

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. XIV, No. 4. "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [Dec., 1891.]

CONTENTS.

Editorial	37	The Work Abroad	42
"He First Loved Us."	37	The Work at Home	43
A Day with the Missionary	37	Treasurer's Acknowledgments	43
How to Interest Children in Mission Work	39	Young People's Department	44
A Poor Old Man	41	W. B. M. I.	46

BUFFALO MISSIONARY CONFERENCE. It was the privilege of the Editor to be present at this grand meeting, held in the Prospect Avenue Baptist church, Nov. 17-19. The aim of the meeting was to stir up missionary enthusiasm. Dr. H. C. Mabie, the new Secretary, who returned a few months ago from a tour of inspection in Japan, China, India, etc., full of zeal for the extension of the work, was no doubt the moving spirit in the arrangement and the carrying out of the programme. The presence in America of the venerable Dr. Clough, of the Telugu Mission, for the purpose of securing men and money for the enlargement of the Telugu Mission work, probably had something to do with the calling of the Conference. However this may be, the idea of holding the meeting was a most happy one, the programme was excellent, and the Conference was pronounced by all an unqualified success. Among the most interesting and valuable addresses were those by Dr. J. E. Clough, of Ongole, Dr. J. N. Mar dock, the venerable Secretary of the Missionary Union, Drs. A. J. Gordon, H. C. Mabie, J. Humpstone, L. A. Crandall, B. D. Thomas, P. S. Moxon and Professor J. H. Gilmore. Rev. John McLaurin and Rev. G. H. Brook, whom we are giving to the Missionary Union, were introduced, and responded in fitting words. We shall not attempt at present to give a synopsis of the addresses, but we hope during the next few months to publish long extracts from some of the best of them.

"He First Loved Us."

"He first loved us"—O wondrous love,
That stooped from such unmeasured height,
All stretch of loftiest thought above,
To our abyss of death and night!

Captives, He paid our dreadful price
In priceless drops of tears and blood;
And by His own meek sacrifice,
He made us heirs of heaven and God!

O Love! that stooped to meet our loss,
O Love! that measured all our need,
That paid our debt on Calvary's Cross,
That lives for us to intercede.

What wilt Thou have us do for Thee?
With faltering lips our spirits cry;
And lo, a voice from Calvary,
Adown the ages makes reply,

"Gather my sheaves! the harvest waits,
And toil-spent reapers droop and die;
The golden season onward hastens,
And lo, My coming steps are nigh!"

"Gather my lambs! their pleading cry
Is borne from every clime to Me;
Their plaint is heard 'neath every sky,
And sadly floats o'er every sea."

"Go, feed my hungry, scattered flock,
Go, delve in every mine for Me,
Go, glean in every reaper's track,
Go seek My lost by land and sea!"

"Take ye My love to make you strong,
Take ye My Cross to keep you low;
And love, like Me, through grief and wrong,
Through pain and weariness and woe."

"One with your Lord in all His care,
With Him in love and labor one,
He will with you His glory share,
When toil and weariness are done."

PAMELIA S. V. YULR.

A Day with a Missionary.*

The pleasantest day of the season was one spent with the missionary. we could not ask for a more delightful companion, the day passed all too quickly, he was so interesting. It is said, the best way to learn is to ask questions, so we plied him till we felt he must be exhausted, but in the goodness of his heart he said he was ready for more. He seasoned the meals of the day with stories of Hindoos and Christians, till we felt we had surely visited the Carnatic and chatted with the Telugu. The missionary told us we must not think of heathen as savage and therefore conclude all live in wretched homes, possess no treasures, think no noble and beautiful thoughts; he reminded us of Plato, Socrates, of the Grecians with their wonderful buildings, unsurpassed statuary, of the Romans with luxuries collected by land and sea; so with the Brahmin, he lives in a fine house, with marble courts and beautiful gardens, with such grace and refinement as only generations of wealth, culture and position can give. Their very shops

* An address delivered before the W. B. M. Soc. of East. Ont. and Que., at Brockville, Oct. 6th, by Mrs. Upham, of Montreal.

show the elegance of their taste in the wonderful rugs, shawls and curtains, as well as in the management of them. It is just bewildering in Bombay, the embarking place, the last opportunity to purchase on Indian soil: the bazaars look like fairy land, the colors are so gorgeous, yet harmonious, the texture of goods so fine, the patterns so intricate; one thinks of the friends at home who would so enjoy one of these treasures, but the missionary has not one hundred and fifty dollars to spare, besides there is a lingering suspicion that some at least, may have come from Manchester. The Brahmins are heathen, but surely not savage; they have cultivated minds and tastes and would feel much at home in any good society; indeed the missionary says they are delightful companions; they often drop in to chat with him, treat him like an equal in everything but eating; here they draw the line as with other castes; he must not defile their food and basins by his touch or shadow. They carry their carefulness in travel, even across the sea: it subjects them to a great deal of inconvenience on ship-board and in other countries, for they must prepare their food themselves or have the caste servants. They call the Europeans the highest caste, still they would not accept even a cup of water from them, not from Queen Victoria herself. Consistency seems to be as rare a jewel in eastern lands as in western. This wall of partition, which seas, English life and college society can not break down, is battered here and there by a humble-born person of a distant land: Perry Davis has done what kings and queens have failed to do: his Pain-killer brings all men to a level; no one of whatever caste refuses this, even if it is made by profane hands and passed in the missionary's own tumbler. One comes with a pain in his stomach and receives the curative dose, then every fellow in the crowd has a violent pain, rubs the offending member and sees for some time; well for the mission that Pain killer is obtained at half-price. Is it not strange that in hot countries, hot remedies should be so enjoyed; perhaps the natives like to keep the heat within above that without, surely Pain-killer can do it.

In spite of the high social position of the Brahmins the missionary is not awed by them: he talks with them plainly, even shows the absurdities of their religion; points to their gods, their idols, which are exceedingly hideous, not a decent looking one among them, and asks if such a thing can make a banyan tree, so beautiful, so wonderful, they shake their heads, but that is no reason why they should give up their religion which offers every advantage in the Indian world and a prospect of preference in the future world; why a Brahmin is not going to renounce the idol temple which gives him his income sufficient for luxurious living. One temple often supports two thousand Brahmins in the finest style. He is in like position to the priests of the Roman Catholic religion—too much to lose in renouncing the old, however bad, for the new, however good. Just look at him as he walks on the street, what a handsome man, not a finer face in the world! what a lordly carriage! has not consciousness of superiority given him the superiority? Generations of uncontaminated blood have contributed to it; he looks every inch a king: blood will tell. The novice man is coming down the street, but he steps aside, bows his head, folds his hands, to give due respect to the Brahmin; he looks a menial. Call a man a dog and he becomes one. But the cars break down this caste-wall? No, the Brahmin just draws his clothes tightly about him, drops into meditation and travels as solitary as if this were a special train and he the honored passenger. Christianity does then? Yes, it would if it touched caste

people, but as in the days of Jesus, the poor in body and in spirit must have the Gospel preached to them, and be lifted up till they can stand on a level with the proud and haughty and be recognized as equals, then and not till then will Christianity reach the higher castes. So the fields must be manned by Western men who carry weight with their words and command respect and attention from the highest classes. The missionary tells the Christian to be respectful, but not subservient, so the Pariah no longer humbles himself to the Brahmin, who rushes to the missionary with complaints about it; like all self-righteous people he is looking out for flaws; the Pharisees were given to like occupation and their descendants are still numerous.

