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# The Canadian Missionary Link

ANANDA

INDIA

Some Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

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CLERGY 22

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# THE Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XVII. |

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1894.

| No. 1.

## CONVENTION NOTICES.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies will be held in the Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, on the 16th and 17th of October. Each Circle is entitled, according to the Foreign Mission Constitution, to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less, for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life members or contributors of at least \$1.00 a year to the funds of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The following is a list of the Board for 1893-4:—Mrs. S. S. Bates, Toronto; Mrs. T. S. Johnston, Brantford; Mrs. W. H. Porter, Brantford; Mrs. Hastings, Toronto; Mrs. Harris, Toronto; Mrs. Sinclair, Toronto; Miss C. Palmer, Dundas; Mrs. W. J. Robertson, Toronto; Mrs. J. Firstbrook, Toronto; Miss Tapscott, Hamilton; Miss Alexander, Toronto; Mrs. D. Walker, St. Catharines; Mrs. Jas. Jeffrey, London; Mrs. S. Dadeon, Paris; Mrs. A. P. McDiarmid, Toronto; Mrs. Dryden, Brooklyn; Mrs. Chas. Raymond, Guelph; Mrs. J. S. Barker, Ingersoll; Mrs. Cohoon, Calton; Mrs. E. W. Dadson, Woodstock; Mrs. Geo. Hill, Brantford; Mrs. Hansil, Hamilton; Mrs. A. H. Newman, Toronto; Mrs. J. G. Goble, Goble. The first five retire this year, but are eligible for re-election. The Associational Directors are also ex-officio members of the Board.

The officers to be elected by the Society in open convention are the President, two Vice-Presidents, and the Recording Secretary. The officers for the present year are, President, Mrs. Booker, Woodstock; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Freeland, Toronto; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. J. C. Yule, Brantford; Recording Secretary, Miss Davies.

A meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will be held in Jarvis St. Baptist Church, on Monday, 16th October, at 2 p.m. No cards will be sent members of the Board.

ANNA MOYLE, *Rec. Sec. pro tem.*

Delegates will please take notice that for this meeting no billets will be sent out. Those arriving on Monday are requested to go direct to the *Walker House*, corner of

York and Front Streets, where a committee of ladies will be in attendance to give them billets. Those arriving on Tuesday will kindly go to *Jarvis Street Baptist church*, via Church Street and Rosedale cars, getting out at Gerrard Street.

KATE O. LITTLE.  
JANE BUCHAN.

THE EARLY DATE of the Convention makes it imperative that in order to be credited in the Annual Report, you close your year *promptly in September*, and have all your returns in the hands of the Associational Director before the 1st October.

JANE BUCHAN,  
*Cor. Sec. W. B. F. M. S. of Ont.*

We are sorry to go to press without the usual W.B.M.U. matter, which has not come to hand.

Treasurer's books close Oct. 10th. There is pressing need that all moneys in the hands of Band and Circle Treasurers should be sent in before that date.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treasurer.*

OUR TREASURY.—The Circles have been informed through a circular letter of the need of funds. Our Treasurer writes that the condition is worse now than when the circular was sent. It is altogether likely that we shall not have funds to make the September monthly payment. At least \$3,000 are needed to meet our payments due before Treasurer's books close. Dear sisters, lay this matter before the Lord and set to work in your individual Circle and see what can be done *immediately*.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF EAST-ERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held (D.V.) during the first week of October, 1894, in Carleton Place, Ont., beginning with the union platform meeting held with the Home Missionary Society, on the evening of

Thursday, Oct. 4th, to be followed by the regular business sessions on Friday, Oct. 5th.

A good programme will be given, and every effort made to interest those attending. To this end the delegates are requested to be prepared to take part in the discussion of the important subjects relating to the various branches of the work to be presented to them in the speeches and papers.

All the Circles are requested to appoint delegates, and send their names as early as possible to Mrs. Wm. Allen, Box 325, Carleton Place, Ont.

NANNIE E. GREEN, Cor. Sec.

### "FOR MY SAKE."

(A poem written by Miss Jessie H. Brown and read by her at a farewell meeting held in Cedar Ave. Church, Cleveland, O., on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Adams for India.)

"Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.

"And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's,

"But he shall receive a hundred fold in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

The strange old promise spoken in the Word,  
Across the gulf of ages still is heard;  
Above the feverish cry for goods and gold,  
In marts where destinies are bought and sold,  
Above the clamoring for place and power,  
The noisy strife for glories of an hour,  
The words with new and solemn meaning break,

"HE GAINETH ALL, WHO LOSETH FOR MY SAKE!"

O blessed paradox! rare souls still hear,  
And own the ancient promise true and dear;  
Forsaking all, they dare to bear their loss,  
Because the Crucified attends the cross!  
How could these souls endure, except for this!  
That every precious thing which they must miss  
Has for it sweet recompense which lies  
Wisely concealed from gaze of grosser eyes!

How could they bear these tearful, hard good-byes,  
The heart's rebellion at its broken ties,  
The long strained look on a receding shore,  
The thought that home is to be home no more,  
If there were not some wondrous vision given  
Of One who, for their sakes, left home and heaven!

How could they bear the daily loneliness,  
That on their lives like some strong weight must press,  
The thought of absent faces, seen in dreams,  
And dreamed of still beneath the mid day's beams,  
The grasping after hands beyond their reach,  
The yearning for fond voices' tender speech;  
Had Christ not borne, for them, and you and me,  
The awful loneliness of Calvary!

How could they bear revilings and distrust,  
From those whom they are lifting from the dust;  
The cruel curse that hurts like mortal pain,

The numbing sense of heart-aches borne in vain,  
Save that the One who their commission gave,  
Was spit upon by those he died to save!

O friends most dear who hail the Master's call!  
These loves of earth are much, but Christ is All!  
The lives that he has emptied, he can fill,  
And they are not alone, who do his will,  
For Christ's sake, though our human hearts rebel,  
We say, God speed, God bless you, and farewell!

—*Missionary Intelligencer.*

### DO YOU KNOW

That New York City contains over three thousand physicians to attend to its one million and a half of people?

That there is one medical missionary to three millions, or twice the population of New York, in heathen lands?  
That these suffering millions are made like yourself—of the same Father—and have nerves so they can feel?

That their doctors generally increase their sufferings by their ignorance of anatomy, disease and its cure?

That in Africa the doctors live by their wits; their chief wisdom and skill being seen in their ability to deceive?

That the witch doctor's business is *not to cure disease* but to find out who bewitched the sick one?

That when one such is found out, he is made to drink poison by the doctor who discovered him?

That if the victim dies the doctor is *right*; if he does not—well, that is the doctor's fault—he mixed the draught!

That one day in 1892, a young man crawled to a missionary in Africa; he had been literally roasted, so that he hardly looked like a human being!

That the witch doctor had tied this young man's mother to a stake in front of her hut, because someone was sick!

That he then set fire to wood piled around her, and burned her slowly to death?

That the son tried to help or rescue her, and was thrown into the burning pile by the ignorant mob?

That millions of lives are thus destroyed for lack of the knowledge *we could give them?*

That Bishop William Taylor saw a father kill his little daughter because his wife, the child's mother, was dying?

That the only reason why the father believed the child had bewitched her mother was *she squinted!*—*Dr. George D. Doukout, in the Medical Missionary Record.*

### WHAT IT COSTS A HINDU WOMAN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN!

FREDERICK WALLEN BROWN.

A high caste Hindu woman had been instructed for some months by a lady missionary. When she saw that Jesus was her Saviour she gave her heart to Him, and commenced serving Him instead of idols. Her husband tried to compel her to give up the new faith, and shut her up in a dark room and starved her for days. One morning she escaped and came to a missionary, and said: "I have forsaken idols and given my heart to Christ, and now I wish to be baptized."

The missionary sent for the husband and elder brother, and told them what the woman wanted. The husband tried to persuade her from her purpose, offering her beautiful silk clothing, and expensive jewels, if she would give up being a Christian and go home with him. She said: "I will go with you, and be a true wife to you, if you will let me serve Jesus in my home." He said: "No, you have disgraced me; I will kill you." And taking up a cane he tried to beat her, but was prevented by the missionary. She boldly told him that she must be true to Jesus who had given His life for her. He then compelled her to take off all her jewels. One by one she laid them at his feet. Then he commanded her to remove her outside garment. She laid them at his feet, and then offered him her dearest treasure—her baby. Sneeringly he turned away saying: "No, keep that; it is only a girl. I do not want it!"

