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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

Ye Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

LX-3

MAY, 1892.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	110
REPORT OF BOARD MEETING	110
ASSOCIATION MEETINGS	110
UNION MEETING IN MONTREAL	110
IN THE SPIRIT AND POWER OF ELIJAH	111
THE MOTHER AT HOME	118
OPPOSITION TO THE MISSIONARIES	116
WORK AT HOME	117
W. B. M. U.	118
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT	122

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TORONTO, MAY, 1892.

No. 9

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MAY.—For the missionaries at Tuni, Mr. and Mrs. Garside and Miss Rogers, the Bible women and preachers. For the heathen in the 3,000 villages of this needy field. Read letters from Mr. and Mrs. Garside in February LINK. For a spirit of self-denial among the Christians at home, that they may give more abundantly. For our Associational gatherings, that they may result in a deeper, more widespread interest in Foreign Missions.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held in the board room at 10.30 a.m., on Tuesday, April 14th.

There were eighteen ladies present. A committee on the programme for the annual meeting was appointed consisting of the President, the Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Robertson, and Miss West, Secretary for Bands. A communication was received from the Conference at Bimbi, asking the Board to assist in paying the return passage of Miss Folsom, who intends going out this year to resume the charge of the Timpany Memorial School. \$200 was voted for this purpose. The board would have liked to make this appropriation larger, but as the Treasurer's statement showed that the receipts for the past three months were not equal to those for the corresponding time last year, it was felt that the funds were not keeping pace with our increased responsibility. Letters were read from all the lady missionaries. It was decided by unanimous vote to hold the annual meeting in Paris according to the invitation provisionally accepted at former meeting.

E. DAVIES, Rec. Sec'y.

ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

NIAGARA. The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles of the Niagara Association, will be held in Port Colborne, on Thursday, June 2nd, 1892, at 2 p. m. M. K. F.

MIDLAND COUNTIES ASSOCIATION. The next annual meeting of Circles will be held in Stratford on June 9. Preparations are being made for a good meeting. Miss MacDonald, missionary-elect for India, will be present and will speak. Will Circles and Bands prepare to send delegates. Questions intended for the question drawer should be forwarded as soon as possible to—M. MC-KECHNIE, Brampton P. O.

PETERBORO' ASSOCIATION. The Women's Mission Circles in the Peterboro' Association, will hold (D. V.) their annual meeting at Port Hope, on Tuesday, June

14th, 1892. Programme—Morning service, for Prayer 10 to 11.30. Afternoon, session at 2.30, for Election of Officers, transaction of business, etc. Evening, Plain form meeting. Each branch of our work will be represented at these meetings. We are hoping to have Rev. John Craig to address our evening meeting. Mrs. Booker, (Timpany) will be present and speak upon Foreign Missions. Please send delegates.—FRANCE CASSWELL, Ass'n Dir. *pro tem.*

UNION MEETING IN MONTREAL.

The Ladies' Mission Circles belonging to the four Baptist Churches of the city of Montreal, gathered for a union meeting in the Olivet church parlor, Monday afternoon, March 14th.

The attendance was not all that could have been hoped for, but the undesirable weather perhaps accounted for it.

Mrs. Brown of the home church presided over the meeting, while Mrs. Radway, president of the First church, shared a place of honor at her side.

After devotional exercises a paper written by Mrs. Newman, of Toronto, on the subject of "Woman's Organizations," was read by Mrs. Smith. The paper was an exceedingly interesting and instructive one. We learned through it that the first ladies' society was formed in Boston, Mass., in the year 1800, when the subscribers (who were partly Baptists and partly Congregationalists) were supposed to give one cent a week each towards missionary objects. The contribution through this source amounted to \$800 the second year.

The annual income as it stands to-day is \$2,000,000. What a gratitude these figures should call forth from every heart interested in the cause? and yet sisters, to make a personal application can we merit the Master's comment. "She hath done what she could."

A paper on the work in Maskinonge was read by Mrs. Therrien, wife of our beloved French missionary, showing clearly the hand of Providence in opening up this dark village to gospel light. Mrs. Claxton followed with interesting facts principally about the Baptist Circle in Montreal, but before closing referred to the Telugu mission in India.

At this juncture Miss Green requested prayer for the afflicted Baptist Society in Russia known as the "Stundists."

The meeting was brought to a close by Mrs. Craft Alphabetical roll call, read by request, by Mrs. Brown and the doxology

H. F. OLIVE,
Sec'y Olivet Woman's Circle.

IN THE SPIRIT AND POWER OF ELIJAH.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONFERENCE AT HIMP-
LIPITAM BY MRS. HIGGINS.

THE subject which I have chosen for this paper has been selected with a view to the encouragement and help of those engaged in the work of bringing a heathen world to Christ.

The study of character, whether in secular or religious history, is always profitable. By discovering the secret of failure and success and the element of weakness and power in the lives of others, we are enabled the better to direct our own.

Let us then briefly examine the character of the prophet Elijah as revealed in the account of his life. Thus may we learn the spirit of the man and the secret of his power.

At various intervals since the world began, there have been men who have filled unique places in the world's history, the influence of each having been felt far and wide. Elijah was one of these. When God has a great work to be done he raises up certain individuals whom he endows with ability for that particular work.

God has graciously ordained that *man* shall carry on His work among men, whether that work be a quiet, unobtrusive one affecting but few, or one which shall be known and felt the world over. Elijah was among those of the latter class. He was one of the great lights of reform.

What a noble pillar of strength he was! What a grand work he did! What power he had with God and man! It was by the word of his mouth that rain should fall or be withheld.

What was the condition of the people among whom Elijah lived and worked? What his mission; what his message; and what the secret of his power? These questions we will consider for a little, keeping in mind while thus engaged, the condition of the people among whom our lot is cast and the work we have come to do. In order that, later, we may contrast our life and work with His and see if there may not be some parallels in both.

The Israelitish nation had been chosen by God for His own. He had done great things for His people whereof they ought to have been glad. We will not stop to trace His dealings with them. Suffice it to say that He had constantly been "a wall of fire around about" them, and their "glory in the midst" of them. But again and again they had disobeyed his laws, each time going more deeply into sin, until, at the time of Elijah, they had wandered from Him, had become "strangers from the covenants of promise," and recognized no longer the God of their fathers. They had so far forgotten Jehovah that they were bowing down to wood and stone and worshiping images made by their own hands.

When the people had tempted God's forbearance too far, he chose Elijah to begin a work of reformation. Elijah's soul was filled with a burning zeal for the re-enthronement of Jehovah in the hearts of the people, and his whole being recoiled at the thought of the relapse of the nation into heathenism.

His mission was to bring a nation, "dead in trespasses and sins," bound over body and soul, to the worship of idols, back to the true and living God. Could anything be grander! Could any one engage in a nobler, more inspiring work than this? And yet, what tremendous obstacles, what fearful discouragement would face one in such a work!

Elijah realized the importance of his work. He knew its magnitude and that what he had to do meant life or death to the children of Israel.

But what is his message? It is, in the words of Joshua, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and in his own words—"If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow Him." There was no uncertain sound in that challenge. He knew he was standing on a solid foundation, while the people around him were sinking in the quicksands of idolatry which would ere long completely swallow them up. He called upon them to come and stand upon the same solid foundation with himself, that they and he together might "render unto the Lord the glory due unto His name," and might "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

Was his mission successful? Perhaps there were times when he thought it was a complete failure; when he felt himself standing alone and working against fearful odds. How elated and rejoiced he was at his victory on Mount Carmel, when his ears were filled with the cry of the people, "The Lord He is the God; the Lord, He is the God." Yet look at him a few hours afterwards, as he stands before the gate of Jezreel and hears of the anathemas which Jezebel, the champion of idolatry, was hurling at him. What a revulsion of feeling! How dark everything looked! Elijah on Carmel, in the strength of Jehovah, is bold, victorious, happy. Elijah in the valley, pursued by the wrath of Jezebel, becomes a dejected fugitive escaping for his life. The evil genius of the people was still in power and he thought himself to be the only servant of God in the land. Elijah was a man of like passions with ourselves and he experienced the same vicissitudes which are so often felt by us. He was sometimes on the mount and sometimes in the valley; sometimes elated by success, and at other times bowed down by a seeming defeat. Let us take courage from this fact for, as a whole, his life and work was a glorious success despite the season of depression through which he passed.

But what was the secret of all this power and success? We will find it in ascertaining the spirit in which he prosecuted his work.

In the first place, his was the spirit of *firm faith in God*. He could not have stood on Carmel with such confidence had he not felt assured that God would not forsake him. He knew whom he had believed and doubted not that, with God beside him, the thousands around him were helpless and powerless. Ofttimes had this great prophet to trust God in the dark; but his faith was unshaken.

Again, his was the spirit of *implicit obedience*.

After delivering his message to Ahab, the Lord commanded him to go to the brook Cherith, far from human habitation, and there spend months in solitude without a single person with whom to converse, and from whom to draw comfort. We would think that he would shrink from this lonely seclusion. But God had commanded and it was his to obey. Again he was bidden to leave his place of solitary confinement and go to a city, and that in the very country of Jezebel, his worst enemy. He would not have chosen this lot for himself, but with him, to know the will of God was to obey it. When God called him to lonely Cherith, he went; when He bade him go to Zarahpath, he obeyed; neither did he hesitate to face the wrath of Ahab when God called.

Thus we might go on from one scene in his life to another but we must forbear. Through every event we

can see that his watchword was *implicit obedience*. His was a spirit of *dauntless courage* and *unswerving fidelity of purpose*.