Boycotting is common in India and Christians are the victims. No more work for them from the heathen, no orders for shoes, no day's work in the field.

The missionary is not confined to rice and curry if he live in cities and villages with the English. How can an Englishman get along without his roast beef? So it follows him across the continent, in company with various other things he likes so well. Nearly everything is in the bazaar. But the missionary is away in the country where there are no cars whirling along, dropping the supply of good things in their quick passage. Besides, these necessities are luxuries in India, only for the well-paid English officers, the lowest salary for them being three thousand dollars a year, with servants and travelling expenses found. The coal oil stove has revolutionized the missionary's diet: with this and the self-raising flour, the good wife, in her own apartment, conjures up the snowy loaf of bread quite a foreigner in that land or the dainty dish, all unknown to the cook in his quarters across the compound. No one can estimate how much this little stove contributes to the happiness and usefulness of a missionary.

Oh! yes, there are lovely summer resorts up among the hills, to which the English migrate yearly, taking households and business, living in luxurious houses, with every invention for keeping cool, as comfortable as one would wish. And why does the missionary not go, and save the expensive journey home once in ten years or less? He would hardly be expected in this land to take a house at Newport Beach, or a suite of rooms at Saratoga, neither can he go to the hills where society, fashion and money go. His little income would hardly suffice for one season. Latterly, the home friends have helped him to an occasional outing in the hills by building a summer rest home. Now our summer rest home helps him to an occasional outing in the hills.

But the missionary's wife has an easy time! Three or four servants must give her plenty of leisure: we have one or two, perhaps none. Let us see: the cook has three dollars a month, and finds himself; the very cheapness commends him to a place in the household. Children must not be left alone an instant; there may be a scorpion under the mat where the baby is playing. A man killed fifteen one day, and said it was a bad day for scorpions, too. Snakes are always without—often within so the children must be guarded every instant. General servants are unknown, all are specialists, hence more are required. Moreover, the societies cannot afford to send out washerwomen and cooks; these can be hired, and cheaply, too. Our forces would need to be doubled if the wife were not a missionary, too. Her time and strength are too precious to spend on what others can do as well; they must be used to win and train souls for Heaven.

How the boys revel in the snake stories! and we women

do not object, knowing we are at a safe distance. So the missionary spun his yarns not from imagination, but fact. Snakes are about as destructive to human kind as an epidemic, only they are over on the field. Twenty thousand deaths yearly from snake bites alone, reported to the Indian Government. That is a large number, but not a missionary among them; this is because they are careful, never stepping out after dark without a lantern, not even across the yard. Then, they are not in the fields as the working people, and they wear shoes. A cobra is liable to be in any heap of dirt, in the stone wall, in a rat-hole, in the bath-room, looking after frogs who have sought a nice place to cool off. Snake charmers go about to rid places of them. When he gets his box full he starts a performance; but the charms sometimes fail, the snake revenges himself by plunging the two movable teeth into the master's flesh, the poison flows through the hollow cavity, and in two of three heart beats the man is dead. Government offers a reward for an antidote, but nothing has been found, as the poison works so rapidly; not even a Yankee has come forward with a patent medicine, demanding the reward.

The white ants seem born for pure mischief, nothing is safe from them; a pair of shoes left a few days are riddled by them, the wooden packing boxes soon become pulp by their borings, they even turn book worms when the missionary is away for a few weeks, they strike a straight line through a row of books, building a tunnel of red clay, which they always carry with them. Ants are known as provident creatures. When one row is finished the next is besieged, and so on, till all the rows have been worked up, then the missionary returns and finds a well-tunneled library, as a specimen of natural history and exhibition of ant industry. Very fine; but if the owner love the study of books more than animals, he is in a sorry plight. The white ant might be added to moth and rust as a *corrupter* of earthly treasure. The missionary said these torments and terrors were as nothing compared to the delight of preaching the one true God and the one living Saviour.

But the missionary told a secret. He said it was so hard to live a Christian life in a heathen land. This contradicts our theory that a person on a mission for the Lord has just the best opportunity and the easiest place for living a noble life. That he does, is not because of helpful surroundings, rather because he makes a more earnest fight. Hear his testimony. In heathen lands there are no props, helps and safeguards, which are so common as to be unnoticed in Christian lands. He stands alone among thousands. It is always difficult to live above one's associates, to ever "point to higher worlds and lead the way"; it is far easier to keep on a level with others, but the missionary must always lead. He must ever show by his life the best example and proof of his teaching; he must daily exhibit in his life the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. These fruits are quite scarce in Christian lands, yet we look for abundance of such in less favored lands. There is no Sunday except at the mission compound; the busy hum of labor mingles with the songs of praise to the risen Redeemer. Plowing, sowing, reaping are next door to the little church. No Sabbath stillness and rest, except in the little circle around the missionary; he and his little flock alone hold the "lamp of life." There are many temptations to worldliness and kindred evils which undermine the Christian character; he must make the same fight that we do, but against more foes.

Thus the missionary chatted on, opening our eyes to

new wonders of the Eastern land, to the hauteur of the high, the degradation of the low, the steadfastness of native Christians, the faithfulness of missionaries. Now, if you wish to hear more about these and other subjects, and desire an agreeable and instructive companion for a day, just invite the missionary the next time he journeys this way.

E. M. U.

How to Interest Children in Mission Work.

(A paper prepared for W. M. U. Meeting, Birmingham.)

Christ did not take a full grown man,
A Scribe or Pharisee,
Who prayed long prayers that men might hear,
Or gave that men might see;
But Jesus took a little child,
Some mother's darling boy,
And said, "Of such My kingdom is."
Oh, words of love and joy.

Gardner Colby used to say that we began at the wrong end in our appeals for giving. We should begin, not with the elderly and rich, but with the boys and girls. Mr. Colby, I think, voiced the sentiment of every one present here to-day. But at the first step out in this direction, the mountain of "how shall we reach them?" looms up. If you walk straight up to this mountain, the boys and girls will go with you, and the first thing you know some bright boy or girl will scale this mountain and invite you up.

