

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

The Canadian

Missionary

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

CANADA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

LX-3

JANUARY, 1894.

CONTENTS.

| | |
|---|----|
| Editorial | 66 |
| Missionary Progress and Problems..... | 66 |
| Persecution of Baptists in Russia..... | 67 |
| Giving..... | 68 |
| Work Abroad..... | 69 |
| Letters from Anna Murray—Christina C. McLeod—L. Wilkie Moody—Extracts from Private Letters..... | |
| Work at Home..... | 72 |

Bureau of Missionary Information—Treasurer's Report.

W. B. M. U. 73
Poem, "For the New Year"—Suggested Programme for January Aid Meetings—Letter from Mrs. Churchill—News from the Aid Societies.

Young People's Department 77
Mission Band Lesson No. 4—A Few Stories for Children—The Christmas Box in a Chinese Home—The True Test.

CLERGY CO

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

W. S. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS
TORONTO, ONT.

The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1894.

No. 5

MISSION BOXES.—A large number of the pyramid mission boxes, ordered some time ago by the Ontario and Quebec Board and an individual member of the Board for free distribution among the Mission Bands and Sunday Schools, are still on hand. They may be secured by addressing Miss Stark, 64 Bloor St. East, Toronto.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—Again we would remind our subscribers that we are obliged to dispose of surplus stamps at a discount, which involves during the year a considerable loss to missions. A post office order can be purchased for two cents, and this method of remittance is greatly to be preferred. Send stamps only when no other method is available.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The beginning of the year is an excellent time for effort to increase the circulation of the paper. Will not every friend of the LINK, and of the cause it represents, endeavor to do something towards extending its influence and thus increasing interest in Missions? Will not those who have charge of the subscription lists of the paper in the various Circles and Aid Societies look as carefully as possible after the renewals, and endeavor in each case to add some new names. The cost of the paper is so slight that few indeed need be without it on account of "hard times;" yet, we occasionally receive a notice to discontinue on this ground. We will furnish extra copies of the paper to be used in canvassing to any one asking for them. Will not all who are in arrears remit as promptly as possible, so that we may enter on the new year with all names marked up to date?

MISSIONARY PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS.

A few months ago, says the *Sunday Magazine*, it was announced that the editor of the *Secolo*, a well-known Italian newspaper, was about to issue an illustrated family Bible from his press at Milan. The illustrations were borrowed from Messrs. Cassell, but the text was a translation from the Vulgate with notes authorised by the Church of Rome. This enterprise marked a new epoch in the history of the Bible in Italy. Till then, as Mr. Robertson pointed out, the Bible as sold in Italy was looked upon as a foreign book, because it was printed abroad, and as an heretical book because the versions were those of Protestants. The priests were in arms against it, and could enlist patriotism as well as religious prejudice on their side. This is no

longer possible. The Bibles have the sanction of the Church. They are printed in Italy and by Italians. They are sold in the shops and in the ordinary course of business. The success of the edition has been marvellous. Already 50,000 copies have been sold, though the price is ten francs. It has made its way everywhere, among all ranks and classes. It is being discussed as well as read. So far from injuring the sale of other versions, it has increased it, and now, Mr. Robertson reports, the Bible heads the list of books sold in Italy, and has taken its rightful place in the literature of the country. The experiment, surely, is one that should be repeated elsewhere, and especially in Spain.

One of the most pathetic instances of the yearning of the human being for the divine, says *The Gospel in All Lands*, is that related by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota.

"Some years ago," he said, "an Indian stood at my door, and as I opened it he knelt at my feet. Of course I bade him not to kneel. He said: 'My father. I knelt only because my heart is warm to a man who pitied the red man. I am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. I knew that all the Indians east of the Mississippi had perished, and I never looked into the faces of my children that my heart was not sad. My father had told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk with him.'

"Then he said, so sadly, as he looked into my face

"You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark, and reached out your hand and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the red man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit.'

"That man sat as a child, and he heard anew the story of the love of Jesus. And when we met again he said, as he laid his hand on his heart:

"It is not dark; it laughs all the while."

The report of the Christian Literature Society for India announces that last year its total issues were 1,460,212 volumes of which 460,000 were school-books and the rest general Christian literature, "showing an increase of fivefold in this important class of books in four years." Not only the number, but the character of the books have improved, as is rendered both practicable and necessary by the further spread of higher

education. Books on the Indian religions, a Concordance to the Bengali New Testament, by the Rev. G. H. Parsons, and a work by Professor Grau, translated by the Revs. W. St. Clair Tisdall and Deimler, of the C.M.S., are among these. Scripture portions accompanied by suitable introductions have been issued for graduates of the Indian Universities. Thus copies of St. Luke and the Acts have been supplemented by a work called *The Beginnings of Christianity*, and the New Testament by a *Life of Christ*. In former times it was Bradlaugh's and similar infidel works which were presented to graduates. Even the school-books of the U.S. are made to reflect Christian truth.

* *

Dr. Macphail, in *Medical Missions at Home and Abroad*, gives some startling figures as to the medical destitution of India. The Health Officer of Calcutta, Dr. Simpson, reported that during the years 1886-91, out of 49,761 persons who died in that city, 31,221—more than three out of every five—had no medical attendance whatever, even the most insufficient, in their last illness. Less than one-third of those who die in Calcutta are attended by those who have had any training in European medical science. Curiously enough, owing to the fact that in the metropolis the male population is twice as numerous as the female, the returns seem to show that women are better off than the men. In the country districts, "the Mofussil," Dr. Macphail shows that an appalling state of things exists. In the villages there are great multitudes, diseased for life, blind, lame, deaf, and dumb, because in early infancy or childhood the simplest remedies were not procurable. Native medicine and surgery are often worse than the disease. "The red-hot iron is freely applied even for such trivial complaints as toothache and headache, or rags dipped in oil are set on fire and applied to the body." So with everything else. The cruelties, in the name of surgery, which Dr. Macphail describes as being practised at the time of child-birth are such that he ranks them with the suppressed custom of suttee. Surely here there is room for the medical missionary, not in units but in hundreds.

* *

Apropos of the question of celibacy amongst missionaries which received such notice at the Birmingham Church Congress, the Rev. Sumantrao V. Karmarker, of Bombay, writes in the *Missionary Herald*: "The home of the missionary has done more to forward the progress of the Gospel in India than any other agency. To see a lady, intelligent, yet womanly, presiding at the table, voicing her opinions and ideas freely, assisting her husband in his noble work, managing diligently her own household, and conducting faithfully her special work among women, is a novel and most interesting sight to a Hindu. The æsthetic and Christian

environments of such a home have so impressed the minds of our people that they are endeavoring to adopt this ideal home life as far as practicable."—*Review of the Churches.*

PERSECUTION OF BAPTISTS IN RUSSIA.