What courage was that displayed by this servant of the Most High God in facing the King of Israel with the declaration that no rain should fall upon that land except by the word of his mouth! What courage, when he again stood before Ahab, who had sought him far and wide that he might destroy him! What boldness when he commanded Israel's enemy to assemble the priests of Baal on Carmel that he might test the worth of their god and his! And when, a few hours afterwards, he slew in the presence of the king, those same prophets; what courage! He had a work to perform and nothing on earth could prevent its accomplishment.

Again, he was characterized by a spirit of *self-abnegation*. He was deeply humble. It was God's glory, not his own, that he sought. How easily he could have won the praises and homage of the people! When that grand victory was won on Mount Carmel, how easily he could have so conducted affairs that the people would have cried out, "What a wonderful man this is! What miracles he can perform! He is equal to a god!" Then and there they might have fallen down and worshipped him. But his desire was to forget self and exalt Jehovah. When the wonderful fire came down from heaven, the people lost sight of Elijah and cried: "The Lord, He is the God."

But again, he had *unbounded faith in the efficacy of prayer*. Look at him as he once more ascends to the top of Carmel, after the last of the prophets of Baal had been slain. There he bowed himself to the ground and prayed. He prayed until he had sent his servant seven times to ascertain whether his request had been granted. He prayed as a man would who *knew* that his prayer was already answered, requiring only time to make that answer known to him.

His prayer it was which caused the withholding of rain. *That* it was which brought again the refreshing showers upon the parched and burning earth. It was *that* which brought to life the widow's son and called from heaven the consuming fire. How many wonderful things Elijah did through the agency of prayer! Like Jacob of old, when *he* wrestled with God it was to prevail.

Let us turn now from these times of long ago to the present; to the work in which we are engaged and to the scenes with which we are so familiar. As we proceed we shall find striking parallels in the experiences of Elijah and of ourselves.

Elijah's God is our God; his mission is our mission; his message is our message; and the secret of his success must be the secret of our success.

What is the condition of the people among whom our lot is cast? The millions of India, as well as those of China, Japan, Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, have wandered far from God; they are "strangers to the covenants of promise," and recognize not the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They are bowing down to wood and stone, the dumb creations of their own hands.

The object which brought us here was the glory of God, that he, through us, might establish Himself in the hearts of the people. It is our work to lead them to choose God instead of Satan. These people are standing upon sinking sand, and we have come to entreat them to place their feet upon the solid rock, Christ Jesus; that they may "lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." We have come that

they may be "no more strangers and foreigners but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." The work that shall be done by us shall be, to these people, the "savour of death unto death, or the savour of life unto life."

Our *mission* is to hasten the time when Christ shall reign here in India, "whose right it is to reign," and when "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is the Lord to the Glory of God the Father."

Do we realize the importance of our mission? God grant that we may.

Our *message* is, - Choose, choose between the dumb idols you are serving and the God of heaven and earth. Choose between our work in the spirit of Elijah. We must have *firm faith in God*. Too often are circumstances such as to lead us to feel that we must have some one stronger and more unchangeable than the strongest of earth.

Again, we must have that spirit of *implicit obedience* which will lead us to answer our Heavenly Father's every call and do his slightest bidding.

We need to possess *dauntless courage* and *unswerving fidelity of purpose*; for, though our lives are not in danger, yet what courage it often takes to go on with our work when heart and head become sick with the oppressive atmosphere, heavy with corruption and sin which we are forced to breathe!

Humility is another trait we need to have. God's glory, not our own, the forgetting of self and the exaltation of Jesus, the goal of our ambition. And last but not least, we must possess *unbounded faith in the efficacy of prayer*. It is believing prayer that shall lead God to do a glorious work among these people. By it he will upon the dying, decaying mass of spiritual corruption, pour the refreshing showers of divine grace that shall quicken into new life. He will touch the pollution with the finger of his omnipotence and transform it into glory.

We have every reason for encouragement, for our united efforts will cause the breaking up of long established practices, the pulling down of the strongholds of heathenism, and the erecting on the site of its ruins, the noble structure of Christianity. Then the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

If we believe that God has called us to preach the Gospel to the heathen and, in accordance with that conviction, have come here for that purpose, and if we are trying, so far as in us lies, to "keep that which has been committed to our trust," and are doing what we can to obey the last command of Christ, we must *know* that the work for which God created us is being accomplished. Though we may not see any great changes, and the heathen by thousands turning from their evil ways, yet to most, if not all of us, God grants a few sheaves. But even though it were not so, we must remember that the success of those who come after us, depends largely upon your gross superstitions, degrading religion and the pure and uplifting religion of Jesus Christ. Choose between the bitter, impenetrable darkness of your future and the bright and joyous hereafter held out to you by God in Christ. Choose between a hopeless death and a glorious life.

Though our message is similar to that of Elijah's, it is true, there is a difference. Elijah received his message from God and we get ours from the same source. But we have even a more glorious message and one which will ensure even greater success; for we can urge the dying love of Christ and the glorious Gospel

of the Son of God, which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

In order to succeed in our mission we must carry on the way in which we have prepared the soil for them. "We labor and they enter into our labors."

We can already see the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" granted in answer to our prayers and efforts. This is but the earnest of copious showers which shall descend upon this and all other heathen lands, and make the spiritual drought and desolation a thing of the past. Truly we are engaged in a gloriously victorious cause, and the work of each one helps on to final victory.

May a double portion of Elijah's spirit be vouchsafed to us that our labor may not be in vain in the Lord.

THE MOTHER AT HOME.

STORY BY PANSY.

CHAPTER III.

HERITAGE.

STEP BY STEP. No sooner was this struggle ended—settled between Mrs Prescott and Christ forever—than there came a new thought. She was plaining and praying and talking, in order that her children might like the mission work in all its length and breadth. Was she absolutely sure, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that they loved the Lord of missions? Not with a commonplace sentiment, which is felt to-day, and to-morrow we do not know whether it exists or not; but were they planted in the garden of the Lord? firmly anchored to the Rock, so that no storms could beat them from the shore? Strangely enough, this mother did not know! She *hoped* that they were Christians. She prayed with and for them. She believed that they understood the way. She thought that even little Harry had some knowledge of the love of Jesus; and yet—and yet—she had been more earnest, actually, over their penances for the missionary, than over their hearts for the Master! She had consecrated them to the Lord. But what of that, unless they consecrated themselves? Do you see where this led her now? To the very foot stool of the Redeemer, praying Him, with tears, that He would come into her fair garden, and make it forever certain that her blossoms were growing *first* for Him. Said a mother to me, once: "I would not *dare* pray so, for fear that God would take me at my word, and take my boy away from me." Did that mother mean that if the Lord, with His far reaching eye, saw that this was the only way to make her boy's eternal future sure and glad, she would rather take the alternative? Mrs. Prescott *trusted her Lord*, and He honored the trust. Not alone in prayer did she live this anxiety. It became apparent in her daily intercourse with her children. Gradually they began to realize that the life which is hid with Christ in God, was what their mother desired for them, above all other considerations. No half-way religion would satisfy her mother-heart. Then—oh wondrous reflex influence of the Christian world!—who should come

to the mother's aid, to help impress this need upon the children, but the boy and girl in heathen lands, whom the school took upon itself to educate: for it had transpired that the missionary spirit was so enlarged in that locality that the capacity of the Sabbath School was equal to two subjects, instead of one, and it had been decided that, for the girls to interest themselves in a heathen girl, and for the boys to become absorbed in a heathen boy, would be the most helpful arrangement. So this mother said, to her boy Robert:

"How can you, by your letters, hope to help that poor boy to give himself entirely to the Lord Jesus, unless you know just what you are talking about—unless you know, by daily living, how sweet a thing this is?"

And, to Nettie, she said:

"Remember, daughter, that if you want to help this girl to be a devoted Christian girl, and grow into a devoted Christian woman, you must help her by what you actually know of this life yourself. She must feel that you know what you are talking about, or you cannot lead her to desire to be an entirely consecrated Christian, and the Lord Jesus Christ does not promise to accept any other."

And so they—the boy and girl in Burmah, and the boy and girl in America—helped each other, and grew towards God; for the mother did not pray and talk and live in vain. Who ever knew a mother who worked to such an end in vain? The Almighty hand is with all such. If God be for us, who can be against us?

And the days went on, and the story grew. They lived their story. It began to absorb them. Mrs. Prescott came to be known as a power in the world of missions. It grew to be natural to help her—to say, in reading a religious paper, when an item of mission interest was given, "That would interest Mrs. Prescott. I guess I will send her the paper." And so, by degrees, people began to realize that, wherever she got the information, she was posted in regard to the practical workings of mission stations everywhere. The minister grew to saying, when he met her: "Well, Mrs. Prescott what are they doing in India to-day?" And people said: "Those Prescott children know the most about missions of any boys and girls I ever saw." "I declare" (said one), "our Mollie was ashamed the other evening. She said she meant to get all the *Foreign Missionaries* there were in the garret and commit them to memory."

This is only one instance of the way in which the enthusiasm spread. Do you suppose the little boy, Harry, did not partake of it? Bless your heart, he partook of anything that had rush in it. He rushed into his mother's room on the morning he was seven years old, and banged the door after him, and stamped his hard little heels into the floor, and shouted with all the capacity of his strong little lungs:

"Mamma, oh, mamma, I've found a real, truly heathen! He lives down in the lane, and his name is 'Teddy, and he don't know the Lord's prayer, nor who made him, nor any single thing at all about Jesus. Mamma, may I be a missionary boy, and have Teddy teach me how to go to heaven?"

