more, giving more, and interesting others. God help us to do so.

### "Rouse Yourself."

BY MRS. S. W. HOWLAND.

I once knew a dear old lady who used to have very little sympathy with any one having toothache. She would give some little dose, and say, "Now, rouse yourself." These two words, "rouse yourself," have come to me a great many times lately. Three weeks ago, Mr. Howland and I thought we would take an outing; so we started off to Jaffnatown, nine miles, to call on some

Wesleyan missionaries, who are soon going to Burmah, to start a new mission. Then we went to Mohammedan shops, bought a watch-key worth three cents for twenty-five cents (that's about the way we must pay, if we buy here), then out of town, two miles, to call on our church friends. Mrs. G. was just ready to have Bible-woman's meeting, and had invited the pastors' wives and Christian women to meet with them, to see if she could not stir them up to take hold of the work with the Bible-women. Isn't it strange that people, Christian people, do need stirring? I have been amused and sorry as I have read letters sent me lately,—something like this, I read: "Oh, dear Mrs. Howland, we need you here to stir us up!" "No, you don't," I say; "Rouse yourself." Another says, "It's very hard work to keep up interest in our society." Is it? Well, again I say, "Rouse yourself!"

I remember a bright little New England woman saying to me last year: "Do you know, I attended our Branch meeting a year ago, and I was shocked as I heard reports from this auxiliary and that mission-circle—'Our meetings have not been well attended, and the interest has died out; we have not had a missionary to speak to us for a long time;' and said one, 'Of course, under such circumstances, we could not keep up the interest.' I could not keep still," she added; "I felt I must do something. I told them, before next Branch meeting I would visit every auxiliary and mission circle; and I did."

"How many society funerals did you attend on that tour?" I asked.

"Not one."

She "roused herself," and others were "roused."

Now, to go back to that Saturday outing: Mrs. G. said, "I am so glad you have come at the right moment; just come and give my women a five minutes' talk."

I roused myself, and went. After a half-hour's heart-and-heart talk, there were promises made, "We'll try."

"Will you begin next Wednesday?" said I.

"Yes."

We want to do that sort of work here at Tillipally, I thought, and on Sunday I told my women what those Christian women promised to do; and before they left, they said, "We, too, will go."

I crossed the Atlantic with a lady, who, on the last day we were together, said, "O dear! I wouldn't I like to be you!"

"What for?" said I.

"Oh, I could do so much! and people would love me, and listen to me."

"Dear friend," I said, "just go to your Father and mine, and tell him about His mistakes."

"But He never makes mistakes," she said, earnestly.

"Well, somebody has made a mistake. Who is it?" I asked.

"I do not understand," she replied.

"The world ought to be full of love," I said. "Good ought to be done every day. God's children, every one of them, ought to rejoice in him, and not go about comparing friend with friend, nor themselves with their friends, but, looking unto Jesus, rejoice that he has promised to be with us always."

"I will remember that," she said.

"We'll see," thought I.

You will say, What a queer letter Mrs. Howland has written; but those two words have almost haunted me, and I had to write them to you. . . . I do feel very strongly, that if every Christian woman would "rouse herself," and meet the little possibilities before her, she would do great things for the dear Master before she knew it.—Selected from a letter in *Life and Light*.

## "Much Goods for Many Years."

REV. WM. ASHMORE, D.D.

The man who said this, came to his end, not because he was rich, but because he was selfish.

He had a good year. His grounds brought forth plentifully. Then was his opportunity. He might have said, "Now I am increased in goods. Now let me bring in a grand thank-offering. Now I will act like God. I will give to the poor. I will disperse abroad. I will be ready to distribute, willing to communicate. I will send out Levites to teach the ignorant. I will repair some broken-down synagogue." Had he done so, he would have been known to us as the rich wise man. People would have said of him, "Ah! he knew how to do things. He knew how to make a fortune, and he knew how to spend it wisely. He could make a friend even of the mammon of unrighteousness. He understood exchange. He was a genius in finance. He could take the pelf of earth, and turn it into the coinage of heaven. He could forward money to the skies."

Instead of that, this rich man made a speech to his own sweet self: "Soul! thou hast,—thou, thyself,—hast much goods—laid up—for many years. Now take it easy. Eat, drink, and be merry. Let other people look out for themselves. I will take good care of myself." For that, God called him "a fool." For that, he was called to account. He was weighed in the same balances that weighed Belshazzar. He was found wanting in the same way; and, like Belshazzar, he was condemned and executed the same night. In the evening he was, no doubt, enjoying a feast, clothed in purple and fine linen. Maybe apoplexy came upon him while he was busy with his architects about those new barns. The next morning he was stretched cold and stiff on a board with a white sheet over him, while several men, with picks and shovels in hand, were on their way to some hillside to dig out a hole to bury him in.

