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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

LX-3

MARCH, 1896.

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CLL177 48

PUBLISHED
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
OF CANADA.

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
TORONTO, ONT.



Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XVIII. I

TORONTO, MARCH, 1896.

No. 7.

Editorial.

THE W. B. F. M. SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.—Over \$3,100 needed before the books close to keep our income for regular work up to the standard of the last full convention year, 1893-94!

The treasurers of Circles and Bands are reminded that they should close their books for the new Convention year on March 31st, and after that they should forward all Foreign Mission funds to me as promptly as possible.

My books remain open until April 30th, so that every local treasurer should have ample time to send the money intended for this year's report to me *before that date*.

February 18th, 1896.

VIOLET ELLIOT,

Treas.

LINK AGENTS.—Have you an agent for your circle, to look after the interests of THE LINK? If not, please have one appointed. Next to the president she should be the most efficient woman in your Circle, as the success of the work depends largely upon her. She, more than any other, has opportunity of reaching the uninterested.

A MISTAKE occurred in the arrangement of "Extracts from letters," last month. Page 20, "Nov. 2nd," should come under Miss Stovel's letter.

A PREACHER said not long ago that every one of us, whether we will or not, is writing three books, each of them an autobiography of the writer that will endure for ever. One is a story of our life in our own memory; another is the impression of it which we print in the memories of those about us; the third is the record which is constantly being traced in God's book of remembrance above. And by the witness of these three books we shall be judged.

What [are we writing? It is a solemn thought. Are we tracing records and drawing pictures of which we must, when they are revealed, be bitterly ashamed?

We have only to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and its 50,000 native Christians, read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land, and glance at the latest map of Africa, to be convinced of the zeal, devotion and industry of the missionaries. Gospels are not

translated into African tongues, nor are converts spontaneous products of human nature. I am somewhat familiar with African facts, and to me these things represent immense labor, patience and self-sacrifice; but others expect Africans to fall in love with the missionary's eyes.—HENRY M. STANLEY.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETING OF W. B. F. M. SOCIETY OF ONTARIO WEST.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held Friday, Feb. 14th, in the mission room. Seventeen members were present, including Mrs. Booker, Woodstock; Mrs. Wm. Craig, Port Hope; and Mrs. Hansel, of Hamilton. Mrs. Froeland reported that letters from several of the workers in India had stated that Miss Stovel was looking very frail and worn. A special meeting of the Executive Committee was called for the last Thursday of December, but owing to the very heavy rain there was not a quorum present. As immediate action was necessary, and owing to a reduction in the estimates, there was some available money to our credit in India, it was decided to write Miss Stovel at once, urging her return home for a much needed furlough in the spring. This action was most heartily endorsed by the Board.

A communication from the General Board requesting our Society to assume the salary of Miss Folsom, in order that her work among the Eurasians and in the Timpany Memorial School may be of a more strictly missionary character, was discussed. Owing to the low state of the funds it was impossible to undertake this in addition to our regular work.

A vote was passed that the Board was willing to accede to this request, if relieved of a portion of the Samulcotta Seminary support. Several young women have expressed their desire to work in India. The Treasurer reported that about \$3,000 (three thousand dollars) is required before her books close, the 30th April. The Corresponding Secretary read extracts of letters from Misses Hatch, Baskerville and Stovel. The annual convention will be held at Chatham, on the 20th and 21st of May. The programme committee reported progress. Foreign Mission Day promises to be an exceptionally interesting event.

A. MOYLE, Rec.-Sec.

MISSIONARY TRIALS.



MRS. WILLIAMS.

First] President of the Woman's Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces.

In 1885, when the Union was consummated, Mrs. Williams was elected President, and continued in office until 1888; failing health compelled her to resign.



MRS. J. W. MANNING.

Mrs. J. W. Manning, who was elected President when Mrs. Williams resigned, has held the office ever since. She is the wife of the Sec. of the Foreign Mission Board.

The evangelical outlook in Mexico is full of hope. A recent writer says: "Every year the demand for the Bible increases. In 1894 the American Bible Society employed 50 colporteurs, who traversed Mexico in every direction."

No thought connected with the long farewell of missionaries leaving for India so strains the grief cords of the heart, as that they may never again look into the loved faces of some in the dear home circle on earth, or again grasp the hands of other precious ones on this side the border land. At present a number of our own missionaries are passing through the deep waters and are much in need of our prayerful sympathy, as they mourn in distant loneliness, the death of home friends. On Nov. 8th one of Miss Stovel's brothers, a young man in the midst of his days, was cut off by typhoid fever in a Boston hospital, far from home. But in the last sad hours his parents sat by him and closed the dear eyes in death. In the letter containing this news, to the afflicted sister in distant India, was the additional mournful message of the death of a very dear aunt, whose regular letters will be greatly missed.

Miss Baskerville mourns under the shadow of a great grief, cast by the death, in succession, of a younger sister, a grandmother, an aunt, and of her own father and mother. What of woe, darkness and a great sorrow these have been to her, only she can know who has passed under the rod, and looks forward now to a home coming, when the time for furlough arrives, as no home coming at all.

None who have for a long time resided in distant climes escape the black-bordered missive with its death message, or the ominous cablegram with its great burden of grief. But to recount now in detail would open afresh old wounds, now healing. The personal references made above are not for the purpose of drawing the curtain from scenes of private mourning, nor even to elicit expressions of sympathy from any but personal friends, but in order to secure that sympathy in the blessed fellowship of prayer, which alone can comfort the bereaved, and also to help to a right understanding of the real conditions of missionary life which is by no means "a beautiful romance."

All readers of the LINK will join in this expression of our sincere sympathy with these, our sisters, who have left so much for us as our substitutes in far-off India.

A missionary friend in writing from Southern India says: "My wife feels the weather a good deal. She suffers with her head and is very tired of life in India and would like to go home. But we must hold on as long as possible. I am rather dubious of our ever returning in case we reach home; we hope, therefore, to stay till '98. Our times are in His hands, and He must dispose of all according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace. My wife is satisfied that India is no place for her, and that years of suffering have settled her against ever returning. But of course you know

All the years I want,
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

On our home-coming we met with many missionaries travelling to and fro. One sweet-faced, pale mother, who had spent seven years in North India, watched her little girl with a nervous commiseration quite pathetic as the child ran about in gleeful but quiet play. The mother opened her heart to Mrs. Laflamme. She recounted the sad story of years of suffering, of nervous prostration, and last and most dreadful, the horror of a great darkness when reason fled, and for months she was helplessly insane.

These are not exceptional instances and incidents from missionary life, but the quite probable and almost inevitable consequences of a sojourn in the midst of heathen darkness and tropical heat.

But after all and over all God is good and His grace is sufficient. "For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath given unto Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him and through Him and unto Him are all things. To Him be the glory for ever. Amen."

H. F. LAFLAMME.

Feb. 14th, 1896.

WHY NO MORE MONEY FOR MISSIONS?

BY REV. N. S. BURTON, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Notwithstanding the large sums of money, in the aggregate, contributed for missions, the average per member is pitifully small—the highest in any one denomination being less than \$1.50, and the lowest but a few cents. The strange fact that now, when, as never before, inviting fields are calling for laborers, and men and women stand ready to enter them, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, all the mission treasuries are overdrawn and retrenchment instead of enlargement is the order, indicates that there is a fault somewhere.

Does the responsibility for this condition of things rest somewhat evenly upon the whole membership of the churches, or does it lie chiefly in one direction? While it would be absurd to hold pastors responsible for all the shortcomings of their members, the first place to look, when a church fails to come up to the help of the Lord, is to the pastor. Do the churches fail to meet the measure of their opportunity and responsibility in this matter because the pastors are lacking in faithfulness or skill?

