

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 9, No 11.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." Isa. l. 5. [JULY-AUG. 1887.]

CONTENTS.

Editorial.....	125	The Work Abroad.....	129
Poetry—Out and Into.....	125	The Work at Home.....	133
Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement, by Mrs. J. C. Yule.....	125	Notices of Associational Meetings.....	133
Practical Consecration, by Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness.....	127	Young People's Department.....	134
Practical Needs in India.....	129	Treasurer's acknowledgements.....	180

THE RETURNED MISSIONARIES.—We have not been favored with direct communications with reference to the return of Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, Miss Frith, and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, of the Maritime Board. We are glad, however, to report the safe arrival of Miss Frith at West Winchester and of the McLaurins at Woodstock.

We wish to call attention to Miss Green's communication published in another column. Our readers will unite with the Montreal Board in their regret that Miss Muir has been temporarily laid aside from active service, in their sympathy for her in her affliction, and in earnest prayer for early and complete restoration. Miss Muir has been since the inauguration of our Women's work one of the most active and efficient workers, and it will be a great trial to her as well as a serious loss to missions, if she should be long detained from the work that she loves.

ARREARAGES.—As it is necessary for us to revise our subscription list thoroughly every year, we request all our readers who are in arrears to renew at once. We shall be obliged to strike off the names of all whose labels do not read, '87. If any have failed to receive due credit for remittances, they may have made they will confer a favor by notifying us at once. If there are any in arrears who wish to discontinue, they should notify us of the fact and remit what is due to date.

ANOTHER NEW MISSIONARY.—The appeals for recruits for the foreign field have been responded to in a way that will rejoice the hearts of those who are interested in missions. Several excellent young ladies have signified their willingness to go to India, but are not ready for immediate service; but now one who is thought to be eminently qualified in mind and in heart, and who has been for a long time profoundly interested in missions, has offered herself for immediate service, and will doubtless go out in the early autumn along with Messrs. Davis and Laflamme. The new missionary is Miss Isabella Alexander, daughter of Rev. John Alexander, of Toronto. She is already known and beloved by many of our readers, and we trust that this will be true of many more before she goes to her work.

Out and Into.

"He brought us out, that he might bring us in"—Deut. vi. 23.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath,
Out of the bondage and wearing chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains—

Into the light and glory of God,
Into the Holiest made clean by blood;
Into His arms, the embrace and the kiss—
Into the scene of ineffable bliss,
Into the quiet and infinite calm,
Into the peace of the song and the psalm.

Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own,
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself and all I called "life,"
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longing that nothing could fill.

Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
Into the ecstasies, full to the brim,
Into the having of all things with Him—
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than tongue can e'er tell.

Wonderful Person, whose face I'll behold!
Wonderful story, there all to be told!
Wonderful! all the dread way that He trod—
Wonderful end—He brought me to God!

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. 7.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

Not far from the time that Morrison began his work in China, and while Henry Martyn was becoming familiarized with his routine or duties at Dinapore, God put it into the heart of one who had spent several years abroad,

and who had been deeply impressed with the self-denying labors of the early missionaries to India, particularly with those of Schwartz, to preach a sermon in the parish church of Bristol, England, setting forth "The Evidences of the Divine Power of the Christian Religion in the East."

This preacher was the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, for some time a Chaplain to the British East India Company. That sermon was published under the title of "The Star in the East." Guided by God, it crossed the Atlantic, and ultimately fell into the hands of a young student at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts.

This young man was no other than Adoniram Judson, destined with her who afterwards became his wife—Miss Anne Hassletine, the first American woman who consecrated herself to the work of foreign missions, the Christian heroine, the martyr-wife who sleeps in hallowed dust at Amherst, "neath the cool branches of the hopia tree"—to become the pioneer Protestant missionary to Burma, then a dark and wholly heathen land, almost unknown to the Christian world, and under the sway of a proud, cruel, intolerant king—a hater of "foreign religions," one from whom they had nothing to hope, and almost every thing to fear.

Thus we are able to trace, link by link, the golden chain of influences that run through the missionary movement of that wonderful era in the history of the Church—an era when the life of each that went forth on his lonely and hazardous mission seemed quickly to find a new and unlooked-for expression in the lives of others, not alone of those who were stirred in spirit to follow them, but of the many who, from their quieter places in the homelands, stretched out willing and eager hands for their support.

The rallying-cry had been given a century and a half before, when the heart of British Christianity in its first faint pulsation on behalf of the Indians of their own colonies in America, found expression in the life of John Elliot. It had wandered on and on, gaining accessions of power from year to year through such men as those whose names have been noted in these sketches, and many others whose names have no place in earthly records. It had grown stronger, louder, and more urgent as voice after voice from almost every land where Jesus' name was known had been raised, until, in the beginning of the present century, it had become the shout of a great host, whose echoes went round the earth, and were sent back from every shore. Everywhere Christians were waiting, listening, and responding; and as tidings came of the need of laborers, earnest, consecrated laborers to enter the vast fields of spiritual desolation, men and women were starting to their feet on every hand and exclaiming in the eagerness of their newly-kindled zeal for God:—"Here am I, Lord, send me!"

Judson and his young wife responded with their whole hearts; and their responses, with those of several others on whom the same burden had been laid, kindled the churches of the West into a flame of missionary zeal, which has never ceased to glow—God grant it never may, until the heathen are all gathered in, and there is no more mission work to do.

The history of Mr. Judson and his heroic wife belongs so truly to our own day that, to every one at all familiar with the details of modern missions, it is a thrice-told tale; and yet it never loses its interest. With what eagerness we follow them in their long, and, at the same time, perilous voyage! With what interested suspense we stand in imagination beside them in their little room on board ship, as they turn the pages of God's word in

perplexity and doubt, while the foundations of some of their cherished beliefs seem to be slipping from under them; and, as convictions of truth come home with overwhelming force to their minds, witness the half-affrighted glance with which they survey the gulf that is opening between them and their cherished denominational associations! With what a thrill of admiration, not unmingled with awe, we see them rise at length as the cloud is lifted—see them cast themselves upon God and his word, and at the earliest opportunity step on shore, and demonstrate the force of their convictions by submitting to the sacred rite which is to separate them forever from denominational connection with those who sent them forth with their blessing upon their heads, and cast themselves, not knowing whether it will be to receive a welcome or not, upon another which, in America, has not as yet united in any organized effort in the foreign mission cause!

Mr. Judson's idea on leaving America was to labor somewhere among the Islands of the East; but in this he was singularly thwarted; until, at last, after many disappointments and hindrances, and almost against his own will, he found himself in Burma—the land marked out by God as the scene of his future toils, sufferings, and successes for Christ.

We may imagine something of the dreary heart-sinking of this young couple when at last they stood upon the shores of that dark land, and began to realize something of the reality of that arrogant, unsympathizing, heathenism hitherto seen only from a distance, and concerning which, on a nearer view, they wrote so prophetically:

"We had never before seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the rough features of uncultivated nature. The prospect of Rangoon as we approached was quite disheartening. I went on shore just at night to take a view of the place and the mission house; but so dark, and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day after my return to the ship we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage which we flattered ourselves would be short to that peaceful region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

It may be well here to explain that the "mission house" mentioned in the above extract was one that had been built in connection with the work begun some time before by Felix Carey, but which was not carried much beyond the preliminary arrangements and the preparation of a small Grammar. This, however, was so defective as to prove of very little use to the Judsons in acquiring the language. Mr. Carey, soon after he began his work, was summoned by the King to act as physician at the court, and accordingly his mission-plans were abandoned. His father said of him—"My son Felix went to Burma as a missionary, but was shrivelled up into an ambassador."

It is not our purpose here to enter into the history of the trials, persecutions and heroic endurance of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. That is a page of mission-history with which all are more or less familiar already; and however interesting in itself, is foreign to our present purpose. Mr. Judson has been styled "Apostolic" in his spirit and aims, and few men, if any, have been more so. He very literally counted all things as loss that he might win the heathen to Christ, and in this he was eminently success-

ful. But perhaps his name may be found in his literary achievements for his labours in the deep and abiding influence he exercised in these lands, particularly England and America. His translation of the Scriptures into the Burman language might stand as the crowning work of any life, however long; and his Dictionary of the language can be ranked as second only to that.

