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The Canadian Missionary Link

NADA

NDIA

Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Light

IX-3

MARCH, 1897.

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1897.

| No. 7.

Editorial.

Mr. Laflamme reached Bombay on the 15th January. He wrote from Samulcotta on the 20th.

AT THE BOARD ROOMS.—The quarterly meeting of the W. B. F. M. Society of Ontario, met on Friday, February 12th. There were present ten members and two visitors.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting on the 19th and 20th of May.

A number of interesting letters were read from missionaries. Considerable routine business was transacted.

The Treasurer's report showed a falling off about \$160 in the regular income, up to this date, as compared with that of last year. It will be remembered that last year fell behind \$600 as compared with the previous year.

The matter of investing the legacy of one thousand dollars was discussed. A committee was appointed to make enquiries, and report upon the best way of investing it.

The Treasurer also reported an interesting fact in response to the letter from Dr. Chute, in last LINK, as to a little house for the sick, four individuals had applied for the privilege of building it. The first subscription having been applied to that purpose the other donors very generously allowed their gifts to be transferred to other special needs.

Miss Simpson's home-coming for needed rest, was approved of.

To the President and Treasurers of the Circles and Bands of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario (West.)

The treasurers of Circles and Bands are reminded that they should close their books for the Convention year on March 31st, and forward the money on hand then for Foreign Missions as promptly as possible to me.

As there have been differences of opinion as to the meaning of closing the local books, and it is desirable that some general method should be adhered to, an explanation is given below which we hope all the treasurers will act upon.

By the request to close the local treasurers' books on March 31st, we mean that all efforts to bring in money to the Circle or Band for the particular Convention year

should be made *before* that date, and the results should be in the local treasurer's hands and entered in her books on or before the 31st March. No further entry should be made for the Convention year after that date. The local treasurer should immediately forward the funds in hand to the treasurer of the Society.

When the blank form is filled out for the Associational Director there should be a receipt from me for every cent reported as "sent to the Foreign Mission Treasurer," such receipts bearing a date between May 1st of previous year and the month of April of the year in question. I think the presidents of Circles and of Bands should make it a duty to see that the figures reported on the blank forms are correct.

Probably some money will be handed in late, but it should be entered in the local treasurer's book on the next year's account, and any money received by her in April should not be forwarded in to the Treasurer of the Society until May, on account of the difference of date in closing.

Last year there were a great many discrepancies between the reports sent by the Circles and Bands to their Associational Directors, and the Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Society to the Convention. Some sent in money to me in April after certifying on the blank form the amount sent in to the Convention year, but such offerings were included in my Annual Report. In relation to these, I ask as a personal favor that the Circles or Bands holding receipts dated before May 1st, last year, for money which they have not yet reported to their Associational Director, should leave out that amount from the regular place on the blank form, and this year report it below in the space for remarks, giving the reasons.

It is very important that there should be some system of checking the report of the Treasurer of the Society, but at present the attempt is a farce. Let us strive to reach a higher standard that "All things be done decently and in order."

109 Pembroke St.,
Toronto.

VOILET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

DON'T FRITTER AWAY.—We most heartily commend these very excellent words of Rev. F. E. Clark to Endeavorers in regard to raising money and spending it. He advises the envelope plan; so much each month

systematically. Don't spend it upon yourselves; don't use it up for ice cream sociables and turkey suppers; don't spend it for anniversary or local union speakers; don't fritter away your money on every one that can gain the ear of your society; do give through your own church to your own denominational missionary boards. Let both the home and foreign treasurers know that they can depend upon your society for a contribution every year.

WANTED--WOMEN!

Good women are God's sentinels; in the darkest of earth's night, They hold with stout hearts, silently, life's outpost toward the light; And at God Almighty's roll-call, 'mong the hosts that answer "Here!" The voices of good women sound strong and sweet and clear.

Good women are brave soldiers; in the thickest of the fight, They stand with stout hearts, patiently, embattled for the right; And though no blare of trumpet or roll of drum is heard, Good women, the world over, are the army of the Lord.

Good women save the nation, though they bear not sword or gun, Their paup'ry is righteousness, their will with God's is one; Each in her single person revealing God on earth, Knowing that so, and only so, is any life of worth

Don't talk of women's weakness! I tell you that this hour The weight of this world's future depends upon their power; And down the track of ages, as Time's flood-tides are told, The level of their height is marked by the place that women hold. —Selected.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

[The following gives us a glimpse of what our missionaries sacrifice that the heathen may have light.]

My very dear ones all at home:—

I wrote one and all individually last week a Xmas letter, and now I wish to wish you one and all a very Happy New Year and many of them. May you have a happy time together, and may the blessing of the Most High, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, be wholly, fully yours! Only a few weeks and this letter will be there, out of the hot climate into the cold, out of poor famine stricken India to fair prosperous Canada, out of the midst of heathenism with its dross, its ignorance and its helplessness, and into the midst of Christianity with its beauty and its power and its love. Away from the worship of snakes and stones and trees, and of images made with hands, and near to the worship of the one true and living God, the pure, the holy and the just. What wonder if sometimes the wish comes that the letter was not going alone, but that the writer too might come out of the midst of publicity, out of the Babel of

foreign tongues, away from the praise or dispraise of human voices and the multiplicity of human needs and into the quiet of the home fireside, into the midst of one's own, one's dear ones, into the rest and quiet of sympathetic converse and sweet communion, in a word into the dear home at Woodside, in the midst of the dear ones there. But that may not be for many years yet, and in the meantime these missives must go with these messages of love and sorrow, of joy and gladness, of trial and temptation, and it may be sometimes with their words of helpfulness and cheer, and these return words of joy and gladness, of sorrow and trial, also must suffice for the present for the cheer of Woodside and the comfort of loved ones. Yes, and these are indeed great compensation, and so I hope each one of you dear ones will remember this too, that the home is yours, you are all there, or at least are often there, while one is far, far away without the loved comfort and counsel and help of the dear ones. Yet I would not murmur. There is one who is near, nay, one who is always near, and nearer than any earthly dear one, if we will only open our hearts to Him. Blessed be His holy name. And we have come to do His work, we have been sent by Him, and He will surely be with us, and that to bless us every step of the way.

THE SPIRIT GUIDED US.

BY L. G. BROUGHTON.

The *Foreign Mission Journal* (Southern Baptist) gives the example of the church at Roanoke, Virginia. It is worthy to be followed by many of our Canadian churches.

By the special request of the Secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, I venture to say a word concerning the development of the Foreign Missionary spirit in our Calvary Church at Roanoke, and in doing so there is only one feature of which I will speak, and that is the Dependence upon the Holy Spirit as our Teacher in Giving. It is known that we are a poor people to a large extent, and that within the last three years we have erected our house of worship, and yet we have gone forward in the matter of giving to Missions to an extent which has caused some comment, and perhaps calls for this communication. Our plan is this: First, we set apart the third Sunday in January as *Foreign Missionary Day*. Toward this day the church begins to look from year to year, and frequent attention is called to it in one way and another by the pastor. On Sunday preceding the offering, the week of prayer for the preparation of our hearts and the guidance of the Holy Spirit begins. The pastor makes careful and prayerful preparation for these meetings, and every night a congregation assembles and the Bible is studied, and many earnest prayers made for the guidance of the Spirit, in the matter before us. These meetings are among the most interesting that we have. It is not at all rare to see strong men and women weeping as they study the Word and feel the quickening presence of the Spirit.