[We copy from *The Baptist Missionary Magazine* the following letter sent by Mr. Niclas Fadroff, of Los Angeles, Cal. The letter is from his mother who is in Russia and an eye witness of the heartrending scenes described.]

The recent reports from Russia state that there are sixty-seven Baptist churches with 16,443 members in that country. At a recent meeting the Russian Baptists resolved to ask the prayers of all Baptists throughout the world. Will not all of our Circles and Bands read this letter and remember our persecuted brethren in Russia in earnest prayer.—ED.]

SOUTHEAST RUSSIA, Jan. 7, 1893.

"My Beloved Son :—We are all very well, and give thanks to our heavenly Father for his abundant blessings to us, and to His Son, our Lord and Saviour, that He keeps His promise that He once spoke to His beloved disciples. He does not forget us in our bitter persecution that we are now in. The district chief superior forbids the Christians from buying or selling, and our churches are all burned by a mob led by the Greek church priests, and all country property belonging to Christians has also been destroyed by fire, and our cattle destroyed and our dwelling-houses in cities must have their street windows closed because the Greek church people throw stones when they see us by the windows, and sometimes they throw stones at us when we walk on the streets, and our Baptists are hurt very badly.

But worse than all past orders by the imperial and most holy church senate, is the decree that all Baptists shall be rebaptised in the Greek Catholic Church, and if they do not give themselves to that order, then their children shall be taken from their parents and be baptised by force, and given to the members of the Greek church or to the convents, and the father and mother be banished to Siberia for life, and their property confiscated to the Greek church. These orders are now executed against us one after another. Eight of our Baptist brothers have been flogged with rods almost to death, and sent to Siberia, and their children scattered away from them, some to the convents and some given to the members of the Greek church. This was done by district authorities and the Greek church priests. They allege that we are the cause of all the misfortunes that come upon Russia, including the cholera and the famine.

But we give thanks to our Heavenly Father for His abundant blessings to us, and that He protected us from the cholera. We are trying to endure all these things by the help of God. He only is our helper, and we be-

lieve that He does not forget us in our bitter persecution. We hope that you will speak to American Christians. We hope that American Baptists will remember us in prayer, that we may have faith in His promise that He gave in Matthew v. : 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' And I ask you, my dear son, to do your best to release your suffering mother and your brothers. We are praying for you that you might have good success to do this quickly. We all join in sending kind love to you. Yours truly,

MOTHER."

The gentleman who sends us this pathetic communication writes in explanation :

"I take on myself to elucidate about the rods used for flogging in Russia. They take branches of willow trees about one quarter of an inch thick, and two feet long, and about twenty in the bunch, tie them at one end, and before using them put them in hot water about ten hours. They take a man, strip off his clothes, and fasten him to the scaffold. The first stroke makes bloody marks thick as a pencil, the second stroke cuts these marks open and blood flows in streams in all directions. When they have been continued to one hundred or two hundred, then no more flesh is left on the man's back, and you can see the bones. This is the flogging our Baptist Christians receive, thus suffering for Jesus Christ and for their own nation, that the people of Russia might repent and turn from idolatry and come to Christ.

This persecution movement began, properly, last year, when an edict was sent out to compel all members of the Baptist Church and other evangelical denominations to send their children to the Greek church, and forbade them being taught any other faith. A few hundred children whose unfortunate parents gave no heed to the proclamation, were forcibly taken and placed in monasteries, with no expectation of seeing their parents again. It is described as one of the most terrible pictures of horror imaginable, by witnesses who saw the screaming children torn from the embrace of distracted parents, who had no power to hold them, and could only cry out in agony as they saw them, carried off by rough, unfeeling men. One woman, a widow, and the mother of seven children, the eldest of whom was ten years of age, was seen weepingly to kiss her little family and bless them, saying, 'My God will be with you.'

GIVING.

[An address by Mrs. Emily Davies, Toronto, given at the Convention at Hamilton.]

Is there anything fresh to be said on this very important subject? I fear not, I only hope to bring it before you by way of remembrance.

Why should we give? Let me look first at the great-

est of all gifts to us, John III, 16 : "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Why was this gift given? To save us from everlasting death, and what is the command regarding this gift? "Go ye into all the world, the world that God so loved, and preach the gospel to every creature." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," but "How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

We see at once this means activity on the part of every Christian. We may, many of us, say, I cannot go, then what is our duty regarding this command of our risen and ascended Lord? To send a substitute; it may be a much loved son or daughter. We can surely do their work in this part of God's vineyard while they fulfil for us this great commission, remembering "how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things." You and I, dear sisters, know something of these glad tidings of good things and shall not we help to send it to those that know it not? God gave His only begotten Son, should not this incite us to give what we hold most precious. May we mothers be led to pray that our children may be even as Paul "chosen vessels unto the Lord. Do we not read, "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall we not with Him freely give us all things?"

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Surely we ought to need no urging to give this gospel to "such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

This as you will see involves giving of our means. What proportion? is sometimes asked. "Let each lay by as the Lord has prospered him," was the rule Paul gave the Corinthians. He did not say, furnish your house with fine furniture, adorn your bodies with rich clothing first, and then, lay by for the Lord; but lay by, this was the first rule. Shall we give a tenth? Not less surely, remembering "as the Lord has prospered you." Should not the proportion increase according to our means? Do you think if the Lord has given one his or her hundreds, and to another thousands, a tenth is a fair proportion? I think we should not lay down a rule other than Paul's. Did God give us a tenth of His beloved Son? I say it with all reverence, then why should we shield ourselves behind this thought, that a tenth is insufficient, and congratulate ourselves, that we at least have done our share? I think we may well pray, Lord teach us to give, then we will cease to hear so much of self-denial in giving: not that there will be no more need of self-denial, but it will only be known to ourselves and our God.

We may learn a lesson from the Israelites. And they spoke unto Moses saying, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the Lord commanded to make, and Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, 'Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary.'" So the people were restrained from bringing, for the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much. Who ever heard of there being too much in the Home or Foreign Mission Treasury? Shall we who live not under law but under grace do less? Now in what spirit shall we give? "God loveth a cheerful giver." The Israelites were to bring a willing offering. Ex. XXXV. 4-5:21-22-29.

Then there is a selfish side to the question, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly, he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," yes, poverty of the soul. "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." But is there not a higher motive, the constraining love of God? Even as Jesus loved us and gave Himself for us so are not we to give back to Him not only the love of our hearts, but also the good things of this life which he has bestowed so bountifully upon us? May our treasures be laid up in heaven "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Who are to help or give, in this great work? Let us turn to Jeremiah VII. 18. "The children gather the wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and pour out drink offerings unto other gods," all helped to gather the material to worship their idol gods, and shall not we all unite to carry on this great work of missions which was begun from Jerusalem? "Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Work Abroad.