Few missionaries have endured so much for Christ as these two. At length, after unparalleled suffering, and more than heroic courage, the gentle wife went away to her rest; and the lonely and heart-stricken missionary toiled on for a considerable time alone. But other helpers were raised up, and when, on the 11th of April, 1850, he went away to his rest and his reward, it was to leave behind him a field upon which others might enter with comfort and success, a record of most fruitful work for Christ, and thousands in all lands to call him blessed.

Practical Consecration.

A Question for Christian Parents.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

Friends! are any of you withholding your *best treasures* from God? Are you deliberately keeping back a gift which, if laid on His altar, might do more to advance His work on earth than all the contributions you ever gave, or can give? Are you robbing God by refusing to render to Him in one most essential form the tribute that is His due? Christian fathers, Christian mothers, *what are you doing with your Christian children?* Have you given your sons to God, and to His work in the world? Have you devoted your daughters to Jesus and to His service?

Ah, your hearts quaver. Anything, you say, anything but that! We will double our contributions, treble them, if we can, but to make *our own children* missionaries, surely we are not called to that! Dear friends, I have only one answer: "*God so loved the world that he gave His Son.*" Oh, mark it! HIS SON, nothing less! No one less! HIS SON. Yes; He gave that only-begotten and well-beloved One that dwelt in His bosom from all eternity! And He gave Him, not to be a missionary—ah, no!—but to be a murdered victim, to be *sin* for us, to be a curse. He gave Him to shame and spitting, to blows and to blood, to crucifixion and to death. And that Son gave *Himself* to all this, and delighted to do so for our sakes. And we—oh, shall we grudge Him our sons and our daughters? Where is our gratitude, where our love? Do we know what devotedness means? How can we talk of "*the higher Christian life*," and be bringing up our converted children to live lives of ease and idleness, or to labour merely for their daily bread, to seek food and raiment, to live as if there were no heathen world perishing for lack of the bread from heaven?

I solemnly believe that one great cause of the low tone of Christian life, over which the Church mourns so often, is the *lack of missionary zeal, the non-cultivation of the missionary spirit in Christian families*, and that the first symptom of a really "*higher Christian life*" will be a revival of *this* spirit. It has been so in the past. The revival of spiritual religion in our land in the last century was the birth-day of missionary enterprise. Its growth has kept pace with the extension of such enterprise, and its increase, if such is to come, (and God grant it may), *must be accompanied by a great increase of missionary efforts.* In the nature of things this must be so. In the physical world we have first life, then food, thereby growth, and with growth, *exercise.* But given life, food,

growth, and *no exercise*, disease and decay must ensue. If the Christian Church would thrive, she must have exercise, and her Christ-appointed exercise is the *evangelization of the world.* The Church ought to be one great missionary society, and each of her children, directly or indirectly, a missionary.

But what is the fact? A few individuals take a real interest in this great work. They influence others to help; but the mass of believers remain comparatively inert. *Have we not thousands and tens of thousands of Christian families, no one of which ever contributed one single labourer to the heathen field?* Have we not parents who have reared six, eight, or it may be ten sons and daughters, and seen them by grace converted to God, and who yet never trained, or attempted to train, one of them for a missionary to the heathen? Is it not a standing reproach to our Christianity that so few, so very few, gentlemen and ladies of independent means, ever consecrate either themselves or their families to the service of Christ among the heathen?

O friends, lay the facts of the case to heart, I do entreat you! On the one hand, the world lying in darkness, and heathendom especially in gross darkness, contrary to the express will of Christ; on the other hand, Christian parents training up their families to anything, to everything, *save and except the one work commanded by Christ*, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What a mournful spectacle for the angels to weep over! And what is the result? Not only that the heathen perish, but, O Christian parents! you and your children, those very children whom ye would fain spare suffering, *suffer, suffer most materially* from this very thing.

Father, what makes your heart heavy this day? "Ah," you sigh, "our precious boy, whom we thought to be converted years ago, has gone right into the world; we see no sign of grace in him now. We pray, and weep, and hope against hope, but we seem to have no influence over him." Ah, father, whose fault is that? What did you do with your boy when full of his first love? You sent him to a public school, perhaps; you sought great things for him in this life; you exposed him to temptation for the sake of mammon, it may be; you led him to seek *first* this world and its interests, instead of the kingdom of God and His righteousness; you never attempted to use your mighty parental influence, to lead the ardent youth to consecrate his life to preaching Christ to the perishing heathen. You never gave him a Christian object worthy and likely to fill his heart, and mould his life, and engage his affections, and ennoble his aspirations, and extend his views out into eternity. Your son *might* have been a Brainerd, or a Livingstone, had you acted otherwise; but he is—well, you know what he is!

And you, mother, what saddens your eye, and sinks your heart? Your daughters, have they turned out as you could desire? "Alas! no," you sigh; one of them is worldly, though perhaps saved; another is a confirmed invalid; another, who is a decided Christian, has gone over to the High Church, or perhaps even entered a Romish convent. You are disappointed in them, and as a Christian you ought to be. Ah, mother, whose fault is it? Those girls were Christians when young; they had talents, affections, health, leisure, ardour, spirits, zeal, knowledge of the truth, and a good education. *What missionaries they would have made!*

Had their compassions been drawn out, the self-sacrifice, natural to every true disciple, called into play; had had they been prepared for and early introduced to the mission-field, what blessed helpers in the gospel they

might have been! How many an Indian Zenana they might have made happy and holy! How many a Japanese lady they might have taught to read the Word of Life! How many a miserable Chinese mother might they have led into peace and joy in believing! What glorious results they might have secured for eternity! How every remembrance of each one might cause you to thank your God for the privilege of having been permitted to bear and rear such instruments for His glory! But you could not spare them, you could not expose them to hardships and suffering. It would never do to send your delicately reared girls among the degraded and ignorant heathen! and so they were doomed to the very uninteresting life of a Christian young woman, with little or nothing to do!

You would have been glad they should have served the Lord at home, you say? Yes; but they did not find occasional "amateur" work of this kind enough to engage heart and mind. Others were doing it abundantly. No important responsibility was laid on them to call out their energies, develop their abilities, and exercise their spiritual graces. They had not the stimulus of the *urgent needs* of others; they began, perhaps, to serve the Lord with one hand daintily; but when difficulties arose, or novelty wore off, they gave it up, and no one was much the worse. *That sort of work does not avail to save the young and energetic from worldliness, selfishness, or disgust with life. It is not a vocation, it is not a life.* It is all very well for those who have distinct and important secular duties devolving on them to serve the Lord by the way, as it were, and fill up their odd moments of leisure by doing what they can. But your girls did not marry; they had not the natural and absorbing avocations of wife and mother; they were spared the sufferings, and cares, and self-denial, and responsibility involved in bringing up children; they had no claims of business: their time was their own; *they wanted a life work, hard, high, holy life-work.* Oh, had you laid before them the claims of the heathen, advised and assisted them to become missionaries, how differently your daughters *might* have turned out!

The young mind *must* have interests; the young heart *must* have objects on which to spend its ardour and its affections. Human nature must have difficulties with which to cope, hardships to endure, battles to fight, obstacles to overcome. What are cricket, and croquet, and chess, and all games of skill, but an artificial creation of these? Life, if natural and well-spent, is full of these—life without them is vapid and vain.

The lives of Christian young ladies are too often deprived of all interest by a false and foolish parental affection. I once knew a mother of two of the finest little girls I ever saw, who was insanely anxious about their health. The wind was never suffered to blow on their rosy cheeks; they were kept in bed for days if they chanced to sneeze; and the mother's life was one long misery for fear they should be ill. She succeeded at last in *making* them ill, and soon after she died of over-anxiety. Then the girls, left to themselves, got well. Now few mothers are so foolish as to the *bodies* of their children; but the *characters* of too many are developed under similarly unnatural shelter and protection. It is not natural for a woman grown to be an object of tender parental care. The fully-fledged nestling leaves the nest, and cares for itself, and soon for its young. If a young woman does not marry, and no special demand for her presence exists at home, she should be allowed, yea, *encouraged* to devote her life to some worthy object, not thwarted, and opposed, and restricted by petty conven-

tionalties, perplexed by finding her Bible teach self-sacrifice, and her parents self-preservation; her Bible teach her to despise the world and earthly interest, and her parents teach her to put them in the first place!