It is not a sin to have made in business a million dollars, nor a dozen millions, if honestly gotten. Everything depends on the use made of it. A million dollars may be utilized like a fair wind, and help a man heavenward by calling into exercise generosity, nobleness of soul, consecration, zeal for the good of others, and gratification in promoting the glory of God. It can enable him to enter into the enjoyment of the Godhead as a poor man cannot do who has nothing to give away. On the other hand, his million dollars may act like a head wind, turning him out of his course, and stranding him on a lee shore. This it always does when it makes him money-loving and money-hoarding. He calls this "securing a competence," "laying up something for a rainy day," "making some provision for old age."

Since that is the case, and money represents just so much food and clothing, let us convert a million of dollars into those things, and see how they appear. An inventory would have to be made out after such form as this:

Two thousand coats, two thousand pairs of pantaloons, two thousand waistcoats, two thousand pair of boots and shoes, two thousand hats and caps, ten thousand shirts, five thousand suits of underwear, ten thousand pairs of socks, twenty thousand pocket-handkerchiefs, six thousand barrels of flour, a hundred thousand tins preserved meats, forty thousand turkeys, fifty thousand chickens, twenty thousand bushels of apples, potatoes, and turnips, etc., etc., besides small articles innumerable, and pencils, matches, and toothpicks; *ad infinitum*.

"Stop!" you say. "There is not a warehouse in the land big enough to hold all these things." True. And that is the way it was with the rich fool. That is why he

was going to pull down his old barns, and build bigger ones. He had no bank of deposit, and so he had to get more storage. When one or two millions of dollars are entered on the books of a bank as deposits, nobody thinks anything of it; but, if we could see that amount materialized into the veritable boots and shoes it represents, we should be ready to cry out, in the language of Scripture, "Thou fool." Why, man, you are well along in years now. You are already fifty or sixty. You can't live more than ten, or twenty, or thirty years, at the very outside. You have laid up "much goods for many years." So you have! You are certain of not being "out at the toes" for the next five hundred years. With ordinary economy, you have enough, then, to last you full one thousand years. You are making provision for a lifetime thirty-one years longer than that of old antediluvian Methuselah.

But is there no way to lay up goods for many years, and yet not be selfish? Yes, there is. A way is pointed out by One who knew more about the finances of earth and heaven than any man living. His advice about investments is full and ample. "*Lay not up treasure on earth. Lay up treasure in heaven. Provide for yourselves bags that was not old.*" How this is to be done, he also tells explicitly. But the saints either do not understand him, or they do not fully believe him. Certain it is, that many never heed him. Let the owners of some uncertain mine come along, (or, perchance, the lightning-rod man, or a vendor of Bohemian oats), and hold out an inducement of ten per cent.; and they can get all the money they want out of the hoarded funds of God's people,—capitalists, merchants, and farmers. But let a proposal be made to lend to the Lord on his own recognition, that he will repay again with usury, and a majority of that same people will at once waive the opportunity in favor of somebody else. They choose to keep their "much goods" in their own hands here on earth where they may be snatched away from them at any moment, rather than commit any portion of them to God to be sent ahead over there where they will be certain to enjoy them to all eternity. And yet they all claim to be clear-headed, far-seeing business men.—*Missionary Magazine.*

### Co-operation of the Woman's Societies.

One of the first things suggested by Dr. Ashmore last autumn, when he consented to take up a part of the home work of the Union, was to present an overture to the Woman's Board, signed by himself and the Foreign Secretary. It will be seen that the Western Board has responded to the overture in the action printed below in connection with the letter. The Eastern Board have also responded in a similar spirit; and the Executive Committee and the executive officers would bespeak for them the favor of pastors and churches everywhere in the exercise of the kind office they are ready to assume.

#### SOMETHING FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

You will see that it is a plan to canvass our churches, and ask from every follower of Christ a promise to do something for the conversion of the world. We beg to commend the paper to your favorable consideration. If we are fortunate in securing that, then we further beg your co-operation in giving efficiency to the plan throughout the churches. Your excellent organization of State and associational secretaries, and your circles and band in individual churches, will enable you to do this effectively. In so doing you will not only enlarge your own specific work, but your society will render a service of priceless value to the Missionary Union, of which

you are the blessed helpmeet. In whatever victory is won by them, and when the crown is to be worn, you will stand by their right hand, a queen clad in the gold of Ophir.

You will observe that the present paper is simply a proposal to canvass. Nothing is said as yet as to how the some things are to be gathered in, whether by envelopes or by collections. Details can be left to the discretion of each company of workers, or they can be made matters of discussion hereafter. Let us first see how many are willing to give their something.

