

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 9, No. 4.]

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

[Dec., 1888.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—	Giving made Easy	46
Photographs of our Zenana Workers—A Reminder—Dr. Edward Judson's Tracts	THE WORK ABROAD	47
42	THE WORK AT HOME	49
Portrait—The Passover	New Circles	51
43	YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT	51
Address, Pres. Woman's F. M. S. of Ont	Addresses of Officers	52
44	Treasurer's Acknowledgements	52
The rick-footed Tract		
Extract from "Ramblers in Mission Fields"		
45		
A Baby that is Living		
46		



PARSER. COTTON MERCHANTS OF BOMBAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF OUR ZENANA WORKERS.—From a negative, sent from India we have secured a supply of excellent photographs, 8 x 10 inches in size, of our Zenana workers. The group consists of Miss Frith, Miss Folsom, Miss Charlotte Gibson, Miss Ellen Gibson, Mrs. De Beau, Miss Rachel Boggs, Miss Priscilla Boggs, and Ellen, the Biblowoman. Single copies may be had by sending 35c. to Miss Buchan, 125 Bloor St. East. Circles may secure them by the dozen at 25c. each. At these prices they are remarkably cheap, and will sell readily.

A REMINDER.—With this number we close the year 1889. A large number of our subscribers are in arrears since the early months of the year, and many subscriptions are falling due about now. It would be exceedingly gratifying to the editor if all whose subscriptions are due would remit before the beginning of the new year. We believe that nearly all could do this as well as not. One thing more. Every year we are obliged to strike off about 200 names after they have fallen behind for a year or more. As this entails serious loss, we should be greatly obliged if those who do not propose to renew, would inform us of their decision soon after their subscription expires. Occasionally we hear from a sister who is actually too poor to pay the small subscription price of the LINK, but who would be very sorry to be deprived of it. To such we shall be glad to furnish it free, if they will inform us of their condition.

DR. EDWARD JUDSON'S TRACTS.—We have received from this eminent Christian worker specimens of his beautiful and excellent tracts, with directions for their use, etc. We believe that tract distribution is a method of well-doing that has been much neglected among our people; and that it might be more extensively employed to great advantage. We have found missionary tracts especially useful, and we have no doubt but that gospel tracts for home work can be employed with equal success. During his recent visit to Toronto, Dr. Judson made constant use of his tracts in connection with the evangelistic services which he conducted in the Bloor St. Church. We have no doubt but that many of our readers, who are striving to win souls to Christ, by house to house visitation or by work in the Sunday School, would be glad to know where they could procure tracts thoroughly trustworthy and adapted to meet all the classes of cases with which they may have to deal. Dr. Judson's tracts include series "for the skeptical," "for the indifferent," "for the inquirer," "for the young convert," "for luke-warm Christians," "for the Sunday School teacher," "for a child," "for the aged, sick and afflicted," "on giving," "on the Sabbath," "on temperance." The price of these tracts is \$1 per 100, and where 1000 or more are ordered, any notice desired will be printed on the tracts free of charge. These tracts have each a beautiful colored floral picture, which will insure their preservation. Dr. Judson made a delightful impression and accomplished much for the cause of Christ in Toronto, and we wish that many of our readers might become acquainted with his methods of work through these tracts. As a worthy son of the great missionaries Adoniram Judson and Sarah Boardman Judson, as the author of an excellent life of his

father, and as the President of the American Baptist Missionary Union, his name is certainly worthy of a place in our columns. Those wishing to purchase tracts should address: Borean Tract Depository, 33 Bedford St., New York.

For the LINK.

The Passover.

(Exodus xii. 12; 1 Cor. v. 7; Mark xvi. 16.)

Far away in Egypt's land,
Over wilderness and sea,
God's own people waiting are
Till His will made known shall be.
Pharaoh, haughty, great and proud,
Calls them all his slaves to-day;
But to-morrow—he will send,
Urging all to haste away.

Who shall work this mighty change?
What power make the tyrant yield?
God is teaching Moses now,
God, his people's Sun and Shield.
"Sacrifice a lamb to-day,
Let its blood be plainly seen
On your doorway, on the posts
On the boards that lie between.

For at midnight I will send
To each home in Pharaoh's land.
And its first-born shall be slain
By Death's unrelenting hand.
But each home where blood is seen,
Death's dread angel shall pass o'er.
All shall know I am the Lord,
King of Kings for evermore."

Moses listens to the words
Spoken by the Living God;
Tidings of a way from death—
Then he hastens to spread abroad.
See! the blood is sprinkled now
On the portal of each door!
And God's promise is fulfilled,
Death's dark angel passes o'er.

Have we heard of danger near?
Do we know the power of sin
Heaven's eternal gates to close
That no soul may enter in?
Must we perish then without?
Can no one our lives restore?
Jesus sheds His blood to save,
And Death's angel passes o'er.

Let us, then, these tidings send
Far as Death's sad curse has gone,
They will rescue from sin's dead
Every soul they rest upon.
Freely Christ His blood has shed,
Its power last for evermore;
Trust in Him, and you shall find
Death's dread angel pass you o'er.

ADDRESS.

Of the President, Mrs. M. A. Castle, at the Opening of the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of Ontario.

With the fresh inspiration of last evening's greetings in our souls, we may most heartily say, it is good to be here. Allow me this morning to re-echo "welcome" to every woman from every branch of our society. We all in our homes and circles, in various parts of the country, have been seeking to save the lost in heathen lands. Our faces have been turned to the same suffering East, our hearts have heard the same cry, "come over and help us," and together our hands have striven to help, and so in our separation we have not been separated. Invisible though palpable as the electric wires that thread the upper air of our cities, have been running cords of sympathy from circle to circle, from heart to heart, "through the intermediate spaces," but to-day the lines converge, bringing us all to the head office. It has been asked, why hold an annual meeting? Costing money, time and strength, does it pay? In the fresh memory of the programme anxiety, and considering also the domestic disarrangement that a sudden inflow of delegates may cause in our homes, we answer most emphatically yes, it pays. It is to be hoped the Hamilton ladies will be able from their hearts to verify this statement at the close, as they so kindly and generously have at the beginning of these meetings.

We live and work during the year as parts, none large, but some, perhaps, feeling themselves too small to live. But come to the annual meeting, and as the little finger is essential to the completeness of the human frame, so the smallest circle, if it has but two members finds itself with the others, important to the wholeness of the society, and may really be the largest in faith and generosity. Yes, periodical, representative meetings are essential to the progress of a society. They strengthen, stimulate, fraternize. We are one in separation, but it is much more manifest when we can look into one another's faces. Change as usual, has been busy with us. Anniversaries come one after another, our work goes on, at home and abroad, but the workers change. We miss to-day the cheery face of Mrs. Rose, who was for many years the beloved and efficient Secretary of this society. Her presence and words were always an inspiration, and we trust they will be to others in her new and distant home.

In her place we are glad to welcome Miss Buchan who bids fair to perpetuate the zeal and integrity of a father, whose name for many a year, was a synonym for Foreign Missions.