Turning to the missionary, she said: "Will you baptize me now?" He then, in the presence of her husband and brother and some missionary friends baptized her. She was then taken to a Zenana Mission Home, where she daily prayed for her husband, brother and the women of her own land.

Reader, what has it cost you to become a Christian? Are you willing to make sacrifices for His sake? Have you no desire for Christ to become "all in all" to those now in darkness? Have you been giving great gifts to Him for this work? The greatness of your gift depends on how much you keep for yourself, not on how much you give. Measure not your gift by what you give, but by what you keep. "For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that you through His poverty might be rich." Does that grace dwell in you? Have you become poor that any might be rich? Has your giving touched any of your comforts? Has it reached your superfluities? Do you realize what that deficit in the mission treasury means in the cutting down of the missionaries' living allowance? As you enjoy your comfortable homes, and sit down to your abundant tables, will you forget those who have left loved ones and the comforts of home for the sake of telling the perishing of Jesus and His love? We hear on every hand: "We are in financial distress." About 4,000 are dying every hour who never heard the gospel. Ours a temporal distress of the flesh, theirs an eternal distress of spirit!

We have been looking at this deficit from the wrong standpoint. We have been saying, "This deficit is very depressing," but how much more depressing would it be for the Lord to say: "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."—*Missionary Intelligencer*.

### WALKING AND TALKING FOR CHRIST.

BY LULA F. WHILDEN.

A Missionary of the Southern Baptist Board.

It was a long walk. The day was sultry, and I was very weary ere the distant village was reached. The sun seemed pitiless as it poured its fierce rays upon my head. No Christian sister had ever before gone to these heathen women—these heathen sisters, to tell them of the sinner's Saviour. God was giving me the joy of being the first. They gathered around me—little children, young girls, young and middle-aged women, and some with whitened locks, standing upon the verge of the

grave. It is a very solemn, but a very blessed, thing to be God's ambassador, bearing His message of salvation to these lost ones. And they seemed to take it in as a glad, sweet message meant for them. I would fain have lingered with them. Refreshment had come to heart, soul and body, and it seemed such a little time to spend (even the whole of it) with them. But beyond, just in sight were other villages, and I must press on to tell them of Jesus ere they sank into Christless graves. Oh! that one here might become a thousand! But one *does* not, and the *one* missionary remains only the *one* missionary still.

Another village is reached. Overworked women with care-worn, anxious faces, gather around me, and listen as I tell to them for the first time—

"The old, old story, of unson things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love."

Their lives have been hard, they have been like beasts of burden, bearing day after day heavy loads of fuel cut from the mountain sides—caring for nothing except to work out the answer to the oft recurring question, "What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewith shall we be clothed?" But they hear of a God who loves them, and cares for them, and of a heaven of blessedness beyond the grave. A gleam of sunshine comes into their darkened lives, and they begin to realize that there is something to live for, something to hope for.

A third village is reached. Only a few are there. The rest are hard at work in the fields or on the hillside gathering fuel. Again the gospel story is listened to for the first time. A simple prayer is taught them. After I have left the village, I hear footsteps behind me. A woman is running after me. It is pathetic, the earnest look on her face as she says: "Teach me how to pray once more before you leave. I'm stupid; I'm afraid I'll forget." "And teach me too," added another woman, pleadingly, "for I have never heard, even once." Poor sheep without a shepherd! I understood something of how the Master felt as He looked upon the multitudes who were as sheep without a shepherd.—*The Foreign Mission Journal*.

### MOTHER STRICKLAND'S SILVER.

BY GEORGE L. WEED.

"There goes a promising lawyer who has just killed himself."

"I have reached the age at which, according to the Constitution of our Society, I am no longer eligible to the office of its President."

These two remarks, seemingly without connection, have long been associated in my mind. Each recalls a scene of childhood. For many years two unfading pictures have been in my memory—one a view of a court room, the other of a church. The central figure in each is the same person, then unknown to the fame of United States Senator, Governor, Cabinet officer and Chief Justice; but in these offices the early promises of Salmon P. Chase found their fulfillment.

How false was the prophecy I have quoted, written under my first memory picture concerning this "promising lawyer." That declaration was made in admiration and commiseration; but from the day it was uttered the

supposed professional suicide entered on a new, broader and grander life. That day became historic for Mr. Chase. It was in July, 1842. On it he made a plea in Cincinnati, Ohio, before Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, in defence of a kind-hearted old man, living near that city, who had befriended some fugitive slaves whom he had met near his home. Mr. Chase claimed that the act was legal as well as charitable. His argument and eloquence charmed a crowded audience for three hours. He felt confident that he had established his propositions; but the jury's verdict was against him, and the public sentiment was against the astute and bold defender of human rights.

I was, perhaps, his youngest auditor. A mere lad, I had followed the crowd into the court room, old enough to be charmed by his magnificent presence, and to be conscious of a great occasion, without being able to appreciate the learning, the philanthropy and the patriotism which made it such. I did not justly estimate the manliness, the refinement, the bold earnestness and the moral conviction which were elements of his power on that memorable occasion.

The spot where he stood was free soil, but on the border-line of slavery whose shadow rested upon it. Many a one who sympathized with Mr. Chase because, what his biographer records of him, "an object of hate, bitter and unrelenting."

But this did not prevent his re-election to the presidency of the Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati, an office which he had already filled for nine successive years, and in which he was continued two years longer, until the day my second memory picture was taken, when, as I distinctly remember, he made the statement that he had reached the age which rendered him ineligible to continuance in that office.

It was at an anniversary meeting of the Bible Society, in the old Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, when Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor, that I heard Mr. Chase tell a story which interested me the more because he might have summoned me as one of the three witnesses to the facts he related. A child then, I am the only one left to re-tell the story; in so doing I add incidents which occurred after his recital. I limit myself to facts which I distinctly remember, or were preserved in my early home, whose door I must let stand ajar, since my father, Dr. George L. Weed, was closely related to what I here record.

In that early time, beginning with 1836, before various benevolent societies had each a separate centre of activity in the "Queen City of the West," their combined interests were largely committed to his superintendence. To the stranger's question, "Where are the Missionary Rooms—Home or Foreign—or the Tract, or the Sunday-school, or the Bible Depository?" there was but one answer, as they had a home in common. It was on Fourth Street near Main. For it a woman was earnestly looking.

"Where do they keep Bibles?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you ought to know."

Such were the earnest question, the gruff reply and the spirited reproof which constituted the laconic conversation between the woman and a passer-by.

Soon she stood at the door of the Bible Depository, repeating her question in another form—"Is this where Bibles are kept?"

The manner in which she asked it excited the curiosity of the three who heard it.

I have to this day a distinct picture of her. She was of small stature and fragile form. Her face was wrinkled, yet there was not the decrepitude of age. She was poorly clad, and her whole appearance was such as to suggest the query whether her errand was to buy a Bible or ask for a gift. Dr. Weed was almost satisfied that the latter was probable.

"I would like to see some," she remarked, without giving any hint of the size or quality she desired. On being shown the kind usually donated to such as she was supposed to be, she asked for something larger and better; but even this did not satisfy.

The mystery deepened. Was pride concealed beneath that apparent poverty, making her disdain a common gift? Had she never learned that receivers of bounty are not choosers? As almoner of the Society's gifts, what would the Depository be justified in bestowing upon her?

Without betraying his suspicion, almost conviction, he placed a volume of still larger size and more expensive style upon the counter. At last came the question:

"What is the price?"

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"I will take five of these," was her immediate response.

"Five Bibles at five dollars each? Twenty-five dollars?" thought each of the witnesses, only half believing their astonished ears. But soon their more astonished eyes showed how deceived they had been. It was not pride that had been concealed beneath that humble garb, but pieces of silver coin, nothing larger in various denominations, which she counted out until the whole amount made a glittering pile.

The air of satisfaction with which she completed her purchase, the incongruity between her wardrobe and her purse, the variety of the coins, the number and style of Bibles, the mystery that surrounded her person and purpose—all these combined to make those who looked upon her ask themselves, "Who—what is she?"

While they gazed in wonder, she was seemingly unconscious of their presence. Her lips moved, but her prayer was silent. Why she wept they knew not. The completed story suggests a loving, praying mother's heart.