After an experience of more than forty years in the pastorate, the writer ventures to give his opinion that the smallness of the contributions to missions is due, not so much to want of Christian liberality, as to the lack of information; not so much to stinginess as to ignorance. He believes that diligent inquiry on the part of pastors would develop the sad fact that a very large proportion of the members of churches know next to nothing about what has been accomplished by missionaries even of their own denomination, and as little of the present condition of the work and the opportunities for winning the souls of the heathen to Christ. Now, it is not in human nature to feel an interest in that of which we know nothing. That a real disciple of Christ should feel no joy when lost men are saved, and no interest in the work being done in heathen lands by their brethren, is impossible, except on the supposition that he is ignorant. It is true that missionary intelligence is abundant and easily obtained; but though the Bible is in the home of every Christian, yet multitudes of Christians would know

as little of the Bible as they do of missions but for the patient and persevering efforts of pastors to interest and instruct them. Every pastor knows that he is obliged to resort to all kinds of devices to induce his members to study the Bible, and that multitudes know little more of it than what they get from the lips of their pastor. If, then, we would have our members give liberally for missions, we must in some way get them information respecting missions, and they will not seek this information unless incited and guided by their pastors.

Some pastors know little about missions themselves, and what little they do know is of the past and not of the present. They do not read the missionary periodicals, and have fallen behind the age in respect to missions. It may safely be predicted that such pastors will not have giving churches.

There are other pastors who profess an interest in missions and are not uninformed respecting them, but excuse themselves and their churches from giving on the plea of poverty. They think that every dollar contributed to missions is so much subtracted from their own salary or from what is needed to maintain the church work at home. Such need to be taught again what are the first principles of the Gospel—that it is just those that water that are themselves watered, and that the liberal Church as well as the liberal soul is made fat.

There are other pastors who seem to be afraid to enjoin upon their people the duty of giving, as if this were not as much included in their commission as repentance and faith, "All things whatsoever I have commanded you." And there are others who overdo the matter, like the three daughters of the horse leech, always crying, "Give, give, give!" To urge the duty of giving where there is no intelligence respecting the objects for which giving is asked is like working the handle of a pump of which the pipe does not reach the water.

Some pastors attempt to *compel* their people to give by a kind of machine pressure. They arrange that each one shall be regularly personally solicited for each one of the objects aided by the Church; and the system does seem to secure contributions from a large proportion of the members. But in most cases it is not willing giving, which is pleasing to God, and ceases when the importunity ceases. It does not cultivate Christian liberality, however it may be with the habit of giving.

After trial of many methods to secure liberal giving for missions, I am thoroughly convinced that the one indispensable (if not the only) thing to induce those who have the love of God in their hearts to give generously as God has prospered them for the conversion of the heathen, is to make them intelligent on the whole subject of modern missions. And it is the business of every pastor as much as in him lies to make them so. How is he to do it? A few hints suggested by experience may be helpful. They are but hints, given diffidently, which each pastor may use according to his own judgment in view of the circumstances in his own case.

1. Let him have some plan by which he shall regularly and frequently and systematically set before his people the facts respecting missionary operations, especially those of his own denomination, though not exclusively—facts respecting the origin and history of the various missions, interesting bits of biography of missionaries, the fresh intelligence from the various fields, both home and foreign, with special reference to the methods by which the work is carried on and success achieved. While not concealing the fact that the work requires

patience under discouragements and the enduring of hardness as good soldiers, and even peril of health and life, let him (as the missionaries would have him) dwell chiefly on the success which always has in due time resulted from faithful and patient seed sowing, and the ever enlarging work and the unflinching and increasing annual increase of converts. Every year's report from the broad mission field shows conclusively that the missionary enterprise is above everything else a growing success, an investment that pays according to the Scripture rule: "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

2. When and where and how often should this be done? At such time and place as will secure the largest number of Christians present, and as frequently as the greatness of the work of missions justly demands. The work of missions, instead of being something incidental to the great business of the Church, is the chief, it may even be said the sole, business of the Church. The Church is the organization appointed by Christ for the carrying out of the commission to preach the Gospel to every creature. A part of that work lies at the very door of the local Church, and of each member, and for this work the local Church and the individual Christian are first of all responsible. But the immense majority of the "creatures" to whom the Gospel must be preached are not only outside the bounds of the local Church, but outside of our own country. Is the pastor who grudges the time necessary to inform the people of his charge of the needs of these millions and of the ways by which they are to be reached, and of what God is doing for them through missionaries—is he executing the commission given him by his Master? Is one service out of eight or ten in each month too much to be given for the benefit of these perishing millions? Instead of crowding the missionary service of the Church into an obscure corner—as if only a little handful were expected to attend—let it be placed fully on a par with any other service of the Church. Then, having given it an honorable place, let no effort be spared to make it fully worthy of the place given it. As every pastor is bound to give all diligence in the preparation of each sermon, so that on every occasion he shall do his level best, so let him do in preparation for each missionary service. There is no excuse for slipshod work here. The missionary literature is abundant and varied and cheap, and from this rich abundance the pastor can cull material which is capable of instructing and interesting an audience. Not that the pastor is to do all or even most of the talking. His part is to select the material. Let him call to his assistance his brethren and sisters, as Christ did when He broke the bread to the hungry multitude, and let him not leave out his young members. Not every one can read well a selection, however excellent. It is better usually to master what is to be given to the audience, so that it can be presented independently of the printed page. The pastor can utilize the variety of talent found in every church, and thus educate his members, especially the young, to be helpers in many ways.

Of course variety must be cultivated, and it will be easy to do this because the material is abundant and varied. The field from which to gather it is the world, including our own country, and "each breeze that sweeps the ocean" brings new tidings of the progress of the work. A pastor has no excuse for falling into ruts in carrying on missionary meetings.

One will not be long in finding that of the vast amount of missionary intelligence furnished him by missionary

literature and periodicals, only a fraction can be given to the people at missionary meetings, though they be ever so frequent, and he will therefore seek to conduct these meetings so as to make them whet the appetite of the people for more information. He will tell them where this can be obtained, and thus induce them to take and read the missionary periodicals. He will avoid satiating the appetite of the people, giving them only tastes and samples of the good things which these periodicals furnish in abundance.

When this appetite has been created and is regularly gratified, the intelligence which will gradually follow will beget and nourish in every Christian breast a desire to share in this grandest enterprise of the age. Very little will then need to be said about the duty of giving, for the people will have learned by experience its blessedness. There will be little work for soliciting committees to do, for the brethren will do as the brethren of Macedonia did who prayed Paul with much entreaty that he would receive their gifts and distribute them to the needy saints.

The present writer speaks from experience. What the membership of our churches need is not exhortations to the duty of giving nor thrilling appeals nor teasing or cornering to extort money from them to give the bread of life to the starving nations, but information, information, information. — *Bap. Miss. Magazine.*

WHAT SHALL THE MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY DO?

BY REV. W. A. FARNSWORTH, D.D., OF CESAREA.

Ought the missionaries in the most seriously disturbed parts of Turkey to leave their stations? The missionaries, in many places in the Turkish empire, have known for years that they were in danger of fearful suffering from mob violence. Three years ago the writer felt that he was living over a powder magazine. The explosions, though long delayed, have at length come, and they have proved to be far worse than our fears. The future is ominous. Ought the missionaries to seek for places of greater safety?

Those who look at them merely as American citizens, with no reference to their work and their responsibilities, as it is natural for government officials to do, can very easily say, "Let them flee as people flee from a burning building." But those who are acquainted with their work and know the serious consequences involved will find it much more difficult to answer the question. It becomes doubly perplexing where the lives of children are to be considered.

My daughter with five of my grandchildren has, for weeks, been living in constant fear of an attack from a murderous horde of freebooters. Ought she with those dear children to seek safety by going where she and they can be protected by the "Stars and Stripes"? I am glad that she does not ask me that question. She asks it only of the Master who has placed her there. No doubt He will enable her to answer it aright. Neither she nor any other one in all these smitten regions has, so far as I know, seriously doubted what the duty of the hour is.