A dear old grandmother's Bible was marked on almost every page with the letters "T" and "P." When asked the meaning of this, she said, "Oh, those are God's promises which I have tried and proved, and have marked them 'T' and 'P.' They are like tested recipe. I am not afraid to try them again."

I come to you to-day with some tested recipe for interesting children in mission work. I mean little children—my experience has been chiefly with them. In the first place, you must be thoroughly interested yourself. You may persuade *yourself* that you are when you are not, but you cannot persuade the children. You'll have to be true blue with them, or they'll find it out, sure. If this is really your state of mind, and you want the very best assistants in all the wide world, then are you ready to begin with the children. On Sunday morning have a notice read in your Sunday-school, inviting all children, both boys and girls, who desire to engage in a good work, to meet you in a certain place, at a certain hour, on a certain afternoon of that week. A great many will come just to see what you are going to do. Children with religious training, and children almost little heathen themselves, both classes—little interrogation points. My "the questions you'll be expected to answer.

Tell the children plainly the facts in the case: how many millions of people there are in the world who don't know anything about God; how badly treated the women and children are in those countries—especially the little girls—and that these people don't know any better, because they haven't the gospel; that they have no way of getting the gospel, only as God's people here take or send it to them; that a few good men and women have gone to teach them and others are wanting to go, if they only had the money; that it is our duty—the children's as well as the grown-up people's—to give of our money to hold send these men and women. Let them know that

"Far away in heathen countries,
 Bowing down to wood and stone,
 Little children know not Jesus,
 That He saves, and He alone.
 But He died for those poor children
 When He died for you and me;
 Let us send the gospel to them
 That they, too, His own may be."

We must begin work right away. So many of these people are dying every day we can't afford to wait. As I said, just give the children the bare facts, their little imaginations will clothe them and weave out a beautiful story—and the foundation is begun. Let them fully understand that you are going to work for those people and need the children's help; that you'll meet every week at that same time and place (and be sure you do it, too). Now you want them to go home and tell their parents of your plan, and as many as will join with you come back next week prepared to recite a verse from the Bible on "giving," that you want them to give a penny a week, and earn it if they can. They may give more, but not less.

In the meantime you must fully equip yourself. Plan out your work. Know just exactly what you want to do. It is not wise to attempt too much at one time. Choose two countries to begin with—say, for instance, China and Mexico. Have maps of them. Just get some black Bristol board and colored crayons, and draw them your self. Be sure and have all of our mission stations never mind about the other places—and put the names of the missionaries living at these stations. Have your map tacked up beforehand and your programme all arranged.

Well, the afternoon for your second meeting has come; quite a number of children out. Oh, I know you are glad to see them, but let them know it. Open by singing some bright song. Children love to sing, so do I. Then, if you cannot lead in prayer, let all stand and repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert. Call the names of the children, and be sure and have the verses on "giving" recited (it's a kind of Bible reading). Those who know them will be delighted to give them, and those who do not will make up their minds to know one next time. Get the children to tell, as much as possible, why they have met together, what they want to do, etc., founded on what you had told them the week before. The amount of information received will amaze you, not all will be of benefit, however, but will give you an insight into the character of the children. All will be anxious to know something about the maps. Explain that they are two of the countries whose people know nothing of the true God; that we are going to learn more about them and help send the gospel to them. Point out the mission stations, giving their names until some of the children can pronounce them; it will be a long time before all can. Give the names of the missionaries at these places, telling something about them. Have a kind of drill on the missionaries and their fields; you can make it both entertaining and instructive. Read them a short story on what children can do for missions—they will make the application. Call them your little co-workers—workers with you for Jesus.

"Jesus said of little children
 Let them now come to Me,
 On the crual cross I suffered,
 Shed My blood to set them free."

Now they want to show their love by their works. Give out the programme for the next week. Let each

child answer at roll call with a Bible verse on "love," and hand in their pennies. Let eight of the larger ones write, bring and read a paper, not exceeding ten lines. 1st child—"Three things I know about China." 2nd child—"Three things I know about Mexico." 3rd child—China. 4th child—Mexico; and so on through the eight.

A little girl may write, not more than six lines, "A few things a little girl can do for missions." A little boy may write, not more than six lines, "A few things a little boy can do for missions." Give each little tot something to say—children are much like grown people in that respect. Hunt up short scraps of poetry, such as

"A penny a week and a prayer,
 A tiny gift may be,
 But it helps in a wonderful work
 For missions across the sea."
 (or)

"It makes me most ready to cry,
 When I hear the stories they tell,
 Of children who don't know at all
 Of Jesus who loves them so well."

Give one verse to each little one to learn. Ask each child to pray that God will bless their work and put it in the hearts of other children to join them; then try and remember the name of one missionary, and ask God to bless him or her. Now sing and send them home; they won't always want to go, but insist upon it, and they'll all the more gladly come back the next week.

On Sunday I suspect some of the parents of those same children will take you by the arm, with the remark, "What in the world are you doing with those children, they've nearly worried the life out of me asking about missionaries and mission stations, and I don't know any thing about them." Haven't you mission band workers heard such questions often? I have, in my short experience. Well, if things have been managed rightly you'll have an interesting meeting next week.

Open as you did before. Let the pennies come along with the verses on "love." Have the China and Mexico papers from the eight. These countries may be shown up in a new light, but that's all right. Have the other papers read and the verses from the little ones. Get the children to say which is the best paper, and why; take a vote on it and file the favored paper for future use. Give out the programme for next meeting. Again ask the children to pray for their work, and the missionaries by name. Sing and dismiss. This is enough in detail. Keep to China and Mexico until the children are familiar with both. Have papers (never longer than ten lines) on "The houses of China," "The houses of Mexico," "Food of China," "Food of Mexico," "Religion of China," "Religion of Mexico," and so on; one thing will bring another. When you have mastered China and Mexico, have a public meeting. Got one gentleman to give you a short talk (not a dry set speech on China; another (you can get them out of your own church) on Mexico. You can also use the papers you have filed. At these public meetings you can best arrange a programme at the time, one just suited to your circumstances. Let the children sing, and be sure to take up a collection.

Now you are ready to make the acquaintance of two other countries just in the same way you did China and Mexico, and so on till you get around. Some will take more time than others, and be more interesting, but with a little labor on your part you can make them all attractive and instructive.

If at the end of this time you haven't a lot of wide awake, interested, intelligent children, then you haven't followed the recipe, you've left out some of the ingredients.

You can do all this without an organization, or you can regularly organize a "Mission Band," electing the officers from the children, but having a "lady director."

All children are not literary, some like to sew: let them take orders for making things, hemming towels, making kitchen aprons, etc., or let them make a quilt, and if you can do nothing else with it, why give it to the minister's wife.