So far as we know, death has not bereaved us of any of our home workers, but on the Foreign field another has fallen. As an account of this sad event comes under the head of Foreign Reports, we may only say, that the loss of Mr. Currie to the Mission, can be somewhat estimated by his readiness to grasp the standard laid down last year by our beloved Timpany, when to do it was not only at the risk of his frail life, but was also a separation from those who were dearer than life.

"Type of the heart direct that sped along
Swiftly where duty led, and did not sorrow
For count of odds, or dread of earthly loss
Buoyed with the costliest strength to bear the heaviest cross."

But great as this loss is to the mission, how can it be compared to hers who widowed, sits alone? To her we offer our sincere sympathies, for her, our earnest prayers.

As your almshouse the Board feel deeply their responsibility, both to each member of the society, and to the Master whose stewards we all are, knowing full well "that we shall be inquired of," whether with these pounds entrusted to us, we have gained other pounds. The secretaries will inform you concerning our stewardship. I may mention however, that, in addition to our regular work, we started the year with great expectations. We planned vigorously to go forward, but for at least two-thirds of the year our purposes were thwarted, and we could only sit in the gloom of perplexity and wait. A butler who was ordered by his master to stand in the hall and wait for orders, was accosted by his mistress who supposed him to be idling, with "James, what are you doing?" to which he replied, "I am busy waiting, mum," and if "they also serve, who only stand and wait," your Board has served you well. A lady came to me in the last of the summer to ask what was being done about our new plans. I replied, nothing, we are waiting. Now we see that all the while God's purposes were ripening, and to-day we come in the fruition of a great hope that crowns the year with joy.

One year ago as Miss Hatch stood before this society reading a paper on Home Missions, we thought what a Foreign Missionary she would make, and to our surprise within two months from that time we learned that she intended to offer herself to the Board to be sent to India. This she did in the spring, and was accepted, but some word from our missionaries led her to withdraw her application, but again word came asking for her to be sent immediately, and now we have the joy of announcing that she whom our heart's desired, and whom we believe the Lord has chosen, is on her way to India: God speed the ship, and protect it all her journey through.

She goes as a teacher, both skilled and consecrated, and it is safe to say that there is no department of work just now in our mission, more important than the schools, for without doubt native preaching and teaching are the hope of the future for the trying climates of the distant East. Let us make emphatic the school work.

But while we are glad and grateful to-day for our new-missionary, and for the general increase in the work, which is almost a marvel in our eyes, saith the Master of each one of us, "She hath done what she could?" We make no doubt that there are women in Ontario and in all parts of our land, who have given to their utmost of time, money and prayer to this supreme cause of missions; but they are few when we consider no amount large that is not sacrificial, and, we may add, how small that is. The costliest gift on record was only two mites; but it was all her living, who gave it. The silken-robed self-satisfied givers of silver shekels may have scorned the widowed-garments and the trifling coins, the Tabernacle treasurer counted the offering as a very little thing, but the keeper of the heavenly treasury numbered it as "more than they all." His hooks are kept on a sacrificial and not on a cash bases, from which scrutinizing law there is no appeal. "I will give my mite," has scotched into slumberous ease, many a wearer of purple and fine linen," but the day will come when such values will change.

The modern establishment of equal giving in many societies, and in woman's mission societies in particular, is mite-giving in its legitimate sense, and while it has worked admirably and brought great gain to the treasuries, and opened the flood-gates of universal benevolence by bringing down the maximum, to the scantiest capacity, and making the humblest feel the dignity of giving on equal terms with the more affluent, it is nevertheless not equal giving, nor scriptural. It was a means to an end. But not the end. "As the Lord hath prospered

thee," is the only plan of equal giving that will stand the test. People do not prosper alike, incomes are not alike, therefore amounts must differ, in order to be equal. Ten cents a month, twenty cents a month, to missions, as a part of all the giving to various objects that claim our attention, is for some, as much as the Master would exact, but *not for all*. Just consider if to this universal giving which has been established by mite giving, could be added the scriptural plan, what a treasury we would have and how the work would rush forward. What we need to accomplish this is obedience to God's way, instead of to our own way.

We hear a great deal about what could be done if we were only "consecrated" to Christ's work. We pray year in and year out for "consecration" and "zeal" and we wrap ourselves up in ourselves to get warm. If the great Physician were called in to diagnose these cases of coldness, he would make a return of, stagnation for want of work, and give the prescription, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Go work in my vineyard." "Pay what thou owest, to the uttermost farthing." "Bring all your tithes into the storehouse," and then thou shalt have life, which is warmth and zeal and growth, and have it more abundantly. This prescription will cure the worst cases of coldness, and is the only remedy. When "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be written on money, time, talents, instead of holiness unto ourselves, we shall be filled, and the earth, not at the present slow pace, should *speedily* be filled with the redeeming, enlightening, saving knowledge of the Lord.

Said a heathen woman to one of our missionaries, "if you believe your religion is the only one that can save us, why do you not send it faster"? Ah! while we wait to fill our empty lamps, and while we keep back part of the price, which we owe to the Master, they are perishing.

When the eye of the inspired Michael Angelo rested upon a block of marble he saw in it the almost breathing statue of a man, and was in a frenzy until with mallet and chisel it was released. When we turn our Christian eyes to the Orient, what do we see? its golden sands, sunny fountains, palmy plains, gemmed palaces and temples, beautiful women reclining in seragios tapestried with clothes of gold, and "gardens of pleasure where reddens the rose"? Or do we through all this glittering cover, behold womanhood in bondage, mind; soul and body, to false and tyrannous religions? Just what would be our condition, but for the Gospel of Christ? In our hands are the mallet and chisel for their release, and how should we be "straightened" until they are liberated to the full stature of intelligent, Christian women.

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;
Rock ye not we're dying, dying,
We're in numbers than the sand!
Heed ye not his words—your Master
Go ye forth to all the world!
Send the Gospel faster, faster—
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!
"Walks" not Christ amid his flock?
Sits he not "against the Treasury"?
Shall he stand without aid and knock—
Knock in vain to come and feast us?
Open, Open, hearts and hands!
And oh surely his beat blessings
Shall overflow all hearts, all lands.

Harken! Hush your own heart-beating.
While the death-march passes by—
Tramp, tramp, tramp! the best of nations,
Never-ceasing—at thy die—
Die unheeded, while you slumber,
Millions straying all the way,
Victims of our self and "selfness".
Ay, of mine, and thine, to-day!

M. A. CASTLE.

The Fleet-footed Tract.

BY JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D.

The Gospel river now being turned into India to irrigate its spiritual deserts has been the theme of two preceding articles. In them I spoke of some of the side channels and distributing rivulets for bringing its waters within reach of all her inhabitants, referring particularly to our use of Christian school-books and story-books for the young, and to the use we make of the Gospel in song.

Then there is the all-pervasive tract, that goes wherever the alphabet is known. This is an agency of which we make extensive use. Tracts are issued in every variety of form, on every phase of Christian truth, in all the languages, at all prices and no price, and circulated in every imaginable way.