S. S. AVOCA, RED SEA, NOV. 8, 1893.

My Dear Miss Green,

As you, in all probability, do not receive the benefit of the letters from the party to Mr. McDiarmid, I think probably you will be glad to hear of our welfare, and I am glad to be able to write that we fare so well, for we are having a most delightful voyage. Some may not have agreed with me respecting the Atlantic voyage, but there can be no dissenting voice in what I have

said of this voyage, I refer particularly to the Red Sea. We sailed from London on the 20th October by the S. S. Avoca of the British India Line, and reached Gibraltar on the next Wednesday, after a very pleasant voyage; the Bay of Biscay was on its good behaviour, and the Atlantic bade us a tender farewell; no one suffered from sea-sickness. We caught but a glimpse of France but passed quite near the coasts of Spain and Portugal. How well I remember the night we passed Cape St. Vincent; the ocean looked beautiful in the moonlight, the air so balmy and fragrant, while Cape St. Vincent stood out so bold and clear.

We had a very fine view of Gibraltar; we passed within a mile and a half of it. We had squalls from time to time on the Mediterranean, and one night, I think it was quite as rough as we had on the Atlantic. Many days were very pleasant.

We reached Naples on the following Sunday, anchoring at 8 o'clock, thus you see we saw the sunrise on Vesuvius. It was a lovely scene; the city nestling at the foot of mountains, the peculiar light colored flat-roofed buildings rising gradually from the water's edge, Vesuvius at the right with the smoke rising from the crater. As the sun rose the smoke became such a beautiful color. The beauty and quietness of the scene was soon disturbed, by the arrival of the coal boats and numerous other smaller boats to the number of almost thirty-five, and there was no more peace till we got clear of the city again at 5.30 in the evening.

During the night we passed Stromboli. At 6 o'clock in the morning we entered the Straits of Messina which are but two miles and a half wide and where the scenery is magnificent. It was a dark rainy morning but this seemed to add to the somber grandeur of the scene. The mountains bore signs of cultivation and were most beautifully terraced while every little distance there was a town right at the waters' edge; one of the towns was Rhegium which rendered it intensely interesting. There were numerous orange and lemon plantations while just at the waters' edge we were surprised to see the familiar long line of white smoke, that of a railway train. As we emerged from the Straits we beheld Etna all glorious in the rising sun.

We reached Port Said on Thursday at noon, where we again took our coal to the amount of 1000 tons. This was a coaling experience never to be forgotten. From 12 o'clock until 8 o'clock there were coal barges on each side the Avoca and such a cloud of dust as arose from this operation. It afforded us a great deal of amusement, particularly, when after arraying ourselves in fresh light waists and dresses we left for shore. You would have been amused too, had you seen us by the time we had gotten clear of the dust. Certainly, the impression will never leave our memories, though we did, after a time, succeed in removing it from our clothes, hands and faces.

We spent about two hours and a half on shore, in that time learning and seeing quite a good deal of Port Said life. In this way we are gradually being introduced into heathenism.

At 8 o'clock we left Port Said but at midnight we were obliged to tie up for the night, as just a quarter of a mile ahead was a burning vessel. It had a cargo of sugar, which had been burning for two days. It was lying so far out in the canal that before it could be passed it had to be pulled aside so that it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday before we were allowed to pass.

The scenery at the place we were tied up was very

pretty, on the right the station a most picturesque place, a lake and a mountain away in the distance, on the left stretched the Arabian desert and in the sky just above the horizon was a mirage. It was so real that it was very hard to realize that it was only a mirage. There was the water, a lake I presume, with the mountains along its shore mirrored in the water at their base, and little islands dotting the lake, all this reflected on the sky. We reached Suez on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock having passed where the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. In the afternoon we saw Mr. Sinai and then we were fairly in the Red Sea where we expected to encounter great heat, but, with the exception of Sunday, which was quite warm, it has been beautifully cool. To-morrow we reach Aden where we post letters, but alas! receive none I fear.

It has been a pleasure to meet the other missionaries; I trust we are all the better for having met. We have Bible study every afternoon at 2 o'clock and to-morrow we shall finish the Epistle to the Ephesians.

I am yours sincerely,

ANNA MURRAY.

BANGALORE, Oct. 17, '93.

My Dear Mrs. Newman,

I intended to have written oftener about our work on the field, but owing to the heat, and our temporary dwelling house not being altogether sun-proof, we were compelled to come away from Ramachandrapuram about the middle of May to the cooler climate of Bangalore. Mr. McLeod remained here for some weeks before returning to the plains. It has been thought advisable that I should remain a little longer, therefore, I am here yet, and receiving much benefit from my prolonged stay. I expect, however, to go down to the plains about the middle of next month.

Mr. McLeod writes that the building material for our bungalow is nearly all on the ground, and that operations have commenced.

Under date of Oct. 7th he writes:—"I started on tour this morning at nine. We are now moving on toward Valluru where we are to have service to-night and to-morrow. I expect to stop at Kalate to see some people who desire baptism. This is a new village in which ten people are asking for baptism."

Aithemoody, Oct. 9th:—"Had a good time yesterday. Held a prayer meeting and business meeting in Valluru, Saturday night. I found the work in pretty good condition. Sunday morning I sent the preachers to a new village, and I examined the day school and Sunday School. At 1 p. m. we baptized one man from Valluru. At 2 p. m. I preached in Valluru church and gave the Lord's Supper. The church was pretty full—the largest, and I think the best meeting we have had yet. * * * In the evening we walked about four miles to Valluru and preached in two places—to a tremendous crowd in both places. After preaching I visited the two schools * * * The Madigas are giving a house to teach in and two annas a month for

each pupil. The outlook here is very hopeful. It was after 10 o'clock when we reached the boat last night tired, but thankful and happy. This morning we preached in Aithemoody in two places and had prayer meeting with the Christians."

Again, under date of Oct. 11th, he writes:—"I have just come in from Thathapudi. We preached in the Malapilly and then conducted a service with the Christians in the schoolhouse. * * * We had all the Christians out to service and I spoke to them nearly an hour. * * * I had great satisfaction in baptizing the four men we baptized this morning in Nasary; they are so intelligent and so determined. I expect to baptize there again the next time I go out there. There are twenty persons in Kalore eager to be baptized, so eager that I find it difficult to refuse, but I have no teacher to send there just now, and I would rather let them wait than baptize them and leave them alone among the heathen. If they are real believers they will hold out, and if not nothing will be lost by waiting. * * * I expect to reach home Saturday morning. During this tour we shall have preached twenty-four times; held twelve prayer meetings; examined five schools and received six converts—two in Valluru and four in Nasary. There are about forty or fifty people asking for baptism on this side; but the opposition on the part of the caste people is so determined and the Malas are so ignorant and stupid, where they have not had much preaching, that I think it best to wait until my men will be coming out from the Seminary, so that they can look after them. I expect to stay at home until the end of the month when all being well, I will make another tour on the Muramunda side, dedicate the new church and pay the workers." The same day (Oct. 11th) he writes from Nasary:—"The outlook is becoming quite hopeful all along on this side. There are large numbers ready to come out, but I think it best to make haste slowly. * * * I am now on my way to Thathapudi; thence to Valluru, Chelura, Auggara, Koornapuram and home."