Alas! friends, my heart aches when I think of the buried talents that exist in the shape of loving, well-educated, gifted daughters, pining in Christian families *for lack of an object worth living for*; and then think of the miserable millions of their own sex pining elsewhere, and perishing for lack of the knowledge these could impart! Again I ask, whose is the fault? Dear fathers and mothers, does it not lie at your doors? Say not, "We cannot *make* our children missionaries; God must call them." I well know that. But do ye your part, and be very sure God will do His! Lay your children on His altar from their very birth; and just as you trust Him to bless your efforts for their conversion, so trust Him to accept your dedication of them to His service, and to bless your endeavours to fit them for it. You know you can make them almost what you will. *You know they are this day very much what you have made them!* You know they come into your hands plastic as potter's clay, blank as white paper, till you trace the lines that cannot be effaced. Train them for missionaries from their conversion onwards, and it will be a wonder indeed if a large Christian family grow up without at least one missionary in it.

And train those who are not fit for missionaries to *support those that are*. Put before them a holy object for money-making. Let the brother that stays at home labour for the brother that goes forth as a missionary; or you, father, ere you die, render your missionary son or daughter independent if you can. We want, the world wants, Christ wants, *not a few hundred paid agents, but a whole host of voluntary missionaries*—an army of volunteers, to invade the realms of heathendom. And say not, dear mother, "I cannot part with my daughter." Would you not give her up willingly if a suitable offer of marriage presented itself, even though it involved going to India or China? Will you give her to man, and not give her to Christ? Say not, "We cannot expose her to a bad climate, and all the risks and hardships of mission-life." What! will you deprive your child of suffering with Christ, that she may reign with him? Will you rob her of the opportunity of learning practically to rely on God's all-sufficiency? Will you prevent her hearing the "Well-done, good and faithful servant," by-and-by? This were to act anything but a parent's part.

Far be it from me to say one word to grieve Christian parents who have done their best to train their children for God. Many such have nobly succeeded; and some who have failed have perhaps been more to be pitied than blamed. And far be it from me to disparage the urgent claims of home mission work. They lie before our very eyes, however, and can in a sense plead their own cause; and we have a hundred home missionaries, not to say a thousand, for every single labourer in heathen lands. And far be it from me to think lightly of the sacred demands of filial duty. But where parents have many children, can they not spare *one* for Christ's work? For mere worldly motives how many a worldly parent spares all! I only plead with Christian parents that they may consider their ways in this thing. If in this year 1887, say, one thousand Christian parents of converted boys and girls now in the schoolroom resolved before God to devote one son or one daughter (if not more) to missionary work, to train them with a view to it, to endow them with money enough to provide them with food and raiment, and to send them forth as soon as they reach a

suitable age, how glorious would be the result in ten years' time! A thousand well-educated, enthusiastic, and independent young missionaries going forth to preach Christ where He is not yet named. And in twenty years' time what fruit of their labour should gladden the heart of the great Husbandman! And in fifty years' time, when the labourers may all have gone in to the harvest home, what self-multiplying native churches in Africa, China, and Japan might be praising God for the lives and deaths of their founders; and in eternity, what multitudes might be added to the white-robed throng redeemed from the earth; and what bright crowns of rejoicing might for ever grace the brows of the sons and daughters thus consecrated by their parents to missionary service!

And if one thousand fathers so acted, the result would soon be that ten thousand would follow their example, for a good example is contagious. Robert Raikes founded one Sabbath-school, and the world is full of them now. Oh, may the day come, when universally and naturally, Christian parents shall regard it as one of their greatest privileges and most solemn duties, to train one or more of their Christian children thus to serve Christ!

What hosts of missionaries would then go forth annually from England and America! What multitudes of precious sheaves might be reaped from the harvest-fields of heathendom! What a broad line of demarcation would distinguish, as it *should*, Christian from worldly families! How many young believers would be preserved from backsliding and bringing reproach on the name of the Lord! How universal and intense would missionary sympathy become! How heartfelt would be the intercession ascending from every hearth at home, for the dear labourers abroad! How holy would seem the gains set apart for that dear one's use! How warm and lively would be our missionary prayer-meetings! What thousands of little family committees would supplement the labours of our great Society committees! Why, the Church would at last be once more what it was at first, and ought ever to have continued, ONE GREAT MISSIONARY SOCIETY. May God hasten the day when it shall be such, and may we hasten it too, as far as in us lies, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"—*Rom. x. 13, 14.—Miss. Rev.*

Presents Needs in India.

"Sir," said a Brahmin priest to me one day—he had walked in eighty miles to see me—"sir," said he, "Hinduism can not stand the light that our missionaries are letting in upon it. It is not the soul-satisfying system that we vainly imagined it to be. Sir, Hinduism is doomed. It must go by the board. What are you going to give us in its place?" We were seated under a banyan tree while I tried to teach him the pure religion of Jesus Christ, which, I said, we were going to give in the place of Hinduism; and, as I told him that, my voice faltered, my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, cold sweat came out upon me. I could not speak. Said I to myself: "Am I telling this man true, or am I telling him false? Are we going to give to India, to those teeming and now awakened millions, are we going to give them the religion of our Jesus? Or are we going to waken them, and dissatisfy them with their own system, and leave them to drift out into skepticism or rationalistic deism or agnosticism? That is what they are drifting

to, and that does not interfere with their caste and their Hindu temple. Shall we let them go out into that? Shall the ruins of Hindu temples be built up into temples for Satan, or temples for the Most High God?"

We listen for the reply, and what is it that comes to our ears? what do we hear? "Hold on! You are going too fast! The church at home can't afford to let you advance any farther. Hold what you have got, if you can; but the Church of Christ is too poor to let you go on to the assault for final victory." O merciful Jesus! is it thus that we, redeemed by the precious blood—we, for whom on Calvary thou didst cry in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—we, bought by the blood-sweat drops in Gethsemane—is it thus that we show the measure of our love to thee?

O Church of the living God, awake! Arouse from your lethargy and spring to the fray! Give your sons and your daughters to this work of the Divine Master. Consecrate to him your silver and your gold. Fill up the mission treasures to the overflow. Let a shout go forth that shall leap over seas and continents, and come to the ears of your waiting hosts in those distant lands. What shall it be? Shall we catch the cry: "March onward! seize every point of vantage! Call upon the enemy to surrender. Re-inforcements are on the way; supplies in abundance are coming. March on and conquer the land for Christ!" Let that word come, and, within the lives of us who are here, we will show you India bowing low at the feet of our Jesus.—*Extract from an address by Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bobbili.

MY DEAR LINK,—Three months have passed since we returned to our Indian home and work. They have been busy months and have passed very quickly.

I reopened my girl's school in town February 1st, and at the present time there are nearly forty in attendance on week days and at the Sunday school. It takes a good deal of trouble to keep them in school after we get them, but as I consider my school one means of teaching the Word of God to these Telugus, I think it worth the trouble and expense, and look to the Lord for His blessing on this part of my work.

Two zenanas are again opened to me; these I visit every Wednesday afternoon. The other afternoons of the week, except Thursdays and Sundays, when we have meetings on the compound, I have generally spent in company with Liamma, visiting from house to house, singing hymns, telling the way of salvation and praying with the women. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed some of these afternoons, often returning home after dark.