And mamma hushed her mother fears about continuation, in all its evils, and took the heathen Teddy into her heart, bringing him thereafter, once a day, under the gaze of her watchful eye, and within sound of her vigilant ear, and had him "taught" by the boy Harry, about the way to get to heaven.

Let me say, in passing, that the Lord honored this sowing too, just as He always honors His servants; and Teddy is to-day treading the golden streets, the gates of the city having opened to him through the earnest efforts of the Missionary Harry.

And the days went on. By this time it had become natural to be absorbed, and the mission field, instead of narrowing, being confined to certain limits, widened and lengthened; and in process of time Mrs. Prescott and her family came to feel that it was all comprehended in the glowing sentence, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thymight." Whether it were India, or China, or Japan, or Western Africa, or Mexico, or Oregon, or the little red-haired Teddy, down the lane, it was all missionary work, and involved the spirit of self-abnegation and enthusiasm and consecration to Christ, and that is the missionary spirit.

Another thing this thoughtful Christian mother did. She watched the natural bent of her children's minds. Troubled at first about certain developments, rejoicing over them later, as special talents, each from God, to be bent to His use, consecrated, like the rest to Him. Robert, from his almost babyhood, had developed a love for money. He liked to handle it, and smile at its shining. Very early in life he liked to count it, and then to hoard it, and then to plan for ways and means of earning it, apparently that he might have more to count. Was there danger of his becoming a miser? Certainly there was a danger of it. But when the mother ceased regarding the inclination as a sin, and looked upon it as a talent to be cultivated, the disquiet went out of her heart. Thenceforth she talked much before Robert of the need of money in the Christian world. The need of well-filled purses that were consecrated.

She filled his heart and thrilled his ambition with stories of noble gifts from noble men — men to whom God had given the accumulative talent in a large degree. Just one false move she felt she made. They were calling, she and her son Robert, on the pastor, giving in their report of district collections; for the boys had a society and Robert was treasurer, and the women had a society and Mrs. Prescott was treasurer. And after the business was concluded, the mother who had thought

it all out before, asked a favor of her pastor. Among those who did not belong to the societies, but gave their offerings into the church at the annual collections, was one old gentleman who had the name of being the wealthiest man in the church. Mrs. Prescott did not know how rich he was, but certainly, from appearances, money was plenty with him and his. He had been for many years a Christian man, and Mrs. Prescott had often reflected with satisfaction over the amounts which must yearly find their way to the treasury of their Lord through his purse. Being a widow, she did not know how men looked upon this man; and being a quiet woman, of many cares and one great absorption, she had not heard from other women the estimation in which his liberality was held; and she had long wished that Robert might have an object-lesson through him — might know just how grand an amount, expressed in figures, that man with his hundreds of thousands was able to give. So she preferred her request. If he did not think it too pre-announcing, would he be so kind as to tell them, Robert and her, what Mr. Holden's contribution to Foreign Missions was last Sunday. And she carefully explained the reason why they would like to know. They would not mention it to any person; it was only for Robert's help, to remember when he became a man.

Now the minister was a shrewd observer, a good judge of human nature. He had studied this boy Robert with a good degree of interest. He believed that he understood him. His eyes twinkled with suppressed amusement, and then he said:

"Well, we are careful as a rule, not to say any thing about these matters, knowing that some people, at least, prefer not to let the right hand know what the left one has been about; so you mustn't mention it; but I will tell you in confidence that Mr. Holden's subscription last Sabbath to the cause of Foreign Missions was five dollars."

Then Mrs. Prescott went away in haste and dismay, wondering how her pastor could have been so unwise, and trembling for the effect on Robert. What if he should grow up with the belief that *this* was consecration to the cause of Christ! This five dollar bill to go out to all the Foreign Missions of the church, to represent that man's thousands for one year! She dare not speak; for how to talk about a brother church-member, and withal a white-haired man, to his brother church-member, a boy, without shadowing that charity which "be lieveth all things, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil." So she said not a word, only thought and prayed. And Robert? He was too well trained to express his views about another in words. He contented himself with a vigorous walk home, as if he were in haste to breathe a different air; and when the privacy of home was reached he made this sole remark: "I wish I were rich! I'd like to show some people some things; and, mother, I promise you this: If I ever have a thousand dol-

lars a year of my own, I'll give a good deal more than a mean little *five* of 'em to Foreign Missions!"

"Charity vaunteth not itself," quoted Mrs. Prescott softly. But there was such a light in her eyes, and such a smile on her face, that Robert laughed and kissed her, and said, "Well, never mind: we shall see what we shall see."

And that very evening he pleased his young brother Harry by adding to the evening map drawing a halo of light around the very darkest Island of the sea, and putting a church spire therein, and printing underneath it: "Mission Chapel, erected A. D., 18—, by Robert Prescott."

"There, mother," he said, passing the slate over to her for inspection; "and a five-dollar bill didn't build it either."

And the mother wondered whether, after all, the minister was so far wrong. This matter of map-drawing was, by the way, a special feature of the Prescott evenings. They delighted to add finishing touches and dates Christianizing the dark portions of the earth, leveling heathen temples and erecting chapels, bearing on their glittering fronts inscriptions like the following: "Fiji Island Church, sacred to the worship of the one true God."

As for Nettie, she developed early in life a disposition to lead and manage other people. Did two little girls come to take tea with her, it invariably happened that however full of plans and plays they might have come, before the afternoon was half spent they were in full tide of carrying out whatever plans Nettie had formed for them, their own cast away and forgotten. Later on this trait showed itself in the school-girl life. The girls, and a surprisingly large number of them, too, liked to wear what Nettie wore, to go where Nettie went, study what Nettie studied, do what Nettie did. And the mother saw the talent and its dangers. Could it serve good uses for the cause? Assuredly. Why not manage the girls all into the missionary channel to follow her lead in Christian Work? Why not explain to her that to be able to lead was well, was noble, was a large and dangerous talent, was a solemn responsibility for which she must give an account? So carefully was this managed, so entire had been the consecration, so sure is the fruit that the Lord has promised to His own who work in faith, that through Nettie the missionary spirit grew and spread among the girls.

As for Harry, most marked and dangerous of all was his bent of mind. The imitative faculties were strong, and were in a constant state of development. He almost *had* to talk like the person whose attention held him last. Long the watchful mother studied and prayed over this. To what low uses could such talent be put! What dangers lay in their very path! Suddenly there flashed before her the early use to which to put it.

"Tell the boys how the Hindoo mumbles to his god, Harry, and calls it praying."

And Harry told in such a way that even the

mother was startled. Then she set herself to earnest cultivation of this gift. Since he could imitate tenderness, and pathos, and earnestness, and solemnity, why not teach him to read the Bible in such a way that the hearts of those who heard might catch the thought embodied? She prayed over this desire. She ennobled the dangerous talent. She consecrated it to the highest uses, and Harry grew to boyhood feeling that to put his powers to low or coarse, or even ludicrous tests was to demean himself and debase a talent God-given.

All these things happened long ago; long before the date of the Women's Board of Missions; long before the date of the magazines, *Woman's Work for Women and Children's Work for Children*. Yet this carefully brought-up, enthusiastic, earnest family are all living to-day. Where are they? Not one of them in foreign lands, though mother with rending heart, years ago said, with all her soul: "They are thine for Africa or India, Lord, if thou wilt." It was not His plan. Harry—don't you almost know that he is preaching the gospel? He is pastor of a church that, to-day, has more actual workers in foreign and home fields (who went from the sheltering arms of that church and are supported by it), and gives more money and time, and—it would seem, if we could measure this—*prayer* than any other church in Christendom. Harry himself, has a training class of young men under his care; training in soul, and mind, and voice for the mission fields of the world, wherever God shall call them. Harry has a son who will yet preach the gospel in Persia, if his plans are permitted to mature. Nettie—why of course, you know she is president of a W.B.F.M.! And a grand president she makes! How alert, and alive, and enthusiastic the ladies of her society are you should judge from their reports, if you desire to know. She is, also, the wife of a man who knows how to pray, and to write, and to *give* for the cause of missions. "My wife makes me do it," he says, with a half quizzical smile, when he is asked how he finds time for so much. "She couldn't live with a man who didn't give about half his time to the cause. There is too much *mother* in her." And the Mother? She is old to-day—white-haired, feeble, quiet in her chair, and royally happy. Does she not hear Harry preach on every Sabbath day? Does she not still counsel and plan with Nettie for the cause? Has not Robert, her son, who is a merchant prince, besides being a prince of the royal house, actually built his temple in heathen lands, minus the name of the builder which the *boy* meant to put there, and at which the man smiles? Did he not this very year, when the time for annual collection for Foreign Missions fell due, come to her room, with a smile on his face and a pen in his hand, and, handing her a check with a figure five, say, "Write the ciphers, mother; it is *your* giving, not mine. We'll stick to the *five* this year for the sake of old

times, but put *three* ciphers?" And the minister who preached that sabbath morning on the solemn question, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" and builded so much better than he knew? Ah! he long ago went to his kingdom; and yet his voice sounding down through the years not alone for the cause of Foreign Missions; because he or she who adopts that cause—heart, and soul, and voice—adopts the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, and wherever his finger points, follows.

And the mother, the dear old mother, who gave her children to the Lord for missions, years ago, has lived to see the gift accepted, and the seed bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. Should you ask her to day, what to do to interest children in missions, she would have a short answer for you: "Give yourself to Christ, and then give them for what he will, and then train them for it with zeal, and patience, and enthusiasm." She is still at home in the hearts of her children, in the long service of the church on earth. And, over there just a step behind the veil, growing so thin now that she can almost peer through and see the glory they watch and wait for her for she is *almost home*.