My dear fellow-workers, make a beginning. So many things will suggest themselves. Children are so ready to take hold of any work, good or bad; let us fill their loving little hearts and willing little hands with the good, and leave no room for the bad. It has seemed to me, at times, as if the question were not so much, how can we interest children in mission work, but how can we interest grown people in children's work.

Death worketh,

Let me work too:

Death undoeth,

Let me do.

Busy as death my work I ply,

Till I rest in the rest of eternity

Louisville, Kentucky.

AGNES OSBORNE.

"Only a Poor Old Man."

BY REV. WILLIAM ASHMORE, D.D.

A letter has just been sent to the *Helping Hand*, which is hoped may interest its readers. The subject is "Only a Poor Old Woman," and the purpose is to show what a witness for the truth a poor old woman may be. The case is all the more interesting because the answer it furnishes to an ill weighed criticism on the comparatively small value of this class of converts. "Only a lot of poor old women" said the critic, who, in his own human wisdom, was sure he had found a shrewd way. "We go in for the boulders," he said, this referring to the plan of picking out a few choice young men, and training them to a high degree of culture, and then depending on them to move China. Now, that is all very well. The young men are to be sought after and trained, but the Lord saith not as man saith. "Many fine young fellows, and they cannot be named by dozens and scores, and even hundreds, do not turn out so well as the missionary who called them had expected. They have gone off with their fine education, lavished upon them at mission expense, and have given themselves wholly to their personal interests, and the disappointed missionary has to include them in his list of "losing investments." On the other hand, now, as in apostolic times, God often chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and the poor old woman proved a better witness for God than our good brother of the higher education plan ever dreamed of.

Now here is another case—that of "a poor old man," here at this Ho Pheng station, where Mr. Foster and myself now are. His picture is full in mind, just as he sat through the long service of Sabbath forenoon. He is eighty-two years old, and is very thin and wasted, a mere old, worn-out frame of a human being. He is dull of sight and hard of hearing, and feeble in step, and he looks as though the wind would blow him over. His

teeth are nearly all gone, and the few that are left are not paired off in a manner to be most useful to him. The day is warm, and yet he has on all his clothes, bagging about him, tucked in here and there to help keep the red currents of his life moving through the veins by retaining all the warmth they can generate. And such a suit of clothes! We had the curiosity to enter into a little speculation with one of our proschers as to their present value, if they should be thrown on the market; and here is the estimate the proscher gives. Old shoes, worth, say four cents; stockings, made of cheap cotton cloth and coming up to the knees, to serve as a dress garment, six cents; a faded, very dingy, discolored pair of pantaloons of thin cotton, ten cents; and an undercoat next his body, about twelve cents; an outside coat, partly of wool, very much worse for the ravages of time and the depredations of moths, twenty cents; an old hat of very ancient date, all frayed out around the rim, four cents; making a grand total of fifty-six cents for the entire wardrobe. This is about the rough estimate given by another in addition to the proscher, who thought they might be worth 600 cash, or about 60 cents. Solomon Levi of Chatham street would probably advance ten cents on the entire suit. We want to give this information to show how really and truly he comes in the category of "a poor old man," seemingly of no sort of consequence or influence, and all the more because he cannot read, and never has been anything but a very common sort of a laboring man—one among a thousand thousands. And yet what an instrument of good that man has been. He used to go around as a pedler, and every where he went he witnessed for his Master. Nine miles from here is a station, with the beginning of which this old man had a great deal to do. His faithful testimony led to the conversion of a man who is now the leader and the proscher of that place.

Then another man, who is now a missionary colporteur, was also arrested by his earnestness, and then some others, and through these again still others, till there is now there a church of thirty members, composed of most promising material. And still another village has had a start, and quite recently some eight or ten persons have been awakened by the seed corn scattered by him. One of these was an opium smoker. He came out to Swatow, and, with the help of Dr. Scott, resolutely broke off his opium habit, and then went home and cut up his idols, and committed them to the flames. None of these are yet baptized. A fierce feeling of bitterness has been aroused against them, and they are now passing through the fire themselves. When the old man heard of their trouble, his heart was moved, and he was about to go and see if he could help them. The brothers held him back. He could do nothing they said, and the angry villagers had vowed vengeance unto blood upon the man who should dare to step in. He could not stand much of a blow, and they might kill him, and so they warned him. The old man was as courageous as Paul, and said it did not matter if they did kill him, he had not long to live anyhow. Had they not convinced him that his going would have only increased the risk of the persecuted brother, he would have gone, though he might know he would never come out alive.

And so after all what a blessed old man he is! They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever. A bright and a shining crown awaits such heroes. Would that the Lord would give us more such "poor old men" and "poor old women," ready to witness for Him, even though they are of no repute in the make-up of social life.

pire on verandas, the hoarse sobbing grief of relatives is heard inside, and the howls of the hired mourners outside, when the victim dies, jewels are hastily snatched away and the corpse hurried to the burning ground. Municipal peons run hither and thither with pots of tar and sulphur to burn, or pails of whitewash to whiten the house walls; these men are often roped and driven out of houses; the cholera is owing to the anger of the goddess, they say, and each must meet his own fate, and so the Hindu sits sullen and silent to die. And still the rain comes not, thousands of Mohammedans assemble on the dry bed of the Egmoro Taall, and pray for rain and for the cessation of the epidemic, prayers are also offered in the churches, for all feel with different degrees of sorrow the common misery; yes, with different degrees of sorrow, for there are some out of whose homes the light has gone.

R. GARDNER

Tum, India, Oct., 1891

THE WORK AT HOME.

News from the Circles.

PETROBORO' ASSOCIATION.—At the end of this Convention year, we have in this Association, 16 Circles and eight Bands, 200 women contributing to Foreign Missions; 171 contributing to Home Missions; and 251 children contributing to Mission Bands. There have been two Bands and two Circles organized, and one Circle re-organized during the year. We have 12 Union Circles, three Foreign Circles, and one Home Circle. Lakefield Foreign Mission Circle has seen the need of Home Missions. Some of them have organized themselves into a cent-a-week Band for Home Missions. We hope others will follow their example. Petroboro' Circle at their last meeting, passed a resolution to do their share towards the support of a native teacher in India, if the other Circles in the Association do the same, this is to be extra work. Money raised during the year for Foreign Missions, \$297.94, for Home Missions, \$172.10. Bands raised for Foreign Missions, \$222.80, for Home Missions, \$36.20, for Grande Ligne, \$2.40; the Bands have an increase of \$119.48, total amount of all \$731.44; total increase of all, \$157.12. A box valued at \$21.50, was sent to Grande Ligne by the Haldimand Circle. Also a box, value not given, sent to G. L. by the Bellville Circle. The Circles gave no report of money raised for G. Ligne. It is hoped that that very important work will not be dropped by the Circles. We thank God that the interest in mission work is increasing among the sisters of our churches. The work is progressing slowly but surely. We pray that many, many more will see how great the need is, and give of their time, their prayers and their means to this grand and blessed work of spreading the glad tidings of great joy. Paul says, "I planted Appolos watered, but God gave the increase." For we are God's follow workers.