On Sunday following, the pastor is greeted always with a large congregation, for it is a day much talked up and

looked forward to by the people. He earnestly preaches along the line of God's requirements of His people, and then, without pressure the offering is made. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that of all days this is our happiest. A bar-keeper in attendance at our church the day of our Foreign Mission collection remarked to me at the close of the service, when he saw the people giving with such cheerfulness: "This is what I call religion," and himself put in a liberal contribution. Who could help being happy when coming, as we had, from a week of study and prayer for the guidance of the Spirit, our collection, without any public gift or other strained effort, amounted to not less than a thousand dollars for 1897! What a joy it was for those people to give that day!

Brethren, I beg you to try this method. It will develop your people not only in the matter of giving, but will so deepen their spiritual life—which, after all, must precede the matter of their contributions—as nothing else, in my judgment, possibly can. The Holy Spirit in Missions! Oh, how we need Him to-day! The churches seem to have lost sight of the fact that He is their teacher. Let us come back to Him and honor Him at the risk even of being called extremists, and He in turn will honor the churches.

NEW LAWS FAVORABLE TO WOMEN EVEN IN AFRICA.

A few days ago our Kombe king came down from his headquarters at Bata to hold the semi-annual meeting of parliament, and, after very animated discussions, three or four new laws were promulgated, all bearing upon improvement in the condition of women. So, you see, this is becoming the burning question of the day even in Equatorial Africa.

Some of the Christian representatives were in favor of having payment of dowry, which means purchase of wives to be held as slaves, entirely abolished. Others felt that the mass of the people were not yet prepared for such an innovation, and the attempt to enforce such a law might only lead to rebellion. So it was decided that the amount of dowry be sensibly decreased and no more infants should be betrothed to grown men. They are to be left free until they have attained an age when they are supposed to be capable of making choice for themselves in this most delicate matter.

Then, heretofore it has been a law as binding as that of the Medes and Persians that in case a man dies his wife must be inherited, like his other property, and compelled to marry such member of the deceased husband's family as shall be decided upon in council by the male relatives, irrespective of any choice on her side. If the woman should have sufficient spirit to rebel, she would be ostracized at once and looked upon as a suspicious character. This custom has been a sore stumbling block to church members, who have come under discipline again and again for marrying polygamists by whom they were inherited, and in other cases where they held out they were subjected to real persecution.

The new law provides that in such cases women shall be left free to make their own election, whether to remain in the family of the deceased husband, seek some other agreeable alliance, or remain even as they are. Of course if one leaves the family, the dowry paid will have to be returned, or a portion of it according to the length of her service with her former owners. Narrow as this

liberty may seem to you, it means much in comparison with former bondage and will, we hope, open the way for perfect freedom. These laws the people have had translated into French and will present them to the administrator, asking his approval, and assistance in carrying them out. Our present king is a Christian, a member of our church, and so far as his light goes he will be in favor of reform. His prime minister has been an apostate for several years, but recent trials have been softening his heart and he seems penitent and anxious to return.—R. H. DE HEER, in *Woman's Work for Women*. Benito, July 15, 1896.

TREAD SOFTLY.

PHILIPPIANS II. 1-8.

Not where *lifeless* ones are sleeping
In the silent graves below,
But where *living* ones are weeping
Tears of bitterness and woe.

Where despair its home is making
Dark as night that has no end;
Where true hearts with grief are breaking
For a kind and faithful friend.

If we knew each other's spirit
As we know each other's face,
We should often find true merit
Where at first there seems no grace.

If we knew each other's feelings
As each other's words we know,
In our daily walk and dealings
Greater kindness we might show.

If we know the cares and labors
Which each human heart must feel,
We should learn to love our neighbors
And some wounded ones to heal.

If amid the conflict pressing
We just tread with loving care,
We shall make our lives a blessing
And be welcome everywhere.

Let that mind in Jesus dwelling
Evermore in us abide:
Then in works of love excelling
Living will be glorified.

Colborne, Oct., 1896.

T. WATSON.

Twenty-five years ago there was not a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; now there are 75 Woman's Societies, 50 of which are in America; and there are in addition more than 20,000 Auxiliaries and upwards of 7,000 Mission Bands. These Woman's Societies have a combined income of more than \$2,000,000 annually.

There may be times when silence is gold and speech silver; but there are times, also when silence is death and speech is life, the very life of Pentecost.—*Maz Muller*.

Work Abroad.

YELAMANOHILL.

Dear Readers of the Link.—We are about saying goodbye to the cool season. Not that it is positively hot yet, but one can feel in the air the hint of coming heat, and it makes me feel sad. The cool season in India is ideal, delightful, but alas! so short. At the end of November we say cheerfully, "It is getting cool once more," and at the end of January we remark with a sigh that it is getting warm again. Much as we enjoy our cool season, it is perhaps good for us to have a hot season, too, if for no other reason than that it furnishes us with one argument with which to meet those put forward by people (at home), who insist that foreign mission life and work in India is "romantic."

The year that is past has gone up to God, with all its record; and I cannot but stop and think of all the women I have spoken the Gospel to during its days. Some of them bright, some, oh! so dull; some of them interested, some indifferent; some of them responsive, some cold and apathetic; some seeming to catch in the words a glimpse of the God of their hearts; some seeing in it only "a tale that is told."

What shall the harvest be?

Oh! I cannot help praying and believing that out of the hundreds who heard, some, if only one here and one there, have heard to some purpose and have found in the message they heard that day from the Missamma and her women, the very help they need in this weary life, "a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawns." As my memory pictures forth one and another of the many who composed my audiences, I think of the woman in an out-village near Narsapatnam who followed me but to the outskirts of the hamlet, saying, "Please tell me how to believe—I never heard before. I am so ignorant, what can I know? Please tell me how!" And I stood and told her as best I could, until my throat literally gave out from much talking all forenoon, and I had to come away. What about her, who is only one of many? Will she ever find the full light? will the Day-star ever arise in her heart to flood that once dark, superstitious and sinful realm with glory? I only know what God says: "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me." Only let there be the seeking heart, and God is not far off. What a comfort in His word!

I had an especially good tour on the Narsapatnam field in December. I wish I might tell you some of the incidents of the trip, but it is impossible under the circumstances. How I wish you had been with me, to see it for yourselves! I saw some villages I had never seen before and where the women had never heard the Gos-

pel before. They were very wild and shy, and the showing of my white face in the village street was the signal for a general rush for home on the part of the women. Undismayed at this rather disconcerting welcome, I would advance slowly, assume the most harmless aspect I was capable of, take off my smoked glasses and say gently, "Come now, friends, I'm not the Collector, nor yet the Missionary. I am only a woman just like you," my Bible-woman meanwhile assuaging their fright, and after a few moments of keen inspection on their part and assurance of peace on mine, they would consent to draw near, and in a short time we would be launched upon our subject. This time we took with us large colored pictures—those used by the primary classes at home—to show the women and illustrate our words, and they were much enjoyed by the women—and men, too. Often the men who gathered near would say, "The Dora Garu (Dr Smith) comes here to preach, but he doesn't bring these!" The pictures are a great help as an attraction, a means to hold attention, and an illustration of our message. A goodly number of women heard on this tour, and I was very much encouraged by the hearing accorded us. In only two villages could we say we had not been well received.