THE END.

OPPOSITION TO THE MISSIONARIES.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that it is not in Travancore alone that Mission houses are being destroyed by fire, for within the last three months two buildings connected with the Free Church Mission in the Chingleput District, not fifty miles from Madras City, were, he says, set fire to and completely destroyed. The one was a prayer-house at Tirumanikuppam; the other, the house of the bible teacher at Rajampet, near Conjeveram, in which seven persons were asleep at the time. The authors of these outrages are still at large, but efforts are being made to discover them and bring them to justice. Our correspondent proceeds to remark: "Christianity is making strides in the Conjeveram taluq, and this may be the reason for all the opposition experienced. Whichever the low castes come under Christian influence, there boycotting, oppression and persecution are practiced by caste-villagers with relentless severity. They are ordinarily treated as slaves, and oppressed on every hand, being compelled to pay the uttermost farthing; but when they become Christians their last state is worse than their first. Persecution then rages fiercer than ever. In a village in the Conjeveram taluq the Munsiff recently cut off the water supply which went to the fields of some pariahs who had become Christians, when their crops were approaching maturity. In another village the leading Native Christian was severely beaten and his cow stolen. Many more examples of like nature could be given. The state of the pariahs is truly

deplorable. They have no hold on the land, and except where they hold *puttaks*, no security in cultivating it. The Mirasidars have a preferential claim over all *peramboke* land, and even over the unoccupied land in every *chery nattam*, or pariah village site, and hence they are practically shut out from obtaining it. Pariahs are thwarted on every hand from obtaining independence, liberty, and a comfortable competence on the same conditions as their more fortunate caste neighbors. Moreover, they cannot obtain any redress, or draw up a document or lodge a petition without having to pay dearly for it. This is in accordance with the unwritten and unamended law of custom in vogue among the lower official classes—a law that is exceedingly vexatious and oppressive on the poor of all classes. It is to be hoped that the Government will publish Mr. Tremehere's Report on the Pariah Question as it appears in the Chingleput District, a district which is the head-quarters of the Mirasi system, and over-crowded with the lower order. The public will then be better informed as to the real state of affairs. It would be better, however, to appoint a commission and make a thorough investigation into the Pariah Question, and frame such practical measures as will remove the evils and promote the amelioration of this unfortunate class, forming about one-fourth of the whole population of the District."

In looking over some papers belonging to the late Mr. Selden, one was found yellow with age, and bearing the date Jan. 26, 1815. On the inside are these words, "Lines occasioned by Mr. and Mrs. Carey's embarking for the East Indies on the Baptist Mission, and addressed to their respective mothers." The date shows that "the lines" had evidently been copied, but by whom, or by whom composed, we do not know. We give one or two of the quaint verses as they have a peculiar interest this Centennial year.

"Yes, ye mothers, I've been thinking

When we see our kindred weeping
Low in sorrows keen and deep,

There's a law Divine exacted,

Tho' by mortals much contracted,

"Tis to weep with those that weep."

"Tho' of children now bereaved

Let it be but once believed

They were born for this great end.

Born to tell our heathen nation

Of a free and full salvation;

This must aid your hopes transcend."

"He who fixes all our stations,

Sends your offspring to the nations

With a message from above;

Think upon their great commission

Then with humble, calm submission,

Both acknowledge God is love."

Work at Home.

W. B. F. MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY.

The Executive Board of this Society held its quarterly meeting on 22nd March, and, as perhaps some of our members would like a little news as to our position financially and otherwise, you will kindly allow me space for a few words.

I am happy to say that we have completed payments for a little more than half our appropriations, though in order to do so there is only a trifle left in the treasury.

The question of the annual meeting is still left unsettled, but we hope before long to announce place and date.

The letters from the Associations were very interesting, all shewing a fairly satisfactory state. No failure of interest in the work by the Circles, but in some places a difficulty of forming new Circles owing to the opposition of the church officers. I think this state of affairs must be owing to misapprehension of our position. If pastors and others opposing would take a little trouble to enquire into our mutual relations—the General Society being the *Agent of the Churches*, by which Mission work is best accomplished, and the Woman's Societies aids, and auxiliaries to it—I think that opposition would disappear.

Meanwhile no Circle can do good work without mutual harmony between the church officers and the Circle, and in consequence delay may be necessary in the formation of Circles.

Do not forget the honor placed upon the Baptists of a hundred years ago, that is of being the first to send the gospel to the heathen, and we may not refuse the inheritance of carrying on the work.

Another matter to which I wish to direct attention is the limits of our Associations. They are the same as that of the Associations of the churches, and the Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec consists of the three Ottawa, Central and Eastern Associations. Names of pupils supported in India must be sent to Mrs. Radford, and monies to the treasurer Mrs. Smith, Montreal.

We mourn the loss of a member of our Executive Board—one of the original members I believe—who has been called to her rest since the last quarterly meeting, and our dear president is again plunged in sorrow by the death, after a short illness, of her son.

The following resolutions were unanously passed :

"It is with feelings of deep regret, that we the Executive Board of the W. B. F. M. S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, recording the death of our beloved sister, Mrs. G. B. Muir, who for many years was a member of our Board and when health permitted was present at the meetings, and was always interested in the Foreign Mission work. We feel that in our sister's death, we have lost one who cannot be easily replaced. We pray that the sorrow may draw us all nearer to Christ, day by day. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the dear family who have been called to mourn a beloved wife, a devoted mother, a kind sister and faithful friend."

It was also moved :

"That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to our dear President, Mrs. Claxton, in her severe bereavements in

the loss of mother, brother and son during the past year, and we humbly pray, that our heavenly Father may sustain her under this heavy affliction."

NANNIE E. GREEN,
Cor. Secretary.

W. B. F. M. S., OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

RECEIPTS FROM FEB. 19TH TO APRIL 19TH, 1893.

Vankleck Hill, \$2.57; Algonquin, \$10; Dixville, \$2; Osnabruck Centre, \$8; Quebec, \$35; Grenville, \$14; Ottawa, \$17; Magog, \$2; Olivet, \$20.15; Pt. St. Charles, \$4.60; Buckingham, (M. B., \$2, Mission S. S., \$4) \$6; Abbot's Corners, \$3; Athens, \$2; Papineauville, \$8.15; St. Amedee, \$3; Thurso, \$8; Grace Church, \$7; Rockland, \$26.00. Total, \$178.47.

MISS A. SMITH, TREASURER,
8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

DEAR LINK.—On the second Monday of April the Olivet Circle held its monthly meeting at the residence of Mrs. Tester, 1140 Dochester street. The chair was taken by our president, Mrs. T. B. Brown, who read the scriptures, after which Mrs. Ayer engaged in prayer, and the usual monthly business was carried. We had also several inspiring hymns.

Mrs. Sawyer had been asked to give us an address on the "*Centenary of Foreign Missions*," which was beautifully given and most interesting to all who study the progress of missions throughout the world.

We had letters from Mr. Brown, Vuyyuru, and Miss Simpson, our own Missionaries in Telugu Land. Mr. Brown is anxious to have a lady missionary sent out this year to help in his field of labor. Miss Simpson's letter contained encouraging information in Zenana Bible women's work and schools in Cocanada.

Mrs. Upham gave reminiscences of Dr. Mabie's lecture on Eastern Missions. The meeting was well attended and the doxology brought to a close a very profitable hour spent on behalf of foreign missions. J. C.

NEW CIRCLES.

BARRIE.—Circle organized April 7th, with ten members. President, Mrs. Borrowman; Vice President, Mrs. W. C. McLean; Sec'y-Treasurer, Mrs. Pentney.

TILSONBURG.—Mission Band organized. Name, "Sunbeams." 34 members. President, Mrs. H. Hawkins; Vice President, Mrs. C. Hawkins; Secretary Miss. Bateman; Treasurer, Miss Sponenburg.

BUCKINGHAM, QUE.—Our Mission School which was organized three months ago has taken up missions. All money over expenses for papers goes to Foreign Missions. We have just sent \$4.00.—GEORGE THOMSON, Sec'y.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 18 TO APRIL 17, 1892, INCLUSIVE.