Has there ever been a time when the missionaries in Turkey could do so much for the good of the people for whom they are there as they can at just this time? Not to mention the great relief work that they are doing at Trebizond, at Van, at Harpoot, and at every station indeed where the massacres have occurred, their very

presence is both a comfort and a protection to very many afflicted, frightened, sorrowing people. Take the case of Talas, a suburb of Cæsarea. No massacre has occurred there, but the fear is so great that some sixty women have fled to the mission premises, and there they are engaged in making garrinots for those who, in neighboring villages, have been left by the marauders almost, if not altogether, naked. In the same place where these women are assembled two American ladies have a boarding-school for girls, with some sixty pupils. One of these ladies has been at work for more than a quarter of a century building up that school. Had these all left Talas when they saw the cyclone of destruction about to sweep down, would it not have struck Talas? What would have been the fate of all these women? What that of these school-girls? What the future of that school? We dare not say that these women are not acting in the wisest way by remaining at their posts and grappling bravely with the peculiar duties that the times lay upon them. This is their supreme opportunity. To have lost it would have been a calamity. The same is true of that brave Miss Brewer, of Sivas, who so nobly wrested that Armenian woman from the mob. So with Mrs. Coffing and her associates at Hadjin. So of Mrs. Montgomery and Miss Webb at Adana. So with that brave woman away off in Mesopotamia. These are the great opportunities of their lives, and nobly are they meeting them.

If, all things considered, it is wiser that these single ladies and even the mothers with their children remain at their posts, surely there can be no doubt as to the men. In times of war, when the life of a nation is in peril, men can best show their patriotism. Such times as these show of what stuff missionaries are made. Those in Turkey would be the last to claim that they are any better than other men. Yet who that have read the letters which have come in from places where these massacres have raged can fail to see that for the most part your missionaries are level-headed men, brave men, men of whom every American may be proud. Take the case of Mr. Wingate, one of the younger and less experienced of the missionaries. Only he and Miss Burrage were in the city of Cæsarea on the fearful 30th of November, all the others being in Talas, a suburb of the city, where most of the missionary circle reside, and where we have our Girls' Boarding School.

A letter just received says, when speaking of the massacre: "Mr. Wingate found great difficulty in keeping soldiers to defend his house. He got and lost them, time and again. They would slip away. At last he got hold of an *ombashi* (a commander of ten) with his company, invited them in, gave them tea to drink and a warm, comfortable place out of the chilly air, and simply coddled them into staying by to the last." In another place the same letter says: "The people in the region around Mr. Wingate's are ready to kiss his feet" (the way of the Orient of expressing the deepest gratitude). "He saved many and did his duty nobly. This experience has won for him good opinions from many. He went, with a *cabtieh* (policeman), to a Turkish house and demanded the bride and the daughter who had been carried off from a house near him and got them both." What a cause for gratitude that Mr. Wingate was there and that he met the demands of the occasion so well! Providence favoring, it will greatly increase his influence for good. He and all of us may well rejoice that he was there at that critical time. The missionaries in Turkey are making history. If they are able to remain in the

land (and, in my judgment, the only really serious fear is from Russia), there is a noble future before them. All the Armenians in the empire, some two and one-half millions, are ready as never before to accept the messengers of the gospel. We hope, and with a good deal of confidence we expect, that in the near future a most glorious reformation is to be seen in the Turkish empire.

Let Christians of every name, both in America and in England, come forward according to the demands of the case to the help of their suffering Armenian brethren who are now reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Let all lovers of humanity give the Red Cross Society the money necessary for its noble work. Let the friends of the American Board furnish the means necessary for the proper enlargement of the evangelical work. Let your missionaries, properly reinforced, prosecute their noble work, knowing that their friends will stand by them. All these things being done, we may expect with confidence to rejoice, and that in the near future, at seeing a glorious advance of the kingdom of our Lord.—*The Missionary Herald*.

LETTER FROM HARPOOT, TURKEY, AFTER THE MASSACRE.

(Written to a Woman's Society by a missionary who has resided over twenty years in Asia Minor.)

HARPOOT, NOV. 14, 1895.

My ever dear Friends—

Many have suffered for Christ and why should not we? But, oh, how long the trial lasts; days and nights pass so slowly! It seems as if we had died many, many times, and truly death has stared us in the face every moment for three weeks past.

My associate and I left Arabkir last week Tuesday, reaching home a week ago to-day. That same day Arabkir was in flames. We have heard since that only about fifty houses of Christians are left standing, and almost all the Christian population has been massacred. Our journey was through a country infested by robber bands. Twice they stopped our *captieh* and demanded permission to rob us. We travelled as if all was as safe and pleasant as possible. The first band of robbers who insisted upon "cutting us to pieces" numbered seven fierce Kurds. I sat up straight on my horse and passed them quickly without looking, as if nothing was going on at all, and after me came the rest of our *osravan* in the same spirit. The second band numbered twenty, all fully armed. Again we pushed past and left our *captieh* to parley. One man took a fancy to my horse and proposed to shoot me and take Nejib for himself! We stayed on Tuesday night at a lonely khan where we were in great danger. It was on the other bank of the Euphrates, which we crossed next morning. Our *captieh* was to be changed at the town of Maden, just there. The Governor would give us none. I was obliged to go to him myself. What a fierce and cruel looking man that Governor was, but he had a little pity in his heart, for when he saw our servant loading up in the market he said, "Make haste, Yarrow" (a term of endearment used for animals), "go quickly." He must have known what was coming. All were in fear, and the very next day the blow fell on Maden. It was a worldly place and all were busy trying alone to hide their worldly goods. Oh, the pale faces and long-drawn sighs!

Slowly the fate of our city became apparent. Most of us had the foresight to put up a change of clothing and toilette articles in bags or shawl cases. Miss—and I went up to the girls' college to sleep. One after another, we saw the villages on our beautiful plain burn before our eyes. The fathers and mothers of the girls were in them, and oh, the agony of the sight! Saturday and Sunday we spent most of the day in the dormitory, pleading with God, reading comforting texts and softly singing hymns. I felt as if we could enter into all the feelings of the Scottish Covenanters or the Huguenots. The solemnity of approaching death was all about us. I have counted nine deliverances for Miss—and myself during our last tour.

Monday morning, November 11, our quarter was in a hush like death. Fires burned before us and we received news of an attack on the very nearest village to us. But where were the valiant soldiers for our defense? A paltry handful dragged a cannon up to the hill commanding both plain and city, and there a parley was held with the Kurds, who commenced to swarm the hillside. Soon we saw the cannon dragged back; there was firing in the pass commanding the road to the city, but it was up in the air, for not a Kurd fell. The Kurds then overran the Armonian quarter of the city. Not a Kurd was killed that day, and, believe me, pieces of cannon balls and the distinct marks of two were found in Dr. Barnum's study. Please draw your own inferences, terrible as they must be.

We watched the breaking open of houses, the scampering of these great Kurds loaded with plunder. It is a most amusing memory, even though our hearts are about crushed, to think how like swarms of ants they looked, as they rushed hither and thither with their burdens. When we saw Mr. Allen's house burning, we felt that it was time to move. We hustled ourselves down stairs and part of us turned into the school yard, and part of us up to the hill above our buildings. There the soldiers turned us back, and again it was comical to hear them call out, "Don't fear, don't fear," all the time shooting, mostly down into the ground or up into the air, but pretending to shield us from the Kurds. We seated ourselves on the ground in the girls' schoolyard. When we heard the Kurds banging around within the building, breaking doors, we fled again, bags, babies, bundles, school girls and boys and our two helpless invalids, Dr. Wheeler and Mrs. Allen. This time the last in the fleeing crowd were shot at twice by a villainous Kurd. I saw soldiers laden with booty hustling it away.

Night was coming down upon us as we crowded into the boys' stone College building, as our last refuge. Rifles were banging, shouts arose, our whole quarter was in a blaze. Between us and the burning chapel was only one school building. One of the chief officers twice came, and, even kissing Dr. Barnum's hand, besought us to come out. Out where? Into the darkness, among those assassins, perhaps to be scattered and certainly, if we were saved, to deliver up all our dear flock to destruction. Dr. Barnum asked our will in the matter, and we all agreed that there we should stay and perish in the flames together. So, his answer to the really kind Chief of Police was, "No, if you wish to protect us you can do so here as well as anywhere. We shall stay here together." And there we sat on the hall floor, patiently watching our slowly approaching, most welcome death, a chariot of fire. The flames leaped and danced, the sparks flew gaily upward into glory, and we gazed on them in peace and longed for their quick work.