During the first part of the tour we had our tent pitched under a large tree about a quarter of a mile from Balighattam, a village quite near Narsapatnam, from which a number of caste people came out in Mr. Barrow's time. The head man of the village tried in every way he dared to make it so uncomfortable for us that we would expedite our departure, but he did not succeed. He tried to break up a meeting, but the meeting only divided into two, and kept on until dusk in the same place. In other ways he showed his animosity. A Christian widow in that village, Rebecca her name is, has to stand a good deal of annoyance from this man and his friends, who taunt her and use abusive language to her in the street, and who are taking away from her her land—but as far as I can see, she is standing "the storm splendidly, and her own sister who is still a heathen, told us that, "Whereas at first Rebecca used to get very angry when they abused her, now she never even showed that she heard them." In this same village live David and Sarah, who are our faithful workers, and they are a help to Rebecca and a power for good in the region. Although the head man of the village and some of his "ilk" hate us Christians so, we had just splendid hearings in the village, the "common people hearing us gladly." Another caste girl, Salome, who left all to follow Jesus, belongs to that village. She is now being trained in the Girls' School in Cocanada. We went to visit her sister, who is still a heathen, but who had invited us to come to her home, and we had an extra good hearing there. The poor old white-haired father,

who has never ceased to love his girl who left him for the "Christian caste," heard us, too, and said nothing against us. The first time the old man saw me, he stormed and raged against us and our religion—it was after Salome had joined us. But now he has calmed down to a large extent and will even listen quietly and interestedly to the truth. God grant they may all come out into His light soon!

Even our tent was a silent witness of the truth. It was quite near the road, and passers by would always stop to find out whose it was. On learning that it belonged to the Missionary Missamma who was touring in the district, they would move on, discussing our religion. Even in the night, as the farmers have gone to their work of watching the crops in the fields—in the dead of night or the chill of early morning I have heard them discussing, as they passed by, our message. "They say *only one God*,"—"What God?"—"The God who made us,"—"No idol?"—"What are idols—*nothing!*"—"That's very true"—and then the footsteps would recede, leaving me smiling to think in how many ways the seed is sown. Those men passing in the night, had been reminded of what they had heard from preacher or missionary, by the white glimmer of our tent under the tree.

We had, as usual, a good time with the caste women in Narsapatnam—and not half enough time to work the ground. Especially do the women of the goldsmith caste seem interested in the word. I saw Narayanamma again—do you remember my writing of her in the November LINK? I found her as interested as ever and I longed to have a private talk with her, but it was impossible. She had removed since I saw her last, and her house was in such a public spot that a great crowd of women gathered instantly to hear us, and I had no opportunity for a good, earnest personal talk.

The first of this month I was touring in quite a new place—new to me, I mean. Our camp was in a village eight miles from here, and we had a very good hearing in the near villages. In a few of these villages Miss Rogers had worked three years ago, and when the goldsmith women saw me passing through the street, they would say, "Come to our house. A Missamma came a long time ago and we haven't heard since." It seemed like seeing old friends, to talk to the women who had last heard the word from Miss Rogers.

I must give you a piece of news which I know will encourage you. Two weeks ago, a native woman was received by the church here for baptism and church membership. She is a woman in rather peculiar circumstances. She has been living for some years with a Eurasian here, as his wife. Over a year ago she signified a desire to hear about God, and asked us to teach her. So I set Minnie apart especially for this work, and ever since we have been visiting and teaching her regu-

larly. At first she seemed very, very stupid and seemed to have no real conviction of her need of Christ as a Saviour. But within the last six months there has been a great change in her. She has shown a new and deep interest in religion and now says she knows Jesus has saved her. She has learned almost all of the Shorter Catechism, the Commandments, besides other lessons we have set her; but chiefly, I believe largely through the knowledge gained from the faithful teaching of Minnie, which God has blessed, she has learned to be a true follower of Jesus. She showed such intelligence in regard to the question of jewels, that I must tell you of it, at the risk of unduly lengthening this letter. Here it is. She wears a good many jewels, especially some rather nice ones in her nose, which are evidently very dear to her heart. She noticed that Minnie wore none, and asked her why. Minnie told her her reason, and said that while we did not insist on Christian women giving up their jewels, we did not encourage them to wear them in any profusion, and added, "Do you not think you had better take the jewels out of your nose before you are baptized?" The woman thought a moment and then said: "Just as soon as my conscience tells me to take off these jewels, I'll take them off; whatever jewel it tells me to take off, I'll take off." Next time I saw her I noticed that she had taken off the principal one, the one that we missionaries especially dislike. She has the root of the matter. She isn't going to take off her jewels to please the missionaries, but to please her conscience, which is good ground to take. Another thing which Minnie told me concerning her, pleased me much. One day as Minnie was going to see her, she drew near the house quietly and coming around the corner unobserved, found the woman telling the story of Jesus to her coolly woman!

I am sure the news of this convert will please and encourage you as much as it has done me. It is the first (apparent) fruit of our work together in Yellamanchili, dear friends. God has revealed Himself to one woman's soul through our work and the great work of His Holy Spirit, and may His Name have all the glory! Rejoice with me, and pray that many more may so be led into the Kingdom.

May this young year find us all with open heart, ready to receive into its love and warmth all the wandering lost sheep of the Lord Jesus. May it find us daily more in harmony with His plan for the coming of the Kingdom.

Yours sincerely,

KATIE S. McLAUBIN.

January 20th, 1897.

Heathenism is characterized by two words: Helplessness and hopelessness; it has no power to help and no inspiration for hope.

"ON TOUR," SATYARARAM.

My Dear Miss Buchan.—There is a sort of lull at present in the various sounds, etc., and I think a little chat with you would perhaps be the best way to make use of it. Your letter was a treat, as they always are, and as I read it over, in imagination I am once more in Toronto, enjoying the familiar sights and sounds and the precious fellowship of Christian friends again.

If it were possible, you should have a picture of me and my surroundings as I am. Miss Rogers knows well for she has camped in the very spot. The sights and sounds are not very elevating. It is evening, the cattle are all being driven home for the night, the malapilly is on the opposite side of the road from me, and the women are calling their pigs and talking to one another in anything but gentle tones. I asked someone to-day, if any one had secrets in this country. They do not seem to have, for they talk as tho' every one was deaf. Early in the morning, while it is still dark, the kapus or farmers come and stand in-the road and call their servants from the malapilly.

This was stopped by people coming to talk with me and now I am home once more for a few days. It seems kind of good to have a chance to eat one's food, etc., without a crowd of dirty, nearly half naked folk trying to peek in on you. Its not very appetizing to say the least. Generally when on tour, we go to different villages each morning and spend the afternoon at work in the village where we are camped. It does not satisfy me, but I have not found any better way yet. Villages, we only see once a year it seems as though we ought to stay longer in, so the women will have a chance to learn. I saw three villages this last tour that were new to me, and in each one they gave us very good hearing. Indeed the people, wherever we went seemed more thoughtful.

Famine seems to be really staring us in the face unless the Father in His great mercy sends us rain very soon, and the people, some of them at least, appear to be doing a little thinking as to why it has come, and also the folly of their idol worship. One verse has come to me many times lately: "I am the Lord, that is my name, my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." As we tell them this, they say, "that's just what we have done and God is angry with us." When the rains came and there were good crops instead of thanking Him, the first-fruits were offered to idols. If only they would turn in true repentance to Him now. Remember us constantly in prayer, that we may be faithful messengers. One longs so much to be able to help them spiritually and physically. How would you feel if some one you visited was sick and they said, "Amma, I better not take any medicine to make me hungry because we have not enough to eat now." If this was an exceptional case one might relieve it, but with all kinds of grain at

the price they are, a rupee does not go half as far as some time ago. In the family mentioned there are four generations, an old woman, her daughter (the sick woman), granddaughter and great grandchildren. The three women are widows and the granddaughter who is quite grey, has supported them by sewing. Now there are a number of machines in Tuni and very little work comes to her. They listen so interestedly and the sick woman says that she is trusting only in Jesus, that she has no confidence in any one else. I do hope she is.