The mistake into which Dr. Weed had been led concerning his customer suggested his alluding to the Bible Society. This revealed her ignorance of its existence and work. He informed her of its benevolent character, especially as shown in supplying the poor with the Word of God. She little supposed herself to have been the innocent occasion of this revelation to her. But revelation it was, as much as was the Holy Ghost to the Corinthian Church; and it was followed by a corresponding readiness to do. Giving the Bible to the poor! Blessed opportunity! so she thought, and another pile of silver was beside the purchase money.

"What is your name?" asked Dr. Weed.

"It is no matter," she replied.

"But," continued he, "I should report from whom I receive this gift."

Her only response was: "The Lord Jesus Christ knows my name, and that is enough."

First amazed at her ignorance, and then rejoicing in the interest she manifested immediately on learning of the Bible Society, he proceeded to enlighten her concerning other benevolent enterprises. Nor in vain, for her whole manner and conversation gave evidence that a new world was opening to her intellectual and spiritual

vision. To them all her heart responded quickly and fervently.

The design and labors of the American Tract Society were made known, and a third silver pile was on the counter.

Then came the most marvellous revelation of all—that Christian men and women carried the Bible to heathen lands; translated it into other tongues; preached in the languages of India and China and Africa; that these Gospel messengers were supported by Christians in our own land; that money and the necessities of life were sent to them from New York and Boston; that supplies for missionaries among the Indians beyond the Mississippi were sent from the spot where she then stood; and that all this was done through a missionary society.

Then followed renewed astonishment, increased opportunity and another group of silver coins—this for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

At this distant day I cannot recall the number of societies whose acquaintance this woman formed in that single hour; but of this I am confident, that her purchase-money and gifts amounted in all to about sixty dollars, all in silver pieces.

A clue was finally found to her name, and we are now prepared to call her Mother Strickland, by which she was thenceforth known in Cincinnati by a few who became acquainted with her history.

From herself and other sources the following facts were finally gathered. She lived about twenty miles from the city, not far from the Ohio River, on a farm products of which she brought to market three or four times a year. For these she had received the coin which she paid out at the Bible Depository, just as it had come into her hands. "The farm is mine," she said in justification of her right to give its proceeds to him who said: "The silver is mine." Had she not applied to herself his words by Hosea, "I gave her corn . . . and multiplied her silver?"

Her home was such only in name. She shared it with a man who could lay no claim to manliness. However evenly they might have been yoked at first, they became most unevenly so when she obeyed the Master's command, "Take my yoke upon you." She spoke of him and their neighbors as *Universalians*—a rustic term common in the West in those days. Whatever of belief or of practice it might express, his character was not elevated nor purified thereby. This may be inferred from the constant presence of his liquor-jug in the best room. There was not only want of sympathy with the religious views and practices of his wife, not only lack of respectful indulgence, but there was violent opposition. His hatred to the Bible was intense. He was a veritable Jehoiakim casting her precious volume "into the fire that was on the hearth." Her hymn book had a similar baptism. Tried by fire they were both rescued, becoming fit emblems of their owner.

She was without Christian companionship, church privileges, or any aid to spiritual guidance and improvement except her Bible and hymn book and the Spirit of God. These kept her separate from her surroundings and preserved a deep and tender interest in spiritual things. These were her light, comfort and strength in her isolation and persecutions.

In that divided household there were five to whom the appellation *Mother Strickland* could be literally applied. We know not the attitude of these sons toward

the unchristian father or the Christian mother, but of the motherly thought for them, we do know. When at last she looked upon a Bible suited to her purpose, saying; "I will take five of these," the unspoken thought was, "These are for my five sons." And when, with closed eyes over those Bibles, she "prayed unto the Lord and wept," when "only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard" by those who "marked her mouth," we can believe that it was for these sons that she prayed.

Dr. Weed's home was a Saints' Rest where very many angels were entertained, awares or unawares. Pilgrim saw it from afar, and from every direction. He came sometimes alone, and sometimes Christiana and the children accompanied him. It seemed a more fitting abode for *this* Christiana than was her market wagon, which she was accustomed to occupy. So she was invited to this Saints' Rest whenever in the city, but she still abode in the street.

She urged her would-be host to call upon her the next morning after her purchase, when her street dormitory would be changed into a shop. This he did in making his usual visit for family supplies to the country market, which then and there was composed of farmers' wagons extending along the street to great distance. He stopped before hers to make the promised morning call, which he was not allowed to finish until his market basket was full. This was only a foretaste of more to come. Soon after he reached his home there followed other gifts from her wagon for the more abundant supply of his larder. His protestations were useless. She seemed to have the impression that nothing could be too good for one sustaining so many Christian relations. Because of his loving service for Church and people she thought that "he was worthy for whom she should do this."

The explanations made to Mother Strickland concerning benevolent societies were supplemented by reading which was furnished her. Its careful perusal became manifest in her rapidly increasing knowledge and correspondingly deepening interest. Especially was *The Missionary Herald* a messenger from afar, proclaiming in tones unfamiliar to her the woes of heathendom and Christian effort in its behalf.

Rejoicing in the work done, her heart went out toward the workers. Her thought travelled quickly from the printed page to their distant and lonely homes. She thought of their domestic life, even of their physical tastes, without opportunity to gratify them. This was why the rich apple-butter of her farm was a condiment year after year on missionary tables in the Western wilderness. She believed that the implements of refinement should not be denied the self-denying workers in the midst of barbarism; and this is why spoons found their way to a table on a Nestorian mountain, engraved with the name—one of blessed memory—of Asahel Grant. Her "*Universalian*" neighbors sustained no Dorcas Society; but she was entitled to the name, since every year she brought to the city a consecrated missionary box of what she had "wrought with needle-work."

Allusion has been made to the avidity with which she gleaned knowledge of Christian labor in heathen lands. Her relative progress in such learning was surprising. She was discriminating. Not all fields were of uniform interest to her; some were of special. One of these was the Gaboon Mission, on the western coast of Africa; but

from it her thought travelled into the interior. Could not a church be built there? and could not her music box be used in the purchase of a site? These were her queries as she carried it to the Missionary Rooms.

It happened that from her own State, and from the bank of the same river near which was her home, had gone the Rev. Ira M. Preston and wife to the Gaboon Mission, and thence to an interior station among the Bakali people. It also happened that when she carried her music box to the city these missionaries were on a visit to their home. On their return to Africa they took it with them, but had no occasion to use it for the purchase of a site for a church, as her thought had been anticipated by African chiefs, who donated land for mission purposes.

Guided by facts mentioned in a letter from Mrs. Preston, I can follow the music box from my own home to here, and to the end of its mission. It was a wonderful curiosity to the Bakali people. It so excited their fears that the first name by which they called it was *Okukwe*, a ghost. Becoming more familiar with it, and recognizing it as having a similar purpose to one of their bamboo instruments, they changed its name to *Dibeca*. For the missionary it became an instrument of another kind. A Bakali, making his first visit to the missionary station, would listen to its tones, and then to the voice of the teacher of salvation. The news of the wonderful box was carried to distant villages, whence numbers came to hear it. Its tunes were of a lively character, but its meanings were very diverse in the minds of the listeners, whose interpretations were a great amusement to the Christian teachers. One old, old woman who looked upon it as an intelligent being, declared: "It insults me; it says over and over, 'You have not many chickens!'"

Mrs. Preston tells how well it did its missionary work, and brightened their lonely lives in the African jungle for years.

But the music box, like the Preacher's daughters of music, "was brought low"; for it had a fall, and its work was done. That day was a memorable one among the Bakali people. The box could no longer tell of chickens nor be an instrument of salvation.

That noble Christian woman tells how the incidents of her African life are vanishing from her memory, but those here recorded, twenty-eight years after the box came into her possession, are still fresh reminders of Mother Strickland, who, though living in a Christian land, dwelt almost in the darkness of an African jungle, lighted only by the flame of her lonely altar.

For seven successive years Mother Strickland made her quarterly visits to the city, to sell the products of her farm, and to consecrate a portion of the proceeds to the Lord of the harvest. She was finally induced to accept the hospitality of Dr. Weed's family, instead of occupying her wagon in the streets. This gave opportunity to learn the peculiarities of her mental and spiritual character more fully. As already stated, with increased knowledge there were corresponding interests and action; but this interest was limited to whatever pertained directly to the kingdom of God.

One evening she accompanied the family to a lecture by that brilliant Christian astronomer, Professor O. M. Mitchell. But for her that hour was wasted time. She was confident that he knew nothing about the worlds so far away, and it would be wiser for him to devote his time and thought and labor to things more sure and more useful.