AGNES V. PERK, Director.

[As the annual meeting was so far distant from this Association we print their annual report for the encouragement of the many sisters who could not attend. Ed.]

PERTH.—For the two-fold purpose of creating greater interest in and raising a few more dollars for mission work, the Home and Foreign Circles held a platform meeting, October 8th.

After the opening exercises an interesting program, followed viz., an address on "Women's Work for Women," by the chairman, Rev. E. Grigg. A solo "Only to Know," by Mrs. McKerracher, and two practical papers on "The work done in Eastern Ontario and Quebec," and "The Ottawa Association," by Mrs. D. Robertson and Mrs. J. R. McLaren. After these came a quartette "Seeking the Lost," a short sketch of our Telugu missions by Mrs. H. Robertson, a recitation "A Hindu Widow's True History," by Mrs. Grigg. Perhaps the most interesting part came next, the collection, consisting of thank offerings accompanied with texts from the members, and the free will offerings of friends gathered, amounting in all to \$20.27. A prayer by Mrs. McKinnon "Ways and means of helping on the work," and a duet "Christ is All," brought to a close an evening well spent. On behalf of Secretary, Miss H. ROBERTSON.

ACADIA, N. S. The Young Women's Christian Association formed last year in Acadia Seminary have assumed the support of a pupil in Miss Gray's mission school at Bimlipatam, India. Miss Gray was formerly a student of Acadia Seminary and its first representative upon the mission field, consequently the Association takes an especial interest in her work. The child whose support they have assumed they have named "Acadia," and thus the name of our beloved Institution as well as its influences find root on heathen soil. A young lady who graduated from the Seminary last June, offered herself as foreign missionary, and is now studying in the Mission and Medical Training School, New York, to acquire a special fitness for the work before her.

Acadia Seminary has four other daughters upon the mission fields of India whose homes and families are living testimonies to the power and sweetness of Christianity in this region of dark and desolate homes. *Continued*

HEAPELER. Our Mission Circle met at the parsonage to review the work of the past year. We have been organized fifteen months. Meetings during the summer months have not been so well attended as we would like, have decreased in number, have now on the roll 15 names, have raised \$50.75, which was sent anteriorly to H. and F. missions. Our new officers are as following: Mrs. McQuarrie, *Pres.*; Mrs. Brownlee, *Vice Pres.*; Miss E. Starniman, *Sec. Treas.* We are trusting that we may do better work for the Master this year.

E. STARNIMAN, *Sec.*

SENECA. Our Circle was organized last April by Miss Frith, with eleven members, since increased to sixteen. A parlor social was held at the residence of one of the members, on the 16th Oct. After tea, we had a good programme consisting of readings, recitations, music, and an address by the pastor Rev. W. H. Stevens. A small entrance fee was charged, amounting to about \$5.

BEATRICE GIBBENS, *Sec.*

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

* Receipts from Oct. 18th to Nov. 17th, 1891, inclusive.

Second Markham M. C., \$5; Petrolia M. C., \$9; Brantford (Park church) M. C., \$3; Wulverton M. C., for Total Isaac, \$19; Port Hope M. B., for Vinknot Ruth, \$5; East Flamboro' M. B., \$10; Toronto (Cecily) St. S. Bible-Classes for "Karre Tundaa," \$6.25; Special contribution towards

Mrs. Downie's expenses, from Mrs. Thompson, Guelph, \$1; Second Southwold, M.C., \$2; Moulton College M.C., \$7.58; Collection at Annual Meeting held in Talbot St. church, London, \$56.17; Moore Centre M.C., \$4; Grimaby M.B. for "Lillie Grimaby," Cocanada, \$20; Left at Mrs. A. R. Mc Master's door, "for Miss Macdonald's support," \$40; Palmorston, M.C., \$5; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$18.40; Jubilee M.C., \$8.50; Poplar Hill M.C., \$4.78; Collection at meeting Bloor St. church, Toronto, addressed by Mrs. Downie, \$20.82; Life Membership fee from Mrs. J. Stark, member of Bloor St. M.C., Toronto, \$25; Women of Hillsburgh church, \$2 (of which 50 cents is for Miss Macdonald's medical education); Bethel M. B. (for Morta Achimna), \$5; "A Friend," for Miss Macdonald's medical education, \$25; Port Hope M. B., completing the year's support of Vinakoti Ruth, 10 cts. Total, \$310.00.

VIOLET ELLIOT.

Treas.

109 Pembroke St. Toronto.

CORRECTIONS. Attention must once more be called to a printer's mistake in the Annual Report, Elgin Association returns:

First Southwold should be credited with \$8; 2nd Southwold M.C., with \$2.

The error is probably caused by the untrained proof reading of the Treasurer, with which the printer is not familiar.

Also in the last list of Receipts—Sept. 18, to Oct. 10 St. Catharines (Lyman St.) Y. W. M. S., is credited with \$6, in stead of \$5; and Hamilton (Herkimer St.) M.C., special for Adipalli Reuben, Vuyyuru, \$17, is omitted from the list, but not from the total which is correct. V. E.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

The Angels' Song.

This happy season brings again
The story ever new,
The burden of the angels' strain,
The tidings good and true.
We love the music of each word,
The heavenly chorus sweet;
The grandest song our earth has heard,
Did Bethlehem's shepherds greet

Lord touch our hearts to feel aright
Thine everlasting love;
That made Thee leave Thy throne of light,
Mid angel hosts above.
O give us grace to join our lays
With the angelic throng,
And this redeemed world in Thy praise
To swell the happy song

O sometimes we can almost hear
The song of love and light,
That broke upon each shepherd's ear,
On that auspicious night.
It comes to us in fancy's dreams
A distant, heavenly sound;
But O the bliss that from its strains
Reality is found!

The angels sang when Jesus came
To shed His blood for all;
To save who trust in His dear name,
And for His mercy call;

In Him, the promised Gentile light
And Israel's glory, see;
O till we reach Mount Zion's height,
Of Him our song shall be!

Christ's love has been earth's sweetest sound
Through all its changing years;
Nor can there better cure be found
For sin, and grief, and tears.
"Good tidings" spread o'er land and sea,
All God's good will may prove;
And peace, the precious legacy
To all who trust His love.

S. MILES, in *Canadian Independent*.

A Christmas Dream.

Among the cushions by the glowing grate Marion was fast asleep Christmas shopping had tired her out. She had planned and worked for days and her closet was full of pretty gifts, designed to give a pleasant surprise to many friends. She thought her work was done. But as she slept she dreamed.