But I sat down to write you something of a tour we made among the villages between Bobbili and Chicacole in February and March. We were away from home twenty-three days. Three of these were spent very pleasantly with our dear friends the Hutchinsons and Archibalds, at Chicacole, resting and getting supplies, etc. The others were spent in tent or bungalow and in going from village to village sowing the precious seed of the kingdom. Mr. Churchill had his two preachers and colporteurs with him, and I had the wife of one of the preachers, Neila, to accompany me in my visits to the women. It was my first experience of work with Neila and I was very much pleased with her. She frequently said to me in returning to the tent, at or after dark, "O

how I love this work," and her words always found an echo in my heart, for I do not remember of ever being happier than on some of these afternoons, when we would have 50 or 100 persons, in perhaps three different places, who listened attentively to our words, and seemed by the answers to our questions to have taken in their meaning. But we did not always have such a hearing. I may give you a few experiences by way of variety. I remember on March 1st we were in tent quite near to the village of Ootravally. In the forenoon quite a number of women and children came to the tent, and two seemed very much interested in what we said. As we finished talking they said they would come that afternoon and take us to their house, and would call all their relations to hear us. In the afternoon a crowd of poor women and children came early to the tent, and as Mr. C. was talking to a number of men at the front of the tent, we took these out under a large tree and told them the way of salvation. They seemed very stupid and had so much to say about their poverty that they seemed to take little in. I observed one of the women who had promised to take us to her house, but she had evidently changed her mind, and when asked about it, said "come to-morrow morning." We went into the village, a crowd gathered, and we stopped in the first street. Over 50 surrounded us, we sang, and as we were telling the good news of salvation, a Telugu caste man began interrupting us, asking us how much pay we got, and saying what an easy time we had to what their women had, trying to turn the women against us. We told him he could be excused, as we came to talk to the women, so he went away, but came back and said no more. Then we went on further into another street and one woman to whom we had spoken at the tent, asked us to come into her street. We followed on and on till I saw a Brahmin woman; I said we would talk to her people a little, and then go on. Turned aside to do so, but the women did not seem to like us to talk in their street, and secreted themselves. Then a man said some women were calling us. We went down the street, but such a crowd gathered that I said we would stop and talk to them. One woman came running and said the Yellama women, who do not go out publicly, wanted us to come to their houses. I promised to go as soon as we had talked to these. Nearly 100 were around us and they listened pretty well, till a drunk man came along talking and shouting so loud that only those nearest to us could hear us. However, these listened well, and when we got through we followed the woman to the Yellamas. Had just got seated on the verandah and a few friendly words spoken, when the Telugu man who had previously interrupted us, and the drunk man rushed into the yard, the drunk man screaming and the Telugu man telling me at the top of his voice to come out immediately, that the Yellama man who lived there did not allow me to talk to his women, and had sent him to take me away. I thought I would pay no attention to them, but the frightened women ran into the house and shut the doors, and other women looking over the wall motioned me away. I had nothing to do but to go. As we came along the street wondering why the Lord had permitted this interruption, the Moonisiff's daughter, looking over the walls, motioned for us to come inside the yard. They placed a mat for us to sit on, on the veranda, and many gathered, among whom I saw the Brahmin women who had run away from us in their own street. Here we had a good time, and then started for the tent. On our way we saw the Telugu man who so quickly broke up our talk with the Yellama women. I asked him where the man was who had sent him to call us away from his house. He pointed to a man sitting there, who had been smiling on us most complacently,

and salaaming very gracefully as we came along. I asked him if he had done this, he said it was a mistake, he had told him to call the crowd out of his yard. But I said he told me you ordered me to come out. O no, he said, it was all a mistake, he knew me in Bobbili, and how friendly I was with his people there, and how I had cured his relation's son when he was very sick, and he would be glad for me to talk with his women. Well, I said, if you send some one for me to-morrow afternoon and take me to see your women I will know that it was not your mistake, but the Telugu man's. He promised to do so, and he did I suppose, for a woman came for us and took us to another house, and these women came and listened to us the next day. After leaving him, in passing an alley, some Rajah caste women motioned us to come in. We followed them into the enclosure by their houses, and there in the beautiful moonlight we sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," told them the sweet story of the cross, and prayed with them, promising as we left, to come again, and returned to our tent. Four days after this we came in our journeying to Kajam. After our tent was pitched, and the bandies that brought us had gone, we heard that the cholera was very bad in the town, and as our servants were cooking our food the smoke from two burning corpses was blown into their faces by the wind, which was high every day we remained there. In the afternoon Mr. C. and Nursiah went into the town to preach: as they passed through the streets they saw two very bad cases of cholera. I went into two palems that were near the tent. In the Mala palem they listened very well until we thought we ought to come away, and I wished to get to the Telugu palem before dark. Katiiah went with me to the latter village. We stood under a tree near to the houses and sang a hymn. While singing, some 50 women came, and began listening to our words afterwards with great attention. However, as we got fairly started, an old Sepoy came and said, "What are you here listening for? I have heard enough about the Christian religion, these people have come to spoil our caste, away to your work, you idle women." And away they went. If any lingered they were very angrily called away by some of the others. The doors all along the street were shut, and not even a child was allowed to come near us. I said to Katiiah there is only one thing we can do for these people, and that is to pray. We each prayed, sang another hymn, and waited. After a time another man came and asked us what we wanted. While we talked to him, a number gathered around again, and he said come into another street and they will listen to you. We went, and a few gathered, but as soon as Katiiah began to talk they interrupted him, saying they had their cooking to do, but if I would come in the morning they would hear. We came away, and Neila and I went in the morning about 8. A few gathered, but they wanted to talk more than to listen, so that only a very few heard the message we brought to them. We remained an hour and an half trying to shelter ourselves from the burning sun in the shadow of an old shed, and talking as lovingly and earnestly as we could to all who would hear. Coming back to the tent, I thought how true that "one sinner destroys much good. If that Sepoy had not come, it seemed as if we could not have had a better hearing. That evening two more were carried out and burned; one had taken sick after we came there, and many more were lying very low in the town. It made us feel solemn to be so near the dead and dying, so we all gathered in the tent, read the 91st Psalm, committed ourselves and those perishing people into the hands of Him who is able to save, and lay down to sleep trustfully.

About 10 o'clock in the morning (Sunday) they came

out of the town by thousands to worship the goddess who eas charge of cholera. We watched them as they marched round and round, beating their tom-toms and playing their native music, trying to appease the wrath of the goddess, presenting their offering and praying that the cholera might be stayed. It was a sad sight, and led us to cry earnestly to the Lord that His salvation might come speedily to this people. But they continued to carry out their dead till we came away the next evening at Sundown.

At another village we visited the small-pox was very bad, and those who died were first carried out and thrown into the field, neither burned nor buried, for fear of offending the goddess who has charge of this disease. While touring I learned a lesson of faith from my little boy one day. He was very busy making a garden just inside the tent door, planting some kernels of rice. But we go away to-morrow, I said, "Never mind." He replied, "God sees the seeds I am sowing, and He will take care of them and make them grow." That is just the way we need to feel as we go from village to village sowing God's truth. There is joy in the sowing, there will be joy in the harvesting by and bye, when "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together." and all the praying ones shall have a part in this joy too.

Your sister in Christ,
M. F. CHURCHILL

Bobbili, April 12th, 1887.

Chicacole

MY DEAR LINK,—What shall I send you this morning from our Chicacole home and work, with which we are now becoming fairly well acquainted? The days are growing longer, brighter and hotter. Still we think the weather cool for the time of year. Since you last heard from us, a new worker has been added to our mission staff here; and she now sits in the other room under her new punkah as contentedly as possible. You know her as Miss Wright, recently of Bimlipatam, and formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia. We know her by that name also, and some of us know her by one or two others, to which she answers just as promptly, and which seem to suit her quite well. The change came about rather suddenly, but we, that is Mr. Archibald and I feel very much obliged to our Board for allowing her to come here. I am not so strong, as when I came to this station first, seven years ago, and the work among the women is just as great. Miss W. will relieve me of the care and teaching of the Bible women, and have the general charge of the visiting in town and country, or wherever she pleases. The consciousness that this work, for which I had not all the requisite time and strength, is being carried on, removes a burden, which better fits me for my other duties.

The day school is small, so is the boarding department, but both require attention; besides I want to start a little work among our servants. Moreover, you know, I am my husband's right hand helper, and when he is out on his field, if I am not there also, there is an abundance for me here.

We are talking considerably to our people about being *soul seekers*; and that they must aim to be *bringers in* of sheaves as well as seed sowers.