But this was not to be. Mr. Gates, obtaining the protection of the Chief of Police, and even his help at the hose, pulled out the college fire engine, and it was not long before we were saved from that danger. Day after day new forms of alarm appeared. Groups of turbaned Turks not seldom bore down upon the building and were turned back by the soldiers. Faces looked pale and old, for it was not ordinary death we feared.

Little by little, we managed to get mats to sleep on. Miss—and a girl and I occupied one, half of our bodies being upon the cold floor. We slept with clothes, boots and hats on, and,—yes! we actually slept, we were so utterly weary. We ate the driest of bread and salt cheese. We spoke with bated breath. We slept and woke, pleading in our hearts to God for mercy. Some of our dear flock had been separated from us in the flight. Group by group they came back. Can I tell you what these meetings were? It was like life from the dead. I never can describe it all. Our dear school girls had saved nothing but the clothes on them, and each her own blessed Bible. They read texts to each other. They prayed together. We did not dare to sing.

November 19—Over a week has passed since we fled. That morning Mrs. Barnum had read to us from the new version, "Our God is a God of deliverances," and, truly, such He has proved. Some of the time one hundred soldiers have kept watch over us. A sentry walks the roof of Dr. Barnum's house. We all stayed in the college building as long as it was unsafe to leave it, lest it should be burned or the crowd there be destroyed. There were four hundred and fifty people gathered there, and the confusion and dirt became so unbearable that we were glad enough to leave as soon as it was safe.

I confess I thought of you all and of pitying tears flowing from your eyes for us, could you have seen us all at our breakfast, a week ago to-day, squatting on the floor around a tin dish of oatmeal, with no accompaniments whatever, not even bread! But now we have fine appetites and good food, and not one of us is broken down nervously.

We are trying to have wool mattresses and comforters made and to get flannel blankets. It seems pitiful to have to turn to the world again and care for the body, but we find that as life is spared we must eat and sleep. Alas! for the poor villagers wandering out in the cold and rain. Our hearts ache and ache for the poor, tempted ones, who are sorely pressed to deny the Christian faith. Some have yielded. We almost envy those who have gained the martyr's crown. Many, many times did we long for death; we were so weary, so oppressed. In spirit we yielded up our lives for Christ's sake. May He accept them, and, henceforth, for us to live by, Christ.

I have spoken of things as I think of them. A week ago to-night, when every ray of hope as to life was gone, the Sultan himself called the chief officials to the telegraph office and inquired for our safety. Judge Terrill, our Minister at Constantinople, had sent us four telegrams, and has evidently done everything he can for our safety. He asks us to state our losses on personal property and eight buildings, that he may procure indemnity from the Government.

The world can never be the same to us again. We must henceforth set lightly by things below, and yet there is a bit of pain over it all. There is a worse ache over the ruin in all our field, over the schools stopped and all the preaching work, over the dead and wounded. And remember that this thing has been going on over all the land. I cannot but believe that

many of our Turkish friends grieve for us—that many of those engaged in it did it unwillingly; but there is not a shadow of a doubt that it was done under superior orders from Constantinople.

We cannot be blind to the fact that our Protestant churches were worldly and the Armenian nation far from God. Is He not sifting them to bring out a purer Church, consecrated to Him alone? I send you 2 Cor. i: 8-11 as just descriptive of our case. — *Waman's Work*.

Work Abroad.

ECHOES FROM INDIA.

Miss Hatch writes under date of January 13:—“The work at Ramachandrapuram is very interesting. There are two Sudra Savarams (low caste hamlets) within ten minutes' walk of the house, where the people are very friendly. The Sunday School pictures (some old ones, formerly used in some S. S. in Canada) are very helpful in carrying home the truth. There are two Mala (out-caste) villages ten minutes' walk from here, where the Malas are independent farmers (rather unusual condition and very desirable from a Mala standpoint). Mr. Davis once hoped one of these might become another Gunnanapudi. (This Gunnanapudi is, with two neighboring villages, on the Akidu field, entirely Christian and the home of a self-supporting, self-propagating, independent Telugu Baptist church of 580 members.) I have visited only one of them as yet. The head man is a relative of Sarah, one of my Bible-women. These relatives live in a house that might be taken for a caste house. They were very hospitable and gave us milk and cakes. I hope to visit the other village soon.

“We came across a very interesting case the other day. We had ridden in one of the worst of ox-carts (two miles an hour) to a village, Drakharam, the market town, four miles away, chiefly to hunt up two girls who had formerly been instructed in Cocanada by Miss Simpson. We were just about to give up the search and were coming away discouraged, when Sarah (the Bible-woman) went down a side street, while I stayed near the cart. She soon sent back for me. There we found a Sudra woman who, four years previously, had attended the Narsapur school (Narsapur is the chief station of the Godaveri Delta Mission, formerly supported by George Muller, of Bristol, Eng.) She was perfectly delighted to see us and at being able to learn something of her former instructor, Miss Lynn, and others in the mission. (This Miss Lynn who is a cousin of the celebrated African explorer and missionary, F. S. Arnot, went out at the age of 17 as a missionary to India.) There were no Christians in the whole village, she said. So she had heard nothing of the Christian truth for a long time, and she did not know missionaries had come so near as Narsapur. She is a widow, as is also her mother (two of the 25 million

widows in India.) They live with their brother, who is in the police. They will come to see me, they said.

“You will have heard that I have been very ill. I have not been very strong since coming back to work. But I am very glad to be able to say that I am feeling very well just now. The Lord has been gracious to me and good above all that I can deserve. Mrs. McLeod remarked to me the other day that she believed she felt better than she ever has almost since coming to India. I am very glad she is so much better. Pray for us at all times.”

One of our men who has been out in India for a term of seven years, in writing, asks, “Well, H. F., how does old Canada look? How does she smell? I hope you are enjoying her to the full. I hope you will get all made over, re-cleaned, revived and recolored, so like a new dress from the hands of the dyer, that you may return almost as good as new.” That about describes what our missionaries require at the end of five to seven years' service in the miasmatic atmosphere, the debilitating heat and the blood-letting fevers and diseases of the tropics.

The Davises, Craigs, Higgins and Miss Gray return this year for a two years' furlough. The Browns, Walkers and McLeods, with several of the single ladies, should return next year. In order to hold the fort and make any advance, at least ten families should accompany us back to India from the two Canadian missions this fall. Where are the men?

H. F. LAPLAMME.

Winchester, Feb. 24, 1896.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MISS HATCH.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM, NOV. 20TH, 1895.

“The work in our field seems to be in almost every respect encouraging. Many have been baptized, some in new villages, and some in old villages, where we have had work for some time. Many more are asking for baptism and it seems sometimes as if a whole mallapilly were ready to come out at once. Mr. McLeod has great power I think and comes in from his tours in great enthusiasm.

“In one place especially, the revival seemed to be just like a revival at home when all hearts were stirred, I don't know that I was ever in a place where there was such a strong desire manifested to hear more and know more. After a hard day's work in the field, to have people sit and listen and listen till ten at night, and then be loth to let you go, is to say the least inspiring. These are so anxious to have a teacher settled among them, but there is no teacher to send them. ‘Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into the harvest.’

“The field (Ramachandrapuram) is so vast I cannot begin to compass it.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MISS HATCH.

[December 30th, 1895.

"The work here seems very encouraging; just now a number are asking for baptism, and there is one village, Kalem, which seems to be experiencing a real revival. It is a great joy to visit the place. New converts are coming all the time from there, and the marvel is, that the leader is a woman, Kansamma, quite a wonderful character. Her mother believed away back in Gabriel's time, died when this woman was but a child. You will probably hear more of her, for she seems to be leading a wonderful work there. She has only been baptized about two months, being the first in the village since long ago; and now she knows the Lord's prayer, the commandments and part of the fifth of Matthew, and she leads prayer in the different houses every night, saying over all the verses and prayers she can remember. Pray for her. She is a widow with one grown-up married daughter."

Work at Home.

NEW PAMPHLETS OF W. B. F. M. OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Studies of Baptist Missions.—Burmah, 3c. Five Visits to the Burman Mission House, 5c. Woman in China, 1c. Some Naughty Girls in the Bridgman School, 1c. Po Hing and the Dolls, 2c.