Brantford (North Star Church) M. C., \$8; Burk's Falls M. C., \$2.31; Forest M. C., \$4.65; Glamis M. C., \$5.54; Greenock M. C., \$2.50; Toronto (College St.) M. C., \$20.10; Atwood M. B., \$2; Blytheswood M. C., \$3; Doe Lake M. C., \$6; Thedford M. C., \$4; Col-

Kingwood M. C., \$2; Sarnia M. C., \$15; London (Adelaide St.) Young Ladies' M. C., \$17.10; London (Adelaide St.) Junior M. B., for Thulu Mary, \$5; London (Talbot St.) M. C., \$21.14; Bracebridge M. C. \$2; Howick M. C., \$3.45; Park Hill M. C., \$2.70; Paris M. C., \$30; Paris M. B., for Kankipoodi Kondayya, \$4.65; Toronto (Beverly St.) Miss Bryant's S. S. Class, \$5; Windsor M. C., from Mrs. T. H. Decew, Essex, \$5; Calvary M. C., \$6.50; Wheatly M. C., \$5; Toronto (Walmer Road) M. C., \$18.87; St. Thomas (Centre St.) M. C., \$8.50; Hamilton (Wentworth St.) M. C., \$3.75; Hamilton (James St.) M. C. \$19.40; Hamilton, (Herkimer St.) M. B., \$18; East Oxford M. B., for Pasala Patnam \$10; Strathroy M. C., \$14; Cheltenham M. C., \$5; London (Grosvenor St.) M. C., \$3.35; Mount Forest M. C., \$3.55; New Sarum M. C., \$5; 2nd Onondaga M. C., \$8; Claremont M. C., \$10; Toronto (Beverly St.) M. C., \$14.80; London (Grosvenor St.) M. B., \$3; Petrolea M. C., \$10.50; Pine Grove M. C., \$3; Tilsonburg M. C., \$5; Galt M. C., \$7.65; "A lover of Telugus," \$10; Guelph (Second Church) M. C., \$8, (of which \$2 is commission on the "Baptist"); Eglinton M. C., \$7.20; East Flamboro' and Freulton, M. C., \$6; Rodney M. C., \$1.25; Scotland M. C., for T. Marian, teacher at Akidu, \$11.25; Vittoria M. C., \$4.50; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M. C., \$20.79; Port Perry M. C., \$3.82; Port Perry M. B., \$0.85; Burtch M. C., \$12; Brampton M. B., for Epuri Marthamma, \$17; Collingwood M. B., \$3; Woodstock (1st Church) M. B., for M. Solomon for Books, \$5; Toronto (Immanuel Church) Girls' M. B., for D. Susi, Tuni, \$3.17; Toronto (Immanuel Church) M. C., \$20; Wilkesport M. C., \$3; Whitby M. C. \$9; 1st Onondaga M. C., \$6; Brantford (1st Church) M. C., (for Minnie, \$25, for Miss Priscilla Beggs, \$25); Acton M. C., \$6; Dundas M. C., \$8.70; Fingal M. C. \$2; Grimsby M. C. \$5; Mountsberg M. B., \$3; Plattsville M. C., \$6; Westover M. C. \$4; Wilksport Mrs. Bishop's Infant Class, \$1.25; Mount Salem M. B., \$1.35; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.) M. C., \$4.45. Total, \$606.50.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St.,
Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

EDITED BY MISS A. E. JOHNSTONE.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"Be ye not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MAY.—That the command "Go work" may be heard and three young women offer themselves for the Foreign Field, to go out next September.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for?

Say to toil;

Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines.

For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild Curfew shall from work assail,

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign, and He assigns

All thy tears over, like pure crystal lines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil

To wear for amulets, so others shall
Take patience, labour to their heart and hand

From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

—MRS. BROWNING

The following extract was given in the "Union Signal" some weeks ago. It is from one of the prayers sent up to God at the appointment of editors who were to take Miss West's place during her six months leave of absence.

Will not every reader of our LINK send it up with reference to this paper and work?

"Oh, blessed Master, grant that the touch that Thou shalt give these busy hands now set to write thy messages, may, through us, help to heal the hearts for which Thy heart bled."

RESPONSIVE READING FOR MAY.

LEADER.—Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

MEMBERS.—Then said Jesus unto His disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.

LEADER.—I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I, send me.

MEMBERS.—They that be wise shall shine as the highness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

LEADER.—Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work. For I am with you saith the Lord of Hosts.

MEMBERS.—The Lord is great and greatly to be praised. He is to be feared above all gods.

We would draw special attention this month to the story of "Ruth" in the Young People's Department. It is from the pen of Mrs. Crawley, who, with her husband, went from N. S. to labor in Burmah.

We give this month a list of articles from which Aid Societies and Mission Bands will be able to select for our "Box" to India.

The committee appointed at our annual meeting, last August, "with power to proceed and secure the incorporation (of the Union) if in their judgment it is deemed best," after much prayer and consultation proceeded with the work and by the time this copy of the LINK is read the incorporation will have become an established fact. The committee are greatly indebted to the member for Halifax, John W. Stairs, M. P., who so kindly aided them, and through whose instrumentality the fee of \$200 has been refunded to the Union.

The White Ribboners are to hold a "self-denial week" beginning April 17th to April 23rd. Each white ribbon woman in Christendom is asked to deny herself something not necessary that its cost may go to the cause of Temperance. Why should we not have such a week in the cause of Missions?

LIST OF ARTICLES WHICH MAY BE SENT IN "THE BOX" TO INDIA.

FOR THE NATIVE PEOPLE.

Cotton or print skirts of bright colors, or delicate patterns, that would suit girls from five to twenty years of age. Make without gores, hemmed at bottom, with a band or gathering string at the top. Similar material for jackets might be sent unmade, as they might not fit if made here. One yard of print makes one. For cool weather a piece of flannel, or wool goods of any kind is very nice. Any of this material is good for coats for boys and helpers. A coat for a man requires about three yards.

A dozen dolls dressed, scrap books made with pictures. Any simple toy, balls, knives, linen picture books, International Sunday School lesson picture series.

Patchwork, thimbles, scissors, needles in a bottle.

FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

Brown bread flour,* corn meal,* tinned goods of any kind, dried or preserved fruit. The latter must be in

sealers. Ham,* dried fish and beef, stationery, blotting paper, pens.

Any pretty or useful article for the toilet, or for home ornamentation that *you would like yourself*. Pretty tinted, fast colored wash goods, cotton for a dress which is so hard to get there. A piece of sheet music, a book that helps or tests the mind. Stocking yarn (not too heavy). Kitchen, or white aprons. Fancy cup and saucer, or plate; anything for the table. Silt and pepper boxes. Sofa or pin cushions, needle books. Dust, or any kind of brushes. Ties for gentlemen. Wool shawls for house wear. Maple sugar, * Pain Killer, or any other well known and accepted medicine.

N. B.—Prepay all parcels to the Book Room, Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

2nd. Address the parcel on the inside in large letters, name of person or station to which it is to be sent. Parcels will not be opened unless necessary for packing; in which case they will be re-marked.

3rd. Notify me when you send your parcel. Also send me a list of articles. Sending an inventory with the box, often prevents its being opened at the custom house.

4th. Last time we sent a box, many of our sisters asked me to purchase articles for them which they could not easily procure in the country. I shall be glad to help in the same way this year.

5th. All articles in the above list marked with a *star must be put up in tin*. Any tinsmith will do this at a trifling cost.

6th. The freight on our last box to Liverpool, England, \$4.75. Freight to India, \$7. If, as we hope, this box will be larger, there may be a little extra.

7th. Remember this box will reach our brothers and sisters probably at Christmas. Let it be such a Christmas box as the Christ child will own and accept.

DEATH OF MRS. BARSS.

"What need in a land of such blessed release
From all sorrow and ache
Of the voice and touch that were comfort and peace
To hearts here that ache?"

Such questions have been coming this week even to hearts that have long been staid upon the Rock of Ages. Not in rebellion have we asked them, but out of the very depth of our sorrow. By and by will peace come with the only answer "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." But not yet. Now all is unreal. We *know* that on last Monday morning the dread news flashed across the wires, that "Mrs Barss died this morning." We *know* that we have waited, and to-day laid her in her grave. Yet all the time it has seemed as though our sorrow could not be for *her*.

Our sister, whose sudden death occurred at Philadelphia March 24th, was a daughter of Deacon Lewis Payzant of Dartmouth. In March, 1875, while pursuing her studies at the Ladies' Seminary in Wolfville, she was converted, and baptized by the late Rev. Dr. DeBlois, and united with the church there.

On her return home she transferred her membership to Granville St. Baptist Church, where for many years she taught in the Sabbath School.

On October 28th, 1879, she was married to W. L. Barss, Barrister, and with him joined the Dartmouth church in 1880. Here she worked and prayed till called to join the church triumphant.

Five little ones claimed her care in the home, and as we look back to-day we marvel at the work she performed in the church.

Seldom was her place unfilled in the weekly prayer, or monthly conference meeting, and Sabbath morning we rarely missed her.

In fact we undertook no work without her aid in some way. Quiet, gentle, unassuming, yet firm as a rock where she felt that she was right, true as steel in her friendship; is it marvel that we mourn to-day?

In 1887 our Mission Band presented her with a life membership in our W. B. M. U., and our Aid Society meeting will miss her sorely. For some time she was Secretary of the W. C. T. Union here and always a valued member.

For months her health has been failing, but she "could not take time to rest just yet." And it was only about five weeks ago that she went to Philadelphia to visit her sister in the hope that the freedom from care, and the earlier spring weather would restore her. For a few days last week it seemed as though these hopes would be realized. On Saturday and Sunday she was able to be out of doors, writing on the afternoon of the latter day, a cheery letter home. Very early on Monday morning she had a sudden attack of hemorrhage, and in a few moments breathed her last. Very swiftly, very tenderly, giving her no time to grieve for even husband or little ones—her loving Saviour bore her in his arms straight *Home*, and to-day her face wore the look of one well satisfied. The funeral services commenced at the house with singing the hymn "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then into the church she had loved so well, past her accustomed seat, the deacons of the church carried her, and during the brief service she rested where she had so often gathered with us round the table of our Lord. As they bore her up the aisle the choir sang Bonar's hymn "Beyond the smiling and the weeping." Triumphant words were read by the pastor from 1 Cor. 15, and Rev. 5 and 7. "Asleep in Jesus" was sung. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Adams, and again with quivering lips we sing "We are gathering homeward." Rev. Mr. Manning in warm, tender words, spoke of the grief in every heart and of the comfort of the Saviour in whom *she* trusted. It was just as *she* would have liked, not much of what she was, but all of her Saviour.

And when her white ribboned sisters gathered around her, and sang their farewell—

"Sleep on beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.

Good night."