We had a happy and we think a profitable day last Sunday. Mr. Archibald gave us a helpful sermon in the morning, and Subraidu conducted the prayer meeting in the afternoon. He spoke well from Ephesians 6th and 14 and 17. When he had his soldier nicely clad in armour from head to feet, he said, "now what is this man,

who is fully equipped for war, going to do? Sit down in a corner?" He did not seem to think that was right, and we agreed with him. We want to be good soldiers in our Lord's army, and be in the front of the battle too. But we know, that some of the greatest victories in this warfare are won when we are in the secret places with our great Commander. Many years of sowing the gospel seed have been sown on this field, now while we sow we shall continually look for fruit. After the meeting on Sunday afternoon Mr. Archibald went one way with his helpers, while Miss W. and I turned towards home. The day had been hot, but now the sun was gone and the evening cool, so instead of returning in the carriage, we decided to walk. As we came up the street we noticed a *something* sitting to one side, and asked what it was. A bystander said "it was to convey a dead person to the burning place." I asked "when," and was answered "now." I said to Miss W. "will you wait and see?" She said "no," for good reasons, so went on, while I remained with one of our Christian women and a male servant. Death anywhere is a solemn thing, but in the gathering twilight with weird music all about, a peculiar feeling took possession of me. The bier, if such it may be called, consisted of two bamboos about eight feet long, fastened together horizontally about thirty inches apart. In the middle several shorter bamboos were laid across these two, and upon these were fastened some uprights. Over these was thrown a pink cloth. Some straw was brought and laid upon the cross sticks, and while this was going on some men were ringing bells, some blowing large shells, and another beating a drum. I turned and spoke to some of the people, and just then Rajamah said to me, "they are coming." Though I wished to see, I could not compel myself to turn about. She pulled my arm, and after a moment I looked. The body, that of an elderly woman, was sitting upright on the straw, and they were arranging the white cloth about her. The first look at the placid face stilled my nerves, and I drew nearer and looked at the quiet hands folded in her lap, the calm features and the smooth grey hair. Then they did something at which I almost cried out. A man took hold of the long grey hair, and tied it fast to a bamboo, that came just across the back of the neck. This was to hold the body steady, and without any other fastening they lifted the bier to their shoulders and walked away. The son of the deceased was one of the bearers, and the daughter-in-law appeared to be chief mourner. I began talking to those about, the women especially, and it was clearly evident that they all knew that the soul had gone, whether they knew not, but surely living. Among this people I do not remember of having conversed with one, who did not believe in the immortality of the soul. This will probably follow English education and culture, where these are not preceded by a change of heart. The subjugation of this country by the English is not an unmitigated good. English anti-religious literature and English intoxicants often make broad marks, where the influence of the missionary seems scarcely felt.

Entreating that you follow us closely with your prayers:

I am, as ever,

Yours sincerely,

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

P. S. All of your readers may not know that the young Brahmín, who was baptized on Christmas day by Mr. Archibald at Bimlî, rejoined the Christians, March 20th. This is one of the wonderful works of God.

C. H. A.

Cocanada

MY DEAR MRS. NEWMAN, - Our dear Miss Frith has to-day left us to the deep regret of all. Many hearts were sad, but none more sad than her own. The thought of leaving the work so dear to her was very hard after being here only a limited time. As she says it was hard for her to leave home when she came here, but now it was doubly so to leave this, the land of her adoption, and the land to which God had specially called her. During the past few weeks all the time she could possibly spare and more has been taken up by receiving visitors who had come for the last talks. European and Eurasian, English and native, Bichamic and Christian, one and all were listened and talked to with equal attention: to one an earnest word of advice, to another an encouraging word; to one a reproof to another an exhortation, with many not Christians a few beseeching words of prayer. To-day the verandah was filled again, the school-girls were here and sang their good-bye hymns with their loved missionary sitting in their midst, to-night the verandah is quiet, the school-girls have gone to their rooms, and Miss Frith is on the sea homeward bound. We trust that by the time she reaches Canada that the recovery already begun here may be completed, and that the time at home may be spent in storing up reserve strength, and that the sisters at home will allow her to rest, really rest, for the first few months at least, and that they will not expect or request her to be at every missionary gathering that is held. This is very trying for one whose physical system and nervous system both have been so enervated or prostrated by this fatal climate.

Many here are praying for her quick return, and we hope those at home may unite their petitions at the throne of Grace, that if it is God's will she may be fully restored so as to be able shortly to do so. In the meantime I take a nominal oversight of her zenana work, paying the workers and meeting them once a month. More than this I think I ought not to do till the language is more ready to me. Has any other young lady shown herself ready to come? We hope so. Praying that while you are welcoming the returning missionary another may be preparing to come,
S. J. HATCH.

A First Tour.

We pass out through the Samulotta gate and down the long stretch of road that leads to Jaggampett and find ourselves really started upon our first tour. It is about 11 p.m., and as there is no moon the night is rather dark, but that makes little difference to us lying upon our back at full length in the bandy, with face towards the small canopy of covering that shuts us in and makes us feel we have a small world of our own. We compose ourselves to sleep and pass the miles unconsciously, waking when light breaks and find ourselves nearing our first stopping place.

We enter Jaggampett—I don't know whether I should call it a village or a town—have made about twelve miles during the night, pass through the place and slowly make our way to the travellers' bungalow. Some one has been here before us and has passed the night, but has flown, leaving indications of a hurried departure, as articles of every description are scattered in all directions which the servants are busy gathering up and making ready for moving. We unceremoniously push into the bungalow, crowd other things aside with our own, have a hurried tea, and are ready to see the people of Jaggampett. As we pass through the streets in search of a good place for preaching, we see enough of the place to know that it must be a town. I shall call it a town of some importance.

We take up our stand on the corner of a principal street

and have soon a considerable company about us. This is gathered by singing a hymn, and when assembled is a study for any one interested in humanity.

We are finally face to face with this heathen people. One quick glance takes in everything, outer garment, mental equipment, spiritual knowledge. These are they of whom we had heard much—stories of idolatry, ignorance and sin, until the soul addened; of vain effort seeking light and finding none, of hopeless, dark utter despair. And now we are in their midst, can speak their language, can show them the way of salvation, can tell them things eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor mind conceived—things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.

The hymn is ended and a motly throng have gathered round, of all ages and appearances, some crowding near, some at a distance, in all postures, some sitting, some standing with avidly supported, or burden upon the head, some idly passing the time, some plying their trade weaving a rope or plaiting a basket, some gazing in stupid wonder, some heedless, catching a word and passing soon; some curious to question or ready to hinder—a few, may be, eager for knowledge, but all eyes are turned upon us and are taking us in from the large sun tope we wear to the shoes on our feet, and they could stand gazing at us any length of time if so no pressing duty did not call them away. We have waited long enough and now tell the story of the cross and explain our mission, and do what we can with simple narrative, illustration, or story to press the truth home; and this seems more difficult than an enthusiast might have imagined, for these souls are very dark, and these hearts are very hard, and these natures have been perverted, ruined by sin. These, certainly need a second birth, and such, some will experience, we may hope.

We soon pass the morning when we must retreat within the walls of the bungalow, and while here find out the two Christians in the place, learn what villages are near, what work may be done, and the best means of doing it.

In the evening we preach in the Malapilly, and then get under way for our next halting place. This is Rajanagram where we pass another day similar, in many respects, to our first one, varied by circumstances and surroundings, and then hurry on to Gokaram, the Lord's Supper is commemorated, the Christians encouraged, the gospel preached to others, and we journey on to Rajapudi where one of our preachers is stationed—Guriah. A day here, permitting us to see Rajapudi and a village two miles distant, but apparently twice that distance to one walking with the sun pouring down upon him, and we make our way to Elaisvaram, from which place we see Lingamparti, another village two miles distant. In the former place we had a very enjoyable time, preaching in several places and getting a good hearing, while in the latter not so enjoyable, as we were endeavoring to persuade some who had gone back to return and had to leave them in a halting condition.

Another night comes in upon us and we move on to Gedenapilla, in which and about which there are thirteen Christians, the most of whom we see when we pass on through Valanka which we see also to another Jaggampeth; but we have passed out of the Cocanada field and have crossed the Tuni field boundaries, and are upon ground worked by Mr. Currie. Jaggampeth is a station on the Tuni field and has four Christians and prospects that others may soon embrace the Christian faith. In a small house, the thermometer standing at 100°, we passed the day, having not a minute's respite from the time of entering until we said our salaams and passed on. The little house and place near the door was first crowded with a company of men, and then with a company of women, and finally the Christians came in for their part, and before leaving we saw the village, ascertained the needs of the place, gained the Munsiff's consent to the Christians taking water out of the good water tank which caste people previously alone took. Leaving Jaggampeth we passed through Sankawaram and as it was market day we had a good opportunity of meeting a great many people with little difficulty. We stay here talking with the people until our

bandies overtake us when we push forward through Mandapam and Tallanguta to Tuni, reaching that place Saturday morning and spend our second Sunday in Tuni.