The leaflet, or single-page tract, is scattered broadcast, printed on a little slip of fancy-colored paper to attract the eye, or on a larger leaf when the subject requires more space, sometimes in prose, sometimes in poetry, some in parable, some in proverb, some in questions, some in brief Bible story, all designed to excite interest and provoke further inquiry, and all sent, like the rain, gratuitously through the towns, the villages, the markets, the fairs. But are they not misused? Yes; they are, very often. Does every clover seed sown upon the field? The leaflet has been used by the bazar man to wrap up snuff for his customer at the fair; and when the customer, in his distant home, has unwrapped his snuff, he has read the wrapper, neatly printed in his own language, and, reading it and pondering it, he has been led to seek for further light; and, through that merchant's use of that leaflet, he has been brought to Jesus.

The tickets which we give the patients at our mission hospitals and dispensaries are really little leaflet tracts. I have lying before me one in the Telugu language, of which I have myself printed thirty thousand and given them to patients that have come for treatment. It is the size of a gentleman's visiting card, and has two leaves. It is printed on thick, strong paper that will not wear out. On the front page, with ornamented border, is printed "Madanapalle Free Hospital," with blanks for number, date, and patient's name. By that number he is registered, and his disease, symptoms and treatment are entered in the book. This ticket is given to the out-patients. Each time he comes for further treatment or for more medicine, the patient must show this ticket. They keep them very carefully, often for years, lest perchance they want to come again and need this as an introduction. As the patient is registered and receives his number, he seats himself to await his turn for treatment, and opens his folded ticket to see what directions it contains inside. As this may be the only glimmering of truth that some will have in the villages from which some of these patients come, a hundred miles away, I prepared the most concise statement of Christian truth I could and printed there. He reads:

"There is but one true God. He created, controls, and preserves all things that exist. He is unseen. But we are filled with sin. He, to take away our sin, sent his own Son, Jesus Christ, into this world as a Divine Redeemer. That Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ, gave his life as a propitiatory sacrifice, and now, whoever believes on him, and prays to him, will receive remission of sin; and eternal life. This is what the True Veda, the Holy Bible, teaches us."

He turns over to the last page, and finds a quotation from one of their favourite Telugu poets, who wrote six centuries ago. For we like, as did Paul, to clinch a truth by saying: "One of your own poets has said." He reads in Telugu:

"The soul doiled with sin, what real-worship pays it?
The pot unclean, the cookery, who eats it?
The heart impure, though it essays devotion,
Can Deity receive it? Nay, nay. Be pure, O man."

And we add below this: "To give us this very purity of heart/spoken of by your poet, our Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ came into this world. Believe in him."

Fifty miles and more from Madanapalle, as I have been travelling, a man has seen me, run into his house, and quickly come out again holding out one of these tickets, in some instances several years old, as shown by the date, and claimed acquaintance, as a former patient of mine, and that ticket has served as an excellent introduction to my preaching there and then to all the people of his village.

These tickets are read. I met upon the highway, one day as I was travelling twenty miles from home, a Brahmin, who stopped me, and asked if I were not the missionary doctor from Madanapalle. He said that one of my patients had taken home his ticket to his village, eighty miles away, and that he had seen it and read it, and read it again, and now he had come in on foot all that way to ask me more about that "True Veda," and that Jesus Christ set forth in his little ticket. Those tickets pay.

Next to the gratuitous leaflets we have small tracts printed in book form, with colored paper cover, and sold for one pie, or quarter of a cent, or two pies, or three pies each. We sell as many as we can instead of giving them away; for if a Hindu pays cash for a thing, he thinks more of it, keeps it more carefully, and perhaps will lend it more widely, than if he gets it for nothing.

Then there is the series of Bible narratives with full page pictures printed in colors. I chance to have lying before me "The History of Joseph" in that form. There are seven full page colored illustrations and nine pages of narrative. These are sold for one anna, or three cents, each, and are very attractive to the Hindus, who like bright colors, and the Oriental pictures, with the characters in garb, that seem so strange to us, have a home-like look to the Hindus, and make them feel, as they look at these Bible characters, that the Bible is not so very foreign a book after all; and so these colored picture tracts help to popularize the truth, and make the Hindus the more ready to read not only the narratives, but also the teachings of the Christian Bible. Brief pictorial lives of Christ are thus published, and seeing that he was not a white Englishman in stiff English costume, but appeared and was arrayed much like themselves, they feel more drawn toward him, or less repelled.

We have also a series of nicely printed wall pictures of the Bible characters, scenes and incidents. They are on stiff paper, about sixteen by twenty-two inches in size. The pictures are printed in colors in England, the picture covering one-half of the page, and the lower half left blank; and so they are sent out to Madras, where the Christian Knowledge Society prints or the story, or the explanation, in Telugu, Tamil, Canarese, or Hindustani, and mission presses in other parts of India print the same in the languages of their districts. These, thus printed, are sold at six cents each. Some years ago I obtained a number of sets of these pictures, with the story, or explanation in the different languages read at Madanapalle, and hung them around the walls of our Free Reading Room, with an intimation that copies of any of them could be had for two annas, or six cents each. It was not long before the Colporteur in charge came asking me to order another lot, as these had all been sold, and most of the purchasers had been well-to-do heathens, who gladly bought them, in spite of their Bible stories, to enliven the walls of their own houses. And many a time, as I went

to see some patient in a high caste Hindu's home, I found some of these pictures upon the walls, with the Bible story on them, where all the family could read: The Infant Jesus at Bethlehem; the Boy Jesus in the Temple, talking with the gray bearded priests; the Man Jesus raising the widow's son; the Christ Jesus talking with the woman at the well; all in their richly colored Oriental costume, appealed to their sympathies, attracted their attention, familiarized them with Scriptural imagery, and made them the more ready to read the fuller accounts of the same incidents in the "True Veda."

Larger tracts, of fifty or more pages, are yet sold for one cent each. We always sell at or under cost, for our object is to circulate as broadly as possible. We only obtain price enough to secure good usage for the tract. And are these tracts read? Some are not. Some are.

Nearly forty years ago, such a tract called "Spiritual Teaching," written by Dr. H. M. Scudder, and published by the American Tract Society, found its way into a Telugu village, seventy-five miles north-west of my present station in India. It fell into the hands of one of the head men of the village. He was a high cast man, of noted probity of character. He read it, and then re-read it with more attention. It was the first that he had heard of any other religion than Hinduism. He had always longed for some help to get rid of his sin. This opened to him the way to secure such help. He read the tract to his wife and his little boys, and told them it was so good it must be true. He read it to his neighbours, and some of them also accepted its teachings. At last he heard of a missionary who taught similar doctrine some seventy miles away. He went on foot across the then roadless country, through the hills to the town where the missionary was said to live. He found him, told him what he had learned from the little book, and asked if it were true, and if he knew about the God that had given his own Son to save us from our sins. He went back and brought his family with him to hear more of this wonderful news. They were all baptized by the English missionary, and he placed his children in the mission school there, to be educated that they might help make known these glad tidings to his countrymen. In 1861 he buried the old patriarch in a Christian grave. He was a man of strong faith and much prayer. He spent his last breath in sending up shouts of praise to his Saviour for sending this tract out to his village, and through it saving him from his sins.