Still keeping their stand they made room for the many friends who in single file passed through and once more looked on the sweet quiet face, and then once more as the flower wreathed coffin was carried out from our church home, the loving words rang out again—

"Until we meet again before His throne
Clothed in the spotless robes He gave His own
Until we know even as we are known.

Good night."

The storm had ceased and bright sunshine was on everything as we laid her away. So may He who was her sun and shield comfort the stricken ones and comfort the little motherless ones in her home.

A. E. J.

FROM MRS. CHURCHILL.

BOBBILI, Feb. 18th, 1892.

My examinations and prize giving are just over. The Inspector of girls' schools for the Northern Division of the Madras Presidency, came last Saturday. The school was called together and she examined the pupils in the forenoon, and in the afternoon distributed prizes. I sent around and invited the native gentlemen to be present, and we had quite a nice time. The Rajah's manager offered a prize a year ago, namely, a rupee to the girl who was highest in attendance. This was carried off by one of our Christian girls, as well as one of those 'albums sent' by the Sydney Mission Band. This pupil had not lost one half a day, and her sister was absent only half a day, so I gave her the next biggest book; and Mrs. Brander said she wished to give her a rupee also as she was so near perfect in attendance. Then follows sixteen others so good in attendance, that they were all entitled to a prize, other than their clothes. This was the fruit of the prizes offered last examination. Mrs. Brander spoke very highly indeed of the work done in the schools, of the discipline and tone of the school, and of the great in-

terest I took in the education of their daughters, and urged the native gentlemen to take an interest in the school and send their daughters. Miss MacNeill has been down a few evenings and gave the girls a little drill in gymnastics, with which Mrs. Brander was very much pleased. I showed a doll that my little niece had sent me for them, and promised it and some more to those best in attendance next time. Miss MacNeill offered a prize for the best in sewing. The head master of the Rajah's school, whose wife and daughter both attend, said he intended to give some prizes every year after this, and Mrs. Brander left a rupee in my hand to offer as a prize in what ever way I wished.

I told the children about the little girls in my native country, who loved them and who made those nice albums for them, and that there were others who were going to dress some pretty dolls for them this year, and also send them jackets, etc., already made. Miss MacNeill is very glad to take charge of the calisthenics and sewing this year. It will not take much of her time, but will relieve me of that much care in the school. Miss MacNeill has been down to the Sabbath School twice and she said she had never at home seen a class of girls more interested in the Bible lesson or answer the questions more promptly and intelligently than my class of Telugu girls some of them Christians, some Telugu Castes, and some Brahmin girls. This is my delight and joy on Sundays and I would work pretty hard to keep the girls in school to have this privilege. I often keep them two hours right along and their interest does not flag; and oh, will not the Spirit convert these girls? "My word shall not return void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." Here I rest and go on with my work.

Mr. Churchill is away at Kimedya with Mr. Higgins. Our Chapel School House has to wait while he attends to work elsewhere. Miss MacNeill is hard at the language every day. She is grand company for me when Mr. C. is absent.

EXTRACTS FROM REV. W. V. HIGGINS' LETTER.

We have grand news for you this week. Five were baptized at Akulatampara on the 13th of December, making, in all, twenty-one since the year began. Is not that good news? And now I must tell you about one of the converts. She is a woman of the Rajah caste, which is the caste next the Brahmin. She is called a *gosha* woman and *gosha* women are never allowed to come out in the daylight to be seen by persons outside; hence, this woman has been confined all her life within the four walls of her home.

From some of our Christian women, who are sometimes admitted into these heathen homes, she learned about Jesus and His love, and so glad was she to hear the good news of salvation that she earnestly resolved to learn more. So, like Nicodemus, she came secretly by night to Subraidu's house, (he is our preacher at Akulatampara) and learned more intelligently the way of peace and life.

Believing with all her heart and with great joy, she desired baptism. But the great question was how to get her away from her people?

When I arrived at Akulatampara on Saturday it was soon reported that I had come, and the fears of her relatives being at once aroused, they thought it necessary to keep her in unusually close confinement. We sent a Christian fruit woman to her house requesting her to come to us. She replied that she wanted to come, but feared it would be impossible. Unfortunately, some of her relatives from a distance had come that very day, they united with the others in trying to keep this woman from the much-dreaded Christian influence.

Had it not been that the Lord was on our side, we would surely have been worsted by the arch-enemy of souls. But evidently God intended to give us the victory. We sent little Daniel over to her house to play with the children and presently, watching his opportunity, he

told the woman to come *after dark* to a house across the river where we were holding our conference.

She promised to try, but did not think she would succeed in getting away. We held our meeting and received four for baptism, but this woman did not make her appearance. Both myself and Subriadu went home feeling much disappointed, agreeing, nevertheless, to pray earnestly over the matter, and await further developments.

On Sunday morning at 4.15 o'clock I was awakened from a sound sleep and told that the woman had come.

Now I must tell you how she came.

Subriadu being unable to rest, arose about midnight and went out to survey the land, so to speak. Presently he found a young Brahmin, a friend of his, who had for some time wanted to be a Christian, but had been afraid to come out publicly.

He undertook to communicate with the woman in question. Going over to her house as he often did, he aroused her son, and after lighting a fagot fire in the court they sat down to talk and read aloud. This woke the woman and she too came out. All the others in the house remained soundly sleeping.

Why they did not wake I cannot tell, unless the Lord did not intend them to do so, and at the same time, sent an angel to arouse the woman. She was evidently being prepared by the Lord for a happy deliverance. The Brahmin quietly told her to go at once to the Christians, and promised to engage the attention of the son in the meantime. She took the hint and started out in the darkness, not knowing at what moment her departure might become known, and she be pursued. Coming to the Christians she woke them up, and soon we were planning what to do next. Several of us waded across the river to the village on the other side, where a number of our Christians live. Arousing them we held a conference meeting.

Let the Hindus should say we were taking her by force we had two reliable men come to the meeting to hear her examination. They were fully convinced that the brave little woman came to us of her own free will; but I doubt not they found it quite a puzzle to explain the fact that she was leaving husband, children, home, relatives, friends, etc., to become a Christian. It must, indeed, always be an enigma to those who are strangers to the love of Christ.

After being examined, the woman ate with us, thus breaking her caste. Then she took out her nose jewels—a sacrifice upon which we always insist before baptism. By this time it was daylight. The Naidu (a Christian), then announced to all the villagers that his son and some others would be baptized, and requested all to come to the river. About one hundred gathered on the bank, and a lovely baptism took place. The four received on the previous night, and this woman were baptized.

Soon afterward the woman's angry husband came and spoke to us; but as he refused to have anything to do with her, and would on no account receive her back we had to take her with us, trusting that after being well trained, she will make a good Bible woman.

It seems that the husband not long ago had married a second wife, and had given to her the most of his affection. He was accustomed to beat the first wife often, and frequently half starved her.

She seemed overjoyed at the thought of deliverance from her hard lot. It was really a pathetic sight, and we were all deeply moved. Christ was indeed a Saviour to her. She was so happy to think that she was free, that for a time she could do nothing but clap her hands.

Many thousands of India's women have a lot worse even than hers, and they are doubtless longing for a deliverer. May the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free soon be theirs to enjoy.

NEWS FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

REPORT of Bridgetown W. B. M. A. Union for year ending March, 1892: Number of members, 44; amount raised during the year ending Jan., 1892: Foreign Missions, \$36.50; Home Missions, \$8.84; Sunday School collections, \$7.89; total, \$53.23. Our Society was organized March 1890, since which time we have held meetings regularly each month with the exception of three. This year we revised our list of members, retaining only such names as were paying something into the Society, as several had moved permanently away. A number of our members live at a distance so can attend very seldom. (ur average attendance is about sixteen. Once in six months we hold a missionary tea, having for that evening some particular object of missionary work. Our May meeting is to be a missionary tea, to be held at the home of Mrs. Jessie Huntingdon. Our subject, "The Grande Ligne Mission," for which a special collection will be taken. Our President, Mrs. F. M. Young (who succeeded Mrs. Chipman), resigned her office at the close of the year, and Mrs. J. B. Reed was appointed for 1892. Secretary, Mrs. B. D. Niely; Treasurer, Mrs. G. H. Dixon. As a Society we feel like making especial efforts for this Centennial year, and hope to add our mite to the amount to be raised for Foreign Missions. The second Sabbath in each month, the collection in the Sunday School is for missions, and in the evening a missionary meeting is held by a missionary committee. At this meeting the collection goes toward the *Convention Fund*. We hope to raise more in this way.

MRS. B. D. NIELY, Sec'y.

THE REINFORCEMENTS.

This year two new families and a lady missionary were joyfully welcomed to our mission. We praise God for this addition to our number. They are all we trust "chosen vessels" prepared of the Lord for a grand work in this land. It is needless to say we are proud of them. Bro. Barss and wife and Chicacole are making rapid progress in the language and are full of enthusiasm for the coming work. While their physical energy may not hold its own, we pray that their spiritual zeal may grow more and more fervent. From what I heard and saw at Bimli, I have reason to believe that Bro. Morse and wife, and Sister McNeil are equally enthusiastic. Bro. Morse is impatient to get into the work and says he sometimes feels that he cannot wait even a *week*.

"Impatient to be into the thick of the fight," might characterize every incoming missionary. But the time of waiting is never a time of idleness, but as busy as any year that shall follow. Besides work at the books one is *busy* looking around him. There is a new world, new people, a host of new things, to study—and it all prepares one the better for the coming years of labor.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

We are looking for the return of Bro. and Sister Archibald and Miss Wright before the end of 1892. What new family and how many lady missionaries will be ready to come with them? It is expected that Bro. Archibald will return to the work at Chicacole. A committee has been appointed to pick out two new stations. As soon as Palconda and Kimedya e manned we hope to be ready to occupy two more stations. Possibly Tekkali and Sompeta will be the new stations. A lady missionary will be needed for Bimli, another for Vizianagram, a third for Kimedya and a fourth for Palconda. May the Lord send us this year a larger number of recruits than ever before.