On Monday, by palankone, we see Satzivaram where we see Malakshmi and Rajana her husband, whom you know from Mr. Currie's letters, and Pakeerowpoll where we see Ammana and her husband whom you also know.

Tuesday evening we started out into the region beyond Tuni seeing Nakpapilli, Dermasagarani, Elavaram, Nandur, Polavaram and other villages, reaching Tuni on our return Saturday midnight. I have crowded this into a single sentence, but you can fill it out in imagination for the country soon was wild and romantic enough to give full play to a poetic mind.

We spend a second Sunday in Tuni, preaching in the morning, commemorating the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, and baptizing five converts in the evening.

On Monday we meet the preachers, hear their reports, learn the state of their work, and find much that is encouraging. We see much more than we have written, but it may be that you are growing impatient, as we are ourselves, to get back to Samulcotta. We go at once, Monday evening, seeing Chinnia Palem on the way, and reach Samulcotta late Tuesday night after an absence of about twenty days.

We have travelled fast, made short halts, and have roughly taken in the country from Gokaram to Dermasagarani, a stretch of about seventy miles, but our object was to see the whole of the part that had fallen to us before the hot season made touring undesirable; to find out the stations, the Christians, to learn the state of the work and find out its needs. In doing this we passed fourteen nights in the bandy, not a very choice place for sleep, passed over roads describable and indescribable, moved through tiger regions, happily seeing no tigers, experienced some of the discomforts of sandy travel when the thermometer is about 90° at night, and made the acquaintance of a goodly temperature in the day having it 104° in tent, one day 105°, and in the Tuni bungalow over 100°.

But here we are in Samulcotta the 4th May, a first tour ended, a little knowledge gained, and pleased more than we can well express, that we have been permitted to do some work for the Master where workmen are so few.

J. R. STILLWELL.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Associational Meetings.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.—The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles was held at East Flamboro on Friday, June 17th. After a short time spent in prayer, reports were heard from the Circles. In this Association there are 17 (English) churches. We have eleven Circles and seven Mission Bands. Ten Circles combine home and foreign work—one Circle, Georgetown, home work exclusively. During the year two Circles and three Bands have been organized. Ten Circles—no financial report was received from Fullerton—have raised for Foreign Missions \$164.79; Home Missions \$181.27; by Mission Bands since October over \$68.00. Total \$414.06.

A paper, "Loud Calls to go Forward," by Mrs. Weir, Guelph, was listened to with interest. The calls are (1) State of women in India; (2) Open doors; (3) Success attending present efforts; (4) Response to call by students. Miss McLaren, Belfountain, a paper speaking of our responsibility. God has given us talents to use, the talents with increase will he require. Mrs. Campbell and Miss Haines sang "Who will hear," with effect. Miss Warren, Acton, read a paper on "Life of Mrs. Emily C. Judson," drawing lessons for us from that beautiful life. We then heard Miss Tapscott, Brampton, on Mission-

Band work, speaking of the work that has been done and that may be done by this means. The questions of introducing the monthly missionary prayer meeting into our churches and a quarterly missionary Sunday into our Sunday Schools were discussed, and resolutions to use our influence in this direction were adopted. The question of taking up work amongst the North-west Indians was brought before us, and a feeling favorable to branching out in this direction was manifested. Mr. Davis spoke for a few minutes and distributed mission literature. The officers of last year were re-elected. Collection amounting to \$5.41 was taken.

M. MCKECHNIE, *Director.*

BRANT.—The fifth annual meeting of the Circles of the Brant Association was held at Westover, June 7th, Mrs. Hallam presiding. One new Circle has been organized at Park Church, Brantford. There are now eleven Home and Foreign Circles, six Bands, four for Foreign Missions only, two both Home and Foreign Circles and Bands have raised during the year \$890.63, an increase over last year of \$82.22. Though sixteen reports were read comparatively little time was occupied, as each secretary was asked to have her report on one side of half a sheet of note paper. This was an improvement on former meetings when so much time was taken up listening to long reports. The Circle and Band at Gobles, and the Gleaners of Brantford are the only ones reporting an average attendance of half the numbers at the monthly meetings. Dundas reports an increase of \$57.80 this year. Burch, with only eleven members, widely scattered, an increase of \$32.00. The Reapers (Boys) of First Church Brantford, raised \$60 during the year. A communication from Mrs. A. R. McMaster, regarding work among the Indians in the North-west was read. After a few remarks by Mrs. Hallam on the importance of this work, addresses were delivered by Mr. Davis and Rev. H. G. Fraser. Many expressed their pleasure at hearing Mr. Davis, saying they would take greater interest in his work after meeting him; and one aged sister when paying for the LINK said, "I am too feeble to go to the meetings but I want to hear about his work when he is in India."

Wednesday morning a special meeting was held in the vestry to re-organize the Circle, which for the past two years has reported two members only. Eight ladies having given in their names as members, officers were elected and collectors and committees appointed. Many helpful words were spoken by the delegates and before the close of the meeting seventeen names had been given in. We enter on another year of work, feeling greatly encouraged, hoping to report next June \$1,000 raised by the Circles and Bands of Brant Association for the work.

A. MOYLE, *Director.*

HURON.—The annual meeting of the W. B. H. and F. Mission Circles of the Huron Association met at Glamis on the afternoon of Thursday, the 16th ult., at 2.30 o'clock. The meeting was very largely attended, almost every available seat in the building being occupied. Mrs. J. C. McDonald, President, in the chair. After the usual devotional exercises, the reports of the different Circles were read, thirteen (13) in all. Financially they stood as follows: Amount raised for Home Missions, \$185.18; amount raised for Foreign Mission, \$232.11; amount raised from Mission Bands, \$68.72, making a total of \$486.01. Each report contained a statement of the amount of interest in missions, how sustained, also many questions and suggestions relative to the keeping up of interest. The Huron Association having decided to adopt the proposed new division of churches into associations, our Huron Association was thereby divided into two, namely: ur-

The Owen Sound and the Walkerton Associations. The officers elected for the Owen Sound Association are as follows: *President*, Mrs. McNeil, Port Elgin; *Director*, Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Paisley. For Walkerton, *President*, Miss F. M. Stovel, Mount Forest; *Director*, Mrs. J. Reid, Mount Forest.

Prof. Wolverton, of Woodstock College, delivered a very interesting address on Foreign Missions, setting forth the necessity of Christian love and power in the homes of India, our responsibility, and the importance of being up and doing to-day. Mr. P. McEwen, spoke a few words on missions generally, then came Mrs. A. R. McMaster's address, on "What is being done by our Women's Home Missionary Societies on their various fields?" She presented forcibly the needs of the Indians of our North West, and closed with an earnest appeal to the Circles on their behalf. Music was furnished by the Glamis ladies, and delegates of the different Circles. Collection amounted to \$7.00, which was divided equally between the Home and Foreign Missions. The meeting closed with prayer, led by Mrs. A. R. McMaster.

EDITH HOWSON, Sec.

News from the Circles.

COW BAY, C. B.—For about three months we have been prevented from holding our usual meetings, owing to the prevalence of diphtheria in our midst. During that time death has entered our little Society and robbed us of our beloved and worthy President, and we mourn for her as one who ever responded to the Master's call, and who was always found at the post of duty. She truly had the object of our Society at heart, and sought to point others to the importance of assisting God's cause in this way. Our number still remains small, but is composed of loyal subjects to the Master's will, who know He is faithful to perform whatsoever He has promised if we will do our part, and O may we always be found faithful workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

A. V. MCINNIS, Sec.

MIDDLETON, N. S.—The Pine Grove Woman's Missionary Society held a public meeting on the evening of the 4th of April, which (though not largely attended owing to unfavorable roads, etc.) has been sufficiently fruitful in good results to deserve mention, seven new names having been added to our list, and a branch society organized at the Spa Springs, some four or five miles away but within the limits of this Church, starting with eleven members.

The Branch Society formed two years ago in Brooklyn by Mrs. J. T. Eaton, was the first; this the second. We hope the time is near when two or three more in other sections of the Church will be added to the little cluster. When in 1870 Miss Norris asked the sisters here to undertake this work but nine were ready, though six others soon joined them.