One stood by her side. He called her by name. He took her by the hand. She could not fail to know Him. It was her blessed Lord and Saviour.

"You have made gifts for many," He said, "have you provided ought for me?"

Marion's heart sank before this question. It was true! She had forgotten her Lord. Yet she took courage, and asked the old, old question.

"How, Lord, can I give anything to Thee?"

"Arise," He answered, "walk with Me and behold gifts for which I long, gifts within the power of every child to give."

In her dream, Marion stood in a dark, foul courtyard. A girl no older than herself, with her head shaved and the marks of many bruises on her half-naked body, crouched in a corner. Miserable, abused, tormented, she was on the point of taking her own life. She had no friend in earth or heaven; why should she live? She had committed many sins. Her wretched soul yet shrank from the dark abyss awaiting it, should it quit the shuddering body. Ah! what would she gain if she should venture all and die?

As Marion looked she trembled. A sigh of ineffable sorrow and tenderness from Him, upon whom she did not dare to look, rent her heart.

Again, in her dream, Marion saw passing, one by one, the daughters of many countries. Savage, untaught, unclean, some filled her with pity, some with terror. Each one in passing turned and looked her in the face.

"Who hath made us to differ?"

"Why, why have you all things and we nothing?"

"Let us eat even the crumbs that fall from your table of peace."

These, and cries like these, rang in her ears and assaulted her heart.

She turned and looked at her Guide. He had forgotten her. His eyes, full of pity and longing, were fixed upon the passing throng.

Even as she gazed, He was gone, vanished from her sight. She could ask nothing, but she knew in her own soul that, if she should offer gifts to the Lord, she must bring Him souls.

When she awoke, she wept over her empty purse. Never again did her Christmas money flow only in the accustomed channel. She gave to her friends, but she

gave first to her Lord. She made first for Him her little cake, no matter how small her handful of meal. *E. Churchman.*

Dear children, there is a lesson in this story for you, especially at this time. Foreign Mission Sunday has been appointed for the last Sunday in January instead of the Sunday before Christmas, as last year. When this day was thought of, some fear was expressed that the children would have spent all their money on Christmas presents, and have very little to give on Foreign Mission day. Now, I tell you this, that you may know beforehand that it is coming, and save up your gifts for sending the Gospel to the poor heathen. This special Sunday-school day will be called a Carey Centennial day, and we are going to send you a programme all about Carey and his work, with some pictures illustrating it.

[Will not our readers see that this announcement of the Carey Centennial Sunday is made to the children of the Sunday schools?]. Ed.

"Sunday" and the Prayer-Woman

Little "Sunday" had had his hair cut. Now, perhaps you think that this is hardly worth putting into print, but "Sunday" was an Indian boy, and most of his people wore "blanket Indians," which means that they had not yet taken up white men's dress and white men's ways. "Sunday's" home was at Wounded Knee, in South Dakota, and two "Prayer Women" had come to live among his people. The kindly women had begun to win the people's hearts, and little by little they were leaving the old wild ways, and the Indian mothers were wishing to have their homes and their children more like those of their white-faced sisters. And so it came about that "Sunday's" mother cut his hair instead of letting it grow long after the Indian fashion.

The men teased the poor little boy, and teasing is very hard for little red men to bear, and, indeed, I believe it is not easy for little white men to bear patiently. So "Sunday" went about with a heavy heart and a shame-faced air.

But one Sabbath, "Sunday" and his little brother Paul went to church. They were hurrying out as usual, as shy as two little rabbits, when along came one of the prayer-women and caught little "Sunday," and praised him for his bravery in wearing short hair; then she gave him some pretty picture cards.

But more than the cards "Sunday" prized what the prayer-woman had said. Of all things in the world, little red men must wish to be brave. Could it be that he was brave to stand the teasing and laughing of the men, and wear his hateful short locks because mother wanted him to?

How fast his feet carried him home, and how his black eyes shone as he told his mother what the prayer-woman had said, ending with, "Now, I won't be ashamed any more! I will stop being ashamed!"

And now can you guess what part of this story makes me quite sure that the Light of the World had begun to dawn in "Sunday's" home? Just because "Sunday" thought it worth while to do as his mother wished, and to tell her of what gave him pleasure. A heathen Indian boy, who had had no influence from the Christ who is Love as well as Light, would never go to his mother in this way. Indeed it is often thought to be a brave and manly thing for a boy to treat his mother badly, or at least to take no notice of her; and if a kick or a blow comes with the harsh words, the father will often laugh at his boy, or praise him for growing manly.

For the Mission Band.

July 4. '26 32

Gladly now we come confessing,

Jesus Christ our Lord and King.

Shed on us Thy beams of blessing

Tune our hearts Thy praise to sing

Risen Saviour,

To Thy promises we cling.

Young and frail, and weak and trembling,

Off we fear to onward go;

But in Thy dear name assembling,

We Thy strengthening grace would know.

Let us daily

Up to Thee in all things grow.

For Thy service we are banded,

Unto Thee our lives belong;

All that is of Thee commanded,

May we do with purpose strong,

Breath upon us

While we join in grateful song

End the reign of sin and sadness,

In each distant heathen land

Fill the hearts of those with gladness,

Who went forth at Thy command

Now we pray Thee,

Bless this day our Mission Band

T. WATSON

Fennell, Oct. 5th, 1891

Sowing and Reaping.

Sow with a generous hand;

Pause not for toil or pain;

Wear not through the heat of summer,

Wear not through the cold spring rain

But wait till the autumn comes

For the sheaves of golden grain

Scatter the seed, and fear not,

A table will be spread;

What matter if you are too weary

To eat your hard earned bread?

Sow while the earth is broken,

For the hungry must be fed

Sow while the seeds are lying

In the warm earth's bosom deep,

And your warm tears fall upon it

They will stir in their quiet sleep;

And the green blades rise the quicker,

Perchance for the tears you weep

Then sow for the hours are fleeting,

And the seed must fall to-day;

And care not what hands shall reap it,

Or if you shall have passed away;

Before the waving cornfields

Shall gladden the sunny day

Sow; and look onward, upward,

Where the starry light appears,

Where, in spite of the coward's doubts,

Or your own heart's trembling fears,

You shall reap in joy the harvest

You have sown to-day in tears.

W. B. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

"Be not weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER. For the workers at Chicago, and praise for answered prayer in Bobbali. Psa. l. 23, 2 Chron. xx. 21-22.

"THY BURDEN"

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown,
No lot is wholly free
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to my eyes
And all may see its form and weight and size,
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong,
Yet lest it press too heavily and long,
He says "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in fruitful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely load,
That crushes out the light and life of heaven,
But borne with Him the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days,
Her joy, and God's high praise.

MARISSA FARNINGHAM.