Work is rapidly being pushed forward at Kimedya. We are exceedingly fortunate in having brother Wells there. He is thoroughly interested in the work and is competent to render invaluable assistance. Bro. Churchill is a *sini qua non* for all our building operations and is as enthusiastically interested in the fitting up of each station

as if he expected to live there himself. If possible the Kimedya house will be finished early in 1893—perhaps may be ready for occupation in January. But we are building by faith for no money has come for this work yet. We hoped to have the one thousand dollars given by the ladies now to begin with, but none has come as yet. The contracts for material have been given out in the hope that funds will be forthcoming soon.

We must work hard if we are to raise the \$6,000 this year. But it can soon be done if we are in earnest.

W. V. HIGGINS.

On Tour, Feb. 13th, 1892.

Milton, Queen's Co., March 9th, 1892.

DEAR MISS J.—The Cor. Secretary has been anxious for me to send you some news of our Circle for the LINK.

Our society was organized in 1872 with 44 names and we have never had so many names since until now. Owing to the efforts of Mrs. Burnaby who has visited nearly all of the sisters in the church we now have 52 names enrolled. We held a sociable in the vestry last month. Had a very pleasant evening with singing and reading and took up a silver collection for Home Missions, amounting to \$8.00. EMILY K. FREEMAN, Sec'y.

Centreville, N. B., March 15th, 1892.

DEAR MISS JOHNSTONE.—The W.M.A.S. of the Baptist church of this place held its first public meeting Feb. 21st. The society was organized March 26th, 1890, with a membership of 8 which has increased to 36. Owing to the indisposition of the President, Mrs. Todd, our pastor, Rev. Thos. Todd, took the chair. The exercises consisted of music, addresses and papers on missionary work. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, Rev. S. Howard (Meth.) and Deacon Currie. Three original papers were prepared and read, the first, "Have I a missionary spirit?" by the President; the second, a paper on "The life of Carey," by Mr. Miller; the third, "A passing glance at the women of India by the Corresponding Secretary. A reading from the MISSIONARY LINK was also given by Mrs. L. J. Sherwood. A collection was taken amounting to \$6.30. May the Lord's blessing rest on the givers and accompany the gift.

Yours truly,
B. P. SHERWOOD,
Cor. Secretary.

To Mrs. Smith.

The infant class has raised several dollars, about \$15 I think, and they want to help with the buildings. Mr. Raymond gave each scholar ten cents last spring to improve. They have worked in various ways, and in May are to have a public meeting and bring the results of their labors.

Our W. M. A. is not increasing in numbers; we are holding on. Had a grand meeting to-day. We are having public meetings once every month and endeavor to make them interesting. We arranged a nice programme. Subject: "Regina." Miss V. took charge of the first part, which consisted of a blackboard exercise on the geography of the country, given in the form of questions and answers. Your humble servant took the second part, the work of the Baptists in the Northwest, Regina in particular. The answers were given by members of W. M. A. and M. B.

I think our LINK is much improved. I am so glad that we are getting a sketch of our own mission field. The lessons in "King's Message" are good. We have them in Band. I am hoping that in a few years we will have some who are deeply interested in mission work, who have come from the N. G. Band.

As to our work this year, the unfavorable weather at

Xmas did not give us the usual success with our tree, but we realized \$30. We have decided to take one share in the Building Fund, and to support a child in Mrs. Churchill's school, and the balance, \$5 to give to H. M.

Will you write as soon as possible and tell me if there is a child for us, and then I will send the money.

ELLA B. VERGE.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

RUTH.

A STORY OF A BURMESE CONVERT.

ABOUT 1860 the first Burmese Association was held at Henthedah, Burmah. The meetings were held in the new Karen chapel, which was also used for a school house, and was more roomy than any such building then erected for the Burman Mission. At one of the morning sessions of the association, the meeting was startled by a noise at a good distance apparently, something like pistol shots fired in quick succession. This was soon accompanied by an unmistakable roar, and with the words "fire, fire," on their lips, the assembly rose as one man and made for the door. Any one who has heard the peculiar crackling sound of bamboos burning, and the rushing and roaring of the flames through the slight houses of the natives, will understand how all had to run who had anything to save or would help others to save. That night many of our Christian families were homeless, and with their aforesaid guests had to find refuge on the Mission Compound, and as many as could be accommodated in the Mission House. In one small corner room opening on the front verandah, a Burmese preacher from Zeegong, with his wife and young baby had quarters. The child cried hard through the night, and I remember at breakfast we laughed as one said, "Just like an English baby." The little thing was trotted out for inspection soon after, and the mother wishing a name for her little girl baby, it was given her by some one, and that was our first acquaintance with little "Ruth." About thirteen or fourteen years after, Ruth, then a graceful pretty girl made her appearance wishing to enter the boarding school. She had had some advantages of education before, and was very bright, and a good singer, and was very neat and nice looking. Her father was comparatively well off, and we on that account, had no necessity as in the case of some others, of supplying her with clothing. In my bath room in our own dwelling house away a little from the school house, I had a very heavy teak chest with secure fastenings, and in this I was accustomed to put away little school girl treasures that thieves might get hold of, and thieves were plenty in those days, and any very dark night they might be expected to be prowling round the school house taking cloth from the looms, or dishes from the cupboard, breaking thick bars and bolts as far as they were able. Ruth had brought with her from home a gold necklace and ear ornaments, customary for young girls of her age to wear occasionally; a sort of dowry put aside by the parents for the children. Ruth brought these to me for safe keeping, and I put them in the teak chest. When she wished for them of course they were forthcoming. Ruth and some other young girls had professed conversion, and their evidence being considered satisfactory had been received into the church. Some time afterwards, one Sunday morning as the gong was being struck for service at the little chapel near the house, and the school girls big and little, in neat Sunday dress, were walking two and two along the path leading from school-house to chapel, and along the garden walk and path leading from the town, were coming the Christians one by one or in groups, and I was just finishing my preparations to join them all. I heard a tap at my bedroom door. "Come in," I said in Burmese, and the door opened and there stood Ruth, pretty, and fresh, and neat and nice; and with a bright smile she said,

"Mamma, I want my ornaments." I was a little taken aback, but said, "Yes, certainly," and then as I went on arranging my hair, and thinking all the time what was best to do, I said, "Not many of the girls have those pretty things, have they Ruth?" "No Mamma. The little ones will be delighted to see them, won't they? They will think how pretty Ruth looks." I have forgotten exactly my words, but I wanted in the moment I had, to say what would make her think that to draw attention to her looks might produce distraction to the minds of the little ones, and envy in those of some older. But I had no intention of refusing her, or talking at her to make her give up the idea, so my words were very smilingly said, and I turned to get the articles. "No mamma, I won't take them," and with a pleasant loving smile she turned away; and my heart was glad on her account. There lay her treasures in that teak box until they were given back to her when we left for America; and her warm embrace and tearful good-bye, is one of the sweet remembrances of our last hours in Henthedah. Now comes a sad tale. Away on the other side of the Irrawaddi, in a jungle town, lived a disciple called "Moung Thet." I knew very little of him. He had been baptized, and was considered a good fellow, though strange at times. Had been rewarded and praised by government, for bravery in resisting Dacoits or Burmese jungle robbers, and a few years after, imprisoned for threatening with a knife in a street row. The first time I saw him, he had been expecting us in his village, and had taken great trouble to clean out a Zayat for our reception. His long hair was wet and hanging down his back, and that with his naturally wild expression made him look wilder still. In Burmah both men and women wear the hair long, and wash it often with a sort of vegetable soap, a bark or root, I am not sure which, of a plant. After washing, they let it hang loose until dry enough to anoint with coconut oil, and put up in the usual knot on the head. They do not use any fastening, but twist it together in such a manner that it remains put very well. Moung Thet was very kind and obliging to us. I saw him again in Henthedah, when I heard of his trying to get one of our school teachers for his wife, and not succeeding. Up to this time he was bearing a fair Christian character. Some years after my return home, I was horrified on opening a letter from Burmah, to find that Ruth had been suddenly stabbed in the neck by Moung Thet, and killed at once with the stroke. It seemed from all I could learn, that he had proposed marriage to some other Christian girl and had been refused before, and had then tried to win Ruth, but with the same result. He wounded himself immediately afterwards and was taken to the hospital where he died. I think he must have been insane. So ended poor Ruth's life on earth. But I love to think of the many pleasant things about her, and of the triumph of her Christian principle and love (as it seemed to me), over selfish vanity in this case that I have told you about.

MISSION BAND STUDIES NO. 5.

SAMULCOTTA SEMINARY.