Two of his sons have since been labouring under my direction as preachers of the same Gospel. The elder was a long time native preacher of the church at Palamanair. In 1884, I stood by his bed and saw him pass through the pearly gates. So much respected and beloved was he by all, that at his funeral, both at his house and at the grave, there was, beside the Christian congregation, a large concourse of heathen and Mohammedans present, and many a tear dropped into his grave with the flower, or the handful of earth that each one, Hindu as well as Christians, reverently cast in. After the funeral a prominent Hindu said to me: "Sir, he was a man who never ceased to tell others of his Saviour. When he was sick in your hospital one of my family was also a patient in the same ward, and I was there a great deal. Every day, and often during the day, he would gather groups of patients and their friends around him, and read to them from his Bible, and talk to them of the love of Jesus Christ and of his willingness to take away the sins of all who would come to him and ask. Yes sir, he was a good man, and we Hindus too mourn over his loss."

This was accomplished by that one tract that found its

way, all alone, into that distant Hindu village. Thousands of Hindu souls in glory will point back to the leaflet or the tract that, wafted or borne to their distant homes, first told them of and bade them seek "the river of the water of life."

Canaan Center, N.Y.

—Independent.

Extract from "Rambles in Mission Fields."

BY REV. S. F. SMITH.

"But what shall I say in leaving the shores of India, including Burmah, of all that my eyes have seen and my heart has felt? What can I say, high as were my anticipations, but what the Queen of Sheba said after she had seen the glories of Solomon's court, 'The hall was not told me.' I feel as if I had seen the court of the great King, the Lord of Hosts, his servants, his ministers, the manner of his sitting down and rising up, his glory, and his riches, and the gradual but sure unfolding of his promises and his purposes.—The visit to Burmah was a joy and a triumph; comparing what I saw in that empire with what had been in the days now delivered to history, I felt that my heart was satisfied. I saw with my own eyes that missions were not a failure, and that, the King of Zion is marching forth to the conquest of the nations; and when I saw in India the fruit of the labours, the courage, and the prayers of those who had toiled and suffered and had not fainted, I felt that the grand procession was far on its way. I seemed to hear the tread of mighty armies already in motion, and effectually on their way to the conquest of the world. The work of some of the laborers incipient and preparatory in its nature, may have less to show than if they had been called to marshal the grand parade at Ongole and beyond; but I am persuaded that even these brethren in their less conspicuous spheres, are on the edges of the great advance. Who knows but, in stationing them where they are, God has placed them in the post of honor so far in front of the main army that they seem to themselves to be only skirmishing, and preparing the way for others? But in this work of warfare, we do not know precisely what we are doing.

We may be employed dimly and unknowingly, in bringing forward grander issues than we think. New openings in the lights and shadows of God's great plans may be required to show what results we are preparing, and of what mighty revolutions we and our works are a part. We do not know but our General-in-chief knows, and through the telescope of his Omniscience watches the swaying tides of battle, and directs the movements of his captains.

The more I contemplate the broad fields white for the harvest, the more I am pressed in spirit by the conception of the emergency, the more am I shamed by the supineness of the followers of Christ, who have such opportunities put into their hands, and who so feebly respond to them. Where is the spirit of the early disciples, who went everywhere preaching the word? Where are the followers of that heroic apostle who counted not his life dear unto himself, that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry he had received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God? What talents are too great, what endowments or attainments too rich and valuable; what executive ability or power of influence too precious to be offered on the altar of the Lord Jesus Christ at such a crisis, for the salvation of lost men and women?

The great field of the Telugu Missions is too much for

the strength of the labourers. They will die under the work, or else leave it imperfectly done. Ongole alone ought to be five great fields, with a leader of each of them the best and grandest in the ranks, and a body of native preachers such as the seminary at Ramapatam is gradually raising up and bringing to the front. But where are the leaders for the fields? Where are the men and women for Burmah? O young men and young women in our seminaries! O young pastors in narrow fields, and over little flocks have not these broad acres a claim on your energies, and has not the trumpet which sounds the alarm, "three hundred thousand more," a summons for your ears? The Master calls from these great battle fields, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us? Where are the young prophets to respond, 'Here am I, send me'?"

"A Baby that is Living."

In a Western town, which must be nameless,—since this is a true story,—the Mission Circle is accustomed to hold sociables, and invite in the church and congregation. At one of these gatherings the Secretary read that admirable leaflet, "Mrs. Pickett's Mission Box." You all remember the story: how Mrs. Pickett was led to put into the box a penny for each of her blessings, and, thinking tenderly of her dead baby, put in for it a five-fold offering. Afterwards, the Secretary set out on the table a number of little blue boxes, and invited any who would, to take one home and keep it in some eye-catching place. At the next sociable, she said, they would open the boxes and see how much money had been collected.

Among those who came forward and received a blue box, was a young Norwegian carpenter, who, with his wife, was a member of the church. The Secretary wondered at his action, for though an honest, industrious man, he was very poor, working his way slowly in a community of whose ways he knew but little. However, he took home his box, and set it on the shelf, ready to receive whatever surplus the Lord might send him.

When the blue boxes were opened, many were almost empty. The carpenter's box, however, contained more pennies and half-dimes than some that had been taken by persons much better off in worldly goods than he. Besides the smaller coins, the Secretary found, to her great astonishment, a piece of gold, wrapped up carefully in a bit of paper. She unrolled the paper, and read with difficulty these words, written in a very un-English hand:

"Mrs. Pickett gave a 5 (cents) for a baby that was dead. This is for a baby that is living."

"This" was a five-dollar gold piece, almost a fortune to so poor a man; but not too much to be given as a thank-offering for the dear "baby that is living."

The next day the Secretary and her friend went to see this baby, who had brought such heartfelt joy to a little house. They found her "the dearest, sweetest baby you ever saw," quite worthy of being made a member of the "Baby's Band," by the first piece of gold that her father had ever earned.

Would that more of us were ready with our thank-offerings for present blessings, instead of waiting to give "memorials" of those that have been removed from us.

M. E. A.

Giving Made Easy

Giving ought not to be altogether easy, and yet it might be made much easier than it is for most people by a little care and effort. The following incident is narrated by Rev. John Liggins, the first missionary of

the Protestant Episcopal Church of America to Japan. The story furnishes a good argument for systematic benevolence.—

"A clergyman's wife canvassed the parish in behalf of missions. Among those she visited was a shoemaker, whom she asked if he was willing to give eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents to the missionary cause. He replied:—

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents! No, indeed! I seldom have such an amount of money. I would not promise half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five cents a day, or thirty-five cents a week for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife to give as much more."
"I do not wish to play any tricks, nor spring any trap on you. If you will multiply five cents by 365 days, it will make just eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Don't say any more to me about the eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents. I am good for five cents a day."

"He pledged himself for thirty-five cents a week in the subscription book. He then took the book to his wife. She took in washing and ironing, and so had an income. She cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day.