MISSION CONQUESTS. There is not to day a church in any land truly evangelized that is not essentially missionary in its character. For the evangelization of the world, so far as the members of the church are concerned, a special consecration is necessary, and God is bestowing this blessing in an ever-increasing measure from day to day. Some one has said that two conversations are needful first to Christ as a Saviour from sin, and then to missions as the corrective and antidote to selfishness. It is possible to possess the first, and yet to know little, if anything of the second. But in these days the number is becoming increasingly small amongst us of those who, feeling the power of Divine love in their own souls, are not longing with an ardent desire that others should be partakers of the same grace and blessing. The revived interest in missions is, no doubt, owing largely to the in-

formation furnished so abundantly from the press and the pulpit, but the motive power behind all this is the flame kindled by the Holy Ghost in believing hearts. The baptism of the Spirit has in recent years been in the direction of the world's evangelization. God's set time for this has now come; and so the Holy Ghost is coming down in power upon the church, pointing out to her, with an emphasis never before experienced, that the grand object for which she has been established, and for which she exists, is to win this world for Christ.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. The millions upon millions of the unevangelized sigh and pine for the grace of life, and sweep swiftly on their darkening way. We have the Gospel; it is *our life* to minister to their need; if we falter and prove recreant here, they perish, and we suffer a fatal loss. Are we less courageous than the little band that began this work? After seventy five years of glorious progress shall our faith falter and our loyalty fail? Are we, then, unworthy of the men that wrought and lived before us, degenerate successors of those who through faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness and endured a great gift of afflictions in a score of heathen lands, and now, resting from their labors, summon us to reap where they have sown and finish their work? Adoniram Judson joyfully in prison for Burmah; David Livingstone dying as he prayed for Africa; nay, Jesus Christ upon the cross for the world's salvation—this is the spirit that benefits the hour, this is the purpose that will win the lost world to faith and eternal life.

Jesus Christ had more than a brother's love for every man He met. We must, therefore, become filled with His Spirit, and allow Him all room to work out the same kindness and sympathy in our lives. For his Disciples Jesus had still a warmer love and a deeper sympathy. Here, too, we must be like Him, the word "Christian" must be made to mean one whose practical object in life is the imitation of Him who came not to be served but to serve. The true road to the salvation of a heartick world is the ancient way of sacrifice, of love begotten and sustained by God Himself. How earnestly should we pray for a general baptism of love! By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another."

WHAT IS PRAYER? Dr. Chalmers observes as a marked feature of the prayers of Doddridge, many of which have been published, the "business like style of his intercourse with God." His whole mind seems to have been absorbed in them, they have the look of a definite means for a definite end. Mental reverie is not prayer. Discursive thinking is not prayer. Aesthetic admiration of the works of God is not prayer. Nothing is prayer but the conscious appeal of the soul to God with a conscious purpose to gain an object. Prayer thus conducted, in continuity however brief, subjects the intellect to the same tension which is requisite in earnest discourse to men. A preacher may naturally pass from one to the other, on one plane of intellectual energy. *Austin Phelps*

Mrs. Martell, our Provincial Secretary for New Brunswick, has been visiting Queen's County in the interest of missions. She writes that she had a grand week. Only one meeting prevented by rain.

She met with the Mill Cove Society, on Sunday in the afternoon, and at Cambridge in the evening; Jemseg and Macdonald's Corner on Monday and Tuesday. There are

six Aid Societies in Queen's County, which were organized by Miss Norris 21 years ago; and all are in good working order. Mrs. Martell adds that there is enough work in New Brunswick to allow of one woman giving her whole time to it. The same is true of Nova Scotia, but it is hard to find one able to do so.

During this visit in Queen's Co. there were many manifestations of the presence of the Lord.

The Mission Band at Sydney, C. B., after reading the letter to Mission Bands in October LINK sent \$30 for the buildings at Paleonadah, and mean to raise \$20 more. Our treasurer encouraged them so much by her card of acknowledgment "that they are more interested in these buildings than in anything yet."

REGINA, N. W. T.

We organized here on September 6th, with a membership of fifteen. Bro. Poeslman was with us, and in the evening we held an Anglo-German service, Bro. Poeslman preaching in German to about forty Germans, Catholic and Protestant, at the close of the regular service. It was a day of days with us. God was with us and we laid the foundation of our Gospel church amid prayers and tears. On Sabbath, Oct. 4th, I for the first time baptized seven believers in the presence of a large concourse of witnesses. This was the first time the people of this town witnessed a scriptural baptism in their midst, and it occasioned no small stir and comment.

The Divine presence overshadowed us and a solemn hush prevailed the crowd. Many are searching the Scripture for the truth.

We have secured lots and are going to build our vestry to the rear of them right away. The Board in charge of the Church Edifice work granted us \$200 towards our building. This with the \$200 from the Maritime W. B. M. U. and what we can raise ourselves, puts us in a safe position to proceed. Our present membership is twenty-two; praise God, and we are laboring and praying for an increase right along. Pray for us.

I. HARRY KING.

BOBBILI, Sept. 17, 1899

My dear Miss Johnston, - Your long interesting letter was received a few weeks since, and if I can do no more to-day than merely acknowledge it, and the pleasure it gave, I must do that. Mr. Churchill is not in town, so I am here alone, but I find plenty to do, in keeping every thing in good running order at the station.

A chapel school house has become a necessity for Bobbili, for the one we have has become too small to accommodate my school, week days or Sunday; or the school has become too large for it. Then it has become unsafe by the work of the white ants, and the wear and tear of time and weather. So we are commencing to build, have many stones drawn to the place, and some time stored, and when Mr. Churchill returns from this tour, he expects to put in the foundation, for part of it at least. We intend to have one long, large room, two smaller rooms back, and a veranda. The present house stands on the land on which part of the long room is to be built, so Mr. Churchill proposes building the two smaller rooms first, move the school into these, then take down the present old building and build the new long one, partly out of the old material, stones, etc. Not the ant-eaten wood, of course. So we expect the building and the school to

go right on together. We have no other place to hold the school, to which the pupils would come, and to allow the school to cease for a time, would give all the trouble, of getting the pupils together again, no small trouble as I know from experience. Pray for us, that we may be successful in getting the building done, and that many souls may be born again, through the Gospel as preached and taught in this new house. The Government offered one-third the cost, more than a year ago, if we would put up a new building for the school, so we are submitting plans and estimates to them for their approval and help. I enjoy my Sunday school class very much indeed, it is composed of the three highest classes from the day school, and two other women; and I shall be glad when I shall have a room where I can take it, and teach and pray with the pupils without interruption from the other classes in the school room. Mr. C. and I now teach our classes in the school room and Saima takes hers out on to the front veranda, and Neila hers on to the back veranda. Then we assemble again to close the school all together. O, how we long for the Holy Spirit's power to be felt in Bobbili, in such a measure that many will be constrained to seek and follow the one true God and His Son Jesus Christ.