ALL the boys and girls who took "a trip to Canada" with me in the March LINK, will be ready to continue their India visit this month. We must rise early in the morning for the seven miles between Canada and the Seminary at Samulcotta are hot and dusty after the sun has leaped out of his bed. He does not creep out gradually as in our Canadian homes, and the heat of his rays would soon make us ill. How will we travel? Some may sail up the canal on the Mission boat *Canadian*, which was built by Mr. Timpany in 1879. It carries the missionaries and native preachers to the villages around Cocabada, and sometimes the girls of the boarding school are taken with them to sing for Jesus. Their sweet hymns gather a crowd of heathen men and women, the the sermon about Christ can be preached by the missionary. There are coolies or bearers waiting with chairs for some of us. They will be glad

to earn a few annas to buy rice for their little ones at home. The turbans worn on their heads are a great protection from the sun, but look heavy to our eyes, and would soon give us a headache. There is a bandy drawn by two bullocks. It is a cart on two wheels and driven by a Telugu driver. (The bullocks prefer black faces to white ones.) They will travel over the road at about two miles an hour. See what a queer harness they wear; a piece of strong string is run through their nostrils and tied behind their horns. To this a rope is fastened for reins, and the driver throws it to the right or left of the hump on the back of the bullock just the way he wants the animal to go.

Well, are you all ready to start? Then let us say good-bye to the kind missionaries here who have made our visit to Cocanada so pleasant. See, there are the school girls making their *salaams* to us as we pass. They all have warm hearts for the boys and girls in the Canadian Mission Bands whose pennies help to support them while in the school. As we journey over these seven miles we may talk a little about the Seminary we are going to visit. While Mr. Timpany was a missionary at Ramapatam he had founded just such a school for training native preachers and teachers. It had prospered wonderfully, and is to this day a great means of blessing all around that region of India. (Rev. W. B. Boggs, of whom Mrs. Manning told us, is its Principal. He also publishes a little paper there, called *The Lone Star* which friends in India frequently send to me full of items of interest from all the Telugu mission fields.) Mr. Timpany felt that the Ramapatam Seminary had proved such a help to the American Missionaries that he wanted to see one supported by the Canadian Board. Ellen, one of our first Bible Women, began teaching a small school in Samulcotta for women and girls. Soon there were a few native Christians in that town who wanted to follow Jesus in Baptism. Mr. Timpany went to Samulcotta to baptize them instead of having them come to Cocanada in order that their friends might see the solemn ordinance and be led themselves to wish for like burial with Christ, and that they might rise to newness of life. Then Mr. Timpany built a small house in Samulcotta containing one room to hold meetings, and another room where Ellen and her family could live. In July, 1881, the Rajah or Prince of that town, offered Mr. Timpany, as a free gift, land and buildings to be used for missionary and educational purposes valued at about \$3000. It was another proof that the Lord would provide in His own way. All our missionaries had felt the need of such a Seminary where native Christians could be trained as preachers and Bible women, but knew that the Board at home had not enough consecrated money out of the purses of Canadian Baptists to begin such an undertaking then, or even to purchase the land for it. How we all rejoiced over the heathen Prince and his generous gift! Of course the Seminary was soon under way with Rev. Mr. McLaurin as Principal, and Mrs. McLaurin as assistant, besides all the Telugu teachers they could afford to help them. About twenty students were present at the opening in October, 1882, from the different mission fields, some pretty well advanced and others only beginning to study. Two hours each day were given to Bible study, as that was the greatest need. One teacher came from the Ramapatam Seminary, a present from the American missionaries, named Philip. A Seminary Church and Sunday School were soon organized and both are still flourishing. The students were all Christians and most of them brought their wives with them, for people in India get married while very young. Neither drinking nor smoking were allowed. At the opening of the second year there were over fifty students present, all eager to learn, and so the good work went on. Four young men graduated in 1886 after the regular course of study under Mr. McLaurin. Then after our missionaries Timpany and Currie had been taken home to heaven, and Mr. McLaurin's health had compelled him to come home and rest, the Seminary had to be closed for one year as no missionaries could be spared from the fields to take charge of it. But I believe these closed doors preached loudly in Canada that year, for many an

earnest worker began to say, "Here am I, send me." So God's work goes on, even if He sees fit to change the laborers on His fields.

In 1888 the Seminary reopened with Rev. J. R. Stillwell as Principal, whom we will meet when we reach Samulcotta. Many of us know him well already through the earnest appeals he sends home for more men, more prayers and more money for the Telugus. May these appeals be heeded by our people at home in the Christian land! Miss Hatch, who was formerly a teacher in Woodstock College, has been a co-worker with Mr. Stillwell in the Seminary since February, 1889, and has been a very great help. About 80 students began the present school year at the Seminary.

Are you tired with your journey and talk? Here we are at Samulcotta and can see for ourselves these kind missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell and Miss Hatch. The building itself is 95 feet long and 45 feet wide, and divided into class and living rooms. That Rangoon creeper makes a fine foliage over the verandah. Let us go into the school-room and see the boys at work. As we enter each boy rises and says "*Salaam*" instead of good morning. Mr. McLaurin told us once that the word means *peace*. What a beautiful way for Christians to greet each other! There is no real peace for any one except that given by Jesus Christ, but when He has forgiven our sins nobody can take away the peace which passeth all understanding! The students live in small houses on the grounds and cook their own meals after the school hours are over. In the library we see a great many useful books, but the Principal tells us he could make room for a good many more. Who will send him one or the money to buy it?

Many of these students are supported by our Mission Bands in Canada, so we would gladly tarry longer here, but time is precious, and we have a long journey to take. Bidding farewell and God-speed to teachers and students at Samulcotta we turn our faces towards Akidu.

SISTER BELLE.

THE TUNI SCHOOL GIRLS.

LATELY we have had the girls photographed, and hope to send a picture to the LINK so that all their many friends may see what very nice industrious little girls they are. In the meantime there is something very nice to tell. Yesterday the Government Inspector came, examined the school in all its branches even to singing and sewing, and every child passed but one. You will doubtless suppose from this that the Tunj girls are exceptionally clever, and well—they are; and sometimes we wonder if ever so many nice little girls went to one school before.

Now let me tell you just how they stand in class, and those that Mission Bands have taken to support:—

Infant Standard (all promoted)—1st standard, N. Ruth, D. Mary, G. Appalama.

2nd standard—T. Atchama, P. Mary, K. Mallama.

3rd standard—C. Atchama, B. Amelia, by Brockville; G. Sanyasia, K. Delania, B. Condama.

4th standard—D. Parrama, by Teeswater; D. Susie, by "Immanuel," Toronto.

D. Lydia is studying for a teacher's certificate, and is supported by the Ottawa Band. The Rockland Band (who by mistake were supporting B. Amelia too), sent her and all the children many pretty little Xmas gifts which added greatly to the pleasure of that day. We would recommend T. Atchama to this Band, and can say that in her they will have a very dear little girl to work and pray for.

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

Tuni, India, Jan. 21, 1892.

CHILDREN OF INDIA.

BABYHOOD and childhood is not so happy in heathen lands as it is in Christian countries, and I have often longed to be able to build a home for poor, neglected children, where they would be kept clean, taught about Jesus and made happy. I used to have a class of servants' children on the verandah every Sunday, when I taught them to sing, repeat some little prayers, and the Catechism and Commandments in rhyme. This is the little prayer which here so many little ones learn to lisp as soon as they are old enough :

Moiu sol jata hun Khuda
Tu mujhe afat se bacha,
Aur jo moiu maruu aj ki rat
Tu mere ruh ko de najat.

I have had children brought to me for medicine when they were so dirty I could scarcely bear to have them near me. I must first bring a basin of warm water and make the mother wash the dirty little face and eyes before the lotion or eyewater can be used. At our hospital I have always kept a bottle filled with "potasses," a native sweet which was called the "mem sahib's" medicine, because I always filled the baby hands with the candy to comfort the little heart after we had administered some bitter dose or put some stinging lotion into the sore eyes.

When the child is born the parents get charms from the brahmin or priest, and tie them about the neck or arms of the baby to keep away sickness or evil spirits, and these priests deceive the people, giving them a bit of paper with a little pencil scribbling on it, telling the mother to tie it carefully on the string round the child's neck. When a baby boy is born in a family, they have great rejoicing, and everybody congratulates the father because he has a son. They often have a band of music and other demonstrations, but if the new baby is a girl it is kept very quiet, and when friends hear of it they sympathize with the father and tell him it is a great pity, but that he must hope and pray that God will, some time in the future, send him a son to bury him when he dies.

It costs a great deal to marry a girl, and you know they begin to arrange for the marriage of their children when they are very young, and never wait to consult them about the matter. The poor mother generally loves her child, even when it is a girl, but she is often treated as if she had been guilty of some great sin that God should have sent her a girl baby. Sometimes they neglect their girls so that they may die, and thus they may be spared the expense of buying a husband for them. Many years ago they used to throw them into the river, but now the English Government will punish any who are so cruel, if they are found out.

I once had a poor little baby brought to me, so ill and thin that its face looked like an old woman's. The father did not care for it, and would not give the mother money to buy suitable food, and even in the winter no clothes were provided except old

dirty rags—all this because it was a girl. I gave it medicine and food on the verandah twice every day, but the poor little thing had been neglected too long, and one morning I heard that it had died through the night beside its mother, and she found it when the light dawned, cold and lifeless. The father would not even allow enough oil to burn a light, or help to keep watch over the poor, sick baby. I felt sorry for the mother and could only comfort her by telling her I was sure her little one had gone to be with Jesus, who loved little children and blessed them when he was upon this earth.

This is to them quite a new idea, as the heathen believe they will never meet again with those who are taken away by death, but that they are born again and again in form of some animal, or perchance a snake. It is for this reason that they do not like to destroy life of any kind, and will even allow a dangerous snake to live lest they might destroy some relative. Now these are the children for whom you pray and work. God is answering your prayers, and I can only urge you to pray and work more diligently, thanking Him that you have been born in a Christian land, and have been given a mother who teaches you to love and serve Jesus.—*Children's Work for Children.*

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SPECIAL.

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 quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

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