One day Mother Strickland came on her usual errand to

the spot which had become sacred to her, because a centre of good and the altar of her gifts. As near as I can calculate, it must have been the twentieth visit. Hard work, bitter trials and time had wrought a great change in her appearance. She entered the Bible Depository with a weary gait, evidently bearing a burden from which she wished to be immediately relieved. It was another silver offering—fifty dollars.

She felt that this visit was her last, and so bade goodbye to him who had been the trusted almoner of her gifts, the enlightener in Christian work, the friend and host, and to the hostess who had so often welcomed and comforted her in the Christian home which contrasted so strongly with her own. The presentiment came true. They saw her face no more.

## Work Abroad.

### LETTERS FROM TUNI.

Brother Walker writes me that the case which has been pending for some months in the Peddapur Munsiff's Court re. Mission land in Chendurty, has at last come up for a hearing, and was decided in favor of the Mission. This is certainly a cause for thankfulness to God, for if it had gone against us the preacher would have been compelled to leave his house and the work of the Gospel would have been seriously hindered.

Brother Walker further says that an appeal against this judgment will be made, and writes for my diary for 1893, as additional evidence may be required.

Referring to the above, I may say that the charge made, by which the ownership of the land was disputed, is a perfectly unjust one, and is simply an attempt to turn Preacher Daniel out of Chendurty.

The Christians in that village have suffered much from the persecution of their enemies, the principal ones being the *Munsiff* and *Kernam* of the village.

The letter again says: "We are all well. The long, hot season is over, and now copious rains flood the country, and the steaming, misty air proves very trying indeed."

Cornelius, my Tunni preacher, writes that Mr. Walker is looking after the work well during my absence, and says that the Tunni Christians are praying for Mrs. Garalde and myself, and trust that we may be fully restored to health and soon come back to them.

Cornelius, who was ordained just before I left India, has been touring and visiting the different out-stations, where he has encouraged the Christians and dispensed the Lord's Supper. In Chendurty some are said to be believing. On Saturday Cornelius as usual teaches the school girls singing. He asks our prayers for the work on the Tunni field.

Samuel, a student who is working on the Tunni field, writes that he often remembers us as he works, preaching from village to village, which, he says, is a labor of love to him.

R. GARSIDE.

Hamill's Point, Muskoka, Aug. 17, '94.

## Work at Home.

### ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.

**WESTERN.**—The eighth annual meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Western Association was held at Essex, June 12th.

First session, 11 a.m., opened with devotional exercises, led by Mrs. Campbell. Bible reading by Miss Sherman, followed by a prayer and conversation meeting. This meeting gave the key-note to all our sessions. At 1.30 p.m. we again assembled—about 40 women being present—and listened to a very earnest address of welcome from Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Steeves, of Kingsville, feelingly responded. Miss Ritchie, in a ten minutes' address, very plainly pointed out to us our duty as Christian women in regard to missions. Mrs. Sowerby, of Chatham, then conducted a Mission Circle, showing that a Circle can be conducted on business principles. An animated discussion followed, bringing out the difficulties local presidents have met with.

Reports were heard from most of the Circles and Bands. Miss F. Her was re-elected Director, and Miss A. E. Bishop, Wilkesport, was appointed Secretary for Bands, to assist Director. A resolution was passed expressing our confidence in the W. F. M. B., and promising our hearty co-operation in the support of Miss McLeod, should she go as a missionary.

Eight p.m., a platform meeting was held, at which Miss Bishop gave an interesting paper on "Methods in Band Work."

Mrs. Vining gave a very full account of our work among the Indians. Miss Amy Campbell gave a recitation; and eight girls of the Essex Mission Band sang and recited a collection exercise. Two other members of the Band sang a duet. The choir also favored us with some appropriate selections.

Our annual platform meeting was held June 13th at 8 p.m. The Director's report showed but little progress made this year; one Circle, formerly foreign, has become union. Though several Circles have increased their contributions, the amount sent to Home and also to Foreign Missions by the whole Association was less than last year.

Mrs. Sowerby addressed us on our "Crisis in Mission Work," clearly setting forth our need of consecrated workers, purses and luxuries.

Then came the event of the evening. As Miss Hatch was introduced the audience rose to their feet and sang, "Blest be the tie." Our hearts burned within us as we listened to the thrilling account of the work in India. May the influence of this, her first visit to our Association, be long felt by us.

Mrs. Sowerby sang a solo, and the choir also sang suitable selections during the evening.

The collection, \$12.18, was gathered by a boy and girl dressed in full Telugu costume.

**WHITBY AND LINDSAY.**—The annual meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circles was held with the Circle in Claremont, in the Presbyterian church, on Wednesday afternoon, June 20th. At half-past two o'clock about two hundred and fifty women were assembled, and after a fifteen minutes' prayer-meeting, which was led by Mrs. Joseph Holman, of Brooklin, the President, Miss Kay, of Whitby, took the chair.

The meeting was opened by singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," followed by reading of Psalm cxi, and prayer by President.

Reports from each Circle were read by delegates. The Director's report showed no increase as to number of Circles, but at Fenelon Falls, Cannington and Goodwood, Bands have been organized, and one re-organized at Port Perry. Although seven Circles out of fourteen have given less than they did last year, the decrease of the total sum collected is only a few cents. The total membership of Circles being 223, shows that not half of our women members in the churches are engaged in mission work.

Mrs. Bundy, on behalf of the Claremont Circle, extended a hearty welcome to the delegates and visitors, which was responded to by Miss Trotter, of Lindsay.

After Miss Young had conveyed greetings from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian church, the audience rose and sang "Blest be the tie that binds."

Miss Law, of Pickering, then sang a very appropriate solo, entitled, "Christ is all."

Seven fields of the Telugu mission were represented by ladies, who gave short talks or papers: Cocanada, Miss Fowke, Oshawa; Samulcotta, Miss Topping, Uxbridge; Pedapuram, Mrs. Shaw, Goodwood; Yellaman-chili, Miss Starr, Brooklin; Vuyuru, Miss White, Whitevale; Tuni, Miss Ratcliff, Stouffville; Akidu, Miss Trotter, Lindsay.

The Director read a circular from the Foreign Mission Board, on the appointment of Miss McLeod to the Foreign field. At a meeting of the delegates on the following day, it was decided that each Circle be asked to collect ten cents per member, in this way to raise twenty or twenty-five dollars extra in our Association towards Miss McLeod's salary. Several delegates pledged themselves for the Circles they represented.

The collection amounted to \$6.65, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign missions.

Mrs. D. Forsythe, of Claremont, read an enthusiastic paper on Indian missions.

The Association was very fortunate in having with them Miss Valiquet, a former student of Grande Ligne school, who gave us a very interesting description of a day spent at the mission.

Miss Emma Dryden, by a map talk on Home Missions, gave us a clear idea of our work on the Home field, which must have been profitable to all.

An earnest and practical paper was read by Mrs. Joseph

Holman, setting forth the claims of the *MISSIONARY LINK* and *Baptist Visitor* on every member of the Circles.

Miss Trotter was appointed President, and Miss A. E. Dryden Director for the coming year.

A very successful meeting was brought to a close by singing the Doxology, and prayer by the President.

A. E. DRYDEN, *Director*.

WOODSTOCK.—The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles of Woodstock Association was held in Ingersoll, June 6th, Mrs. J. F. Barker in the chair.

After Scripture read by Mrs. Newton, of Norwich, and prayer by Mrs. Shaw, of Tilsonburg, a few hearty words of welcome were spoken by Mrs. Barker on behalf of the ladies of Ingersoll church. All the Circles were represented by delegates but three, while some of the churches where there are no Circles sent delegates. In the verbal reports from Circles and Bands, much useful and practical information was furnished.

Mrs. J. G. Goble read the Director's report, which was adopted. The number of women reported in Circles was 307. Amount raised for Foreign Missions, \$307.85; for Home Missions, \$239.50; for Indian fund, \$19.50; from Bands, \$138.94; number of LINKS, 137; number of *Visitors*, 181. Mrs. Huggard was then appointed Director for the ensuing year.

In greetings from sister churches, we were pleased to note that, as other Christian women are engaged in sending the Gospel to the unsaved, the same reflex influence is shown in quickened spiritual life in the churches.

Mrs. D. K. Clarke followed with an excellent paper on Home Missions. We were delighted to again have Miss Hatch with us, and as we listened to her words we felt that in the future, more than ever, Woodstock Association will have one of her very own in the Foreign field, as many of us having learned to love her for her work's sake, have become more closely attached through personal acquaintance.