ELLEN PRIEST.

Nov. 14, 1896.

DEAD BABIES IN CHINA.

A writer in *Woman's Work for Woman* quotes this from Mr. Holcomb:

If you lived in China you would be surprised never to see a child's funeral pass; but if you go into the street very early in the morning you will find the explanation. You would meet a large covered vehicle drawn by two oxen, having a sign across the front stating its horrible office, and piled to the brim with the bodies of children. Sometimes there are a hundred in the cart at once, thrown in as garbage, nearly all of them naked; a few of them tied up in old reed baskets; and fewer, never more than one or two, in cheap board coffins. These carts go about the streets each night picking up these pitiable remains, some of them mutilated by dogs. They are thrown in like so much wood and taken to a pit outside the city wall, into which they are dumped and then covered with quicklime. Does it make you sick to hear of such a thing? I have lived seven years in a city where it is a daily occurrence.

O ye mothers who sit by the sweet sunny graves of your little ones and think of them as lovingly carried in the Saviour's bosom, can you not give one extra cent a week to teach these poor, ignorant Chinese mothers a better way?

We are accustomed to talk of giving to the Lord's work. That is a great mistake. The giving is from the other party. The silver and the gold are the Lord's. We only dig it up. The cattle upon a thousand hills are His. We only herd them. The wheat does not germinate by our power; the sun does not shine at our bidding; the rain does not fall at our word; the soil is not fertile through our wisdom. Our opportunities and faculties to make money are all gifts from God. He giveth thee the power to acquire wealth. Let us pay God His due.—*The Gospel in All Lands.*

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

TEESWATER.—Dear sisters who read the LINK, we wish to let you know that the Baptist sisters in Teeswater who belong to the Circle, still continue to enjoy the monthly meetings. Our attendance is small. This year, which commenced April 1st, we have only twelve members. One of these, Mrs. S. McKee, the oldest of our number, was called to join the circle round the throne; her body was laid away on the last day of '96. Our sister has been feeble and in poor health for a number of years, it was seldom she was able to be at our meetings, but she was interested in our work.

June 18th, '96, our Circle held its eleventh anniversary. Deacon Davidson arranged his lawn beautifully; the evening was so fine we were able to spend the whole of it out of doors. At these gatherings the brethren and other members of the church are given an idea of what we have been doing during the year. At our meeting this month we had a good time. We sang the four verses in the W. B. M. U., part of the February LINK, under the title of "Soul Longings," to the tune "Yield Not to Temptation," the chorus "Ask the Saviour," etc., suits so well between each verse. Our souls were filled with longings to prove more worthy. We thank Miss Johnstone, of Dartmouth, for sending those verses to the LINK.

We expect to have our funds increased some this year by the sale of a quilt we are making, which one of the members is going to buy; another sister speaks of buying the next quilt we make. Two sisters joined our Circle this year who were never members before. We open a new member's roll at the commencement of each Convention year. Usually we appoint one member to prepare the programme and look after the interests of the next meeting. We are glad to have our little Circle, the meetings are a help to us. *Cor.-Sec.*

WOLVERTON.—On the last Friday evenings in January the ladies of our Circle gave an "At Home" to the members of the church, B. Y. P. U., and Mission Band. Student-pastor Roberts very acceptably acted as chairman, and an interesting programme was given. Messrs. Carswell and Metcalfe, of Plattsville, very kindly assisted, and their selections in the Scottish tongue were especially appreciated. Excellent addresses were given by Pastor Roberts and Deacons A. Wolverton and J. Dawson. Mr. Wolverton's address was especially cheering to the Circle, as he thought it had been a very important factor in increasing our interest in missions as a church, since its organization over seven years ago. Singing was provided by members of the Mission Band

and others. One feature of the programme was perhaps a little unique, but may possibly be of interest to some other Circle. This was a "Missionary Salad," consisting of eleven questions and answers on medical missions, the answers being written on green tissue salad leaves and distributed through the audience before the meeting. One of the members of the Circle read the questions from the platform, giving the numbers of the answers, and as each number was called, the person whose leaf bore that number read the answer.

Refreshments were served during the evening and a most pleasant time was spent by all. No charge was made.

LIZZIE LEE PINE, *Sec. pro tem.*

FRAZEEVILLE.—On Tuesday evening, December 1st, the Circle in connection with the Baillieboro' church held a public meeting, when, after the opening exercises, the Pastor, Mr. Kirkpatrick, introduced Rev. Mr. Davis, who, though suffering considerably from an attack of his old Indian fever, held the audience in the closest attention, as he graphically described the sad condition of the poor people among whom he has been laboring to spread the sweet Gospel story, for the past nine years. We hope those of us who were present on this occasion have had our interest in the spread of the Gospel quickened and strengthened, as we had brought before us the awful spiritual darkness of these people, and our own responsibility in the matter, as it can only be by one whose heart is in sympathy with Christ.

Our Thank-offering was taken, which amounted to over \$8, equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

L. L., *Pres.*

PORT HOPE.—The Annual Foreign Mission Thank-offering meeting of the Port Hope Mission Circle was held at the church, Wednesday evening, February 3rd.

There were 29 ladies present. After singing, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, Miss Kirkconnell gave a reading, entitled, "Child-life in Teluguland." Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. J. E. Davis, then gave an interesting and instructive address, which she illustrated with curiosities brought from India.

Miss Ohisholm and Miss Eva Hanson sang a duet, and the thanks of the meeting were given Mrs. Davis for her address. The Thank-offering amounted to \$40.

MAUD CRAIG, *Sec.*

There are more preachers at work among the 4,000,000 of London than there are missionaries among the 200,000,000 Mohammedan and 800,000,000 heathen in the world. London needs all her preachers; but how about the wants of the unconverted world?

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO (WEST).

Receipts from Jan. 16th to Feb. 16th, 1897, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—St. Thomas, Mrs. James Morris, for her life-membership fee, \$25; St. George, \$3.20; Aylmer, \$11; Cramah, \$2; Eldersli, \$5; Salford, \$10; Sault Ste. Marie, First Ch., \$4; Calton, Thank-offering, \$5; Deceswille, \$5; Cheltenham, \$8.02; Port Perry (\$2.21 special coll.), \$4.90; Windsor, Bruce Ave., \$10; Grimaby, \$5; Gilmour Memorial Ch., Thank-offering, \$8.08; Stratford, \$14.75; Claremont, \$10; Port Hope, \$10; Geulph, First Ch., \$8.10; Petrolia (\$1.12 Thank-offering), \$8.52; West Toronto Junction, \$4.60; Brantford, Park Ch., for Miss Priscilla Begg, \$20; Belleville, \$3.50; Hamilton, North Ch., \$1.50; Waterloo, \$8; Wheatley, \$1.75; Hillsburgh, \$1.70; London, Adelaide St. (50c. additional thank-offering), \$2; St. Catharines, Queen St., Thank-offering, \$7.15; Thorold (\$1 Thank-offering), \$2.75; Teeswater, \$4.25; Vittoria, \$4; Cobourg, \$4; Schomberg, \$5; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$55; Galt (\$4 towards life-membership fee), \$9; Gobles, \$5; Clinton, \$4. Total, \$308.77.