"Weeks came and months passed, and the shoemaker said:—

"I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents a week, and not feel it. It goes like current expenses, and then it amounts to so much more than I ever gave before. It gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."—*Miss Herald.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK,—It will be four weeks to-morrow, since we returned from Bobbili. We left here July 7th and returned September 2nd. When I go with Mr. Archibald to Bobbili, we do not travel in one of the many charming bullock carts, which are always obtainable, but go in our carriage drawn by our pony one or two stages, and by coolies the remainder of the fifty-three miles. The former method requires thirty-six hours including two nights, wherein sleep draws not near to me; and the latter about eighteen or twenty, with no broken rest. So we consider that time and money are both saved by using the most expeditious method. Along this part of the coast there has been no unusual amount of rain, but inland we never saw the country so wet; and from what our people at Bobbili and Pedda Penkie write us, we judge that it grows wetter every day. As long as our work was within three or four miles of the mission house, we found in that a comfortable shelter from sun and rain; but beyond that distance we had to make other arrangements. We could not tent, so at Piridy rented something, I do not know just what to call it, wherein we stopped from Monday noon till Friday noon. It was not a palace, for there were holes in the walls, and the rain was unkind enough to disturb my slumbers by coming down on my face, and in my mind there is a distinct remembrance of a big beam across the middle of the room, under which we had to stoop when we moved about. But much work was done in and around Piridy, and throughout the whole of our tour, up to the last day the rain rarely kept us at home, either morning or evening. Frequently I was obliged to stay in the village where we stopped, but I was a very small part of the company, and the others moved about very satisfactorily. Our pony

carried Mr. Archibald over many places, which otherwise he could not well get over; but poor old pony's mission work is now done, and he lies down on the beach covered with sand. Perhaps he found the tour hard, for he got sick and died after we came back to Bimili.

At Pedda Penkie, for various good reasons, we stopped a much longer time, and we feel that Kortiah and Nila are doing pretty well there. Kortiah told us of six persons in whom he was especially interested, and of one, whom he felt had learned to believe in Jesus, but who had sickened and died very suddenly. He lived in another village, and wanted his friends to send for Kortiah, but they did not. He would come to Kortiah's house and spend hours reading the Bible. Those of us who are so blessed as to reach Heaven, will find many there who were not known as members of God's family here.

At Pedda Penkie, Siamma's little girl Amesia, made her first public address. She had made two efforts before, the first in a conference meeting at Bobbili. She was sitting beside her father, and in a quiet moment asked him if she might speak. I knew by her face what her request had been, and her father was so astonished, that before he could collect himself to reply the time was occupied again. On another occasion when she asked, he told her yes, but something once more prevented. One Sunday evening, after several had spoken to those who had come in, she thought her turn had surely come, so jumped down from the verandah, put her finger up to her mouth in orthodox little girl fashion, and told the people she wanted them to believe in Jesus, that he could take away their sins, that if He did not they could not go to heaven, that they must let Him do it and be happy. I am sure there were tears in my eyes when she stopped, and believe there were in those of others also. Later on in the evening we remembered that it was her birthday, and she was six years old. One day, I was sitting just inside of the door and heard a conversation going on by the gate, wherein a man was trying to induce Kortiah to give him some medicine for a sick person at home. Kortiah was refusing on the ground that he had given many times before and the man would not pay him anything. He told him if he went to an ordinary native doctor, he would have to pay largely for all he got, and that he ought to pay him a trifle at least. Finally the man asked if the Dora Sonma was in the house, Kortiah said yes; he replied that he would go and tell her, and she would make him give. So he came in with a long complaint, to which I listened gravely, and said "why do you not beat Kortiah?" His face was so comical that Nila and Siamma went into the house to hide their amusement; then he exclaimed, "beat Kortiah!" He soon saw that we were having a joke at his expense, and when he had laughed himself into good humor, I told him that Kortiah was right that we could only afford to give him a little medicine, and that from his own money he bought other kinds, that he knew natives used, that he had kindly given to him many times, and that now he ought to pay as some others did. While we were there fruit and vegetables were brought to Kortiah different times, in return for which he gave medicine, and we know that many of the poorer people look up to him with respect and confidence. At another village we stopped in the Police Station, and the Brahmin Inspector kindly put two others at our disposal, but we did not have the time to spend on that trip. I had some very nice talks with the wives of the policemen, and some exceedingly interesting ones with the head constable. One time, as point after point of the gospel plan was gone over, our cook, who was standing by listening, exclaimed "just see how beautiful it is."

Yes, the man replied, "it is very beautiful." We put Old and New Testaments into the hands of the Inspector for four of the stations under his care, with the prayer that God would bless them to the souls of many.

One day in my Bible class at the mission house in Bobbili, Guranah, our housekeeper, said, "what is the difference, all have trouble and sorrow in this world?" I replied all the others in this class know you, and know our boy Kortiah at Bimlipatam. He is a believer, you are not, you both are our servants, work hard and receive pay; both sin. Is there any difference? Guranah thought there was none. But the cook, who is having a hard struggle over this matter, said very touchingly, "there is a difference; both work, both receive pay, and both sin, but Kortiah does not want to sin, when he does he is sorry, and he tries to do as God says; and when death comes Kortiah is a Saviour and Guranah has not." Every heart was touched, and I said, yes, the Saviour would go with Kortiah, but Guranah must go alone; that when they came before God, He would be with Kortiah but not with Guranah; that finally he would take Kortiah to his own house, but Guranah must go away with the lost; that forever Kortiah would be happy and Guranah unhappy; and was there any difference! Before we got thus far, Guranah was feeling deeply, and the cook could not hide the tears that were overflowing his eyes. Guranah said there was "mekkil goppa badhama," there was very great difference.

The cook has told me, since our return, that he wants to come out but is afraid, and there are several others in the same condition. One has been baptized since our return, one of our girls, and two others are in from a village now, and are to come before the church in a day or two. But these have no particular opposition to meet, so the way is comparatively easy. I do not know when God will give the grace to some of these fearful ones, that will enable them to esteem it a privilege to suffer persecution for the cross of Christ. One of our servants and his wife made an effort, but her people threatened her, and both came to us the next morning looking very troubled, and saying "what can we do?" They come in by ones and twos; are our people in the Maritime Provinces ready for them to come in larger numbers? It does not look like it, when our paper tells us every week of the great probability of heavy debts on all our denominational work. The Lord's money is among the people, and we sometimes wonder to what extent He will trust the training of His little ones to those who keep it. Our hearts ache over these two fields, for our best efforts come far below their requirements, and the season when touring is a delight is fast approaching, yet we have good reason to fear that the best part will be over before help comes.

The weather is still very hot, and is not more healthy than this time of year usually is, but we all feel that fair health these days is much to be thankful for. Life's frailty grows upon us, as one after another of our dear mission band lays it down. Our hearts are now trembling with fear, lest Mr. McLaurin will be obliged by ill health to go home. After our recent losses, we do not know how we can let him go. If he does, Mrs. McLaurin must of course go also. Their names are daily in our prayers for we feel that we need them.

Cassie, Miriam, and Lizzie; our three oldest girls are a constant pleasure to us. Cassie usually works with Miss Wright, Miriam with us or with Miss Gray, according to the need, and Lizzie in the school. We pay them now rupees three each per month, and I give them out the daily supply of food as usual. At the end of the month

I hand to each the price of her food, and she pays it out of the three rupees, and clothes herself from the remainder, buys any books she may require, and attends to all her other needs, and puts something into the Sunday collections. Captain Minto, a European, in the town, sent us a little girl recently and a note, in which he said, he had seen some nice looking girls going about, and he would be glad if we would take this one and do what we could for her, as he wanted her to become a Christian. He has promised to give two rupees and four annas monthly for her support.