The work in the Jeypore portion of this field is giving us great joy. Five have already been baptized this year. The wives of two of our preachers, who were heathen, and three others, the last two a Brahmin Guaru and his wife. They are 30 and 25 years old, and if truly converted and properly taught, we ought to expect they would be a great blessing to the work. They will probably come down to our Association at Bimlipatana, in January, and then we will see what the prospect is, and how we can do the most for them. The Rajah caste men in those villages, about twenty miles from here, find it very hard to come out and be baptized. They see it is the right thing to do, but have not decided yet to leave all and follow Christ. We are teaching them an opportunity offers, and Mr. Churchill will spend some time at their villages during this tour, and, O, we are earnestly praying that some, whom we believe are truly converted, will have strength and boldness to come fully out. Many in town are asking and talking about this new way to heaven, and in the Lord's own time, I have no doubt He will bring out His own.

On the morning of the 27th Aug when Mr. Churchill went out on the veranda, he saw a number of Brahmin lads standing there, looking quite at home, with a basket in their hand. As they saw him they said, they had come for flowers for the Dewan to make make progs to the god. Mr. Churchill told them that flower worship was not pleasing to God, and so he could not give them any of his flowers for that purpose; so they went away quite disappointed. In the forenoon some half dozen young men, in their teens, came to the door. I asked why they came "To your visit" (in English) they replied, so I asked them in, gave them seats and then enquired what they wished to talk about. "The life of Jesus," so after a long talk, in which Mr. Churchill joined, one of them took a Hindoo tract out of his pocket and gave the chapter and verse in the old Testament, where sacrifices are commanded. Then they said, they liked the Old Testament, and would follow it, but they did not want the New. I turned to the first and second commandment and read them and showed the boys these here in the Old Testament, and asked if they were ready to follow these.

In the afternoon another half a dozen came, led by one who frequently comes, saying he had brought so and so, to talk to me on Bible subjects, that he wanted to be converted. They sat down and talked and listened till meeting time. They told me that day was the birthday of Christna, and having a holiday they had a chance to come and talk. How different they are from boys at home! Boys of that age, unless Christians, in the home land, would seldom be found calling at the minister's house, to discuss theological questions, but here, even little boys are full of these discussions. These heathen are truly a religious people. O, that they would forsake their idols and turn to the living and only true God.

Ever your affectionate friend and sister in Christ,

M. F. CHURCHILL.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE W. B. M. U., FOR QUARTER
ENDING OCTOBER 31st, 1891.

	F	M	H	M	Total.
Received from Nova Scotia	\$163	38	\$13	50	\$177 18
.. .. New Brunswick	182	05	27	00	189 06
.. .. P. E. Island	41	07			41 07
.. .. M. B's. Nova Scotia.	42	00			42 00
.. .. N. B.	22	00	25	00	47 00
Annual Collection	25	65			25 65
Di'd MISSIONARY LINK	19	00			19 00
					\$540 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Aug. 28	Draft sent H. E. Sharpe for Regina.	\$400	00
 G. A. Masac G. L. Missions	100	00
Sept. 17	Miss Johnstone, postage	2	00
Oct. 22	Paid G. W. Day, printing reports.	103	79
.. 24	Miss Johnstone, postage for reports.	5	60
.. 31	Paid J. Marsh, Treas. F. M. Board	1485	00
 H. E. Sharpe, Treas. N. W. M. B.	150	00
 A. Cahoon, H. M. B.	187	50
	Drafts and postage	4	60
			\$2438 49

MARY SMITH.

Treas. W. B. M. U.

Amherst, Nov. 3rd, 1891.

EAST CENTRAL AFRICA. Intelligence has been received from the mission party sent out to the Barotze Country on the Zambesi, in East Central Africa. The missionaries, who have suffered greatly from fever, loss of cattle, repeated accidents to the boat, once from the attack of a monstrous hippopotamus, and other causes, are showing the greatest patience and fortitude. The King of the Barotze, though not manifesting any violent opposition himself, thinks it would be dangerous to the missionaries' lives if they approached the Mashukulumbé tribe until consent of this savage people has been obtained. He has promised to bring the question before the tribe, and for a time the missionaries can do nothing but wait for an opening to begin the work.

JAPAN.—A Russian naval lieutenant named Kouznetsoff, who has lived many years in Japan, relates in the *Ostrodast Vestnik*, the official organ of the navy, that the Japanese aristocracy are strongly inclined towards the Protestant form of religion, and that they only wait for the Mikado to change his religion in order to follow his example. Lieutenant Kouznetsoff calculates the number of Japanese who have adopted the Russian Orthodox faith at 17,000.

UGANDA.—In a letter to Bishop Tucker, from Rev. R. H. Walker, dated Uganda, March 9, he says:—'Lately we have sold four thousand Luganda reading-sheets, and about two hundred Swahili New Testaments, as well as other books. The demand is very great for the New Testament. The French priests are here in great numbers, and are very active. Surely many people in England who cannot come to help us themselves would like to help on the work by sending the Word of God here in its written form.'

TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent to her quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Of Ontario: Pres., Mrs. W. D. Booker, 366 Markham St., Toronto; Sec., Miss Buchan, 105 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Miss Hattie West, 51 Huntley St., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres., Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley; Cor. Sec., Miss Nannie E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Smith, 37 City Councillors Street, Montreal. Sec. of Mission Bands, Mrs. J. C. Radford, 15 Park Ave., Montreal.

Lower Provinces: Pres., Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Noble St., Halifax, N. S.; Sec., Mrs. John March, St. John, N. B.; Treas., Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.

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

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUEB.

Rev. G. H. Barrow, *Tuni*. Miss A. E. Baskerville, *Cocacoda*. Miss L. H. Booker, *Samulcotta*. Rev. J. G. Brown, B. A., and wife, *Samulcotta*. Rev. John Craig, B. A., and wife, *Akudu*. J. E. Davis, B. A., and wife, *Oocanada*. Rev. R. Garvide, B. A., and wife, *Tuni*. Miss S. I. Hatoh, *Samulcotta*. Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife, *Yellamarchili*. Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife, *Oocanada*. Miss Martha Rogers, *Cocacoda*. Miss S. A. Simpson, *Oocanada*. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A., and wife, *Samulcotta*. Miss F. M. Stovel, *Akudu*. Rev. J. A. K. Walk, and wife, *Oocanada*.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. O. Churchill and wife, *Bobbili*. Miss A. C. Gray, *Bimipatam*. Rev. W. V. Higgins, B. A., and wife, *Okca colc*. Rev. R. Sanford, M. A., and wife, *Bimipatam*. Rev. M. B. Shaw, M. A., and wife, *Vizianagram*.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. Mary A. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Make P. O. Order payable at Yorkville Post Office.

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

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

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