Christian Giving.—Temple Building, 2c. Giving like a Little Child, 1c. What Have we for Missions? 2c. The Thank-offering Service Blessed, 1c. A Mite Box Opening, 2c. Our Blessings, 1c. The Missionary Box, 1c. Hadn't it better be in Circulation? 1c. General Fund, 1c. Thanksgiving Ann, 2c. Place of Thanksoffering in Systematic Giving, 1c. Motives instead of Enticements in Giving, 2c. O. P. J., 2c. Look on the Fields, 2c. A Song of the Bees, 2c. The Tabernacle, 1c. Hints for New Workers, 1c. W. B. F. M. Society—Object and Need, 1c.

Foreign Missions.—Heathen or Christian, 1c. Missionary Ideal, 2c. The Test, 1c. The Missionary Meeting, 2c. Aunt Mohitable's Account of the Annual Meeting, 3c. Not Interested in Foreign Missions, 1c. Aggression in Work for Missions, 2c.

India.—The Martyrs of Delhi, 1c. Adoniram Judson, 5c. Studies in Baptist Missions (Assam), 3c. Humutra's Own Story, 1c.

Japan.—Some Curious Things about Japan, 2c. A Trip to Morioka, 3c. Historical Sketch of Japanese Mission, 10c. Japan Work, 1c. A Call for Missionary Physicians, 1c.

Mission Bands.—Chips for Children's Bands, 5c. Some Thoughts for Young Ladies' Bands, 2c. Mission Band

Work, 1c. Mission Band Lessons, 2c. How the Golden Rule Band Grew, 2c.

Missionary Concerts.—The Great Physician, 5c. How to make Pennies Grow, 2c. Mission Band Portfolio, 15c.

Telugu Mission.—Story of Krishnulu, 3c. Missionary Need on our Telugu Field, 3c. Woman in Burmah, 1c. Mah Onger, 1c. Business Openings for Boys, 1c.

For the above pamphlets we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. J. C. Radford, Montreal.

Mr. A. C. Chute, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has kindly given a copy of John Thomas, of which he is the author, to our lending library.

Any of the above can be obtained by applying to

MISS A. G. RADFORD,
83 Duroche Street,
Montreal.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INDIA.

Any of the following photographs may be secured from Mr. E. POOLK, Photographer, St. Catharines, Ont., at the following very low rates, mounted or unmounted, post-paid:—One copy, 10 cents; six copies, 50 cents; one dozen, \$1.00; three dozen, \$2.50; the complete set, seven dozen, \$5.00 --

- No. 5. Cocanada Mission House.
6. Cocanada Chapel School House.
1. & 58. Matron's House and Girls' School, Cocanada
46. & 38. Zenana House, Cocanada.
49. Rest House, Cocanada.
59. Ladies' Compound, Cocanada.
37. Timpany Memorial School, Cocanada.
36. English Baptist Church, Cocanada.
24. Siva's Temple, Cocanada.
23. Cocanada Bridge.
22. Cocanada Canal.
21. Cocanada Bazaar.
26. Older Canadian Missionaries, 1890.
27. Younger Canadian Missionaries.
 2. Samulcotta Mission House.
 3. Samulcotta Seminary.
 47. Samulcotta Student, Barnabas.
 48. Samulcotta Student, Prakaasham.
 34. Peddapuram Mission House.
 35. Peddapuram Compound.
 79. Ramachandrapuram Chapel School House.
 80. Ramachandrapuram Mission House.
 81. Mission Boat, "Canadian."
 83. Akidu Mission House.
 82. Akidu Girls' School.
 8. Mission Boat, "T. S. Shenston."
 84. & 85. Mission Boat, "Glad Tidings."
 15. Akidu Compound.
 9. Gupanapudi.
 4. Gunanapudi Chapel School House.

7. Vuyyuru Compound.
 13. Vuyyuru Chapel School House.
 14. Vuyyuru Mission House.
 74. The Curries' First Home in Tuni.
 51. Tuni Mission House.
 56. & 40. Zenana House, Tuni.
 41. Tuni Chapel.
 75. Pariah Sunday School, Tuni.
 20. Pentakota.
 68. Yellamanchili Mission House.
 67. Yellamanchili Chapel School House.
 76. Yellamanchili Helpers.
 72. Yellamanchili, North.
 71. Yellamanchili, East.
 70. Yellamanchili Market.
 69. Yellamanchili, South.
 86. Yellamanchili Flood, 1894.
 10. Yellamanchili Flood, 1892.
 88. Yellamanchili Civil Court House.
 90. Yellamanchili Outhouses and Stable.
 77. Yellamanchili, Religious Procession.
 73. Yellamanchili R. R. Station.
 28. & 29. Upmaka Tank and Temple.
 30. Upmaka Bathing Festival.
 31. Missionary Camp, Upmaka.
 32. Narsapatnam after the Fire.
 33. Narsapatnam Mission House.
 11. Bimlipatam Mission House.
 12. Bimlipatam Mission Chapel.
 17. Chicacole Mission House.
 19. Missionary Touring Party, Chiacole.
 42. Anakapilli Temporary Mission House.
 60. Cumbum Chapel, A. B. M. U.
 61. Cumbum Mission House, A. B. M. U.
 62. Cumbum Zenana House, A. B. M. U.
 63. Miss Bergeman and Staff, A. B. M. U.
 64. Cumbum School House, A. B. M. U.
 65. Cumbum Tank.
 66. Telugu Brahmin Musicians.
 89. Telugu Merchant's House, Bimlipatam.
 78. Ayah and Child.
 55. A Bangalore Bungalow.
 54. Bangalore Waterworks.
 53. Tipu Sultan's Summer Palace, Seringapatam, Mysore.
 52. Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan's Tomb and a Mosque, Seringapatam.
 51. Wellesley Bridge, Seringapatam.
 50. Wellesley Bridge (west).
 45. Telugu Mortar Mixers and Masons.
 44. Telugu Well Diggers.
 25. Purchasing Native Pottery.
- Many of the above will be found useful in Band and Circle work. A number selected would make a suitable present for a friend or a Mission Band leader.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

BLenheim.—Our Mission Circle held a Thanksgiving meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 5th. After the opening exercises we had a short programme, consisting of sacred music and readings. The Thanksgiving offering amounted to \$5.12.

We regret very much we have been unable to increase our membership; there are twenty names on the roll with an average attendance of eight. Our Treasurer's report showed \$42, raised during the year.

Mrs. MITCHELL, Sec.

SHEDDEN.—We held our second annual meeting on November 7th, our President, Mrs. T. Orchard, presiding. Notwithstanding the rain was falling, a goodly number were present. An excellent programme was rendered. Very able and earnest addresses were given by Miss Allworth, and our pastor, Rev. J. Bracken, and a paper on "Our Work," was read by Miss Orchard. Suitable music was rendered by Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Guest and Miss Orchard, and two selections by the Circle. The Secretary's report showed that we had raised during the year for all departments of the work, \$25.49.

LONDON, TALBOT ST.—On the 7th November last, our Women's Mission Circles held a Thank-offering service, and we are glad to report a very successful meeting in every respect, although the weather was not favorable the service was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The meeting opened at 7.45 and a very helpful programme was carried out, which, with the Master's blessing, should tend to deepen interest in Missions and Circle work. One item on the programme was the Thank-offering amounting to \$44, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. At 9.15 light refreshments were served.

MOUNT FOREST.—The Foreign Committee, in connection with our regular Mission Circle, held an open meeting in the Baptist church on the evening of January 29th. The Rev. H. F. Laflamme, returned missionary from India, who was paying Mr. and Mrs. Stovel a visit at that time, gave a splendid address, with a very earnest appeal for the Hindu people; his stories of the degraded lives of our heathen sisters, were very touching, and we feel urged on to do greater things for God's work in foreign lands than has been done in the past. It was a very great pleasure to hear and meet with Mr. Laflamme, on account of his having lately seen our own dear missionary, Miss F. M. Stovel; also our pastor's son, Rev. J. A. R. Walker and family. A collection was taken up at the close of the meeting, which will be sent to assist the Foreign Mission Board.