A letter from the Foreign Mission Board was then read by Mrs. Dadeon, and a resolution was passed approving of the action of the Board in appointing Miss McLeod as our missionary, and will earnestly endeavor to interest our Circles in her support.

We were then interested by a spicy paper by Mrs. Newton, on Band work, giving some of the difficulties as well as the joys of the work.

It is encouraging to notice this year, as in previous years, new faces, as an evidence that the interest is deepening and widening.

M. S. C.

NORFOLK.—The seventh annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles and Bands of Norfolk Association was held in the Presbyterian church at Simcoe, at two o'clock, on Thursday, June 14th. The President, Mrs. L. C. Barber, of Boston, occupied the chair, with Mrs. P. K. Foster, Director, on the platform.

The meeting was opened by singing, reading the Scriptures by Mrs. Brown, of Eden, and prayers by Mrs. Bingham, of Langton, and Miss Miller, of Forestville. The President's address was instructive and stirring, urging immediate devoted effort for the Lord's kingdom. Then followed verbal reports from the Circles and Bands. There seemed no decrease in interest, yet there was a falling off in amount contributed by ten of the Circles.

The Associational Director presented her report, which was much appreciated. The report showed amount raised during the year by the Circles for Foreign Missions, \$294.99; by Bands, \$214.46; total, \$508.45; for Indian Missions and Grande Ligne, \$36.12; grand total, \$838.33. While the Circles have raised \$83.79 less than last year, the Bands have increased \$45.47. A new Band was organized at Decewsville. Three life-members have been added: two by the Boston Circle, and Mrs. Bertram, of Waterford, constituted herself a life-member. Four life-members have been made by the Boston Band.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year are Mrs. D. Dack, of Simcoe, President, and Mrs. P. K. Foster, of Boston, Director. Then followed an interesting address by Mrs. Murdoch, of Waterford, urging every Baptist family, among other good literature, to have the *Visitor* and *LINK*. She said: we judge the tastes of a family by the papers found on their tables. Three papers were read: one on Mission Bands, prepared by Miss Jennie Heath, of Delhi, and read by Miss Winalow; one on Indian work, by Miss E. Wallace, of Simcoe; and the third, on the North-West and Home Missions in Ontario, by Miss Maud Kitchen, of Vittoria. Each of these papers deserve special mention. The Director read a circular from the Foreign Mission Board, relating to the appointment of Miss McLeod to the Foreign field. After discussion, an expression of the ladies present was asked for, as to their willingness to assist in raising the extra money required to send Miss McLeod to India, to which a goodly number responded by a rising vote. A collection was taken, amounting to \$8.12, to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Foster urged prompt and special effort to increase our contributions to Home and Foreign work. Moved by Mrs. D. Dack, seconded by Mrs. D. D. Burth, that we tender a vote of thanks to the Presbyterian congregation for the use of their church.—*Carried*.

The meeting closed by singing that beautiful hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," and prayer by Mrs. Murdoch.

The President, Mrs. L. C. Barber, was fortunate in securing the valuable services of Miss Hatch, who addressed the meeting at the Young People's Rally, on Thursday evening. Miss Hatch was listened to by a packed house with rapt attention, while she described our stations in India and the people among whom, in the

providence of God, we are called to labor, and requested greater effort and more prayer on the part of all for this work.

BELLA R. COLLVER, Secretary.

HAMILTON.—The third annual meeting of the Hamilton Association of Mission Circles was held in the Victoria Ave. church, on Friday afternoon, June 22nd. After a short season of prayer, led by Mrs. Peer, of Freelon, Mrs. H. H. Lloyd took the chair, and conducted a programme full of interest and inspiration.

The reports of the Circles and Bands showed an increase in nearly every instance, both in numbers and contributions.

One new Circle was organized at Burlington, with nine members, and a Band at Freelon.

We have now seven Circles, with a membership of 193, whose contributions during the year amount to \$337.82.

An interesting, thoughtful and earnest appeal was made for Grande Ligne, by Miss Wilton, President of the Wentworth St. Band. Mrs. Forbes' address was brimful of recent encouraging facts and incidents from the Home mission fields, against which the sad contrast of the deficit was placed. Mrs. Forbes' visit to us, her warm words of sympathy and interest in our young Association, expressed both publicly and privately, have been a means of cheer and encouragement, and will long be remembered with gratitude.

The recitation, "The Master and the Lilies," by Miss Olive Copp, was so full of tender pathos, as to touch all hearts, and reverently all heads were bowed, while our hearts were lifted in prayer that the Master would use each of His handmaids then assembled, even as the earthen vessel had been used to water His flowers.

Mrs. Alder, in speaking of "Sacrifice for Missions," objected to the word "sacrifice" in this connection. "Could anything be a sacrifice that was done for Christ?" Instances were given in which ladies had denied themselves the pleasure of giving Christmas and birthday presents to friends, and instead, had put the money in the Lord's treasury.

Next came the reports from our five Bands, by their young secretaries, showing marked progress during the year. They have now a membership of 204, and have raised during the year \$132.61, making a total from Circles and Bands of \$470.43.

After a five minutes' talk on "Band work" by Miss Mary Havercroft, the enthusiastic and efficient President of Victoria Ave. Band, Miss Pearl Smith addressed us on "Medical Missions." Few could listen with dry eyes to the tale of sufferings of our sisters in the far East, and the added pains that are inflicted by the witch doctors and others.

At the close of Miss Smith's address, one mother said to her, "I have only one daughter, but I could willingly

give her up for such a work. We are sure that more than one was prompted to offer either herself or a loved one to the Lord, as a result of that talk on "Medical Missions."

The collection amounted to \$5.54, and was divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

A. M. TASCOTT, Director.

P.S.—There was considerable discussion re Miss McLeod's appointment; no resolution was passed by the Association, but it was decided that each Circle should talk and pray over the matter in their local meetings. I have no fear for the result of such a course among the women of our Association.

THE PETERBORO' AND BELLEVILLE Association of Circles and Bands met in the Haldimand church on 19th June. Delegates present from all of the Circles excepting three, and from some of the Bands. The first session began at 10 a.m. Part of the first hour was spent in listening to a very instructive Bible reading, led by Mrs. T. Watson, of Colborne.

Reports from Circles and Bands were given. These reported in some cases a marked revival of interest in missions. A few reported the interest low. The amounts collected this year show a slight falling off, but this can be accounted for from the fact that there was money in some of the treasuries that was not sent away in time to be reported.

The afternoon session began at two o'clock. The President, Mrs. Hunter, conducting devotional exercises. Mrs. J. J. Hinman then welcomed the delegates and visitors to the Haldimand church in a very hearty manner. Greetings were also received from the Methodist and Presbyterian sisters of the neighborhood.

A paper on "Band Work," written by Miss Laura Quinn, of Lakefield, was read and a discussion followed; also a discussion on Circle work, led by Mrs. McDonald, of Lakefield. Some interesting ideas were brought out, which we trust will be of benefit to those engaged in Circle and Band work.

The circular regarding the appointment of Miss Lottie McLeod was read and freely discussed. The Circles had been communicated with previously, and through their delegates expressed a desire to see Miss McLeod appointed as a missionary to India; but on account of the depressing state of the Home and Foreign Mission treasuries at this time, could not see their way clear to undertake any new work.

It was then proposed that each member of Circles give ten cents a year extra for this work. This plan met with the approval of the representatives, so they were instructed to lay this matter before each Circle and report results to the Director as soon as possible.

Then a plan was proposed, that is used by our Methodist sisters to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of

the Christian women of our churches who cannot attend the meetings of the Circles, called the "Scattered Workers" scheme. It was proposed that we adopt this scheme for a year on trial. Thus it is hoped to arouse a deeper interest in missions amongst the women of our denomination who are deprived of the privilege of meeting monthly with their sisters, to talk and pray together about this work that our Heavenly Father has given us to do for Him.

After some further matters of business were attended to, the report of Nominating Committee was handed in, and Mrs. Hunter, of Peterboro', elected President, and Miss A. Walton, Director for the ensuing year.

In the evening, a platform meeting was held, which was largely attended; the President, Mrs. Hunter, occupied the chair, and the following took part:

Mrs. Eva Rose York, a very beautiful paper on "Home Missions"; Miss Pearl Smith, a missionary-elect, spoke with telling effect on Foreign Missions: Grande Ligne was presented by Miss Alice Richardson, and Miss Jessie Squires gave a recitation in her usual happy manner.