Yours, in the Master's work,

J. N. MURLOCK, *Foreign Secretary.*  
W. ASHMORE, *Home Secretary.*

Oct. 14, 1886.

A special committee was appointed to consider this proposition, which they did, and on the 7th of December brought in the following report, which was adopted by the Board of the Society of the West:—

"In view of a letter received from the secretaries of the Missionary Union, asking this society, through its circles and bands, to canvass the churches for the purpose of securing pledges from every member of the churches, to give something each week for the work done by the Missionary Union; therefore,

"Resolved, That we discern the great advantage that would accrue to the missionary work, were all Christians to give, or to lay by them in store, on the first day of the week, as the apostle gave order in I Cor. xvi. 1, 2; and therefore we will use all our influence to promote a return to the New Testament method, from which we have departed.

"II. That in compliance with the above letter, we will co-operate with the Executive Committee in bringing about a much needed reform; and further, we will encourage all our circles, while canvassing for their own specific work, to canvass at the same time for the Missionary Union, among the church-members at large, subject to the approval of the pastor."

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Cocanada.

*My Dear Mrs. Castle,*—Your letter to Miss Frith has reminded me that it was time I wrote to you. There is so very much to write about to the loved ones at home, that there is a great temptation to set aside letters that are in any way official, but I hope that you will not consider this in any way official but one of friendly information simply. You will have seen from THE LINK an account of my long journey hither, so I shall confine myself to impressions since arriving. As I drove into the mission compound it looked quite attractive, with its hedges of palm trees and prickly pear, and shrubby gardens. The Mission House also looked quite pretty with its broad, low verandahs, and flowering house-plants ranged along the front. There are two rooms large and high occupying the central part of the house, the sitting-room and dining-room, on one side are bed-room and study, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Craig, on the other side two bed-rooms, one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Auvaiche, and the other which I was now to occupy, formerly occupied by Miss Frith. Mrs. Auvaiche and Mrs. Craig take turns in keeping house, and it was arranged that I should board with them.

I furnish my own room and pay for my own servant, should I require one. Each bedroom has a dressing and bath-room attached. In our bedrooms the windows are all doors opening into one another or on to the verandah—Venetian doors with no glass. They are made of teak-wood and varnished. The walls are very high on account of the heat and are of rather rough plaster, the ceiling

being of teak-wood to prevent insects from burrowing. The walls are all very thick, all brick and mortar, 1½ feet thick, to keep out the heat. The room I was to have had two Venetian doors opening on the verandah towards the east, favorable for catching the east wind, which, being the sea-breeze, is the breeze longed for here, but not so favorable for the morning sun. The shutters must be kept tightly closed in the morning till the sun gets around, for if we allow him to steal a march on us we may suffer from headache all day. Altogether a pleasant room, and Miss Frith had sent word that I was to use her furniture in the meantime, which I was very glad to do.

On the very evening of my arrival I took a walk around the grounds to see the other houses. The Zenana House, your building, first. This we found was not very near completion, the walls only being up; with a few workers as there have been here it is a wonder that anything has been done, I am sure. Mr. Craig has had charge of all the fields, Cocanada, Tunni and Akidu, going out touring on them as often as possible; and besides this he has had to superintend these three buildings, the Zenana House, Rest House and Natives' House. One can not do here as at home, put building into the hands of a contractor and then leave him to fill out the contract, for there is no one here competent for that. In many cases the missionaries themselves have had to supervise everything personally, but Mr. Craig rightly thinking his time too precious for that, and knowing that most of his time was needed in the fields, has engaged an overseer for these buildings whom he holds responsible during his absences. This is the best that could be done, but the buildings don't progress quite as rapidly as they might have done otherwise. At present, however, the Zenana House is nearing completion, the roof is on, the plastering done, and the floors, also made of brick and mortar, are being put down. You have, I think, a plan of this house so I need not describe it to you. I think it will be quite cosy when it is finished. The plan is much the same as the Mission House only it is much smaller and built only for two. At some future time when we have many workers, another story might be put on making room for another. The Rest House is not so pretty, the roof going up with a point, and the ceiling of it painted a common rough green, the doors also. The dark green and the rough white of the walls don't make a pretty contrast at all. This, as you know, is for visiting missionaries when there is not room in the Mission House. It has been occupied several times already, once by the McLaurins and twice by missionaries from other fields and I also have lived in it a month myself. I must tell you how I came to go there. Mr. and Mrs. Auvache seemed very crowded as Mrs. Auvache was poorly, so that Mr. Auvache was often obliged to forego his lesson with the munshi because he only had the one room in which to take it, so I said I would let them have my room, and I would go to the Rest House till the Zenana was finished. There are two large rooms, two bath-rooms and two matry-rooms, so that when a cook-house is up two families might find accommodation there. I went and had my meals brought over through the day from the Mission House, as I could not go back and forth in the sun with safety, but I walked over in the evening to dinner.