A few of the original members still remain, with a love for the work that deepens and strengthens as the years go by. One of these, Miss Jessie Woodbury (who was for a number of years the faithful leader of a successful Mission Band, now in the hands of the Sunday School), was present at the Springs on 8th of May, to aid in forming the new Society, whose officers are as follows:

President, Mrs. Zebideo Durling; *Vice Pres.*, Mrs. Theodoro Marshall; *2nd Vice Pres.*, Mrs. Rufus Elliott; *Sec.*, Miss Emma Marshall; *Asst. Sec.*, Miss Maggie Marshall; *Treas.*, Mrs. Busby Gates. *Auditor*, Mrs. Ray.

NEW ALBANY, N. S.—On the first of December at our Aid Society we resolved to have a public Missionary meeting on the evening of Wednesday after Christmas. The young people and children were invited to prepare recitations and dialogues upon missionary subjects. On the evening appointed, though the weather was unfavorable, quite a congregation

assembled in the church. The exercises consisted of readings, pastor, recitations and dialogues; also an address by our pastor, Rev. W. J. Bleakney. All seemed pleased with the evening's entertainment, especially with the children's part. A collection was taken up amounting to \$6.68. The chief object of the meeting was to awaken an interest in Missionary subjects.

MRS. F. W. OAKES.

HILLSBURG.—An open meeting was given by the Women's Baptist Mission Circle of Hillsburg, on the evening of May 31st. After Scripture reading and prayer by the Rev. M. P. Campbell, who occupied the chair, the Secretary's report was read, and a reading, "The Story of the Bees," followed. The remainder of the time was occupied by Mrs. Newman of Toronto and Miss McKechnie of Glauke. Miss McKechnie gave a general sketch of the Mission Field, showing very clearly the great need for more laborers. Mrs. Newman, in an earnest address, showed the necessity for missionary work and the great responsibility of each in the matter. Music was furnished by members of the Circle and others. A silver collection amounting to \$13.80 was taken up, but we hope to receive a still greater benefit, in increased interest, and consequently increased work on the part of the sisters here.

L. M. REID, Sec.

MONTREAL.—It was with feelings of deep regret that the Executive Board for W. M. Soc., Quebec, heard that its Esteemed Corresponding Secretary, Miss Muir, in order to recruit her health, had been promotorily ordered to lay aside all work for a time. The Board appointed an assistant to relieve her as far as possible from her devoted labors. Will correspondents please send communications to

MISS N. E. GREEN, *Asst. Cor. Sec.*,

478 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

GUELPH.—On Friday, May 6th, delegates from the (the following Circles in Midland Counties Association met at Guelph: Edmondton, Brampton, Cheltenham, East Flamboro, Hillsburg, Acton and Guelph. At 3.30 p.m. Mrs. Thompson, President, was in the chair. The meeting was opened by singing, reading of Scripture, and a short season of prayer. After the opening exercises Mrs. Weir gave a warm address of welcome. Reports were now given by delegates from Circles represented and from Circles not represented, by Director of the Association. The reports showed the Circles generally to be in a healthy condition. A reading, "Preparations for the Master's work," opened the way for a discussion on "How to make Circle meetings interesting?" We heard the experience of different Circles—one Circle has been taking up the study of the Congo Mission, and its members have found their knowledge becoming more interesting. Other Circles prepare a programme at each meeting for following meeting, and those whose names are on the programme come prepared and the meeting is a success. All those Circles that have tried it, find that a short time spent in prayer, in which a number take part, is a great help to the meeting. The monthly missionary concert in our churches was then discussed. A number of ladies took part in this. One church in this Association has already introduced it and believe it to be a great means of spreading missionary intelligence and thereby interesting our church members. Some had taken part in these monthly meetings amongst our American neighbors and told us how they were conducted there. The subject was thoroughly discussed and the following resolution was carried unanimously: "That each Circle appoint a committee to confer with the pastor in regard to bringing the monthly missionary concert before the church."

The meeting at 8 p.m. was opened by singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and prayer by Mr. Webb.

Mrs. Thompson gave an address. Miss M. McKechnie, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Raymond followed with papers relating to our work. Mr. Raymond told us in a few words the state of our mission at the present time. Mr. Weir and Mr. Webb gave short addresses, and the meeting closed with singing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Music was supplied in the evening by our Guelph friends. A collection was taken at the door amounting to \$9.25, which goes to defray the expenses of the Association. All felt that the time together had been pleasantly and profitably spent, and we believe each one went away with stronger resolution to help in sending the glad tidings to the perishing millions of this world.

M. M.

ST. CATHARINES.—DEAR LINK.—We thought a line or two from us might interest you. Through the writer, the children and a few of the older ones have been making various articles for sale, also practising a missionary programme, consisting of pieces from back numbers of the LINK. As this was our first attempt we were very anxious it should be a success. The Lord surely blessed our effort, for last Tuesday was a lovely day, and better still we cleared \$35. We thought you would like to rejoice with us, also it may encourage others. Surely we have reason to thank God and take courage.

ELLEN PRIEST, *President.*

New Circles.

ALMONTE.—Mission Circle organized on 25th May, with thirteen members. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Reeve; *Sec.*, Miss J. Stork; *Treas.*, Mrs. Mattock.

DRUMMONDVILLE.—Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized May, 27th, by Mrs. Robertson. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Munroe; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. Theo. Woodruff; *Treas.*, Miss Roberts; *Sec.*, Miss Brown.

WARSHAW.—A Women's Home Mission Circle was organized on June 5th, by Mrs. Peer, of Norwood. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. G. Forsyth; *Sec.*, Miss Jane Spiers; *Treas.*, Mrs. James Kidd.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.—Our Mission Band organized about six months ago. We meet once a month, after Sabbath school. To-day we decided to support a student at Samulcolta. We have on hand over \$11. Our meetings are well attended, and the children much interested.

LA CHUTE, QUE.—A W. F. M. Circle was organized here early in March, with 13 members. Officers:—Mrs. J. Higgins, *President*; Miss Martha Foulton, *Vice-President*; Miss Kate McPhail, *Secretary*; Miss Maria McGibbon, *Treasurer*. Seven copies of the LINK are taken by the members. Our meetings, so far, are well attended and interesting.

M. M. HIGGINS.

GLANMIS.—Home and Foreign Mission Circle, organized by Miss Stovel, of Mount Forest, on June 10th. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Cunningham; *Vice-Pres.*, of Home Missions, M. Howson; *Vice-Pres.*, of Foreign Missions, Miss F. McIntyre; *Sec.*, Miss E. Howson; *Treas.*, Miss E. Leslie.

RAGGED ISLAND, N. S.—The ladies of East Ragged Island feeling it to be their duty to do something to help the heathen to learn of God, resolved to form a Women's Missionary Aid Society. Sister Annie Harlow gladly responded to our call for help and on the 16th of May,

she, with other leading members of Sable River Society, met with us and organized a Society with four members; but we expect more at the next meeting. The officers appointed were—*President*, Mrs. Sophia Freeman; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Elizabeth Harding; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Serena Matthews; *Secretary*, Mrs. Sadie M. Freeman. Hoping and praying that we will prosper in the work,

I remain,

SADIE FREEMAN, *Sec.*

Christmas Presents For the Cocanada Schools.

Some young girls in our Sunday Schools are making needle books of pieces of silk plush or velvet, creton work-bags, dressing china dolls, and we hope to make some scrap books, pasting in pretty pictures taken from papers and old Christmas cards. These things we intend sending to the school in Cocanada, for Christmas gifts, and we also wish to send Miss Folsom some similar articles for her school. If there are other schools or any young people who would be willing to help also it would be very pleasant work for them to do during the holidays. If you think it worth while to mention this in the LINK we would be glad, but if you think you had better not do so, it will not matter. We also wish to send penknives, pencils, scissors, thimbles; things which boys might purchase with a little economy, practiced in their pocket money. It will take quite a number of articles to send to both the schools. Those who do not wish to make these things now might do so in the fall, and perhaps send a Christmas treat to some of the Sunday Schools in our own country, where they rarely or never have a Christmas treat of any kind. Hoping some will see fit and help in this little work.

I am, sincerely yours,

Toronto, June 23rd, 1887.

ISABEL T. ALEXANDER.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

What we Can.