A collection taken up amounted to \$5.41, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The hearty singing of "From Greenland's icy mountains" brought to a close one of the most successful meetings yet held by the Association.

ANNIE WALTON, *Director.*

**NORTHERN.**—The fifth annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles and Bands was held in the Parry Sound Baptist Church on Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 4th, 1894. The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock, Mrs. Miller, of Parry Sound, presiding. After devotional exercises, the address of welcome to delegates and visitors was given by Mrs. Cummer, of Parry Sound, and responded to by the Director. The reports from circles and bands were all very encouraging and showed an advance on last year. The Director, speaking on behalf of Home Missions, read extracts from letters received from Mrs. McMaster and Miss Dryden, showing the urgent need of all our circles doing a little more this year than last. A circular from Miss Buchan in reference to Miss McLeod's offer of herself to the Foreign field was read and discussed. The ladies pledged themselves to urge upon their circles the proposal of Miss McLeod immediately on their return home. After a dialogue from members of the Parry Sound Mission Band, Miss Campbell, of Parry Sound, read a paper on "Our Indian Work." Mrs. Kendall, of Midland, was re-appointed Director for the year. After singing the Doxology, Pastor Curry, of Orillia, pronounced the benediction.

In the evening, a platform meeting was held, Pastor Curry, of Orillia, presiding. After singing the well-

known hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Pastor Coltman, of Burk's Falls, read a portion of Scripture, and Pastor Coles, of Parry Sound, led in prayer. "Throw Out the Life Line" was then sung by Miss Frankie Cummer. The Director's report showed steady progress and an increase of one circle and three bands during the year. At present there are 12 circles in the Association with a membership of 179; and 12 mission bands with a membership of 204. During the year, \$136.12 have been raised for Home Missions, and for Foreign Work, the sum of \$125.43; while \$22.26 have been raised for Grande Ligne. 127 copies of the *Baptist Visitor* are taken and 97 copies of the *MISSIONARY LINK*. The duet "Anywhere with Jesus" was sweetly sung by Miss Neff, of Collingwood, and Miss Gillespie, of Stayner. A carefully prepared paper on "Home Missions," by Mrs. McMaster, in her absence, was read by Pastor Young, of Marchmont. In the absence of H. M. Supt. (Rev. J. P. McEwen), Rev. P. C. Parker, of Toronto, spoke on Home Missions. A solo was next sung by Miss Hall, of Owen Sound, after which, in the absence of Mrs. Newman, Pastor Monge, of Oro, gave an earnest address on "Foreign Work." A collection was taken for Home and Foreign Missions amounting in all to \$16.29. During the collection, a trio was sung by the Misses Neff and Gillespie and Mr. Palframan. Notwithstanding the many disappointments, our meetings were very successful and much enjoyed by all present.

A. K.

**ELGIN.**—The tenth annual meeting of the Elgin Mission Circles was held at Sparta, June 6th. There was a good attendance, and much was learned from the various reports and discussions.

The meeting was opened by prayer, led by Mrs. Welter; singing and Scripture reading by Mrs. E. Cohoon. Mrs. Doolittle very ably presided; letters were read from most of the Circles; \$794.64 were received during the year, a deficit from the preceding year, —Aylmer being the banner Circle.

P.M.—Singing; prayer, led by Mrs. Upton, of St. Thomas, followed by an excellent paper on Grande Ligne work, by Mrs. Norman McConnell; then a discussion on "How to increase the interest in Missions and ensure larger membership."

Very interesting papers on "Indian Work," by Mrs. Doolittle, and on "Christian Stewardship," by Mrs. Laidlaw, were read. A letter from Miss Buchan, asking for \$500 more, for the support of a lady missionary. The delegates pledged themselves to do their utmost for Miss McLeod.

Mrs. Sowerby's paper on the "Reflex Influence of Missions" was much appreciated, showing careful preparation. Mrs. Sowerby was elected President, Mrs. Welter, Association Director.

In the evening, Mrs. Philpot read a most earnest and well written paper on "Home Missions," followed by Mrs. Booker, on "Foreign Missions."

The whole day was a season of refreshing. Every one present was stimulated with a desire to do more and give more the coming year.

WALKERTON.—The Association meeting of the Walkerton circles was held in Palmerston, June 7th, at 1.30 p.m. The Vice-President opened the meeting, and, after the devotional exercises, the business of the Association was proceeded with. Resolutions endorsing the action of the W.F.M.B. in accepting Miss McLeod and pledging ourselves to give an average extra amount of \$3.00 from each circle towards her support—also recommending the LINK and Visitor—were passed. Mrs. W. J. Chapman, Wingham, was elected President; Mrs. Hayward, Palmerston, as Vice-President, and Miss Walker, Mount Forest, as Director. The amount contributed during the year by circles and bands was: To Foreign Missions, \$526.91; to Home Missions, \$156.94; to Grande Ligne, \$3.10; to Indian Fund, \$3.00; to other objects, \$61.79; total, \$445.74. Two new circles organized, Clinton and Farewell. Miss Grant gave an interesting paper on "Foreign Mission Work," at the public meeting on the evening of June 6th.

M. WALKER, *Ass'n. Director.*

BRANT.—The ladies' Circles of the Brant Association met with the Calvary church, Brantford, on Wednesday, June 6th. The reports of the Circles were encouraging, but the Bands did not come up to last year. The Circles raised \$958.83, an increase of \$116.79 over the year previous. Bands raised \$168.19, a decrease of \$35, against last year. A communication from Miss Buchan was read and discussed. It was finally moved and seconded, that we pledge ourselves to do our share towards the support of Miss McLeod. Some person promised \$300 towards helping Miss McLeod, if she were sent out to the foreign field. The election of officers followed, which resulted in the re-election of Mrs. Porter, President; Mrs. Emerson, Vice-President, and Mrs. Fothergill, Director.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Gray gave a paper on Bands. Mrs. Calder read a paper on Missions, and Miss Dr. Beattie gave an interesting address on medical work in Madras; after which Mrs. Yule addressed the meeting.

For the evening, there was a full and good programme. A paper on Home Missions was given by Mrs. D. Hutchison; also a paper on "Indian work," read by Miss Harris, after which Mrs. Cline spoke on Grande Ligne. Miss Smith, of Toronto, spoke earnestly on Foreign work. Solos were rendered by Miss Davidson, Miss Foster and Miss Buck. A collection was taken, amounting to \$14.50, to be divided between Home and Foreign missions. By singing and prayer, very interesting and instructive meetings closed.

MRS. FOTHERGILL, *Director.*

## NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

SCHOMBERG, June 16th, 1894.—We have but small membership in our Circle, just seven names on the roll. Our church has little over twenty good members, so you see it is very hard to keep the interest up in our meetings as we would like to. We meet once a month. We take four copies of the LINK, three of the *Baptist Visitor*. Eight dollars and forty cents has been raised for the Home and Foreign Mission work during the past year.

MRS. GEORGE KITCHEN, *President.*

## NEW CIRCLES.

ESSEX.—A Circle of twelve members was formed June 14th. The officers are:—President, Mrs. M. P. Campbell; Vice-President, Mrs. Arnolds; Secretary, Miss Ida Strachan; Treasurer, Mrs. Hattie Chatterton.

F. M. I.

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

RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 18 TO JULY 17, 1894, INCLUSIVE.

CIRCLES.—Etobicoke, \$3; Reaboro', \$6; Toronto Junction, \$2.30; Toronto (Parliament St.), \$5.10; Forest, \$5; Ayr (special \$4.60), \$8.20; Paisley, \$4.50; Toronto (Immanual church), \$10.55; Midland, \$70.; Beachville, \$3.13; Sparta, 78c.; St. Thomas, \$10.97; Toronto (Dovercourt Rd.), \$5; Listowel, \$5.70; Guelph (1st church), \$3.74; Theoford, \$3; Leamington, \$1.35; South London, \$7; Toronto (Jarvis St.), special, for Jane, Anna, and M. Pedda Cassia, Bible women, \$75; Toronto (Lansdowne Ave.), \$11.95; Mount Forest, \$4.32; Sarnia Township, \$6; Brooklin, \$5.20; Cheltenham, \$6; London (Grosvenor St.), \$6.42; Wyoming, \$3; Toronto (Beverly St.), \$7.24; Tilsonburg, \$5; Barrie, \$3.35; New Sarum, \$9.45; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.), \$2.60; Sullivan, \$2.40; Niagara Falls, \$1.73; Brantford (North Star), \$5; Brantford (Calvary church), including \$10 thank-offering from Miss French, \$16.25; Toronto (Jarvis St.), additional, \$18.69; Toronto (College St.), \$6.20; Orangeville, \$4; Toronto (Tecumseth St.), \$5; Teeswater, \$4.50; Toronto (Walmer Road), \$12.10; Plattaville, \$2.70. Total, \$309.09.