I hope it is not too late to thank you, dear Mrs. Newman, for the cards sent out by Mr. Craig. I received a good share of them. I have distributed the most of mine among our Christians who can read and a few others who appreciate such little gifts. I have still a few left which I hope to give away on my return.

Yours in the Master's service,

CHRISTINA C. MCLEOD.

[Mr. and Mrs. Moody are both Canadians. Mr. Moody was a student for some time at McMaster Hall, and Mrs. Moody, then Miss Wilkie, at Moulton. Their many friends will be glad to hear from them through this letter.—ED.]

IRREBOU, CONGO INDPT. STATE, S.W. AFRICA.

July, 1893.

My Dear Class and Friends of Bloor St. S. S.,
It is now three years since I left you and perhaps

you have almost forgotten me. We are here alone among thousands of natives. We get lonely sometimes to see a white face. A steamer passes about once a month, but we only see a mission steamer about once in six months.

We have twenty boys and ten girls in the station and they are as full of mischief as you boys, so I have quite a lively time. They have real bright, shining faces and some of them are quite nice looking. All our boys and part of the girls are professing Christians. As yet, only three have been baptized. They are only babes as yet and need a great deal of instruction. I have school, and some of the boys are getting along very well for the time they have been in school.

The buffalo, leopards and wild cats come on the station and take our goats and ducks.

Perhaps you wonder if there are any snakes in Africa. They are numerous. I will tell you about one I saw. It was thirteen feet long and big enough to swallow a goat. When it was shot it vomited the goat whole. The natives ate the goat and also the snake. Did you ever see a *hippo*, boys? The hippopotami are in the river near us. We hear them snorting night and day. When the natives kill one we get some meat which is very good steak. When a chief dies they kill a number of slaves so he will not have to go alone, and have them to wait on him in the next world. When any one dies they ~~dance~~ and cry and shoot off guns and have a general howl, which usually ends in a fight over some paltry thing. Mongomba our biggest chief died. They set him on a chair and rolled cloth around him till he was the size of a very large barrel. They kept him for some days and carried him through the towns in great array.

We have now a very comfortable house, which is indeed a great blessing. Mr. Moody has just finished our new chapel. It is a large frame building with a grass roof.

We have to thank our Heavenly Father for the health and strength He has given us thus far. This is really a land of death to the white man. About seven per cent. of the missionaries die every year, and as many go home for change and rest. Brother Hartsock died last November and dear Mrs H. left us in December. So we have been alone ever since.

The State have been fighting with the Arabs for some time and have defeated them, which will put down a great deal of slave trade. The natives buy and sell slaves all the time.

These people seldom know who their father or mother are. They have been bought and brought here when very small children, and they call their chief's wives their mother. They usually have half a dozen women they call mother. The more wives a chief has the richer he is. A man is counted worth one thousand to five thousand brass rods, and a woman

from one to fifteen thousand. The women do the garden work, and the men build the houses and fish and put in a very lazy time.

I have another little African to tell you about, with white face, blue eyes and flaxen hair, our dear little daughter, Grace Irebou. She is now nine months old and can stand alone. She has been a dear little comfort to us in our lonely time here. I am going to ask you all to pray for her that the Lord will spare her sweet little life and that she may grow up to live a life of service for Him.

Yours in Christian love,
L. WILKIE MOODY.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

NARSAPATNAM.—The building operations are over, which consisted in altering the old bungalow and re-roofing the same for a chapel to be used for some time as a mission house.

We think the evil day for building a new bungalow can be postponed for two or three years at least.

A temporary chapel, two preachers' houses and a baptistery have been constructed.

We have commenced the work of evangelizing in earnest now.

Yesterday a Sudra woman was baptised in the large tank in the presence of a very large assemblage of all classes of people. She is of a good family and her action has caused much stir in the town. Hundreds crowded around and inside the chapel and upwards of a thousand people must have heard the Gospel of redeeming grace. The excitement has by no means died yet, much exists to-day.

The foundations of a Boy's Boarding School will be laid to-morrow. This will be built wholly of masonry and supervised by a Christian overseer.

Visiting surrounding villages on horse back and preaching at home is the order of most days.

We go, and the good God goes with us and therefore we expect much.

GEO. H. BARROW.

COCANADA.—Our work in Cocanada is growing. During the month of August five were baptised and one restored.

The educated native gentlemen of the town are understanding us and our mission better than ever before. I have presided at many of their meetings and occasionally given addresses on social and moral questions. Some forty of them have signed a pledge promising to do all they can to do away with employing dancing girls at weddings, etc. Our Timpany School also is ever growing. We now have 56 names on the roll and 21 boarders. We have been compelled to refuse a number of applications for want of accommodation.

Our English chapel is far too small for the congregation. Every Sunday evening a number have to go away because they cannot get seats.

We need a top story on our Timpany School and a new chapel in order that we may do the work that God has so evidently given us to do. The coming of the railway has brought an increase in the European popu-

lation, and we must lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes and prove ourselves worthy of the opportunity God has given us.

J. E. DAVIS.

BIRTHS.—At Bangalore, on the 18th August, a daughter was added to the universal family of the Davises. All well and happy.

At Cocanada, on the 15th August, the Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife welcomed another young man to their home circle. May his shadow never grow less. Blessing on them all.

MARRIED.—**BROCK-SLADE.**—At the Baptist Chapel, Nellore, India, on Thursday, September 7th., by the Rev. J. McLaurin, D.D., of Bangalore, Rev. Geo. H. Brock of Kanigiri to Miss Beatrice L. Slade of Nellore, all of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCLE READINGS ON GIVING.

Aunt Margaret's Experience, 2c; Five Cents in a Teacup, 5c; Mrs. Pickett's Mission Box, 2c; A Study in Proportion, 2c; Ezra, Me and the Boards, 2c; O.P.Y., 2c; The Missionary Baby, 2c; Mite Boxes, 2c; How Much Do I Owe, 1c; Giving Like a Little Child, 1c; A Suggestion from Dennis, 1c; Proportionate Giving, 1c; A Study of the Bees, 1c; Crete Blake's Way, 1c; Not for the Heathen Merely, but for Christ, 1c; That Missionary Box, 1c; The History of a Day, 2c; What Thomas Henry and I Learned at the Board Meetings, What is Telugu Mission's Rightful Share, 2c; Lands Yet to be Possessed, 3c.