FROM BANDS.—St. Mary's (Girls), for Burigi Bellema, \$8.80; Boston, \$10; Port Perry, \$2.33; Pledwick, Selwyn P.-O. (1), \$1.33; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25; Woodstock, First Ch., for Todeti Abraham, \$20; Wheatley, \$2.51; Maple Grove, \$11; Burch, \$5; Petrolia, \$8.20; Toronto, Royco Ave., \$1.00. Total, \$72.92.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. John Alexander, Toronto, \$5; Special (\$50 to build a small house for the sick, at Akidun, \$100; Miss Isabel and Hattie Edwards, \$2.08; Mrs. Wm. Craig, Jr., Port Hope, special, \$30; Miss I. Sinclair, Brandon, Man., for a Bible-woman, \$8; Ridgetown, Junior B. Y. P. U., for Ballikuri Mary, \$3.50; in Memoriam, special, \$20; Toronto, Beverley St., Bible-classes, for Todeti Philemon, \$6.25. Total, \$174.83. Total receipts during the month, \$556.52.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$548; Special, for small house for the sick, at Akidun, \$50. Total, \$598. To Home Expenses: Postage stamps for Miss Buchan, \$3; Treasurer's receipt cards, \$7. Total, \$10. Total disbursements during the month, \$608.

Total receipts since May 1, 1896, \$6,244.26 Of this amount, \$2,030.50 is for various specials, leaving to the credit of our regular income, \$4,213.76. Total disbursements since May 1, 1896, \$5,855.85.

As most of you know our work for this year in India had to be reduced on account of the failure in last year's regular income. As we stand at present, our regular offerings from this date (Feb. 15), until the close of the Convention year, should be \$2,050, to prevent our slipping behind still further. Your message to the Board decides this question for the ensuing year, a message not of words, but of action. What is it to be?

(1) And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn back and encamp before Pihahiroth . . . (Exod. xiv: 1, 2.)

(2) And Moses said unto the people, fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. . . (ver. 13.)

(3) And the Lord said unto Moses, wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. . . (ver. 15.)

These three texts convey three different directions - which one is for you? Be fully persuaded in your own minds, and then let your contributions through your Circle or Band tell your thought, before the 31st of March.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas.

109 Pombroke St., Toronto.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

Receipts from October 1st to January 1st, inclusive.

Cash in hand from annual meeting, \$17.84; Collection at Thurso Convention, \$6.29; Quebec M. B. (Karanturi Donamnia), \$17; South Gower C., \$2; Winchester C., \$19.75; Maxwellville C., \$10; Dominionville C., \$4; Delta C., \$10; Kingston, 1st Ch. C., \$11; Kingston, 1st Ch. Junior, Endeavor, \$17; Oogodee C. \$12.00; M. B. (Ladpell Estaher, \$17; Carleton Place C., \$13.50; (Miss Mabel Allen), \$2.50; Dixville C., \$8; Olivet C., \$23.10; Brockville M. B., \$15; Westport M. B. (Bollaree Isala), \$4; Abbott's Corners, \$7; St. Andrews Union, \$4; Vankloek Hill, \$10; Ottawa McPhail Mem. M. B. (Kanata Mary), \$15; Almonte C., \$2. Total, \$280.04.

Disbursements:—To Rev. Mr. Craig, Travelling expenses, \$14.50; Postage, 50c.; To Miss Murray, Bible woman, Draft, \$170.40. Total, \$185.40. Balance on hand, \$94.64.

SARA B. SCOTT, Treasurer.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

"Children," said Mr. Brown, "what is my watch good for?"

"To keep time," the children answered.

"But suppose it can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied.

"And what is this pencil for?"

"To mark with," said the children.

"But suppose it has no lead and will not mark, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "what is the use of my knife?"

"To cut with," answered the little ones.

"Suppose it has no blade," he asked again, "then what is the knife good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Tell me now," said Mr. Brown, "what is a boy or a girl good for? 'What is the chief end of man?'"

"Oh, that's catechism," cried Willie Brown. "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."

"Very well. If a boy or girl does not do what they are made for, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound. "Good for nothing." Sol.

CHEAPSIDE.—If it is not too late, I should like to tell the young readers of the LINK something about the working of our Mission Band. We organized four years ago last March. The name of our Band is the "Helping Hand." We work for Home, Grande Ligne, Foreign and Indian missions. For the last three years we have been supporting a boy in the Samulocota Seminary, Panamalla Davadaau. Our interest has been deepened from the letter which we have received from him, and trust that ours in return may strengthen him in the work for the Master. We also have a Birthday Box for Indian missions.

Last year ours was the Banner Band of the Norfolk Association. Probably you would like to know how we raise some of our money. We have annually a picnic, at which we have refreshments, and the money received goes to missions. Also, we have a Box-breaking concert, once a year, at which we have dialogues, readings, and songs by the children. The interest manifested is surprising, with some it has never ceased from the beginning. Do you not think we should feel thankful for our Band? God bless them all. To Him we ascribe all the glory.

M. S., Cor. Sec.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and Miss Wright, that the seed long and faithfully sown in Chicacole may soon yield an abundant harvest. For all the native workers on this field.

TO SERVE.

To sit with folded hands
Brings to no waiting soul the joys of life;
In hard, yea, weary labor, and in strife,
Rather than peace it stands.

Peace waiteth farther on,
But 'tis a battle-field we first must tread;
By our great Captain of salvation led
Hardly is victory won.

Rest shall come by and by,
And none can taste the joy of rest untired;
What wages earns the servant who is hired,
If all at ease he lie?

Not for reward alone,
This law is given that we must up and do;
By all who would be strong and happy too,
Must strenuous work be done.

The unused hand is weak,
How can its nerveless fingers grasp the lyre?
Silent its music ever if we tire
When first its sweet cords speak.

All stagnant life is death,
But follow thou the Master on his way,
And thou shalt never be of death the prey,
E'en as the Master saith.

Extracted from a volume entitled, "From Advent to All Saints." Verses suggested by the Epistles and Gospels, by J. E. A. Brown. (*Orith, Paron, Okeden & Welsh.*)

Our suggested programme is now published both in the *Messenger* and *Visitor*, and in *Tidings*, so it seems hardly necessary to print it in *THE LINK* also.

Our own Publishing Committee has just issued a Leaflet which we print in this number of *THE LINK*. We hope to have one from each of the other fields. We are very grateful to Mrs. Morse for complying with our request so promptly.

Correspondents will please notice that the address of the President is 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B., not St. John, west.

We have on our Telugu Field now, nineteen missionaries. Just think of it! Nineteen missionaries sent out to one million, seven hundred thousand people! And it takes forty-five thousand people to send these nineteen! Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it! Women of our Union rouse ye to this work. Tell it, pray it, until every

church member is aroused. Surely we are sleeping. Is it not time to awake? Should not Zion arise and put on her beautiful garments? Should she not let her light shine into every dark corner of this world? How many missionaries should we have on our Telugu Field? According to Rev. W. Higgins, we need, in order to man the field in any proper sense, forty men with their wives, and twenty single lady missionaries. Mr. Higgins says: "The remaining eighty-one should be sent forth speedily. They should have been on the field long ago; and because they have not been sent forth, thousands of Telugus have perished without a knowledge of Christ. If the 45,000 Baptists in these Provinces gave one cent a day each, we would have annually one hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars for this work instead of fourteen thousand now given." Think! "Canada's total contribution to missions (from all churches) in 1891, would not pay Canada's drink bill for four days!

"Give, saints! as God has given,
And see as your reward
Dense pagan darkness riven,
And Christ received as Lord."

A card received from Miss Newcomb, dated Madras, speaks of their arrival there on the 19th. All well; and they hoped to leave for Biml on the morrow, so as to reach there in time for Christmas.

Officers W. B. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces, for the year ending July, 1897:—President, Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B.; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N. S.; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Henry Everett, St. John, N. B.; Prov. Secretaries, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S., Miss M. C. Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Editor of W. B. M. U. column in *Messenger* and *Visitor*, Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B.; Correspondent for *LINK*, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S.