Mr. Archibald expects to go back to Bobbili next week. I shall remain here.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

P.S. Mr. Archibald has just told me, that one of Kortiah's recent letters says, that one of the six of whom he spoke to us had died. On examining the letter, we find that he was of the farmer caste, and Kortiah thought a good deal of him.

C. H. A.

Tuni.

I am sure that the readers of the LINK will not forget Tuni in its dark days. Our brother, Mr. Currie, left his field with great reluctance in January, 1884, and when he returned a year ago, fruit began to appear almost at once. I was glad to see in the July LINK a letter from him, giving an account of the conversion of a Shudra family in the village that lies just across the river from Tuni. It has fallen to me to take charge of this field also for a time, so I am here for a few days with Mr. Stillwell, some of the seminary boys and one of their teachers, Jaggannikulu. The boys who have come on this trip are Vara David, Penadi David, Bangaru, and Joseph from the Cocanada field, Jai Pal Das and his brother Amruthail from the Tuni field, Samuel of Bodaganta and Subbaraidu from the Akidu field, and David and Yakobu from the Chicacole field. They have preached the gospel in many villages. The weather has been wet, but occasional sunshine by day and a good moon at night have relieved the gloom, and cheered us in our work. On Saturday morning Mr. Stillwell and I went to see the Shudra family across the river. The wife, Ammana, has been sick a good deal, and at present she can walk very little. We found their house situated in a nice clean street and in a row of good houses. It is seldom we enter such a house to visit Christians. I could live in it comfortably in the cool season. It is not a large house, but the roof is good and the house is airy. I read a portion of scripture and after some remarks on it, we knelt in prayer for God's blessing on those first converts, and also on their neighbors who are still in unbelief. We also sang some hymns. The husband's name is Chinnatamudu, which means "little younger brother," their daughter is at school in Cocanada. Her name is Mallamma. Speaking of her to the mother I said, your daughter. She replied, not my daughter, but yours. So then I said, our daughter, and she was satisfied.

Some of the preachers were with us, so we went out into the street, and preached there for a while. Ammana's neighbors heard the gospel well and admitted that it was true. But when will they have grace to follow her example? Going into another street occupied by the same class of people, weavers, I sat down on a veranda and told again the story of God's love to poor sinners. It was listened to attentively and books were asked for. They bought two copies of Matthew. These are some of

the encouraging tokens the Lord gives us from time to time. Of course we had a good time on Sunday, when we observed the Lord's Supper in the afternoon. The Christians present seemed to enjoy the services. This morning we went to see a little school in one of the Mala hamlets. A number of small boys and one girl were ranged before us. The boys had been running about in the mud, so their shoes and trousers were all spattered with mud. However as these shoes and trousers are the ones they had on when they were born, the application of a little water would make them clean again. One little boy (or his mother) was more particular than the rest, so his little black feet and legs were clean. Two of these boys read a few words, and then they all sang a beautiful hymn about the Lord Jesus. I asked them some questions about it to see whether they understood the meaning or not. Evidently they understood it partly at least. I talked to them, and also to the grown-up people who gathered round, about Jesus as the only Saviour of poor lost sinners. I want all boys and girls, who have believed in the Lord Jesus, to pray for the boys and girls in Tunj, and also for all those in the villages round about, and for all boys and girls who hear the gospel from the missionaries or the preachers.

Oct. 7th, 1887.

JOHN CRAIG.

In another note Mr. Craig writes:

You will be glad to hear that Miss Frith is improving. She will have to take a rest at Bangalore before she can resume her work. We had a telegram from Mr. McLaurin, at Bangalore. He was well. Mr. Stillwell and I, with some of the Seminary boys, are making a little tour on the Tunj fields. The Seminary has vacation for ten days. Eleven boys are with us.

JOHN CRAIG.

THE WORK AT HOME.

TO THE WOMEN'S AID SOCIETIES OF NOVA SCOTIA,
NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Dear Sisters, By the time this reaches you, most of you will be engaged in preparing your gifts for the coming Christmas season. Will you spare a little that you may present an offering to our King?

You know that at our meeting at Convention it was decided that our Union should aid in the Home Mission work. And it has occurred to some that this Christmas season would be a good time for a special offering. If each member of our Aid Societies will give ten cents the work is done. Appoint a collector in each Circle, and let her forward the money to the Treasurer of our Union, Mrs. Manning, 268 Robie St., Halifax, N.S. Will not all our Aid Societies begin at once. Only ten cents, yet send it in with special prayer, and the destitute places of our own land will rejoice. Give more if you like, but give the ten cents.

No time must be lost if we would lay this offering at the feet of our Lord, and, my sisters, "the night is coming," in which we cannot work. We have only one life in which to give our all. "The king's business requires haste."

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. JOHNSTONE.

DEAR LINK.—The quarterly meeting of the W. M. A. Societies of Halifax and Dartmouth, met on Tuesday, 9th November, with the North Church, Halifax. The meeting opened as usual with prayer and praise, after which the President, Mrs. Manning read part of the 20th

Chapter of John's Gospel, specially dwelling on the words of Christ, "Peace be unto you," and showing that unless we had this peace in our own hearts we could not do effective service. Peace, in our own hearts, and the Holy Spirit's power we *must* have. Two papers are read, one by Mrs. Cline on "Missions in Russia," and one by Miss Johnstone, "Christ the first Missionary."

Russia seems so very far removed that this subject was quite a fresh one. How apt we disciples are to narrow down our affections only to that part in which our special work lies. This is perhaps only natural, and yet not right. Our commission reads, "Go ye into *all* the world," "disciple *all* nations." Mrs. Cline's paper shewed the great need there was for workers in Russia, and we feel sure that many will be led by it to pray, "Send forth labourers into thy harvest." "The world for Jesus" is our motto, nothing less will satisfy.

One of the speakers thought that in our prayers we were too apt in praying for our missionaries to forget the native preachers and Bible women. Mrs. Lyall in her late visit had spoken of the many temptations to which they were exposed, and the persecutions they were often obliged to endure. They need our prayers. They *must* have them.

Another sister spoke of the privilege our three societies enjoyed in meeting together, and asked that in our prayers we would remember those societies in the country who were less favourably situated.

The Treasurer's Statement for the Quarter ending Oct. 31st, 1886, showed that there had been received from

Nova Scotia.....	\$218 00
New Brunswick.....	169 78
Prince Edward Island.....	19 50
	\$407 28
For Home Missions.....	36 00
Total.....	\$443 28

The meeting closed with the Doxology.

A. E. J.

Dartmouth, N. S.

SACKVILLE, N.B., Oct. 16th, 1886.

Dear Miss Johnstone:

In July last at our W. M. A. Society we resolved in the near future to hold a public missionary meeting, accordingly a committee was appointed to prepare a programme, but after hearing of Dr. Sawyer's communication to the W. B. M. Union at Convention, and knowing the needs of the Home Mission Board, we resolved at our September meeting to take in Home Missions as our work at once, and agreed to have the collection at our public meeting for Home Missions.