In some ways it was quite an advantage, as the servant I had could speak nothing but Telugu, and then I had two of the school-girls come to stay with me at night who could only speak Telugu, so that if I said anything there I had to say it in Telugu. Munshi came every day

and I was, I thought, getting on so nicely with the language, the place was so quiet and so free from interruption to study, but it only lasted three weeks. At the end of that time, I have no idea from what cause except that of becoming acclimated, a fever took hold of me and held me for five days.

Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Auvache were very kind to me, indeed, but it was very awkward to have me ill all alone in that house. I obtained an ayah very soon, and then Mrs. McLaurin was good enough to come down from Samulcolta to help take care of me. Miss Frith in the meantime had come back and was in her room doing her packing, and Mr. Craig being away on a tour, Mrs. Craig insisted on my coming and sharing her rooms with her, which I was very glad to do. The fever has left me and I am just now getting over my convalescence, am able to write letters but not quite able to study. By the time Mr. Craig returns Miss Frith's packing will probably be done and I shall occupy the room with her until she goes, when I shall take it myself again.

But I must finish the tour around the compound. On leaving the Rest House we crossed over past the Telugu Chapel and came to the Natives' House, now occupied by Miss Beggs, a very efficient Christian lady whom I met this evening. She took us to the girls' quarters, and I was introduced to about 50 girls between the ages of perhaps 8 and 15. I could only say "salaam" and speak through an interpreter. They were anxious to hear all that was to be said about Mrs. Timpany and Mary, whom they remembered with much love. They seemed to me very much crowded in their rooms, seven and eight sleeping in a room about 12 x 15 feet with an opening about 1½ feet square for a window and one small door. They are rather more crowded at present than usual on account of the Akidu and Tunni girls all being here. They cook their own simple meal of rice, carry their own water in brass pots on their heads from a tank just outside the compound gate. Their dress is also very plain, consisting of a jacket which is a half waist with short, tight sleeves and a skirt draped around the waist with one end thrown over the shoulder. Some of them wear bracelets and anklets and ear-rings. Jewelry, I think, is much more becoming and appropriate to their dark skins than to the fair skins. There is as much a variety of faces as in our own girls at home. Some have quite pretty features, the colour of the skin only preventing one from saying "What a pretty girl!" as we would say at home. They go bareheaded and barefooted, and their habit of carrying things on their heads has made their carriage very erect, and their freedom from so much clothing has made them quite graceful. I like to watch them as they go back and forth carrying their pots of water.

But I was shocked when I saw their rooms. They sleep on mats which are spread out on the floor at night and rolled up and put in a corner in the day-time. Since learning more of the country and seeing more of the native houses, I don't feel so much wonder, for they are really much better off than they are at home, and it does not do, they say, to give them too many good things as it would simply make them discontented when they went to their homes.

It was now dark and I had seen all there was to be seen for one evening, so we came back to the Mission House and I had a long talk with Mrs. Craig about the school before retiring. I found that first evening how much workers were needed and all doubts, if I had any left at that time with reference to the need of my coming, were then completely swept away. The school which you

thought I had better take up is really at present pretty well provided for, having this very capable Eurasian lady as matron, with Mrs. Craig as superintendent, who has had much experience in teaching. But Miss Frith's illness has left the Zenana work without an overseer, and there is plenty of room for two Zenana workers from home. Mr. McLaurin's illness is taking him home, leaving Mr. Stillwell alone in the Seminary with 40 or 50 boys in training for the ministry. I felt the need of workers then, and ever since the feeling has been growing, and I do hope that our late request of the Board will very soon be responded to and that another young lady may be sent out this year if possible. Now, my dear Mrs. Castle, you see what a long letter I have written to you, and yet there is so much more that I might tell you about, concerning the places and the people, but I must forbear. You must be already weary of reading. We have just heard that Mr. McLaurin is worse again, and he and wife are coming this evening; if he gets no better he will hurry at once to Ceylon, where he will await the arrival of the steamer which sails from Madras on the 14th.

Friday, March 11th.

Mr. McLaurin is here but feeling much better again. I am quite well now, have been taking lessons again every day. I shall probably be writing soon to Miss Buchan in a somewhat official way concerning my work. Hoping that you may find leisure to write to me often and long. I remain, yours in the work.