Miss Wright expects to leave India, in March, and will probably reach N. S. in April. It is a sore disappointment that she is obliged to leave the work.

Let us give glad praise for the new souls won for Christ, and baptized in Bobbili; and let us ask that the others who are "seeking" may come into the light.

TO THE RESCUE.

"To the rescue!" shouts the seaman,
Through the howling midnight dark,
As athwart the seething waters
Pilots he his trusty barkque;
"To the rescue, man the lifeboat,
There are precious lives to save;
Aid the shipwrecked ere they perish,"
Sounds o'er tempest, wind, and wave.

"To the rescue, to the rescue!"
Is the sturdy fireman's cry,
Fiercely are the embers glowing,
And the scorching flames leap high:
Yet at duty's call he riseth,
There are lives from death to win,
So to save them doth he hasten,
Through the smoke and glare and din.

To the rescue, to the rescue !
 'Tis our Great Rabboni's call ;
 "Follow me," my footstep's pressing,
 His command to one and all.
 Hasten quickly ere they perish,
 Those for whom I came to die,
 Sorrow-bowed pain's furnace treading,
 Lo ! their moan is heard on high.

To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Speak to all, God's words of peace,
 In the name of Christ your Saviour,
 Bid the prisoner release ;
 To the rescue, to the rescue !
 At his mandate quickly rise ;
 Be his ministering angels,
 Clad in lowly human guise.

To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Seek the little ones who roam,
 Tend the suffering, bid the orphaned
 Welcome to your heart and home.
 To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Fold them all in love's embrace,
 Christ will say, "To Me ye did it,"
 When you see Him face to face.

To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Lift the fallen ones from shame,
 Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
 Toll the drunkard to reclaim.
 To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Snatch the brand from out the flame,
 Lead the lepers to the Saviour,
 Who to cleanse and heal them came.

To the rescue, to the rescue ;
 Seek the lost, the sick, the sad,
 Take the dying ones to Jesus,
 He will save and make them glad.
 To the rescue, to the rescue !
 Labor hearts to Christ to bring,
 Until all shall love each other,
 In the kingdom of our King.

HARRIET JULIA EVANS.

BIMLIPATAM.

It is difficult to get much of the early history of towns like Bimlipatam.

The Hindus take little or no interest in the history of anything, and it is hard to find a man who can tell you the date of his own birth.

Since the English have had possession of India they have tried to gather some facts. I have a few which I obtained from a book giving the history of the Vizagapatam District.

"About the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company built a fort and factory at Bimlipatam. In the war between England and the Batavian Republic, the Dutch lost all their possessions in India. The peace of Amiens, 1802, provided for their restoration, and actual restoration was made in 1810. The Dutch hold their territory at Bimlipatam until the 1st of June, 1815, when it was made over by a Dutch Commission to England. Up to 1836 Bimli was a miserable little fishing village. About that time Messrs. Arbuthnot & Co., built a factory at Chittavala, a village about three miles distant, for the conversion of sugar-cane into japper, (syrup). At the same time they engaged in the export of oil seed.

In 1869 the population numbered between 5,000 and 6,000.

Some of the walls of the old Dutch fort still stand and recently some old Dutch implements were found in the well of old fort ground. A few minutes' walk out of the town brings one to the old Dutch cemetery which has not been opened for generations.

Bimlipatam is built on the sea. The ground rises gradually as we leave the beach. Then we approach a high, bare, rocky hill, the lower part of one side, of which was cut away and levelled to build the Mission House and Compound. On the top of this hill is the ruin of an old bungalow, said to be once the home of the Dutch Governor. The air, on the top, is several degrees cooler than below.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago Bimli carried on a considerable trade with other parts of the world, in the export of oilseeds, indigo and grain, but this has diminished to a large extent. However, there is still some trade and a week rarely passes that foreign ships do not anchor out in the bay, waiting to be loaded.

The coast of India cannot boast of good harbors. Even in Madras, all passengers and luggage have to be landed in boats. In Bimli, the ships anchor out about a mile from the shore. The natives have rude boats, which are shaped so as to be able to ride safely through the surf. The water is so shallow near the shore that the last part of the journey, European passengers have to be landed by being carried in a chair by coolies.

A railroad from Parvatipoor (near Bobbili) through Bobbili to Vizianagram, thence to Bimlipatam, has been sanctioned this year by the English Government. This, if it is built, will greatly increase the trade and make Bimli a much more important town than heretofore.

There are several European residents—representatives of the Madras Bank, Arbuthnot Co. and the Government. Some Eurasians, or East Indians, hold good positions as Agents of the British India Steamship Co. and the Telegraph Department.

The natives comprise nearly every caste among the Hindus, but the higher castes predominate. The native population at the present time is about 10,000.

There are two Gov't Schools for boys and one for girls. All castes are supposed to be allowed to attend, if they wish, but I think it is rarely ever an out-caste would be found among the caste pupils. Their lives would be made miserable not only by the high caste pupils, but also by the teachers, who look down upon them as unfit to associate with.

The Mohammedans have a school and there are several small Hindu schools in different parts of the town. The Baptist Mission School is open to all castes who wish to attend.

The Episcopalians have a church owned by Government. The Government chaplain holds services in it once a month.

The Catholics have a chapel and the priest comes in from Vizianagram occasionally. In the meantime, the services are conducted by a layman.

The Mohammedans have rebuilt their mosque, which was destroyed by the heavy rains some three years ago. There are several small Hindu temples and one very large, one called Yarasimbawamy, which occupies a very prominent position on one side of the large hill.

About twenty-one years ago Messrs. Sanford and Churchill of the Canadian Baptist Mission of the Maritime Provinces, came to Bimli. The latter opened a station at Bobbili.

hours all through the week, and when Saturday came Miss Helen's parlors were full; and the little bits of children were there as well as the older ones. She was just as glad to see them, and made them feel that they were just as much needed as the larger girls.

When we were all quiet, Miss Helen told us just what a Mission Band was meant to be and do, and how we must study about the different fields, and the missionaries who go to these places to teach; but you all belong to a Mission Band yourselves, and do just the same things, so I need not tell you any more.

But just before we went home, Miss Helen said: "There is one thing more important than all the work you can do, and all the money you can give, without which the cause of missions never will prosper,—and that is prayer. Every one in this Band must pray every day of her life that God will bless and strengthen the missionaries, and that He will put it into the hearts of Christian people to send their money and their prayers, to aid in the work of preaching Christ to those who have never heard His name. Now, before we go home, let us kneel down and ask Him to give us a true missionary spirit, and bless all the work we may do as a mission Band." Then we all knelt, and Miss Helen prayed that God would accept the offering of all our hearts, and that He would take our work and our money and bless it, not because it was so much, but because we were in earnest, and gave it for love of Him.

At our next meeting slips of paper, on which were written Bible texts, were passed around. Each slip was numbered; and when our number was called we read our text; then Miss Helen offered prayer. For several meetings we each had either texts or verses to read, but no one ever prayed except Miss Helen. One day she asked us to pick out our own texts for the next meeting, instead of depending on her to do it. Even the little girls had their texts, and we all enjoyed reciting them, because we found them all by ourselves.

At one of the meetings, after we had been organized about four months, Miss Helen said, after she had read a few verses of Scripture: "For several meetings you have read or recited Bible-texts, talked about the country which was the subject of the meeting, recited poetry, asked questions, and have taken part in all the exercises except the prayer. I purposely gave you texts and poetry to say, that you might not be frightened at the sound of your own voices; and now that you have gained confidence in yourselves, I think you ought to help in the prayer also. I think Jesus will not be pleased with this Band, nor bless its work, until every one in it is willing to make this sacrifice for Him. In a moment we shall kneel to pray, and I will ask Bessie Bronson, Della Cutler, and Mamie Foster, each to offer a short prayer."