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS.

How to Manage a Mission Meeting, 1c; Woman's Medical Missions, 5c; Story of a Mission Circle, 2c; Aggression in Work for Missions, 2c; A Transferred Gift, 2c; The Voices of the Women, 2c; Pitchers and Lamps, 2c; The Reasons Why I Should Belong to a Mission Circle, 2c; Why Our Society did not Disband, 2c; The Beginning of It, 2c; The Bride's Outfit (poem), 1c; So Much to Do at Home (poem), 1c; She Hath Done What She Thought She Could Not, 1c; Eleven Reasons for Not Going to a Missionary Circle, 2c; Why We Should Keep Our Auxiliaries, 1c; How Mrs. McIntyre's Eyes were Enlightened, 1c; Will You Lead in Prayer, 1c; The Unused Power in the Church, 1c; One Woman's Work, 2c; Not interested in Foreign Missions, 1c.

MISSION BAND LEAFLETS—METHODS OF WORK FOR LEADERS.

The Story of a Mission Band, 2c; How Our Mission Band Learned to Pray, 1c; Boys' Mission Bands, 3c; Mission Bands, 1c; Helps Over Hard Places, 2c; Ways of Working, 2c; Boys Side of the Question 2c; A Band Leader's Suggestions, 2c.

MUSIC, DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS AND CONCERT EXERCISES.

Mission Band Hymnal, 30c, (loaned for two months, 6c); Little Gleaners, 15c; (Hymns for Mission Band Children); The Children's Crusade (music), 6c.

CONCERT EXERCISES.

Little Crusaders, 5c; Open Doors, 5c; Light of the

World, 5c; Missionary Ships, 1c. All these exercises have good music.

DIALOGUES AND RECITATIONS.

Gospel in All Lands Collection, 15c; Mission Band Folios No. 1 and 2, 25c each; Glen Collection, 10c; How Four Little Girls Made Missionaries of Their Dolls, 4c; The Genius of Christianity, 2c; Helping Hand, 1c; Aunt Polly Joins the Mission Circle, 3c; Little Things, 2c; What Can Little Children Do, 1c; Mission Stars, 1c.

NOTE.—The first three under this heading (Dialogues and Recitations) are books containing both dialogues and recitations, the rest are all dialogues.

STORIES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

A Little Girl and Her Mission Jug, 2c; Bob's and Bertha's Bricks, 2c; The Q. Q.'s (boys), 2c; Bringing the Ranks up to the Standard (boys), 2c; Preparing the Way, 2c; A Penny a Week and a Prayer, 2c; Silver Basins of a Second Sort 2c; Golden Days and Golden Deeds (boys), 2c; See If Aunt Mary Wants Water 2c; How the Boys sent Themselves (boys), 2c; My Mission Box and I (a story book for girls suitable for reward or reading aloud during sewing in Band), 5c.

EXCHANGE DRAWER—FREE.

TO THE PRESIDENTS OF OUR MISSION CIRCLES.

The Corresponding Secretary has recently handed me for the Bureau a number of papers written by sisters of our Circles all over Canada, and by some of the Missionaries. These papers are very interesting and instructive and will be of great help to you in preparing material for your Circle meetings. Good papers are often difficult to procure, they take time and study, requisites your ladies may be unable to bestow because of other urgent and legitimate claims. Then send for one of the following and thereby secure a pleasant and profitable meeting.

1 Woman's Work in the Church for Foreign Missions; 2 Kesbub Chunder Sen; 3 Some Facts and Figures Concerning Our Telugu Mission; 4 Madagascar; 5 The Heimsburg Mission; 6 Woman's Work in Missions; 7 The Telugu Mission; 8 Christian Activity; 9 Sketch of the W.M.A. Society of the Lower Provinces; 10 Christ's Dominion on Earth; 11 Africa; 12 Rivers of India; 13 Missionary Colloquy between Pleasure Philanthropy, Missionary and Telugu; 14 Telugus and their Country; 15 Sketch of Telugu Mission; 16 Caste in India; 17 China and Her Mission Fields; 18 Lines on the Death of a Telugu Pastor; 19 Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting; 20 Why We Work; 21 Lutchee's Nose Jewel; 22 Some Inmates of an Indian House; 23 A Hot Day in India; 24 Telugu Land; 25 Reasons Why We Should Make the Missionary Meeting interesting.

These papers will take on an average five minutes to read. Numbers 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11 and 17, will take ten minutes. Nos. 12, 21, 22, 23, 3 minutes. No. 2 is the life of a Hindu gentleman of renown. No. 5, The history of a Mission founded and stationed in Africa, by a small German village. Nos. 8, 10, 19, 20 and 25 are not dry. Nos. 4, 17 and 11 are full of interesting well condensed matter. Nos. 7, 14, 15, 16 and 24, will be read with special interest, and all will repay reading.

FOR BAND LEADERS.

Letters from a Student in India; Missionary Gems on Carey, Judson and Comber. Address all orders to MISS STARK 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 18 TO DEC. 17 1893 INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—Tiverton, \$3; Louisville, \$2.43; Haldimand, for the deficiency in Peterboro Association, \$2; Waterford, a thank-offering from Mr. John W. Bertram, to make his wife a life member, \$25; Elderslie, \$5; Yarmouth 1st, \$2; Collingwood, \$2.50; Moore Centre, per Mrs. Newman, \$3.41; Colchester, \$4.30; Hamilton (James St.) per Mr. W. E. Watson, for Carey Centennial Fund, \$27.50; Hamilton (James St.) to make Mrs. John Hendry a life member, \$25; Jubilee, \$8.50; 1st, Houghton, \$3; Burgessville, \$10; Iona, \$7; Wallaceburg, \$3; Hamilton (James St.), \$7.70; Hillsburgh, \$3; Pickering, \$4.20; Toronto Walmer Road, \$14.80; Wilkesport, \$2.50; Blenheim, \$7; Cramahe, \$3; Dundas, \$4.85; Hespeler, \$8.61; Selkirk, \$3.20; Total, \$192.60.

FROM BANDS.—New Sarum, for Busi Ademba, \$4.25; London (Grosvenor St.), \$5; Delhi, for Nakka Kate and the general expenses of the school, \$20; Tilsonburg, \$4; Total, \$33.25.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Interest on deposit, \$14.54; Mrs. William Craig, Port Hope, towards paying for Miss Roger's tent, \$25; Mrs. E. E. Collins' class, Simcoe, for Gudise Subbamma, \$5.75; W.B.H. & F.M.S., Manitoba—Qu'Appelle M.B., for Murdi Manckynamina, \$10; Stonewall M.B., \$9; (\$19); Total, \$64.29; Total Receipts, \$290.14.