S. J. HATCH.

### Samulcotta.

It is growing late, but yet not too late to write a few lines to the LINK. It is Wednesday night, our usual prayer meeting is over and for an hour or so back, I have been sitting, half dreaming, half reading missionary letters in back numbers of the LINK. Now I am going to add another to our list, and the next reader who turns up the record of our mission, will have another column before him. Among other things, I came across a broad hint, that friends at home could do some profitable writing if they would find time for a cheerful, hearty letter to be sent India-ward. Query! Should the "could" and "would" in my last sentence change places? And then I remembered Mr. Stewart's letter which appeared some time ago in the *Baptist*, asking friends to write and which I had forgotten, until a letter came in upon Miss Frith, all the way from the great spirit island, Manitoulin. It was pleasant, cheerful, humorous, in a word just what we enjoyed. Am I uncharitable when I say that I expect the readers of this have forgotten the hint and plain invitation, and therefore may need another — hint? Our prayer meeting was small to-night. A week ago we gave the boys leave for the vacation, and our company consisted of the servants, Minnie, Satyavedam, and Zechariah. The boys have gone, having carried a large part of our Samulcotta life with them. How quiet every thing is! One can scarcely keep from listening for the quick step and merry voice, but listening is vain. Before sending them off we had our usual closing ceremonies. We had present; Mr. and Mrs. Auvache, Miss Frith, and Miss Hatch. I believe Miss Hatch has written an account to the *Baptist* and I shall have little to add. We had but one graduate this year. We had greater expectations, but they were not realized, and we are sorry that we can have none at all the coming year. However, as the proverb has it, "The mills of the gods grind slowly,"

and we must not be too impatient. The one mentioned above, Satganandam, was a good student, and did good work, and will certainly do good work now that he has gone. There are others who will return when the school re-opens, and from whom we are expecting much. It is a real pleasure to know some of these, and to note the difference between what they are and what they were. The new boys are generally very new, and need time to waken and develop into good, definite character. The old boys seem "to the manner born," and are wonderfully appreciative of everything about them. On the whole, good work has been done here in building up character, and it is work of a kind that will tell when we have passed into the eternities. We had hoped the workman could have remained till the close of the Seminary. Our hopes were not met, and we had to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin some days before the end came. Mr. McLaurin was forced to leave for Cocanada on account of the precarious state of his health, and he found it necessary to shorten his stay there, hoping that the sea breezes would bring back some of the strength that had gone. With very little change he reached Ceylon, where he is now. We have been more anxious than we can tell, and every messenger startles us. We hope and pray that he may reach home land safely. With Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin went Mr. Craig, a good deal by way of help, and a good deal by way of getting a month's rest, which he found it impossible to find while in the country. We look for him back at the end of the month almost as fresh as when he came from home, and now that a new missionary—whom we don't yet know—has been appointed, he will find the outlook assuming a more pleasing appearance. How we have waited for the new man! How much better if he could have been found sooner! We speak only from what we see, for we are bound to believe that the Master has some good providence in, or will bring some good thing out of this time of waiting. You know that we have thought it best to close the Seminary for a year, in order that all our available force may be utilized in field work. There seemed no other way, and we have simply taken the way left open. We hope, even though the school is closed, you will not forget the "Samulcotta Seminary," a name that must be familiar to you all. And though the students are no longer here, you must not think they no longer need your prayers or your help, for the most of them have been given work of some kind. I hope in another letter to tell what has become of them. Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin went suddenly and I failed to get initiated into all that it would have been profitable to know, and have to confess myself as great a stranger to many Circles, as they are to me. But to any that first break the ice, I shall be pleased to write and give what information I have or can get.

Last Saturday evening I went into Cocanada and remained over until Monday evening. On Sunday I preached in the morning in the Telugu Chapel, in the evening in the English Chapel. On Monday I met the preachers and teachers of the Cocanada field, and before I came away, married one of them to Chinnamma, a school girl. Except Miss Frith, who was making ready for the home voyage, I found all the missionaries well. Now, I must not let this letter close without a word about the temperature, it is getting warmer every day, and we may look for real genuine heat the next two months. When it has come I may have something to say about it, until then I shall restrain my imagination and keep quiet.

Samulcotta, April 6, 1887.

J. R. STILLWELL.

### About Ceylon.

As this beautiful island is mentioned in the famous missionary hymn, I am sure your readers will be glad to hear something about it. Unfortunately Mr. McLaurin has been quite ill, and Mrs. McLaurin and I rather anxious most of the time since we reached Colombo on the 28th March, eleven days ago. Still I have had my eyes open to the beauties around me, and must try to tell you a little of what I have seen.

Colombo, the chief city of Ceylon, is a pretty place. It has a fine harbor, in which ships from all countries may be seen at times. It is a gathering place or, I should say, a meeting place for ships from the far east, China and Japan, the far south, Australia, the north, India and Burma, and the west, Great Britain, France and other European countries. Nay, I might go further, for I am sure that ships from America call sometimes, and some come from the very south of Africa.