SUSIE WOODALL, Cor. Sec.

LONDON, TALBOT ST.—It has been the custom for several years for the four sister Circles of the City to meet together quarterly for conference regarding the work, especially that portion pertaining to the Circles, and to offer united prayer in behalf of Missions. These meetings have proved helpful and a source of blessing. The last meeting was held on the 16th January, with the Talbot St. Circle. At the afternoon session, which was well represented. Interesting papers were read, and addresses given. Refreshments were served at 6.30, to which gentlemen were invited. An open meeting was held in the evening, Mr. Robertson, Sunday School Superintendent acting as chairman in the unavoidable absence of the pastor. Excellent addresses were delivered on Home and Foreign Missions, by the Revs. Charlesworth and Walker.

METCALPE.—The Mission Circle held a public meeting on Nov. 5th, in the Town Hall, which was well filled with an attentive and appreciative audience, composed of the various denominations in the vicinity. Mr. Laflamme, returned missionary, was present and addressed the meeting, portraying the habits, condition, early marriages, etc., of the women of India, and their great need of the Gospel. This address lasted for over an hour, and although quite a number of children and the proverbial "restless boy" was present, not a sound was to be heard but the clear ringing tones of the speaker, and apparently not a word was lost on the audience. The Osgoode choir was in attendance and added much to the interest and success of the meeting. The collection at the close amounted to \$12. A word to small Circles: Do not get discouraged and talk of disbanding if but few in number. There are but ten members of this Circle and but six Baptist families in the neighborhood. If you cannot meet every month, meet every three months, and hold an annual meeting. There is so much missionary literature now that can be easily gotten for the arranging of a programme.

Mrs. D. McLAURIN, *Ann. Dir.*

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

RECEIPTS FROM JAN. 18TH, 1896, TO FEB. 17TH, 1896, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—Thosburg, \$5; Stouffville, \$2.10; Binbrook (thank-offering), \$2; Fonthill, \$3.30; London, Talbot St., \$14.75; Petrolia, \$9.84; Bloomsburg, \$8; Toronto, College St., \$10.60; Toronto, Beverley St. (\$17 for Garsala Abraham, and \$2.51 thank-offering), \$20.86; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$50.55; Gladstone, \$7.75; Parkhill, \$3; Port Hope, \$14; Schomberg, \$4; Sheddin, \$5; Toronto, Moulton College, \$2; Toronto, Bloor St., \$1.70; Toronto, Bloor St. Young Women's Auxiliary, \$9.50; Brantford, First Ch., in two instalments (for Miss McLeod \$50, and to make Mrs. A. Balne a Life-Member, \$25), \$75; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. \$4 thank-offering, \$0.75; Owen Sound (to make Mrs. Eberle a Life-member), \$25; Malahide and Bayham (\$2 thank-offering) \$7; Toronto, Parliament St., \$8.60; Calvary (Thank-offering), \$4; West Toronto Junction, \$2.60; Wilkesport,

\$3; Barford (from a social), \$13; London, Adelaide St., \$2; St. Marys, \$3.55; Gobles, \$13; South Sydenham, \$3.50; Selkirk, \$1.35. Total, \$355.30.

FROM BANDS.—Belleville (Extra-Cent-a-Day Band for Sarah), \$20; Malahide and Bayham, \$7.56; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (for Maggan Ramaswami), \$0.66; Toronto, Tecumseth St. (per mite-boxes), \$2.50; St. Marys (Girls), for Burigi Bellomma), \$3.10; Westover, \$3; Port Hope, \$7.84; Simcoe (for Jami Rachel), \$4.25; Springfield, \$2.50; Toronto, Bloor St. \$4.65; Toronto, College St. (Young Women for Payyala Subudramma), \$4; Peterboro', Murray St., \$5.30; Hagersville (for Ballikuri Martha), \$4; South Sydenham, \$1. Total, \$79.40.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Union Meeting of London Circles, \$3.15; Mrs. A. Collison, Comet, \$1; Union Meeting of Toronto Circles, \$23.42; Mrs. John Alexander, Toronto, \$5; Miss M. Ellis, Port Rowan, \$1. Total, \$33.57. Refunded by Rev. D. G. Macdonald, by request of "a friend, Heavener," \$1. Total receipts during the month, \$469.27.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$562; To Home Expenses: Post cards for Miss Moyle, 50c. Total disbursements during the month, \$562.50.

Total receipts since May 1st, 1895, \$5,313.25. Total disbursements since May 1st, 1895, \$7,846.94.

CORRECTIONS.—In last list in the amounts from Circles: Chatham sent \$20, not \$29, as printed: Brantford, First Ch., \$50, not \$50; and Bethel should be credited with \$3.95 instead of 95c.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treasurer.*

109 Pambroke St., Toronto

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For Miss Wright, and the native preachers, teachers and helpers in Chicomele. Also for the officers of the W. B. M. U. in the Home Land.

"BEHOLD, I AM WITH THEE."

Can I forget thee, child of mine,
Who dost o'er-burdened plead,
My thoughts thine every step entwine,
I know thine utmost need;
Shall He who ruleth earth and sea
Be helpless now to aid?
To set thy soul from prison free,
And lift the midnight shade?

Is there not strength within the hand
That doth creation guide?
Doth He not sorrow understand
Who bowed His head, and died?
Pray on, beloved— plead the Word,
Ask, and ye shall receive,
Yea, even now thy prayer is heard,
Oh, fear not, but believe!

Fear not, for though no eye can see
The load 'tis thine to bear,
Thy burden all is known to Me,
And every touch of care;
Oh, could'st thou but this moment trace
The daybreak hues that shine,
The nearing aid and joy, and grace,
The loveliest plan Divine.

M. H.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR MARCH.

Hymn 140.

Prayer—Remembering the topics for the month.

Scripture—Psalm 45.

Hymn 141.

Prayer—Praise for Mr. Sanford's safe arrival in India.

Reading—*Tidings*.

Prayer.

Hymn 123.

Minutes of last meeting.

Closing prayer.

(Hymns are in "Sacred Songs and Solos.")

If additional readings are needed the *Messenger and Visitor* of January 16th, 1896, has letters from Mr. Archibald, Chicacole.

The paper on "Giving," in January number of the LINK, was written by Miss Porter, of Halifax, and read at our W. B. M. U. meeting during the Central Association.

Two young ladies, and a missionary and his family must go to India next autumn. Let us work and pray for this.

The King asks of us—"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Let us ask Him for the money to send these new workers. "According to your faith be it unto you."

Mrs. P. R. Foster has consented to take the office of Secretary for Yarmouth County, N. S. We have waited long for some one to fill this office, but now we are gainers by waiting.

We hear from various places of numbers of converts being brought into our churches; such will need work. Now is the time to teach such the meaning of the "Great Commission." It is addressed to every Christian. We have Aid Societies in almost all our churches. Now is the time for the members of these Societies to gather in these converts to the work of the Lord. How is it possible for the Christian who is not interested in the King's last command to "grow up into Christ in all things?"

LETTER FROM MISS HIGGINS.

BIMLIPATAM, DEC. 26TH, 1896.

DEAR LINK, I thought perhaps you would be interested in a short account of your Conference and Telugu Association, which convened at Vizianagram last week. It was a time of refreshing and much spiritual blessing. I think I am safe in saying that it was the best Conference and Association we have ever held, for the Holy Spirit seemed to be among us as never before. For weeks before we had been praying for a baptism of the Spirit. We had individually been seeking to be filled with the Spirit, and desired that each might take a blessing with him or her to the meetings in Vizianagram. God heard our prayers, and, although none of us are filled as we may be and desire to be, yet never before was there such a universal crying unto God for this great blessing. We were with one accord, in one place, seeking the "endowment of the Spirit," and "power for service."