This meeting was held on Sunday evening 10th. We were greeted by a full house, when our programme, which consisted of music, recitations, dialogues, and readings, all bearing on missionary work was given. We had the children take part in these exercises, and they were listened to with deep interest. Among our readings was your valuable paper (which by the way we think should be published, many thanks for its use). Another item was a recitation from the LINK, entitled "Missionary Questions," which was good, and a Duet sung by two little girls, entitled "We'll try to do more," from "Good as Gold."

We do hope an increased interest in our work may be the result. We were rewarded by a collection of \$20.29,

which was sent to Rev. A. Cahoon, Treasurer of our Home Mission Board.

I should have added that our pastor, Rev. W. E. Hall, gave us a stirring address at our meeting.

Our monthly meetings are full of interest. At our last (which we had resolved should be a praise and promise meeting) as each one repeated her text accompanied with some remark relative to personal experience, it seemed to us to flow from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel, while some of the rich mines of His own word were opened giving to each a plentiful supply, and causing our hearts to burn within us as we talked of Jesus by the way.

MRS. WILLARD EASTBROOK.

A Card.

Mrs. Currie desires to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred dollars, a gift from the Board of the W. B. F. M. Society, voted to her at their meeting in Hamilton—and to express her grateful thanks for their kindness.

She wishes also to express through the LINK her appreciation of the many kind letters of loving sympathy received from "Aid Societies" and friends of the mission in Ontario.

GUELPH.—Death has come into our Church and Circle this year, and taken three who labored with us. Mrs. Sarah Gill, Rev. G. F. Gurrie, and Miss Jennie Brownlow. The first fall of years, whose voice we often heard in our meetings pleading for the women of India, down-trodden and degraded, that to them the light of the Gospel might come to uplift them to the dignity of Christian womanhood by revealing to them *Jesus their Saviour*. Another in the prime of his manhood who had gone down into the depths of heathenism and witnessed that of which we can only have a faint conception—*Heathen darkness and misery*—but to whom also had been given the joy of bringing many souls into the light and joy that Christ gives. And yet another in the first bloom of her womanhood whose work it was and joy also to teach the children to love this work too. These this year have been called to their reward, and no doubt have received the Master's "Well done," and entered into his joy. To the Guelph Circle their lives will ever be a source of inspiration. The lines in Mr. Stewart's report of the death of Mr. Timpany, can be repeated of them:

"For all the Saints, who from their labor rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blessed.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Abolus."

L. EVANS, Sec.

HAMILTON.—On Thursday evening, October 7th, a Social was given by Mrs. Burdwell at her residence, Ray Street, quite a number were present and enjoyed themselves exceedingly. The collection amounted to \$5, to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

CLARA BRACKEN, Sec.

BOSTON.—DEAR LINK.—We can hardly tell you how much we appreciate your monthly visit, and we are pleased to learn the success that is attending the efforts of our sisters throughout the Dominion. We have just closed the third year of our P. M. Circle, with a membership of 35. Some

of our most active workers, during the year, have removed to other fields of labor; yet though our numbers are less there is a greater interest manifested among those who still remain. Last year, beside our parlor entertainment and lawn party (which we have annually), a rag carpet was made and sold; this year an autograph mission quilt is in progress, but not yet completed. A part of which we raise at our entertainments goes to Home Mission work. We have a Home Mission Circle in connection with our Foreign Circle. Some of us heartily endorse that remark of Mrs. Baker, Markham, "Home Missions are the source from which we must gather our material for Foreign work." Home Mission work must not be neglected, also what will become of the future of Missions?

Death has visited us each year, and it seems that God would remind us how short time is, and how needful for us to be in earnest about our Master's business, that we too may be ready when He calls, with the work faithfully done.

We aim at having our meetings not too much a matter of form. A portion of each time is spent in prayer meeting; we come expecting a blessing in our souls as well as upon the work, and God does not withhold it from us. I am sure we do not realize how rich His direct blessing makes us or we would be more eager to receive them that we might be better able to plead with God at a throne of grace, that He would bless every penny that we send to the heathen. We feel it such a privilege to contribute our mites that we feel heart sorry for those who are denying themselves this great boon of sending the glad glad news to our down-trodden sisters of India. Do we rightly understand, in its wide sense, the words of our Saviour, "Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me?" Do we deny ourselves? If we do the least it is not loss, but great gain to us. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me." He does not allow a cup of cold water given in His name to go unrewarded, and God's rewards, even in this life, what are they? They are better felt than told.

Mrs. Osborne, of Niagara, lectured for us in May, and we trust we all felt grateful for the treat as well as the instruction we received. We hope her coming among us may be productive of much good, both to us as a Circle, and also in enlisting the sympathy of the people in general in missionary work. In her lectures we were impressed with the fact that we are a highly privileged people, and according as our knowledge and privileges so is our accountability to God. Where much is given much is required; and in order to do efficient work for India and elsewhere, we must have more marked piety, more wrestling Jacobs, more humble walking with God and less conformity to the world. If every member of our Circles was wholly consecrated to God, who could tell the power of influence for good. May it be our united aim and prayer thus to live, that our prayers might daily be ascending for the conversion of souls both at home and abroad, that this might be the crowning year of souls being born into the kingdom of God.

Yours in behalf of the Circle,

L.

New Circles.

KESMORE FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, reported by Mr. R. Garside, formed September 27th. Mrs. Daniel McLaurin assisting in the formation. Officers—Mrs. Duncan McDiard mid, President; Mrs. Malcolm McIntyre, Treasurer, with sixteen members.

SUNDERLAND HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, organized July 27th—President, Mrs. T. S. Bullen; Vice-President, Mrs. M. McPhadden; Treasurer, Miss M. A. McPhadden; Secretary, Miss E. E. Bullen.

PORT GREVILLE AID SOCIETY, organized with nineteen members; by Mrs. Churchill—Officers, Presidents, Mrs. L. Hatfield and Mrs. A. Newcombe; Vice President, Mrs. D. H. Jenks; Secretary, Mrs. Charles Hatfield; Treasurer, Mrs. L. Hatfield.

WOODSLEE HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, organized May 27th—Officers, Mrs. C. C. Willott, President; Mrs. G. Jarret, Vice-President; Mrs. Jennie Miller, Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Waltz, Treasurer.

PORT ARTHUR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, organized July, with twenty-two members—Officers, Mrs. Matthews, President; Mrs. Stewart, Vice-President; Mrs. Slipper, Secretary; Miss Wilson, Treasurer.

SELWYN CIRCLE, formed Oct. 13th—President, Miss Roberts; Secretary, Miss Mary Nichols.

RIDGE TOWN HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, organized by Mrs. A. C. Baker of Sarnia—President, Mrs. Waterworth; Secretary, Mrs. Lore.

QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE, organized with twelve members Nov. 4th—Presidents, Mrs. Mary Jackson and Mrs. Conner; Secretary, Mrs. Martha Johnson; Treasurer, Miss Julia Randolph.