Colombo has very beautiful drives, I mean nice, smooth roads with shady trees at the sides. One road leads to the Cinnamon Gardens, where you may see the cinnamon trees growing. What we call cinnamon is the bark of these trees. A railway runs from Colombo to Kandy, and from Kandy to a place called Nanu-oya, near which is a town which is now the great resort of Europeans in the hot season. Kandy is nearly 2000 ft. above the sea. Part of the way up we had two engines to our train, because we were climbing up the hill. We looked out of the car window and saw beautiful valleys below us, with rice planted in terraces on the sides of the hills. We saw also many beautiful trees that we had never seen in India. Kandy is situated in a valley surrounded by hills. We stopped at a house some distance up one of the hills, and hence had a beautiful view before us whenever we looked out. A little lake, like a very large pond, spread out before us with hills rising on the other side.

Not only the trees, but also the flowers attract one's attention. Lantanna, which was much prized in my father's garden at Port Hope, is one of the commonest things one sees. It grows in tall bushes, and the yellow kind is the commoner, but one often sees the pink kind also. Then I might mention the Hibiscus, commonly called the shoe flower here. One sees them double and single, in scarlet, pink, and cream. Many other flowers whose names I do not know, and also many beautiful ferns appear by the roadside.

Kandy is about 70 miles from Colombo, and this little place where we are now is 38 miles further up, and 4,200 feet above the sea. It is a little house in the midst of a coffee plantation. The next estate on the west is planted with tea. So now we know where tea and coffee come from. I do not mean where they grow, but how they grow. The tea-plants we see near here are little bushes that remind me of blue-berry bushes; they are planted out in rows, the plants being three or four feet apart from each other. At a distance they remind one of a potato field. After the plants are 18 months old, the new leaves are picked about once a week for nine or ten months in the year. To prepare them for market, they are dried in the sun, and then withered by heat. These processes require the greatest care, else the quality of the tea is spoiled. The tea-plant blossoms and shows a very pretty white flower. The seed is valuable for the raising of new plants.

Coffee-trees are much larger than tea-plants. As we all know their product is a berry, the outside of which is removed, leaving the seeds, which are roasted before

being ground for use. Nearly all these estates were planted with coffee once, but a disease attacked the leaves of the coffee-trees and soon killed them. On some estates the old dead trees are still standing. On others tea-plants have taken their place.

Cocato-trees produce the seeds from which cocoa and chocolate are manufactured. The cinchona tree furnishes the bark from which quinine is made. Hence you see one may learn a good deal from a visit to Ceylon.

JOHN CRAIG.

Ceylon, 8th April, 1887.

### THE WORK AT HOME.

BRANTFORD.—In the Brantford Circle, First Baptist Church, we are still raising our money for missions by the envelope system. In addition, however, to the monthly contributions, we supplement our funds by various sorts of entertainments. In March, the young men of our church gave a delightful social for the benefit of our Circle. They realized fifty-three dollars (\$53). The young ladies of the church are soon to follow, with an entertainment. This year we have sent from our Circle sixty-five dollars (\$65) for Home Missions and fifty (\$50) for Foreign. Our President, Mrs. Benedict, has been made a life member of the Foreign, and Mrs. Harrison a life member of the Home Missionary Society. Mr. T. S. Shenston has also made Mrs. Shenston a life member of the Home Missionary Society.

Last year the attendance at our Circle meetings was not as good as we could wish, but it is better now. We owe the increase to the efforts of two ladies, who visited each member of the Circle and solicited her attendance, telling her of the interest of the meetings and the need we have of praying together over the work we have put our hands to. Our last meeting was particularly well attended and was one of especial interest. Earnest prayers were offered on the five subjects suggested in the April LINK.

Many in our Circle are sending up petitions that some one in our church may hear distinctly the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and respond, "Here am I send me." But whether the *Messenger* start from our own church or not, we are determined, with God's help, to aid in sending on the peace-giving tidings as quickly as possible, for we all feel that "the King's message demands haste."

Not only are we working in the Women's Missionary Circle, but the Reapers and Gleaners are bravely and cheerfully doing their part. Every month or so we have an entertainment, given by one or the other of these bands of young people. Two weeks ago the Reapers had a social, which opened with a tea served by the boys themselves, and closed with some choruses, which were sung with great heartiness. The Reaper Band was only started in May, 1886, and now it has enrolled thirty-nine (39) members. It meets every week. It has already raised sixty dollars (\$60) for missions, and there are still mission boxes out.