DISBURSEMENTS (To General Treasurer)—Regular remittances, \$566.66; Special for "Carey Fund," \$27.50; Total, \$594.16; Home Expenses—Copies of Treasurer's Report for Convention, \$2; Total Disbursements, \$596.16.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

MOITO FOR THE YEAR.—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.—For the executive of our W.B.M.U., the members of our Home and Foreign Mission Boards; and all Home workers. That great grace may rest upon each, and liberal things be devised and carried out for our King.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Under the draw-bridge, over the sea,
Flowing from time to eternity,
Two freighted barques have in passing met,
Their colours glistening, their sails all set.
One slowly moves with a solemn sound,
The mournful sweep of the outward bound;
The other cuts through the silver foam,
Joyously seeking its native home.

We see the crews as they onward glide,
Alike three hundred and sixty-five
Strange mysteries lie in the hand of each
Of mortal action and mortal speech.
The record of one sad memory holds,
Hope for the other the scroll unfolds;
Pages whose register Time must scan,
Heirlooms and issues of life for man.

Only a passage of passing years,
Under the draw-bridge the ocean bears;

Only the fall of a sand of time;
Only a New Year's herald chime.
Nothing startling and nothing strange
In Time's immediate and usual change.
Nothing—yet stay, can we idle here
Between the parting and coming year?

One has the graves of our household dead,
The prayers we offered, the tears we shed;
Our fierce temptations and overthrows,
As we weakly yielded to wily foes;
The bitter sorrow, the galling pain
Of toil and trial alike in vain;
Our wasted powers, our days of sin,
Soiling the raiments we sought to win.

The other—Oh God! we are standing here,
Waiting Thy gift of the coming year:
Humble and helpless we waiting stand
Before the door of the promised land,
O lift the latch of the opening year
And walk beside us in blessings there,
So shall we find us over the sea,
Under the draw-bridge, at home with Thee.

HALIFAX, N. S.

M. J. K. L.

GOD'S VINEYARD.

"Thou shalt be like a watered garden."—Isa. LVIII. 11.

1. Well placed—"on a fruitful hill."—Isa. V. 1.
 2. Well protected—"a trench about it."—Isa. V. 2.
 3. Well prepared—"stones gathered out."—Isa. V. 2.
 4. Well planted—"with the choicest vine."—Isa. V. 2.
 5. Well provided—"a winepress therein."—Isa. V. 2.
 6. Well watched—"a tower in midst."—Isa. V. 2.
 7. Well watered—"every moment."—Isa. XXVII. 3.
- What shall the produce be, wild grapes?—Isa. V. 2,
or much fruit?—Isa. XXVII. 6. Song of S. VIII. 12.

J. G. L.

When we ask in the morning to be filled with the Spirit, may we not expect to be filled all day long with thoughts of Christ?

The fullness of the Spirit does not manifest itself in mere feeling; it always shows itself in some grace.

Much of the Word without prayer leaves the soul unprofitable and dry; much prayer without the Word makes it dreamy and vague.

As believers seeking to be holy, attend to small duties and to the mode of your doing them. Be thorough; what your hand finds to do, do it with your might. Done under the light of God's eye, how the meanest duties shine! Attend to holiness in its minutest details. Be truthful in small things. Avoid exaggerations in word or manner.

Let your kindness, your self-denial for others, be before Him only, saying nothing about them. The best service is that which no one knows but Himself, serve in your closet in praise and prayer, and your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly.

A Nazareth life of service is no small thing. Not by great efforts, but by watchful everyday living, holding fast Christ and his truth. Not great praying or great doing of any kind, but patient, faithful keeping His Word, and holding it fast in the little things and trials and temptations of daily life, seen and marked by no eye but His. Thus Jesus "grew up before the Lord."

DR. A. BONAR.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR JANUARY AID MEETING.

SUBJECT—OUR W.B.M.U. WORK.

HYMN—“All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.”

PRAYER—

PSALM 97—Read responsively.

HYMN—

One or two prayers, bearing in mind the topics for the month.

Extracts from the report of our Cor.-Sec’y read by different sisters (in annual report).

PRAYER—Thanksgiving.

HYMN—

READING—Report on Home Missions (annual report).

DISCUSSION—What is our Society going to do towards the new estimates? (Annual report page 13.)

READING—The Monthly Message.

Minutes of last meeting.

DOXOLOGY.

The above programme is, as stated, simply suggestive. That we should have one was the thought that came when reading the Home Department in “Woman’s Work for Woman.” But somehow after sending the first, the thought came—Perhaps the sisters will not care for it, they would rather each arrange her own programme.

To-day a letter comes from one of our workers from which we quote “Am very sorry not to find another programme for a monthly meeting in LINK received to-day. * * * * Someway we took for granted it would be continued and passed a resolution to use the one for November, and that we would as far as possible adhere to those that might follow. It would have been such a help.”

There is encouragement in the above for which we are very thankful.

Suggestions on this matter will be gladly received.

It is hoped that our societies are all using the monthly letter from our missionaries. By the way, when the letter fails to come in time, a “message” will be printed and sent in its stead: This letter or message it is hoped will fill a long felt need in our monthly meeting; viz., something fresh from the fields of labor.

The cost is trifling, twelve cents per year for each Society; and this sum can be sent to our Treasurer, Mrs. Smith, Amherst, N.S., when the missionary money is sent her.

The following extracts from speeches made at the October missionary meeting (Baptist) in England, will be read with interest:

The speech of Ref. Hubert Brooke (St. Marv’s Episcopal Church, Reading) was listened to with the deepest interest. He said that the question now before the Church of Jesus Christ was this: “Were they going to obey His call to preach the Gospel to every creature?” The call could be obeyed with ease, but it would take every living creature to obey it. In the mission field there was room enough and to spare for them all. They needed to face the duty with the spirit of faith that says: “It shall be done.” It had been customary to speak of Foreign Mission work as the duty of the whole Church, and of the special individuals set apart for it. But we needed also to recognise a congregational responsibility in this work. From every mission station there came the same complaint—the

station is undermanned, and the missionaries are overworked. The response to their appeal would be met if each church was like that at Antioch. Barnabas and Saul did not go out as missionaries in response to the general call given by the Lord before his ascension, nor to the special call given some time before to Paul, but the call came to the congregation as a whole. Three features marked that church. (1) It was *consecrated*. It was while “they ministered to the Lord and fasted.” (2) It was *sacrificing*. The term for “Separate me Barnabas and Saul” was the same word as that used in the LXX. when Israel was commanded to separate the Levites as a wave offering before the Lord. And (3) it became a *church represented in the mission field*. The ideal church would be able to answer the question, “Who is your minister?” and another question, “Who is your missionary?” Church members at home should be taught that besides the question which they had all asked, “What must I do to be saved?” there is another question no less important for them to ask, “What wilt thou have me to do?” Consecration ought to be recognised as a part of true conversion.