SECOND LOBO, MISSION BAND, organized Aug. 14th, twenty-five members—Secretary, Annie T. Gray, Poplar Hill, P. O.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

WINNIPEG.—*Dear Link*,—Thinking that a few lines from a Manitoban might prove interesting at least to the children who read your paper, "Manitoba First," is one matter politically and religiously too. Our City of Winnipeg has a population of about 25,000 residents. The Baptist Church has a membership of 225, Mission S. School has about 70 scholars, our own school numbers 215. Last month twenty out of our school made a public profession and put on Christ by baptism. We pray that these twenty may prove to be missionaries to help spread the glad tidings through India as well as Manitoba. We have a good healthy "Home and Foreign Mission Circle" doing steady work. We had also a Mission Band called the "Prairie Reapers." It existed two years, and raised during that time \$200; \$100 of which was given to Manitoba and fields, and the remaining \$50 for India. Not a few kept their tin banks, and saved a considerable sum, after the regular meetings were abandoned. I will tell you a little of the history of three of the "Prairie Reapers."

The first I shall write of will be Claude Clark, only son of Mrs. and Dr. Clark, a dear little boy of eight years, who gathered quite a little sum. Suddenly taken ill with that dread disease diphtheria, a few days of suffering transplanted the fading flower to fairer climes, to be with Jesus, which is far better. Claude's mamma kept her darling boy's tin bank, occasionally dropping a coin in it in fond remembrance of the departed one. In July it was opened at the Annual Meeting of the Mission Circle, and contained \$11.50 for Home work.

Another bright zealous worker was Ethel Westbrook, our Mayor's only daughter, whose bank always when opened contained the largest sum, and who cheered our public missionary meetings with her fine elocutionary powers. This spring it was painfully noticeable that her health was failing. Her parents thought a change would build her up again; she went to Detroit for a few weeks, but she gradually sank,

till on the morning of the 13th of August she yielded up her spirit to the Heavenly Father. She left behind many sweet memories. Although only fifteen, she was a member of the Church for over five years. We miss her at the Lord's Table, we miss her in S. School, we miss her in the Mission Circle (of which she was a faithful member), we miss her sweet voice and bright face in our home, where she called twice a day to accompany our children to school. Yet her removal from us has multiplied blessings for many. When we sat and listened to the experiences of those twenty boys and girls as they made application for baptism and church membership, many of them dated their conversion at "dear Ethel's" death. They began to think, had it been their turn instead of hers, how would it be. As we listened we glanced across the aisle, to see Ethel's father, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow rolling down his cheeks, we think we could hear him say, "Thy will be done." We look for more LIFE to come from DEATH.

We now come to the last one we shall speak of this time, "Daisy Blackhall," a little girl Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall took from the Children's Home in London, Ontario. They removed to Winnipeg, where Daisy was attending the Infant Class in our S. School and a member of our band. She too kept a bank, and this year, in July, it was opened, and contained sixteen dollars, for Foreign Missions. Her money was saved amid much suffering. Over two years ago spinal disease set in which caused her intense pain, which gradually grew more severe until she was unable to walk. Her foster parents made life as smooth as possible for her, surrounded her with every comfort, even luxuries, little girls visited her and many spoke to her of the future life, which seemed so near, she said little but thought much, as this summer she gave her heart fully to Jesus, and in speaking of dying she would say, "I am as glad to die as to go to a picnic, and before she passed away, *willed* her dolls and playthings to little girls whose parents were too poor to buy toys. She had not taken a step for two years, her parent-mother carried her through the house as a babe in arms, ministering to her wants with more than ordinary tenderness. Since I began writing Daisy has been sinking rapidly, and we were called to her death-bed. Here we found sweet patient Daisy passing through the deep waters, and in one short hour her happy spirit was released to join the throng of blessed ones above. Her last instructions were to mamma and papa to remember her bank, and put money in it for the Little Indian girls. Many friends came to pay their last tribute, and the earthly remains of "Daisy" were left at Brookside.

We pray God may raise other three who will be so interested in Missions.

M. A. CAMERON.

Ragged Tom, or The Right Kind of Missionary.

One Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sunday school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother brought him back, and begged he might be received again. The superintendent said: "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home, and he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We would take him back if we could secure his good behaviour, I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said: "That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads.

They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice: "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you? Do you know what is meant by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for him."

"And you are willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I am not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never!" God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm, I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"Oh, he's just gone up-stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying; "O Lord, make this boy, who has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The Superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy become one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a Missionary to the heathen.—*Miss. Review.*

Poor Dick's Contribution.

In all parts of the world missionary meetings are held and contributions made for such as are still in darkness. Could you have been present on a certain occasion of this kind, in one of the distant island stations, it would have been a treat to have seen the bright, laughable expression animating the countenances of the people as their names were read out in the congregation. One of the last to come to pay his money was Dick, a little boy born a slave, but who, with his parents, had not very long before been made free. Dick being considered a good, honest lad, one who would not steal the eggs, had been duly appointed captain of the poultry-yard on a neighboring-estate.

Dick was a very modest boy, and hung down his head as he presented himself at the table before which the missionary sat. Taking a little bag out of his pocket, he took out of it five dollars (twenty shillings and ten pence English money), and laid it on the table.

"Where is your collecting paper, my boy?" asked the missionary.

"I don't got none, sir," replied Dick.

"But how did you get these five dollars?" asked the missionary.

Dick looked much embarrassed as he said: "I bring 'em gie you myself, sir, for de mission cause."

"But how did you get so much?"

"Dick burst into tears at thus being interrogated, and, after considerable emotion, said: "Sir, I been work for 'em myself. I say, de Lord gie me free, an' de fust money I arn I gie to He. I put up all my money—bit, bit (a bit—being—at—that time fivepence), tampee, tampee (one penny)—until he all come to five dollars. Den he been ask somebody to gie me big paper for me bring gie you, sir."

Noble, unselfish Dick! Doubtless the Lord honored Dick's offering of his first fruits, won by the labor of his hands, as he cast it all into His treasury. May my young readers imitate Dick's example, and give themselves also unto the Lord as, we doubt not, Dick did.

Five dollars would have bought Dick a fine suit of clothes, and a pair of boots to wear on Sundays; but Dick willingly went to the Sunday school and to chapel in his blue striped shirt and Osnaburgh trousers, in order to give his first earnings to the cause of that Saviour who gave Himself a sin-offering for him and for us all.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. M. A. Cusack, 401 Sherbourne street, Toronto; Sec. Miss Buchan, 125 Moor street east, Toronto; Treas. Mrs. Jessie L. Elliott, 267 Sherbourne street. Sec. Mission Bands, Mrs. J. E. Dudson, Claremont.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 461 Upper St. Urbain street, Montreal; Sec. Miss Muir, 1460 St. Catherine street, 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 street, Halifax; N. S.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from October 26th to November 23rd, inclusive.

Emerson M. C. \$7; Perth M.B. \$17, for the support of Morta Cornelius a student; 2nd Markham M.C. \$5; College St., Toronto, M. C. \$9.75; Hamilton M.C. \$24.50, of this \$22 was half of collection at Annual Meeting, also \$2.50 half of proceeds of a social at the house of Mrs. Burdwell; Peterboro' M. C. \$11.40; College St., Toronto, M.B. \$25, to make Mrs. Moor a life member. Total, \$99.05.

NOTE.—In the Annual Report \$10 was credited to Whitby 6th Con., which should have been credited to Whitby M.C. In last month's acknowledgments Springfield should have read Springfield.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

267 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

• PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO:

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. M. A. Newman, 112 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

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

Dudley & Burns, Printers, 11 Colborne St., Toronto.