The Circle of Gleaners is older than the Band of Reapers. The Circle meets every other week, and has raised one hundred and thirty-two dollars (\$132) since last June. A delightful Harvest Festival was given last October by the members of the Circle. The school-room was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers. In the centre of the platform was a large evergreen arch, on which, during the evening, dainty baskets of fruit and

flowers were hung. The visitors were also served with fruit, on plates covered with bright autumn leaves. All who were present at this charming festival were pleased.

If space permitted, many other items might be given concerning the methods our young people adopt to raise money for missions. However, enough has been told to show that the young, as well as the old, can be earnest and interested labourers in the great work of sending the glad tidings of the love of Jesus to darkened and weary hearts.

ELEANOR M. W. CAREY,  
*Cor. Sec.*

WYOMING.—On the evening of Friday, March 18th, a public meeting of the W. B. F. Mission Circle was held in the Calvary church. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises, Rev. S. J. Cummings, pastor of the church, presiding. The Secretary's report showed that the Circle, which was organized two and a-half years ago, and now numbering fifteen members, has, from the members' fees alone, contributed \$40 for Foreign Missions. By Mr. Bryce, a very interesting paper was read, giving an account of what has been done towards bringing the heathen nations to Jesus, and also showing something of what remains to be done ere that be accomplished. A paper, entitled, "Sketch of work done in India by the Canadian Baptists," accompanied by a map exercise, was read by Miss J. Hayward, which was very instructive. Rev. A. E. De St. Dalmas addressed the meeting in the interests of Home Missions, making it evident to all present that our Home Missions must not be neglected, if we wish the work on the Foreign fields to prosper. A reading, entitled, "How can we, who remain at home, best advance the interests of Foreign Mission work?" was given by Miss Lucas. This paper set the question, "How can they preach, except they be sent," so plainly before us who tarry by the stuff, that to part alike with those who go forth to battle, it becomes necessary that we give the consecrated daily life, the prayer of faith that labourers may be sent forth accompanied by the Holy Spirit, strict attention to the work at home, and also that that mind be found in us which was also in Christ Jesus, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. The Pastor gave the closing address; his remarks showed that his sympathies were with God's workers, both at home and abroad, as the work was the same. Suitable selections of music were given between the different readings and addresses. The collection amounted to \$7.46.

E. P.

### Association Meetings.

NIAGARA ASSOCIATION.—The Women's Meeting, in connection with this Association, will be held at Grimsby, Thursday, June 2nd, at 2 p.m.

M. C. ROBERTSON.

GRAND RIVER.—The annual meeting of the Mission Circles of this Association will be held at Ingersoll, June 9th, at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. McMaster will speak on Home Missions, Mrs. Timpany on Foreign work. It is expected that Messrs. Davis and Laflamme will be at the general missionary meeting in the evening of the same day.

EAST ONTARIO.—The second annual meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circles, of this Association, will be held at Colborne, Thursday evening, June 16th. The business meeting will be in the afternoon of the same

day. Hoping to see every church in the Association represented, we expect to have an interesting and profitable meeting.

A. E. DRYDEN, *Assoc. Sec.*

MIDLAND CO'S. ASSOCIATION.—The first annual meeting of the Circles of Midland Counties Asso. will be held with the church at East Flamboro', on Friday, June 17th, commencing at 2.30 p.m. A very interesting programme is being prepared. It is earnestly desired that each Circle in the Association be represented there, and also each church that has no Circle.

It is expected that arrangements will be made with railway companies for reduced fares. Carriages will meet the trains at Shaw Station, on C.P.R., to convey delegates to the church.

MAGGIE McKECHNIE, *Dir.*

TORONTO ASSOCIATION.—This Associational Society will meet (D.V.) Tuesday, June 14th, at 2.30 p.m., in the Presbyterian church, Orillia. It is hoped that every Circle will send delegates. All delegates will please send their names to Mr. A. D. Keau, Orillia, stating the train by which they will reach Orillia, and arrangements will be made for their entertainment. Railway certificates will be obtained from the Rev. C. A. Cook, 19 Oak St., Toronto.

L. T. ALEXANDER, *Assoc. Dir.*

HERON ASSOCIATION.—The second annual meeting of the Association for Home and Foreign Mission Circles, will be held in Glanville, on Thursday, June 16th, at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. A. R. McMaster, of Toronto, will be present and address the meeting on our home work.

MRS. J. C. McDONALD, *Pres.*

Associational Meetings of the Brant, Elgin, and Middlesex and Lambton Associations were announced last month.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

#### A Morning Walk in India.

BY MISS E. F. BUTTS.