Whorover on home be, in cottage or hall,
There's mission work plenty for each and for all;
Oh! let us be faithful to God and to man,
Our daily endeavor to do *what we can*.

Each effort, if earnest, must surely succeed,
Since God's grace sufficeth for each time of need;
Oh! why do we linger? life is but a span,
Let us try from this moment to do *what we can*.

If only we're faithful in little or much,
A blessed reward is awaiting all such.
Dear children, I say 'tis the very best plan,
To do day by day just as *much as we can*.

Can I not go myself? why, then, though I stay,
I can still do my part, I can work, I can pray;
I can faithfully labor for God and for man,
My every-day motto to do *what I can*.

Since Jesus the Saviour has done all for me,
That I in His glory a sharer might be,
I will do all I can to do as He would,
Then shall hear His "Well done; *she hath done what she could*."

Who will be the Next?

If all the boys and girls who will read this had been with me to-night, they would know what I mean by this question. Here on this Sabbath evening, May 15th, in the Baptist church, Ottawa, we have had one of the most stirring foreign mission appeals we have ever had. Our Mission Bands will all have heard of the great need of our own mission field at

Cocoonada, and the other stations among the Telugus. God visited the little band of workers there, so few, and so much needed, and He has taken away two noble men who had hoped to have spent many more years in mission work. When Bros. Timpany and Curran, of God's call, left their work on earth to be with Him in heaven, we all mourned their loss, and wondered why God had taken them. Bro. McLaurin, his wife and our dear sister, Miss Frith, are worn out with their extra work and cares, and are on their way home for a much needed rest. Our field in Telugu land is so needy, and it made our hearts rejoice to-night to see two earnest young men who have laid aside every ambition and earthly prospect of fame to be "all for Jesus," to go out into the highways and byways of heathendom and draw the wanderers into Christ's kingdom. Many of you have had the pleasure of seeing Bro. Davis and Bro. Laffanme in your own churches and Sunday Schools, and of hearing their earnest appeals for this work. Our last LINK told us that they both expect to sail for India in August. The closing hymn we sang to-night was that one beginning

"Yes, my native land, I love thee."

You all know this hymn and how its tenderness sinks deeper into our hearts every time we sing it. Do you think our young brothers to-night felt sad at the thought of leaving their native land for the darkness of India? No, indeed! They thanked the Lord for letting them go, and tried to get enough missionary spirit in our young people to make some of them resolve to follow as soon as possible. The large charts they had hung up behind the pulpit, one a copy of the first page of our April LINK, and one a comparison between the money spent for drink, tobacco and other things and the little given for missions, seemed to speak all through the service, and the question came home to each of us, "What are you doing to give these 850 millions of heathen the Bread of Life?" I wish I could tell you a few of the thoughts that were told us to-night. One was, that we who love the Lord Jesus are too much like vessels, half full and yet trying to overflow. Do you understand what that means? We say we loved Jesus who first loved us; we say we want everybody else to, love Him too; we know that there are millions of precious souls dying every year who never heard of our Saviour. Jesus says to us, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He could send angels from heaven to carry this message to the heathen, but they do not know the power of redeeming love as we do; they have not been sinners, condemned to die, and then freely forgiven because the Lord Jesus has died for them. So Jesus wants us, His saved people, to tell abroad the glad tidings that have brought us from darkness to light. If our hearts were as Jesus wants them to be, they would be overflowing with this message all the time. Whose fault is it if they are only like vessels half full? One reason given to-night in a quiet way was this: our young people, our boys and girls, read too many stories, and too little about foreign missions. There are hundreds of books of most intense interest written about those men and women who have gone down into the depths of heathenism to bring up souls for Christ. Many of our S. S. libraries have copies of them on their shelves, but they are not taken out half as often as some exciting story that perhaps never happened at all. Think the matter well over, dear boys and girls, and resolve to read all the books about foreign mission work that you can get hold of.

Another thought that we cannot remember too often. If our own way is hedged in and we cannot go to India, or to China, or to Africa, to tell of Jesus and His love, we can tell the story at home. Jesus expects us to do this, instead of being silent, when a work spoken or a text repeated in the hearing of those who do not know our Saviour would surely bring forth fruit. And then as we realize the need of this gospel being carried to the heathen, we can pray still more earnestly that the Lord will put it in the hearts of those who can go to offer themselves, and thank God! these are not lacking. Then let us pledge ourselves to be among those who will send these missionaries as our substitutes, to fill the place in India we would gladly have filled. Let us pray

especially for those two young brothers so soon to leave us, and earnestly ask the question among ourselves, Who will be the next to thus obey the last command of our Lord?

480 Lewis St. Ottawa.

SISTER BELLE.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from April 27th, to June 26th, inclusive.

Clear Creek M.C. \$4.28; Mission Boxes \$4.22; Thos. Smith, \$5; Mrs. Keay, 50c.; Calvary M.C. \$3; London, Adelaide St., M.C. \$19; Wyoming M.C. \$13; Bridgen M.C. \$2; Claremont M.C. \$5; Orillia M.C. \$5; Brantford, Park St., M.C. \$7; Springhill M.C. \$4.30; Denfield M.C. \$2.50; Sohomburg M.C. \$7.54; St. Catharines M.B. \$13 for the support of H. Jean; Markham, 2nd Ch., M.C. \$3; Woodstock M.C. \$25; Mrs. Robert Dennis, Florence, 50c.; Meaford M.C. \$5.10; Brampton M.C. \$4.15; Belleville M.C. \$r.50; Peterboro' M.C. \$20.10; Gobles Corners M.C. \$4.50; do. M.B. \$25 (for the support of Pasala Samuel); Westover M.C. \$2; do. M.B. \$3; Toronto, College St., M.B. \$3 (for the support of W. B. B. Lydia); A friend in London \$5 (for the Zenana Home); Collingwood M.C. \$2.21; London, Adelaide St., M.B. \$5; Allea Craig M.C. \$25 (of this \$20 from autograph quilt); Peterboro' M.B. \$5.83; Lurtho M.C. \$10; College St. Boys M.B. \$5; Port Hope M.C. \$32; Burgessville M.C. \$5; Sarnia M.C. \$12.85; Brampton Willing Workers \$3.15; Dovercourt Road M.C. \$10.20; Boston M.C. \$21.00, for the support of Bible woman; Tecumseh M.C. \$3.15; Tilsonburg M.C. \$5.00; Brooklin M.C. \$9.00; East Flamboro M.C. \$4.00; Brock, West Line M.C. \$2.40; Beverley St. M.C. \$6.82; Beverley St. M.B. \$3.70; Paris M.C. \$42.90 (to make Miss Jane Randall a life member); Paris M.B. \$5.04; Goodwood M.C. \$3.27; Woodstock M.B. \$17.00 (towards the support of Penattii David and his wife); Stouville M.C. \$10.80; Owen Sound M.C. \$7.00; Aurora M.C. \$2.00; Lewis St. M.C. \$15.00; Harristown M.C. \$2.80; 2nd Lobo M.C. \$6.50; 2nd Lobo M.B. \$4.75; Plympton Tp. M.C. \$9.00; 1st Lobo M.C. \$8.00; Mount Brydges M.C. Calvary M.C. \$2.18; Oshawa M.C. \$1.50; Cheltenham M.C. \$3.50; Mrs. Wantless, Parkdale \$1.00; Manilla M.C. \$2.00; Hamilton M.C. \$19.00; Collection at Association Meeting at Orillia \$2.55; Parkhill M. C. 3.00; Woodlee M.C. \$5.20; East Zorra M.C. \$3.00; Aylmer M.B. \$25.00 (for the support of Mangam Samuel); Glamis M.C. \$3.50; Paisley M.C. \$5.00; Miss McMichael \$5.00; College St. M.C. \$5.10; Jarvis St. \$45.47; Mrs. Thos. Parsons, Ostrander 50c. Total \$652.13.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

231 Wellesley Street.

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from April 21st, to June 22nd, 1887.

Abbott's Corners \$5; Perth \$15; Montreal, Olivet, \$28.24; First Baptist, Montreal \$5; Maxville \$8.00; Osgoode \$16.30; Dominionville \$11.50; Roxburgh \$7; Kenmore \$18; Cornwall \$10; Kemptville \$10. Total, \$132.94.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas.,

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

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

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

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