We all arrived Monday evening, and the Conference opened Tuesday morning. The first hour of each morn-

ing session was given to prayer, singing, and reading of the Scriptures. The next hour and a half was devoted to business. The afternoon session was opened by three-quarters of an hour of devotional exercises, and the remainder of the time was given to business. In the evenings, from half-past eight o'clock until a quarter past nine, we again met together for prayer. All the devotional meetings were given to the subject of the Holy Spirit and His work in our hearts and lives. We felt that it was good to be there, for the Lord was with us, drawing us nearer to Himself and feeding our hungry souls with bread from heaven. Our Conference continued for three days, and then the native brethren came and the Telugu Association began. It continued three days and a half. The first hour of the first session was devotional; business occupied the remainder of the morning. The first hour of the afternoon was also given up to prayer; business followed. At the close of the afternoon session, some of the missionaries thought that the whole of the next day ought to be entirely given up to seeking for a baptism of the Spirit. The native Christians were pleased with the thought, and so the following day—morning and afternoon—was spent in talking about and praying for the work of the Spirit in the hearts of believers. It was a good day, and surely our native Christians and helpers will go back to their work more ready to be used by the Spirit in the work of the Lord than ever before. I fear we have been remiss in not talking to them enough about this matter.

Sunday morning Mr. Archibald conducted the Sabbath School, our lesson being: "Christ's teaching with regard to the Sabbath." Immediately afterward, Mr. Morse preached the annual sermon, which was a searching one and on the subject that had engrossed our thoughts so much of the time.

The afternoon meeting began at three o'clock and continued until six. Mrs. Archibald opened it, and afterwards all who were moved by the Spirit to do so, took part. Many of the native brethren bore testimony to the fact that they had received a great and unexpected blessing—such as they had never received before at an Association. During the last half hour we were gathered around the Lord's table.

On the morning of the last day (Monday), business was attended to, and then the Association closed with a prayer meeting.

May the coming year be a year of the right hand of the Most High. May all of Christ's servants in this land, be "filled with the Spirit," and go forward to the work committed to their charge, conquering and to conquer. This is the wish of us all; this is the prayer of us all. Pray for us.

Yours in Christ,

EDITH C. HIGGINS

"CHRISTIANITY is not a system of philosophy that may be taught, but a life that must be lived. The religion of Jesus is distinguished from all other religions in its incarnation. Its power is the power of a divine personality. It is propagated by personal contact. Christ gives life to men, and then says, 'As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you.' Every Christian is a missionary. He may have been nursed in the lap of Christendom and trained in a luxurious religious home, or he may have been born a pagan and 'suckled on a creed outworn.' It matters not. If he has been 'born again,' and feels the throb of the Christ-life, he is a

missionary sent by the living Christ to touch dead souls to the newness of life. This primary truth needs heavy emphasis, for there is everywhere perpetual danger of its being neglected. The far-sweeping purpose of the election of grace is being ignored, and the churches are crowded with people whose largest thought of salvation is that their own souls shall be cared for. Not until Christianity is not only believed, but lived, will the churches either at home or in heathen lands, become the power the Master meant them to be."

Speaking of his work in the home land before he went to Formosa, Dr. MacKay says:—"A quarter of a century has passed since I served the church in those struggling home mission fields. The greater part of that time I have been far hence among the heathen, and am called a foreign missionary. But not now—not once in all these years—have I thought the foreign claims superior to the home, or honored the foreign missionary above his equally heroic and equally faithful brother who toils in the obscurity of a broken down village, in the darkness of ultramontane Quebec, or amid the pioneer hardships of the newer settlements in Canada. It is not for me—it is not for any foreign missionary—to look loftily on the ministry at home, or think of them as less loyal, unselfish and true. We are all missionaries, the *sent* ones of the King, and not our fields, but our faithfulness matters. Many of the Church's first may be last when the Master comes."

The above extracts are taken from Dr. MacKay's book "From Far Formosa."

QUARTERLY STATEMENT.

Account of moneys received by the Secretary of the W. B. M. U. during quarter ending Jan. 31, '96.

	F. M.	H. M.	Total
Received from			
Nova Scotia W. M. A. S.	\$708 37	\$231 52	\$942 89
" " Mission Bands	97 35	97 35
" " Sunday Schools	52 00	17 00	69 00
New Brunswick W. M. A. S.	392 89	59 95	452 84
" " M. B.	50 00	50 00
" " S. S.	32 82	32 82
P. E. Island W. M. A. S.	65 00	7 00	72 00
" " M. B.	2 00	2 00
" " S. S.
Nova Scotia B. Y. P. U.	4 75	4 75
			\$1,693 65

DR.

Pa'd Rev. J. W. Manning, Treas. F. M. B.	\$1250 00
" Printing <i>Twilings</i>	4 00
" Miss Johnstone, postage	3 00
" Drafts and Postage	1 91
	\$1,258 91

MARY SMITH,
Treas. W. B. M. U.

Amherst, N. S., Feb. 3rd, 1896.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Converts in Formosa are taught never to say no, when called on to witness, or work, or war for the Master. All are taught the fundamental truth that every Christian is a missionary, and that the salvation of one's own

soul is not to be the sole or even foremost object of pursuit.

At Swatow, where I took accounts from forty women, each answering for herself alone, I found that the forty had, among them, destroyed seventy-eight of their daughters. The heathen women seldom allow more than two of their daughters to live!—*English Missionary at Swatow.*

NOW READ THIS FROM A MISSIONARY.—"Women sixty years old, just learning to read, will bend patiently over the Bible, studying it word by word, and be as delighted over what is to them a new promise discovered, as a man at home might be over a gold mine. . . . Last year three of my school girls went home to heaven, and it was going home to them. They went peacefully and happily to be with Jesus. One woman said to me, 'I was as stupid as a beast, only knowing enough to eat and drink, before I heard of Jesus, but now my heart is light.'—*Ex. from Woman's Work for Women.*

Is it not worth while to send the Light of life to China?

Christianity is becoming a great power in Japan. Twenty-five years ago there were but twenty Protestant missionaries and eight baptized natives in all Japan. Today there are six hundred missionaries and forty thousand Protestant church members.

In 1865 not a single town in India had a supply of pure water; now nearly all the large cities and cantonments have water works, with the result that the death rate among the British troops of 60 per 1,000 thirty years ago has been reduced to 15 per 1,000. This is one thing that Britain has done for India.

The Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, is supposed to hold more personal property than any other resident of this planet, his estate being valued at \$600,000,000. Yet, with this colossal fortune he was unable to cope with a famine-stricken district sixty miles from his palace.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

The Natural Feet Society recently formed at Shanghai is the next in line after the Heavenly Foot Society formed in Amoy several years ago. It is a hopeful feature of prevailing thought in China when two strong societies are pledged to put down and do away with so outrageous a custom as foot-binding.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

When Dr. Duff began work in Calcutta he found that a cow had more rights and higher rank than a woman, and he said that to try to educate women in India was as vain as to attempt to "scale a wall 500 feet high." Today, in the Province of Bengal alone 100,000 women and girls are under instruction, and India's most gifted daughters are laying hold of the treasures of the higher education. Zenana doors have been unlocked by the gentle hand of Christian womanhood, and a transformation is already accomplished which centuries of merely human wisdom and power could not even have begun.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

MRS. LEVI FOX, Sec. of the Morrissetown Society, says the meetings are well attended, and the sisters are asking in faith for greater numbers.

NEWS FROM OUR HOME WORKERS.

CLEMENTYVALE, N. S.—The Secretary writes: "During the last month we have enrolled fifteen new names, which makes our membership now forty-two; and we are hoping by our next meeting to have fifty members. The increase in numbers and interest is truly wonderful."

MRS NALDER, Sec. for Hunts Co., writes: "I have visited and held public missionary meetings at all our stations where we have Aid Societies, making in all, fifteen meetings. My last visit to one part of the field resulted in the organization of a W. M. A. Society in Avondale, a section of the Newport church. When I tell you that there has not been a Baptist conference, or prayer meeting, or Sunday School in this region for many years, and that the few scattered women who reside there had become almost discouraged, you may know how thankful I was to help them."

This Society has commenced full of promise; their meetings are well attended; and there are already fifteen members. I circulated a great deal of literature in every place visited this year; and also try to send a copy of my *Missionary Review* occasionally, as I know there will be sufficient material for good readings at the monthly meetings. I believe Hants County is quite prompt in sending the quarterly remittances.