Mr. Brooke said it seemed strange to him to read that the churches had raised £100,000 as a centenary gift, and yet there was a debt of £12,000 on the Society’s account. What (he asked) were they generous before they were just? He noticed that 1,700 churches at home supported 120 missionaries in the foreign field. So that it took just fourteen churches to support one missionary. He suggested that in many churches there were 120 persons who could give *one penny* a day, and the £150 required for the support of a missionary would be raised. How should it be done? When he was a smoker he spent a shilling a week on tobacco; since he had given up the habit he had set free that 52s. a year for any good work. Perhaps that would indicate where some of the gentlemen could find their penny a day. He heard much of a lady in Canada who during Lent saved so much by her plainer living as to be able to buy herself a new bonnet. Would that indicate where some of the ladies could find their penny a day?

Rev. J. R. Wood, of Holloway, pleaded that in the home there should be more conversation and reading about what transpired on the mission field.

After the reading of a letter from Mr. R. C. Morgan, which emphasized a scheme on the lines of that which Mr. Brooke had suggested, it was time to adjourn to the large hall. There was no time therefore for free conference. This was rather to be regretted, as something of a useful and practical nature might have resulted from it.

The sermon by Dr. Parker was listened to with deepest interest, and not infrequently with applause. His theme was “The Inmeasurable Altar,” suggested by Ezek. XLIII. 13. It abounded with original and suggestive points, and was delivered in Dr. Parker’s own remarkable style, dramatic, passionate, tender, humorous. Here are some of its many striking passages:—“The use of the measurable is to point to the unmeasurable. At first we are greatly taken by bulk, by magnitude, and we talk of the great mountains and the great seas. It fits our age well; we shall outgrow it. Great mountains! Why, a child, give him time, can climb to the top of every one of them, and wave a banner there. * * * The man who has communed with God fears no opponent. Goliath looked so huge when I saw him from the human standpoint, and after five minutes with God I sought him, and he could not be found. * * * There are many persons who say

they read the Bible through. You cannot. You have never read the Bible until you have read the spirit of it, got into sympathy with its song * * * There are those, with measuring lines in their hands, who say, 'Now, do you think prayer is ever answered?' They never pray. I say it solemnly. * * * They may use the language of prayer, they may respond to prayers that are read, they may say words that have a devout colour and tone, but that is not prayer. The goal of prayer is "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." When a man has said that he can add, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." Young souls, do not be disturbed by the people who write about the answerableness or non-answerableness of prayer. The best answer to every attack upon the altar is prayer; the best answer to every assault upon the Bible is another edition of 10,000. * * * We see the cross no more after its cubic measures. The cross was measurable, the Roman foot-rule was laid upon it—so much vertical, so much horizontal, so much in weight—was that the cross? No! That was the Roman gallows. Who can measure the word 'atone'? Where was the atonement rendered? In eternity! When did Christ die? He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world. Before the sin was done the atonement was made! * * * This gives us a new view of all our Society reports and all our church work. 'We only added one man to the church last year.' 'Who was he?' 'I think his name was William Carey.' When you added William Carey to the church you added India! * * * Small spheres do not mean small service. You can measure your ministry by the cubit, and not measure by the spiritual lastingness and amplitude of it as viewed by God."

After a fervent address by Rev. E. G. Gage, of Regent's Park Chapel, a narrative full of pathos and power was given by Rev. R. Wright Hay. The incidents he told were of the most interesting character. Here are two of them:—"One day a Hindu ascetic approached the mission-house. He was a strange looking man, with matted hair, ashes on his face, and clad in a yellow robe. He carried in his hand a long crooked staff. My little girl noticed him approaching. She had been learning to sing, 'I'm a little soldier, though only four years old,' and had somehow associated with fighting the possession of such a staff. She went up to the man, and drew the staff towards her, saying, 'I mean to fight for Jesus.' He yielded the staff into her hands, and then prostrated himself on his face, spread out his hands, and prayed aloud, 'O God, teach me what it is to fight for Jesus, and as the child has taken away my staff, take away from me all inclination to lean on my own efforts for salvation, and may I lean only on Christ.' He arose and begged me to put his staff in my 'praying room,' and when I looked on it to pray for him. See how Emmanuel (God with us) used the audacity and tenderness of a little child to bring a Hindu ascetic out of the jungle of perplexing ideas to something of the liberty Christ has provided for all men, and also that He who prompted the prayer offered is the One who answers prayer. And so far there is evidence that his prayer is being answered. He is no longer an ascetic, but has washed his face, clothed himself like a sane man, and gone back to wife and children he had left, and is reading for himself the Word of God."

The second is even more striking:—"The day after my arrival in Dacca I was introduced in a most un-

looked-for way to one of the most influential men in the whole city. I said to him—I know not why, except that I felt it—'We shall know each other better soon.' Some time after he came to me, repeated what I had said, and said he desired to know me better. He was the leader of a considerable religious community, which had its headquarters in Dacca, but was spread all over Eastern Bengal. Every member of the community had turned away from idolatry and renounced caste, and prayed twice a day, 'Lead me from untruth to truth, from darkness to light, from death to life.' It was a great privilege to speak to such a man of One who said, 'I am the Truth, 'I am the light.' We got to know each other very soon. His heart was longing for the Christ. It was my privilege to preach Him to him.

In the autumn of 1888 this man came to me to ask me to take part in the annual festival of his religious community. I said he must distinguish between friendship for himself and identification with his religious system. He said: 'I want you to come into my midst as a Christian, only let me prescribe the subject of address.' I was curious to know what subject he would wish a Christian to speak on to his followers. It was 'the doctrine of the new birth.' He said: 'We have renounced the false teaching of a new birth held by the Brahmans, whereas you have also a doctrine of a new birth, and we would like to know what it is.' This brought about what to me was a unique privilege. I took the leader's place, and read John III. 16, and emphasized the two great solemn imperatives in that passage, 'Ye must be born again,' and so must the Son of Man be lifted up.' There was wonderful power in the meeting. Strong men were weeping while I sought to deliver the truth as it is in Jesus.

"I can't describe the intercourse during the following year, but when the next anniversary came round he came and thanked me for my previous address and asked me to come again, and, not waiting for an answer, he burst into tears, saying, 'Come, and just preach Christ. It is Christ I need and my country needs.' I asked if he was willing to advertise in the paper he edited, and which was circulated throughout the district, that Christ would be preached in the gathering of his community. He said he was. I drew out an advertisement, and it appeared. The place was filled, Mohammedans, and Hindus, as well as members of the Somaj, being present. For two hours I preached Christ to those people.