BANDS.—Peterboro' (Park St.), for Sheik-ally Nathaniel \$8.50; East Oxford for Pasala Patnaml (?), \$12; Midland, 60 c.; Aurora, \$1; Toronto (Bloor St.), \$3.05; Bracebridge, \$5; Port Arthur, \$3.50; Port Hope, \$10; Brantford (Calvary church), \$10; Toronto (College St.), \$6.86; Teeswater, for D. Peramma, while at Cocanada, \$1.13. Total, \$61.64.

SUNDRIER.—Burth B. Y. P. U. for Gandam Mallayya, \$5; Annual Meeting, Owen Sound Asso., \$3.25; Annual Meeting, Peterboro' Asso., \$2.71; Annual Meeting, Western Asso., \$6; Annual Meeting, Elgin Asso., \$3.67; Annual Meeting, Guelph Asso., \$2; Special, to refund Miss Smith's expenses to Peterboro' Asso., \$4.35; Special, return of amount for Miss Smith's expenses to Hamilton Asso., \$2; Mrs. L.'s S. S. Class, Beachville, 45c.; W. B. H. & F. M. S. of Manitoba: Qu'Appelle M. B. for Murdi Manikyamma, \$15; Mrs.

John Alexander, Toronto, for "Girls' Dormitories," \$5; Annual Meeting, Middlesex and Lambton Asso., and sale of maps, \$5; Annual Meeting, Northern Asso., \$8.06; Annual Meeting, Toronto Asso., \$5.13; Annual Meeting, Brant Asso., \$3.75. Total, \$71.37; Total Receipts, \$442.10.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, regular remittances, \$520.16; To Home expenses, Miss Pearl Smith's expenses to Niagara Asso., 75c.; do. to Peterboro' Asso. (afterwards refunded), \$4.35; do. to Hamilton, provided for, \$2. Total, \$7.10; Total Disbursements, \$527.26.

#### RECEIPTS FROM JULY 18 TO AUGUST 17, 1894.

ORACLES.—Salford, \$5.14; Brantford (Young Ladies', 1st church), \$16; Guelph (1st church), \$3.75; Aylmer, \$18; Petrola, \$7.05; Toronto (Bloor St.), from Mrs. Wilson, per Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, \$1; Toronto (Bloor St.), Young Women's Auxiliary, \$6; Hamilton (Wentworth St.), \$3.50; Hamilton (Victoria Ave.), \$7.80; London (Adelaide St.), \$10.40; Toronto (Bloor St.), additional, special for Miss MacLeod's expenses, \$5; 1st Houghton, \$2; Durham, \$1; Vittoria, for Miss MacLeod's expenses, \$2; Wilkesport, \$6.50; Stouffville, \$2.80; Toronto (First Ave.), \$9.68; Sarnia Township (special), \$3; Claremont, \$10; Wyoming, \$5; Howick, \$5; Parry Sound, \$1; Testerville, \$6; London (Talbot St.), \$12.00; Parkhill, \$1; Bethel, \$4.50. Total, \$159.02.

BANDS.—Woodstock (Oxford St.), for Dundi Mamiah, \$8; Hamilton (Victoria Ave.), for Maggam Rama-Swami, \$8.73; Simcoe, for Jami Appalama, \$4.25. Total, \$21.98.

SUNDRIES.—"A friend," Norfolk Asso., for Miss MacLeod, \$1; sale of maps, per Mrs. Foster, 65c.; Mrs. Booker, Woodstock, \$5; W. B. H. and F. M. S. of Manitoba; Winnipeg (1st church), M. B., special for Mr. Davis' work, \$10; Brandon, M. B., for Pabbati David, \$7.15; received for a special purpose, \$100. Total, \$123.80. Total receipts, \$290.80.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer: Regular monthly remittances, \$520.16; Amount of special donations in hand for girls' dormitories, \$365; Special from Winnipeg (First church), M. B., for work on Mr. Davis' field, \$10. Total, \$895.16.

TO HOME EXPENSES.—Half account for Mission Band Constitutions, date, June 15, 1892, \$2.50; Half Mission Band Secretary's account, \$2.25; Half Director's expenses, Northern Association, \$2.85; Half Director's expenses, Walkerton, \$4.45; Miss Hatch's postage in missionary correspondence for fifteen months, \$5.65, Total, \$17.70.

TO TREASURER, CONVENTION EAST.—From Immanuel church M. B. (Toronto), for D. Susi, at Tuni, \$3.55. Total disbursements, \$916.41.

The Treasurers of Circles and Bands, having money intended for this year's report, are requested to forward these funds in time to reach me not later than the 10th October, as the books close on that date; and there is pressing need of money in the treasury.

VIOLET ELLIOT,

Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

## Young People's Department.

### MISSION BANDS, ATTENTION!

How many of your Presidents have filled out the printed circular sent to your pastor or church clerk about your Band's work this year? The time for our annual convention is drawing near, and I cannot make out a complete report as your Secretary, unless you do your share in filling out this circular.

Every Baptist church in the Canada Central, Eastern and Ottawa Associations should have received this circular some weeks ago, but more than two-thirds have failed to respond in any way. If there is no Mission Band in your church or Sunday School, the Committee want to find out the reason why not, or if steps can be taken to organize one. If there is a Band, no matter how small, let its report be sent at once, that we may be able to report progress. Remember all Eastern Ontario and Quebec Bands send their reports addressed to

MRS. HALKETT,

347 McLaron St., Ottawa.

### "FOR LOVE'S SAKE."

Wonder how many of our Mission Bands ever see a magazine called "*The Missionary Review of the World.*" I do not see it every month myself, but a good friend of mine sent me the June number. The first story in it is so sweet that I want to tell our Bands something about it.

We write and talk so much about India missions because our hearts are there, but other countries need missionaries just as much. A glorious work is being carried on for Christ in many places. To-day our story begins in the central part of Africa, in the hut where David Livingstone died.

Perhaps some of you remember hearing about his last night on earth, how he sent his faithful servant out of the room, that he might be alone with God. Then, upon his knees, he poured out all the desires of his heart for the people of Africa. There he knelt until God called him where He could speak with his friend face to face. Early the next morning some of the native Christians crept in softly that they might not disturb him, but the great missionary had departed. Only the body was there still kneeling as if in prayer, but the soul was with God. Now let me tell you what two of these poor African Christians did with that body for love's sake. His native land was six thousand miles away, and the nearest seaport was Zanzibar, fifteen hundred miles from this lonely hut, where the body of their dead friend lay. But these two men felt that his tired-body should be taken home to be buried near those he loved. First it must be preserved from decay, so they embalmed it as best they

could, burying his heart under a tree near the hut, with a simple burial service, that they might keep it in Africa, where for more than thirty years he had lived and labored for them. When the body was ready for its long journey, two faithful natives named Susi and Ohuma, carried it on their shoulders for nine long months before they reached the seashore. Africans are superstitious and afraid of a dead body, and in some places through which they walked neither food or shelter at night would be given them. Forging rivers, crossing deserts, facing wild beasts and wilder men, at last the end of their journey was reached, and on March 12th, 1874, they laid down their precious burden at the feet of the British Consul, who forwarded it to England, with an account of the wonderful way it had been preserved.

When on April 18th, this body of David Livingstone was laid at rest in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp and honor the nation could offer, these two African servants who had proved so faithful for the love they bore their master and friend, were given places of honor in that great procession. What a contrast to their lonely journey through the deserts and forests of the Dark Continent. Yet had that not been taken by them, this greater funeral could not have been!

Dr. Pierson in closing his article of this "Miracle of Missions" says—"The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene, amid the stately columns of England's famous Abbey, loses in lustre when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilila, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind, the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest."