WINNSOR has done well this half year. We observed "Crusade Day," and it brought us in \$37. We have also had a life membership. We held a Thanksgiving service on Thanksgiving Day, and had a good collection for the North-West. The programme consisted of an address by Mrs. Stewart, a Presbyterian sister, who is working up quite an interest among the societies of the Presbyterian churches; a paper from Mrs. De Wolfe; and then I gave an address on our Indian work. Selections were read from the envelopes as each was opened.

Young People's Department.

GROWTH.

Twenty years ago the formation of a Women's Foreign Mission Society was looked upon with little favor, especially by our brethren. Even we ourselves who with fear and trembling organized for special work in behalf of the women and children in heathen lands, felt that this new movement might prove a failure. It was the day of small things, but as we remember the large number of earnest Christian women now hard at work in the interest of this Society, we are assured of a most encouraging growth of public opinion in favor of women's work in the mission cause.

Then our offerings twenty years ago were very small, given a few cents at a time, but our gifts continued regularly and systematically, and behold the result! Lady missionaries are being sent out and supported in heathen lands, schools organized and endowed, suitable buildings erected, besides many Bible-women and other native helpers being enabled to devote their lives to this work.

We note with gladness the growth in missionary literature. The need has created the supply. We cannot be interested or enthusiastic about any cause of which we know little or nothing. Our best informed workers labor with the most zeal. We must know what is taking place on our mission fields, be brought into touch with our missionaries, learn their need, and then set our minds to the best way of meeting that need as God gives us the ability. Some one has defined responsibility as our response to God's ability. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, teachers, and all other daily toilers for daily bread, find new interest and zeal in perusing the papers devoted to their callings; so we as mission workers eagerly scan the many and varied magazines, leaflets and papers which are published to increase our knowledge of the world's need, and of those who are seeking to supply that need by preaching Christ Jesus. An address can only be heard at one time by a few people gathered in one place, but articles written for the press gain entrance into thousands of homes all over the land. So let us seek by every means in our power to increase the circulation of our missionary papers, that new workers may be interested, awakened, and sent forth to help fulfil Christ's great commission to His redeemed church. I might mention how very helpful THE LINK has been to me in the nearly eighteen years since it was first published. Every five years I have the numbers bound, and put on the shelf with my much-prized Missionary Library. You would be surprised to know how often many of our earnest workers come to me for information about the earlier years of our Telugu mission, which I can find nowhere else as condensed and exact as in my LINKS. (This is not intended for an advertisement of your paper, Mrs. Editor, but simply my own experience.)

We rejoice to-day at the growth of mission work among the children. You remember the story of the busy mother teaching her children the Golden Text, "Consider the lilies how they grow." Baby Bobby climbed upon her knee, and wanted to learn it too, pleading that he did know the other one which began, "Suffer the little children." But when night came and Bobbie was asked to recite the new text for papa he said, "Consider the—little children—how they grow."

That is what we mothers of large families spend much of our time in considering, as very unfortunately the little garments do not keep pace with the growth of their wearers.

The scripture of motherhood must be fulfilled, and we go very near the gates of death that our babe may enter into life. We hold the living child in our arms—a tiny, helpless mortal—no, an *immortal!* and in that lies its preciousness, a soul born to live throughout eternity, created for the purpose of helping Christ redeem the world! Daily we watch for the physical and mental

growth of our delight and darling, over each new development, realizing most fully that "the love which is born with a baby, grows as that baby grows." Can we not in some slight measure understand the desire of our Father in Heaven for the growth of His children? He tells us to "grow in grace" (not *into* grace, as the poor ignorant heathen seeks in vain to do by cruel tortures and fearful sacrifices. There must be life before there can be growth, and that life is the gift of God). But just as surely as we grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, will there be a decided growth in our missionary zeal. One good result of our W. F. M. Societies is, that each mother realizes that the mission work of the future lies in the hands of her children, and will be, under God's blessing, and her labors with and for them, what she makes it. Even Mission Bands and Sunday schools, all important as they are, cannot do all that is necessary. The best Mission Band is the one that gathers around the mother's knee. As soon as our child can understand that Jesus loves him, so soon should he be told of the thousands of children whose mothers have never heard of Jesus. In simple words his happy home should be contrasted with their sad lot, until his little heart throbs in sympathy for his heathen brothers and sisters. We realize that our boys and girls may be themselves chosen of God for this great work in the future, and that they cannot begin too early to make sacrifices for love's sake. We are to our children living epistles, read day after day. Let us see to it that the record is worthy of our high calling.

Many years ago, a mother tried to teach her family how to be charitable. She said, "My children, when your father and I have finished our dinner, when you have all been quite satisfied, when you have fed the dog, the cat, the pigs and the chickens, if there is anything left that is not fit for soap-grease, remember the poor!"

We smile at the lack of growth in the grace of giving in that mother's heart, but wait a moment! Actions speak louder than words! To-day we teach our children to build fine churches, carpet every aisle, cushion every seat, buy pipe organs, hire paid singers, engage popular ministers who can draw large congregations, and if anything is left after all this expenditure on our own worship, to remember the heathen!

Do you know that out of every dollar given for Christian benevolence, *ninety-eight* cents are spent in the home land, and only *two* cents given to help redeem the three-fourths of our race who have never heard of a Saviour? Is this as Christ would have it?

But perhaps you answer, "I am not interested in foreign missions." What difference does that make in obeying a command? You tell your son to deliver a basket which you have prepared for a poor family named Brown, on his way to school. He fails to do this, and pleads as his excuse that he "is not interested in those

Browns." Would that satisfy your parental authority? Christ says to each one of His redeemed people, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If His love is in our hearts, must it not constrain us to do all in our power to carry out this great commission, "to go, let go, or help go," as He giveth the opportunity.

Dear sisters, are we growing as Christ would have us? Are we doing better, nobler work for Him this year than last? Are we bringing forth much fruit that our Father may be glorified? If this is the earnest desire of our hearts, let us not be discouraged at seeming failure. One is our Leader who "knoweth our frame," who "remembereth that we are dust." Even now we hear Him saying unto us, "My grace is sufficient for you, my strength is made perfect in weakness."—"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto Thee, fear not, I will help thee."

"And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.

So when we are weak and wretched
By our failures, sad, oppressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best."

And we know that the day will come when we shall be satisfied with our growth. Not here, not now, but when we awake in Christ's likeness, seeing Him face to face, knowing as we are known, loving as we are loved, and able to offer sinless service and perfect praise unto Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us. But until that day break, and all earthly shadows flee away, we rejoice

"To know God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Around our restlessness, His rest."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, February, 1896.

HIS STORY.

"My name is Anthony Hunt. I live miles away upon the Western prairie. I am a driver. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

"One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made for her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to 'buy a big one.'

"Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and a

you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper, tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up.

"It might have been more prudent to stay till morning but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll. I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down, dark as pitch, while I was in the wildest bit of a road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, although when the storm that had been brewing broke out and pelted the rain in torrents, I was almost five miles, or maybe six, from home. I rode on as fast as I could. "But all of a sudden I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered.

"Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men, showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away.

"But once more I heard that cry; and said I, 'If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die.' I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom.

"It had slept there for over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"And one said, 'Nothing, now, I hope: what's that in your arms?'

"A poor lost child," says I. I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint; and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of *my own child*, my little Dolly!

"It was my darling and none other, that I had picked up upon that drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet 'daddy' and doll, while her mother was at work; and Dolly, they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees, before them all.

"It is not much of a story; but I think of it often in the night, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

"It is much of a story. It is a story in which the great moral of the world's redemption lies wrapped up. It is a story which translates for us the deepest meaning of the Cross. In exposing his life to danger this man restored the life that was dearest to him. "He that loseth his life shall find it."—*The Mission Journal*.

ADDRESSES

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The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

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

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

Subscription 25c. Per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers will please make inquiry for them at their respective Post Offices, if not found notify the Editor at once, giving full name and address and duplicate copies will be forwarded at once.

Send Remittances by Post Office Order, when possible, payable at YORKVILLE Post Office, or by registered letter.

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