Shall I tell you what I saw, during a walk, one morning last week? It was only a short walk, less than ten minutes, just across the fields from Mr. George's, where I live, to Dr. Bachelor's house. Just after starting, I passed a tree to which a lively little monkey is chained. When I came near him, he scampered up the tree into his box-house, much faster than any pussy could do, and sat winking and grinning at me. Next I saw some little boys, with only a bit of cloth around their shiny brown bodies, flying kites. Kite-flying is a favorite pastime with little boys, and large ones, too.

As I crossed a road, I saw a boy driving a pair of bullocks, which were hitched to a curious looking cart. The boy sat on the cart-tongue, his legs crossed in front of him, and a bullock's tail in each hand. That is the way they drive bullocks, or oxen, here. When the driver wants the bullocks to go faster, he jerks their tails. Sometimes a tail is jerked or twitched so hard that it is broken, and the poor beast has a crook in his tail ever afterwards. One of Miss Coomb's bullocks has had his tail broken in this way several times, so he has a "crimped" tail now.

A little farther on were some black goats and pretty little kids busily nibbling away at the short, dry blades of grass. Six small donkeys were also feeding beside the path, while a large number of cows were scattered

over the field. Hundreds of tame crows were flying about, often alighting on the backs of the cows or goats, and contentedly sitting there for some time. Now and then I met a snail, plodding along so slowly, with his house on his back, that I had to stop and watch him, to be sure he was moving at all. Then there were several mounds that had been thrown up by the white ants. There were clumps of cacti, some of them higher than my head.

I passed quite near two wells,—very large, deep, dark wells, having round or square curbs, sometimes two or three feet high, made of bricks and mortar. Many people come to these wells to draw water. They have a kind of earthen jar, which they let down by a long rope, and then draw up again with their hands. (Ask your mother to tell you about "Jesus at the well," next Sunday. Jacob's well was, no doubt, much like these we see here.) Thus far in my walk, all the sights have been pleasant ones; but, as I came near Dr. Bachelor's house, I saw a very sad sight. Just outside the gate were more than twenty miserable looking men and women, with long, uncombed hair, and no clothing except a strip of dirty, ragged cotton cloth wrapped around their thin bodies. Some of them imploringly stretched towards me their thin, long, bony hands, and said some strange words which I could not understand; but I knew they were begging me to give them some *piece*.

I hurried on into the house, and found Mrs. Bachelor, who told me that some of these people were very old, while others were lame or blind, or disabled in some way, so they could not work. When poor people can no longer work, their condition is very bad in this country. Even their own children will not give them enough to eat and wear, and are glad when they die. One of the ways in which good Dr. Bachelor is laying up treasures in heaven, is by giving something to help the suffering people. Every Monday morning they come, and a very little and very good old woman, by the name of Chandu Ma, is allowed the pleasure of giving each one of them a *piece*. A *piece* is only a little more than half a cent, but it is enough to buy one good meal of rice, which, you know, is what the people here live upon almost wholly.

This Chandu Ma—"dear old saint," Mrs. B. calls her,—was once a heathen woman, and worshipped idols; but she has a little granddaughter who was in Miss Crawford's school, and there learned to pray to the true God. This little girl died when only twelve years old, but, before she died, she told her grandmother about Jesus, the blessed Saviour, and made her promise to become a Christian. She did become an earnest Christian, and has ever since done all she could to help the mission work.—*Missionary Helper*.

### A Lesson for Children.

A grain of corn an infant's hand  
May sow upon an inch of land.  
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield  
Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of that field may then  
Be multiplied by ten times ten,  
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,  
Which e'en a poor man's child may fling  
Into the treasury of heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.

As sown! nay, worth its weight in gold,  
And that increased a millionfold;  
For mark—a penny tract, if well  
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul, could scarce be saved alone  
Its bliss, I trust, it would make known;  
"Come," it would say, "and you shall see  
What great things God has done for me."

Hundreds the joyful sound might hear,  
Hear with the heart as well as ear;  
And these to hundreds more proclaim,  
Salvation through the only Name.

That only Name, above, below,  
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,  
That every tongue and tribe may call  
On Jesus Christ as Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.

### What We May Bring.

The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King,  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him.  
At home, at school, at play;  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these the gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

From *Little Helpers*.

#### ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. M. A. Castle, 401 Sherbourne St., Toronto; Sec. Miss Buchan, 125 Bloor St. east, Toronto; Treas. Mrs. Jessie L. Elliott, 231 Wellesley St., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 461 Upper St. Urbain St. Montreal; Sec. Miss Muir, 1400 St. Cathedrales St., Montreal; Treas. Mrs. M. A. Smith, 2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

Lower Provinces: Pres. Mrs. M. W. Williams, Wolfville, N.S.; Sec. Mrs. John March, St. John, N.B.; Treas. Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie St., Halifax, N.S.

Miss A. E. Johnston, of Dartmouth, N.S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from Mission-workers residing in that region.

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