Oh, boys and girls, when we see and hear and read of such sacrifices as this for love's sake, how poor our own offerings seem! Do we ever really do without one thing we need that we may have more money to give through our Mission Band to Christ's cause in "Heathen India"? Do we bear wear or pain, or weariness—the love of Christ constraining us—that we may work more faithfully in His vineyard? Do we remember daily with loving sympathy and prayer those of our own number who have left all to follow Jesus and to spend their lives in telling of His love to those who never heard the sweet story before?

May the Lord give each of us a deeper missionary spirit that we may know the joy of making sacrifices for love's sake!

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, August 11th, 1894.

### BOYS AND MISSION BANDS.

A mission band leader writes as follows:—"My work consists in *knowing* the boys, their homes, and the influences that surround them; their ability and their ignorance, their ease or awkwardness in filling places on the programme, and then in controlling the one and overcoming the other. And first, last, and all the time, in making the *missionary* subject under consideration as important as I possibly can by means of maps, side-lights (anecdotes, current events, etc.) Also in seeing every one who is to take part, and going over that part before the meeting, so that the *impression* of the meeting may be decorous, instructive, and spiritual. In the case of older boys who have been several years in the band, I send notes with the article they are to read, and do not

now feel it necessary to go over the subject with them. They have had the training and can be trusted.

"I have been able (but not by easy work—for it takes much thought and time and prayer) to hide the leadership of my band, so that the boy officers may do the work themselves at the meeting, and by doing that *they* feel the same degree of interest that I feel, and that makes the *rank and file* feel it also. For instance, the secretary of my band would now be able to go into any boys' or young people's society as secretary, in any place without advice, although he is such a lovely, noble fellow he never feels above asking it.

"The meetings are held at my house, and you can see how impossible it is for the ones who *need it not* to get points on conduct and bearing—from the leaving of rubbers outside to the polite attention of placing a chair for a chance visitor—and a quiet correcting of bad grammar sometimes—which sets all of them to thinking."  
—Selected.

### KOREAN MANNERS.

The girl in Korea is not thought worth educating. She is welcome to such knowledge of the native scrip, *The Umun*, as she may be able to pick up from her mother.

Before he has attained the age of six, the boy is put into *The Thousand Character* or A.B.C. book. Some never get through their alphabet. The First Reader is called "The Similar Learning," and the first part of this book is devoted to the duties of children to their parents and elders.

It is good manners in Korea at least, for the girl to get up first in the morning, sweep the room, roll up the bed—(a mattress spread on the floor), and then begin the preparation for breakfast, which is not served until ten o'clock.

It is proper for the boy to rise early enough to go round to his father's apartment and greet him with "Have you had peace in your sleep?" The boy is expected to busy himself around the front of the house, putting the parlor (which, by the way, belongs to the male part of the family) in order, sweep the yard or see that it is swept, and then go to his studies. He goes to school before breakfast.

Children stand in the presence of parents and superiors with eyes cast down, hands folded reverently, and for the rest they are supposed "to be seen and not heard," unless spoken to. Great care must be exercised in addressing superiors. The omission of a single syllable may, like the omission of *r* change a *friend* to a *fiend*. More Korean hearts are broken by using "impolite forms of speech" than in any other way I know of. This book, "The Smaller Learning" informs us that the girls should use gentle and subdued tones in answering those older and those above them. Why this is limited to them I do not know.

When anything is handed a child he receives it with both hands. He does not say "thanks" or "thank you," but "I shall enjoy eating this" or "I shall make good use of what you have given me."

*Insa hao*, "making the bow," is a part of every child's training. It is the greeting in the morning and farewell at night. I had a servant who thought he could not begin his day's work until he had made his morning bow to me. Then there are the salutations at New Year when everybody calls on his friends. The highest offi-

cials in Seoul hasten to the Royal Palace to present their congratulations to His Majesty; the second rank calls on the first and so on down to the children, who do a large part of the calling on the first day of the year. The calling lasts up to the fifth day.

When the boy puts his hair in a top-knot, and, in that way, announces his engagement to be married, when he is married, and when death comes to his house, all the accompanying formalities, Korean children are taught with great care.

As a natural result, the children are well-behaved. A more orderly school than the one I taught for five years while in Korea I never saw. In some respects, therefore, our children can learn from those who do not have the benefit of a Christian civilization.—*Over Sea and Land.*

### THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie.

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*The Young Reaper.*

### PRESENCE OF MIND.

One of the best things to cultivate is what is somewhat vaguely called "presence of mind." The sort of slang phrase which some people use, when they tell of one who has "lost his head," I suppose in part illustrates what is meant by it. Some years ago I heard with deep interest about the presence of mind of a young servant girl who lived with a friend of mine.

She had been in the family but a short time, though long enough to have fallen deeply in love with little Dee, the two year old darling of the household. One morning Sarah was

out hanging up clothes, when something, she did not remember what, caused her to raise her eyes to the window above, and there, toddling along with uncertain feet toward the edge of the sloping roof was little Dee. So near the edge was she that a sudden exclamation might have caused her to lose her balance, and she would have fallen twenty feet, on to the stones below. She was looking at Sarah and laughing gaily, even throwing kisses from her sweet little lips at the frightened girl.

What did Sarah do? Almost without an instant's hesitation she said, in her cheeriest voice:

"If little Dee will go to Sarah's room she will find something pretty and sweet for her on the table."

If there was one thing that little Dee had not intended to do it was to go back. She liked the pretty spot where she found herself, and had meant to dance round on it until somebody came after her, and then to run away from them if she could; but the "something pretty and sweet" was too good to be resisted. Sarah always kept her word, and did not often invite Dee to her room: Slowly the little maiden turned, Sarah still smiling on her, and with unsteady steps moved back toward the window, putting first one obnoxious foot, then the other, inside the low casing. Up the stairs on swift, trembling feet went Sarah, not daring yet to enter the room lest Dee should in her glee "play" run away, and climb out again; instead she waited, saying cheerily, "Come, Dee, Sarah is waiting."

And the child came. When Sarah's arms were actually around the little girl she fell in a faint on the floor, only keeping consciousness long enough to say to the mother, who just at that moment appeared, "Oh, Ma'am! take baby; she is saved!"

If you want to know how Dee conducted herself through the excitement which followed, I can tell you that she said "pitty" and "sweet" as many as twenty times, nobody knowing what she meant, until Sarah, coming back to life again, heard her, and said, "Oh ma'am! I promised her something pretty and sweet if she would only come in; and she came right away. Do let me get it for her."—*The Pansy.*

FAITH AND WORKS.—When Hudson Taylor first went out to China it was in a sailing-vessel. Very close to the shores of a cannibal island the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to tack about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God. "I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze." The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm. Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails," and it was done. While engaged in prayer, there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Who is there?" The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?" "Yes." "Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have now more wind than we can well manage." And, sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore a strong wind had struck the sails and changed the course of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated of their human prey.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stopped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those two young men now are. I was a man of fair prospects. Now,

at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck—body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down the decanter, he exclaimed, "God help me, it is the last drop I will sell to anyone!" And he kept his word.

**NO DIFFERENCE.**—A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?"

The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked.

She answered promptly, "I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ears, and not His eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's, and, if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

**EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.**—"Let the sickles alone," said a farmer to his son, who was left in the field while the reapers went to dinner. James obeyed his father for a time; but at length he grew lonesome, and took up a sickle "just to look at it." He then felt its edge, and then thought he would cut "one handful." In so doing, he cut his little finger, inflicting a wound which rendered the middle joint useless for the rest of his life. When it was healed, an ugly scar and stiff finger were lasting mementos of his disobedience. Disobedience to God leaves a scar on the sinner's soul, and lessens his capacity for virtue. Every sin thus effects a change for the worse in the condition of the soul. It is not merely registered in the book of God's remembrance; it is registered in the very condition of the soul.

**MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.**—"When I was just fifteen, I believed in the Lord Jesus, and joined the Church of Christ. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailling comfort for life's troubles. Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

**WHY** the Turkish Government should have taken such extraordinary pains to prevent any allusions in the press to the burning of the famous mosque at Damascus, it is not easy to understand. The fire occurred on the 14th of October last, and the destruction of the building had a most depressing effect upon the city. It is said that people regarded it as a portentous calamity, indicating the decay of Turkish power and prestige. One of the most singular facts connected with the mosque is that an inscription upon one of its towers, which was placed there when the building was the Church of St. John the Baptist, prior to the conquest of Omar, has been allowed to remain during all these centuries. Strange to say, in this last fire the tower, with its inscription, was not injured. There it stands to-day, looking down on the ruined mosque, and one may still read the words: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion is from generation to generation."

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