We knelt, and there was a long silence in the room. Not a girl said a word, and then Miss Helen prayed just as usual. When we rose we all wanted to laugh; but Miss Helen's face was so sober that we did not dare. We all expected that she would say something about it, and we were not mistaken; for after the map exercise, the singing, the reports from the missionaries, and the papers were all over, she talked to us for a few moments very earnestly about taking part in the prayers of each meeting, as well as in the other exercises. "Of course I know it will not be easy at first," she said; "it never is easy for anybody; but Jesus will help you if you ask him every day. I have a plan that will make it much easier for every one of you if you will try it. Before

you come to the next meeting, think of just one thing that you want to ask for, and have it ready in a few words when I ask you to pray. We will call these little prayers sentence-prayers, and I want everybody to be ready with one for the next meeting. How many will promise?" Nearly every hand was raised, and the promise was given.

When we left the church we talked a great deal about the new plan, and our hearts were none too brave when we thought of praying aloud, even one sentence, before each other. How could we feel otherwise when we never had let any one but our mothers hear our prayers? But we had promised, and of course we would keep the promise.

"If Miss Helen ever asks me to pray again," said Della Cutler, when we were nearly home, "I'll do it, if I say nothing but 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' I never want to see such a sorry look on her face as there was this afternoon. Let us do the best we can, girls, next time. Good-bye"; and she slammed her own gate without giving us a chance to reply, but we all felt exactly as she did.

When the regular meeting of the Band was announced in church two Sundays later, we members of it looked at each other and smiled a little, for we thought of the dreadful ordeal of "making a prayer" before people. We were all at the meeting, and each was bravely determined to ask God for the one thing she most wanted for the mission cause. After a chapter in the Bible was read Miss Helen said: "We will now ask God's blessing on our meeting, on the missionaries everywhere, and on all the little children about whom we have been studying, in the sentence-prayers you promised. Della Cutler will begin, and the others will follow, and let the prayers come quickly, one after another."

We all knelt, and though our voices trembled, every one of us prayed our little prayer, and all these together made a long prayer with many different petitions in it; for, strange to say, no two of us asked for the same thing. When we rose from our knees we looked at each other in wonder, surprised to see what an easy thing it was to pray aloud, after all.

For several meetings we had sentence-prayers, until by and by our leader suggested that each of us have two sentences instead of one. You can easily see how it soon became not only an easy task, but a delightful privilege, to offer prayer in our meetings; and now any one of our Band may be called upon to pray at any time, and she is always ready and willing to respond.

"Isn't it nice, Miss Helen?" said one of the youngest members, after she had taken part in one of these joint petitions. "It is ever so much nicer than it used to be, because you see we help do the praying, as well as to send the money."

We all feel that it is indeed blessed to help in everything, the praying as well as the giving; and we study each month's topic with tenfold the interest that we used to, because in addition to mere information, we are looking for something for which to pray. It is strange what a zest that gives to everything; I would never have believed it before.

I hope this account of what our Mission Band has done will help other Bands to try the same plan, and also help them to persevere. Although it may be hard at first to let our voices be heard in prayer, I know that it becomes very easy after a few trials. Do, please, try it and see.

—The Missionary Helper.

Young People's Department.

AFRICANER.

Africaner was a Hottentot who, before the arrival of the Dutch in South Africa, had pastured his flocks, hunted his game, and lived his life of savage luxury on his own lands near Cape Town. When the Dutch came they took possession of his lands and made him a subject, after a custom only too common to civilized nations in their greed for territory. Africaner and his people were starved, beaten, and robbed till they could endure it no longer. They demanded better treatment and agreed on a conference; but one of the natives, against the wishes of the leaders, killed a Dutchman and that brought matters to a crisis.

Africaner was declared an outlaw and a reward was offered for his capture. He withdrew with the remnants of his tribe to Mammaqualand and there began a series of wars upon natives and foreigners alike. He robbed and burned the settlements and murdered the farmers until his very name struck terror wherever it was heard.

Not far from Africaner's kraal the English established a mission, although the proximity of the notable robber added not a little to their anxieties. Strange to say, he received them kindly at first, saying, "As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for, though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English, for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man."

It was at this time that Africaner first heard the gospel, and he afterward said that he then saw "men as trees walking."

Troubles came, however. The wisest of the missionaries died and Africaner was led to believe that another had treated him unjustly. The savage spirit broke forth again and, calling his followers together, he attacked the mission station, burned the houses and carried off everything of value.

The mission was for the time given up, but later reopened, and in 1817 that noble worker, Robert Moffat, arrived at Africaner's kraal. The chief soon appeared and welcomed the missionary, ordering the women to build a hut for him. In spite of this, the outlook at first was far from encouraging, and it is a high tribute to the wisdom and the consecrated zeal of Moffat that he so soon won the confidence of the people among whom he settled. Africaner began to come to the services, and his regularity was finally such that Moffat says, "I might as well doubt of morning's dawn as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace." He had learned to read and spent his days over his Testament, and in the evening he would sit with Moffat on a great stone near the station and talk on creation, providence, and redemption until he would say, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Moffat bears this wonderful testimony of his character. "During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed 'to lean to virtue's side.' He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry, and he who was formerly a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity,

and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between two contending parties, saying, 'What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?'"

After several months' work in Mammaqualand Moffat found it necessary to visit Cape Town, and it occurred to him to take Africaner with him. At first the chief refused to go, for he was an outlaw and feared the consequences, but finally consented if his safety could be assured. The English at Cape Town had invited him down several times and promised him entire freedom, but it was a question whether he could get safely through the territory of the Dutch farmers. Finally, attir'd in one of the only two substantial shirts Moffat had left, a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, and an old hat, neither white nor black, the attempt was made, the chief passing as one of the missionary's servants.

The Dutch farmers were very hospitable to Moffat, and many congratulated him on getting out alive from Africaner's land, for they could not believe that this robber and murderer could be living a peaceful and law-abiding life. As they approached one settlement, Moffat, meeting a farmer, whom he had seen before, held out his hand to him.

"Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Moffat," replied the missionary.

"Moffat!" exclaimed the Boer. "It is your ghost! Don't come near me. You have been long since murdered by Africaner. Everyone says you have been, and a man told me he had seen your bones." When Moffat declared that he believed Africaner was a truly good man, the farmer said: "If what you assert be true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." Moffat, knowing the Boer was a sincere and discreet man, turned toward the wagon where the chief was riding and said, "This, then, is Africaner." The Boer, with a look as though the man might have dropped from the clouds, exclaimed: "Are you Africaner?" Africaner arose, doffed his old hat, and, making a polite bow, replied: "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck, but on realizing the fact, lifted up his eyes and said: "O God! what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention and served as a striking witness of the usefulness of missions from a merely political point of view. All were struck by his peaceful and gentle manner and his great knowledge of the gospel. While Moffat was in Cape Town it was decided to change his station, so that it was necessary for Africaner to return alone. This he cheerfully did, expecting to move his residence so as to be near his friend; but this was destined never to happen, although he met Mr. Moffat for a few days about a year later.

In March, 1823, Africaner died. When he felt that the end was coming he collected his people and spoke these final words: "We are not what we were—savages, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then do accordingly. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God and He will be found of you to direct you."—*Missionary Herald*.

TWO LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS.

BY EMILY P. WEAVER.

"Sahib, sahib; give us rice. We are starving, dying!"

Only a few weeks ago, as an English missionary walked along the narrow street of a little village near Allahabad, in India, this terrible cry rang again and again in his ears. But he had nothing to give. Not one crumb of bread, nor grain of rice, for he had already shared his supper amongst a crowd of little brown-skinned children, who were so weak from the want of food that they could scarcely walk.

For once the missionary tried not to listen when they called after him. He hurried out of the village and away down the country road as fast as he could, but still he seemed to hear those heart-rending cries.

Suddenly he almost stumbled over a child who was grouping in the dust by the way-side. He was miserably ragged and dirty, and his little bare arms were almost as thin as those of a skeleton, but when the missionary stopped beside him, he clenched both hands and looked at him fiercely.

He did not beg nor speak one word, but the missionary said, "Where are your father and mother?"

"I don't know," said the child; "they are gone."

"And what are you doing?"

The little fellow looked earnestly at the kind face bending over him, then suddenly unclosed his fingers and showed a few seeds of weeds and grass, picked from the dust.

"Are you not hungry?" asked the missionary, wondering that the boy should be able to resist even such poor food as that.

"They are for Shoshi, but he won't eat them," was the answer.

"Where is Shoshi?"

"Over there," and the child led his new friend a few steps from the road towards a great tree.

A younger child lay under its shadow, but when the missionary touched his wasted hand he knew that he would never suffer from pain or hunger again. He was dead—starved, but his brother did not know it, and again and again he begged him to eat the food he had gathered with so much trouble.

"Dear child, Shoshi is not hungry now," said the missionary, and as gently as he could he explained the sad truth.

But for a long time Shoshi's little brother refused to be comforted in spite of all the missionary could do. He took him to his own home, but, much as the child loves his new friends, he cannot forget Shoshi.

And there are hundreds, thousands of others, little children, and men and women, too, who are dying in India even now for want of food.—*The Faithful Witness.*

A BRAVE AFRICAN BOY.

A writer in the *Golden Rule* gives a thrilling account of the heroism of native converted children in Africa.

About three years ago our missionary and his wife, who for three years had been in charge of Baraka Station, on the west coast of Africa, were driven away by the chiefs, and were threatened with death if they should attempt to return. They had done faithful work, and left the mission house and farm in charge of Tom and Uriah, two converted nursery boys. The kindred of Uriah came in force, seized him and dragged him from

the mission, and gave him his choice between renouncing Jesus and being beaten.

Uriah said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they beat him nearly to death.

He kept repeating, "I no give up Jesus."

Then they took him to a small stream of water, and held his head under until the poor boy was nearly strangled; but every time he got his head above water he said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they tied a rope around him, and ran him up into the inner cone of one of their round huts, and kindled a fire underneath him, and threw on it a lot of red pepper, the strangling fumes of which surpass anything, this side of perdition. Poor Uriah sneezed and coughed and fainted. When they supposed that he was dead, they lowered him, and dragged him out of the hut; and in the fresh air he soon opened his eyes, when his would-be murderers crowded around him, shouting, "Now you give up Jesus!"

"No; I die for Jesus. He died for me, and I want to die for Him."

Thinking that they could not prevail, they left him, and he returned to the mission, and he and Tom held the fort.—*Young People's Paper.*

HOW UNCLE BILLY CAME 'ROUND.

Uncle Billy Shaw had the kindest heart in his little, wiry body, that moral over possessed. Indeed, his heart seemed to be the largest part of his anatomy; certain it was that no one ever sought aid of him in vain. The hungry child got something to eat; the broken-hearted widow, the cheering assurance that she should be looked after; the struggling student, the loan of money without interest, till he could repay; and the happy-go-lucky spendthrift, a bit of advice, which not only aided by him better than cash, but was of far more benefit.

The minister, too, was his especial care, for not only was the full complement of his salary made sure, but anything that looked like pinching or want in the minister's family was quickly noted, and, if possible, remedied.

But Uncle Billy had one fault: he did not believe in foreign missions. The principal reason for this, though, was his ignorance of the subject, for people are seldom interested in what they know little or nothing about.

"There are enough who need help right around my door," he would say. "Heathen? Plenty of them at home, if people only cared to find them," and so he would take no pains to inform himself about any other.

To be sure, he always gave a dollar when the collection for foreign missions was taken in the church, but he did it from a sense of duty and to please his pastor, and so, as no love or prayers went with it, he received no blessing, and had no desire to contribute more largely.

But a change was gradually taking place. The minister's wife had organized a woman's foreign missionary society, and Aunt Mercy had joined it, and she used to tell Uncle Billy seemed perfectly indifferent, and made no comments on what she read, still some truth penetrated his heart, like the good leaven hid in three measures of meal.

So matters went on till one evening the missionary society gave a concert, and, of course Uncle Billy was there.

There was plenty of bright music—the minister's wife saw to that—and then, after prayer and responsive reading of the Scriptures, a sweet little girl spoke a piece, telling how glad she was she had not been born in heathen

lands, where little girl babies are not much thought of, and where, unless Christian people sent missionaries to them, they lived and died without ever hearing of the blessed Jesus.

"Well, well," thought Uncle Billy, "the woman have takeu lots of pains to get up this concert, I'll give them a dollar when they take up their collection.

Then a young woman spoke of an old man whom a missionary found sick and dying. In his ravings he would wildly cry: "Why didn't you come before? O, why didn't you come before? Now I've got to die without Jesus; why didn't you come before?" Then in his calmer moments he would beseech the missionary to stay and teach his children and his grandchildren, so they need not die without Jesus, as he was dying.

"I'll give two dollars," thought Uncle Billy, crushing his shof, gray beard down on his chest—a way he had of doing when he wished to think seriously—and he fell to calculating how long it would take to send the money, and wondering, if he had given more in the past, if that old man might not have heard of Jesus before it was too late.

But the choir ceased singing, another voice took up the story, and straightened himself up to listen.

This woman told of a poor man in China who had learned about Jesus of a missionary, and was filled with a desire to help others to know Him; but he was poor and ignorant, and there seemed nothing he could do until he hit upon this plan:

One mode of punishment for certain crimes, in that country, is to place a large plank four or five feet square with a hole in the centre admitting the head, about the criminal's neck, and to fasten it in such a way that the wearer himself cannot unfasten it. The crime he had committed is written on this plank, and he is turned into the street to pick up his food as best he can, for a longer or shorter time. Every one who passes stops to read what he has done, and then kicks or spits upon him as a part of the punishment. This man sold all his poor possessions to have a similar plank made, and had as much of the gospel of Jesus written upon it as was possible, then adjusting it to his own neck, he took up his abode in the streets. People would stop to see who the new criminal was, and what was his crime, and would reach such words as these: "God is love." "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Uncle Billy winked hard to keep back the tears, and thrust his hand deep down into his pocket; and when the plate came around to him, a crisp five-dollar bill went into it.

He said little about the meeting that night, but the next morning, after prayer, as he was preparing to go out to his work, he suddenly asked: "How much does it take to support an orphan in one of those schools, you told me about in India?" "Twenty-five dollars," replied Aunt Mercy. "What do you say to our adopting an orphan over there and educating her for the sake of our little Mary? Perhaps, if she had lived, she would have gone there herself, so I would like to have some one else doing her work." "O," cried Aunt Mercy, clasping her hands tightly together, "that is just what I was wishing we could do!"

And something in her face made Uncle Billy go around the table and kiss the soft, withered old cheek and then hurry as if he had been called suddenly to see to his team.
—*Heather Woman's Friend.*

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