"A year passed. It was impossible for me to attend again, as I was away from home; but before I went I had the joy of baptizing one of the brightest and ablest of that community. When the meeting came, my place as foreign missionary was taken by a young Bengalee, a member of the society, who stood before his fellows, and who prayed the prayer I have mentioned, and told them he had found the answer to that prayer in Christ. His subject was not 'From Hinduism to Christianity,' but 'My sin and my Saviour.' Notice the sequence: (1) a doctrine; (2) Christ Himself; (3) a personal testimony by one of themselves that Christ had become his. One of the older members of that Somaj wished that the paper should be printed. It has been done and largely circulated, and I have had many letters testifying to the fact that its testimony has brought many to Jesus."

The best defence against sin at any time is the remembrance of Christ's sufferings—Harnack.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHURCHILL.

I presume that all of my friends know that I am at home and that I came solely, because I believed the Lord told me to come. It was a very sudden breaking up of all my plans, and was not the way I would have chosen. If any one had told me three weeks before I left Bobbili that I would leave my work and my husband in India, and come the long journey home all alone I could not have believed them. But I was compelled to do it, could do nothing else when I felt this was the Lord's will concerning me. And He led me *all the way*, bringing me in perfect safety trusting in Him. I left Bombay, August 18th, and arrived in Truro, Sept. 19th, having been detained five days only at different places on the journey; and here I am for the present.

The sisters in our W.M.A.S. of the First Church have given me a glad "welcome home," as also Those of Immanuel Church. And I had a very pleasant surprise by the sisters of the M. A. S. of the First Presbyterian Church here. They invited me to speak at their Annual Thanksgiving Meeting, and when the pastor's wife, Mrs. Robbins introduced me, she, in a very unique, cordial speech, welcomed me home. 1st. Because I was a Baptist missionary, and then referred to our pioneers, Carey and Judson, etc. 2nd. Because I was a missionary from India, the land in which they also had loved missionaries labouring. 3rd. Because I was a Truronian. I trust the Master has more work for me to do in India, and that in this cold bracing air, nerve and brain may be restored, so that I may be able to do better work on my return, than when I left India. Mr. C. is working on bearing extra burdens and discouragements, all alone. I trust you will remember him often before the Lord, that *extra strength* also may be his.

One of our church members has died since I came away, the wife of the first man who came out and was baptized in the Madiga caste on our field.

After a time of persecution his brother and wife came, and later on his own wife came out and was baptized. Now the news comes that she has been taken away by death, and his heathen neighbors will taunt him with being the cause of her death, because he first broke their ranks and became a Christian.

I would like to request the prayers of those who pray for "Sunyasi," that his faith fail not, in this time of special trial.

I think I have already written you about the work of grace that is going on in a number of Rajah caste villages on the Bobbili field. One man bought a New Testament of a colporteur, read it, and believed, and then read it to his friends, and went to other villages reading it to the people of his caste, so that a number of men and women were believing when Mr. Churchill found them, in one of his tours in that direction.

This was about three years ago. They still meet to read and pray secretly, but no one has yet had courage to come out, leave *all* and follow Christ with baptism. We have often visited them, and urged them to make a full surrender, but the sacrifice has seemed too great thus far. On Mr. Churchill's last tour, the first thing he heard when he entered one of those villages was, that the wife of Leeta Rama Razu had died three days previous of fever. He was the man who had purchased the New Testament and had been reading it to the people.

And they said to Mr. Churchill, "Leeta Rama is the most righteous man in all of these villages and he believed your religion, and his wife believed it too, and

now God has killed her. You need not preach any more to us, we do not want to hear anything more about the Christian religion." And they would not listen to him. He sent a messenger to call the stricken husband, to come and see him that he might talk and pray with him, but his relatives would not let him come out of the house. His wife's father has all along been very hard on him for believing the Christian religion, and always opposed Mr. Churchill when he went to the village. Now they are abusing this poor man for forsaking their Hindoo religion, and thus causing, as they believe, the death of his wife. O, it seems so sad, and all these things seem to be against us, and our work! But we must trust our Leader; the work is *His*, and He knows what He is doing and makes no mistakes.

God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform;

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,

The clouds ye so much dread,

Are big in mercies and may break

In blessings on your head.

Will you not join me in praying earnestly and in faith, for this Leeta Rama Razu that while shut out from any comfort the missionary might be able to give him, the Lord may draw him by this severe trial, nearer and nearer to Himself, and enable him to get away from all that opposes, and take a decided step into the visible Kingdom of Christ, and into the comfort and joy and peace such a step will give to him.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

NEWS FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

A SISTER writes from Milton, Queens Co.: "We could not have a public meeting on Crusade Day, but we appointed a committee to visit each section and try to induce the sisters to join with us, and twenty five names were added to our roll that afternoon."

THE WAY TO WORK.—The Secretary very often receives letters which are not meant for publication, but telling so forcibly the fulfilment of the promise, "Lo I am with you," that, while the names are withheld, it does seem that others should be allowed to read, that the Master may be honored and hearts and hands encouraged.

"Going out one afternoon to invite helpers for the Aid Society," one sister writes, "after much earnest pleading for God's blessing upon my efforts, I set off at 2 p.m., drove to the outskirts of the village and visited fifteen families, and took eighteen names, scarcely any of whom had ever given anything to missions before. At our next meeting when I read my list, and added quite a little money too, the sisters were astonished. But I said, "I did nothing; God did it all." All the morning while about my work, my heart went up to God for His blessing on what I was about to undertake, for it was for His dear sake; and I never opened a gate or rapped at a door without asking God to go before and prepare the way. And He did, as God always does."

CRUSADE DAY AT CARLETON.—We are glad to hear good tidings from so many W.M.A.S. concerning Crusade Day. The Carleton Society wish to add their testimony to the blessed results that followed the efforts put forth on that occasion. The names of all the women in the church were obtained, and those who were not members of the W.M.A.S. were given to a number of sisters to visit, presenting to them the urgent

claims of our mission work, inviting them to join our number and unite their prayers and efforts with ours in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. The result was most satisfactory. Forty-five new names were obtained, and several others promised to join. This will make the Society about three times as large as formerly, and we hope add a hundred fold to the interest and prayers that shall attend the work. At the November meeting a number of the new members were present. The Holy Spirit's presence and power were felt by all. May the coming year be one of rich blessing and consecrated, self-sacrificing labor for the Master.—S. J. MANNING.

JACKSONTOWN, N. B.—The Aid Society of the Jacksontown Baptist Church observed Crusade Day, Oct. 11th, in the following manner: The regular meeting of the month was held, in which all the women in the church who were not with us, were previously asked to join us. Visiting was considered impracticable on account of the homes being so scattered. In the evening we had a public missionary meeting in the church, which was but poorly attended. Quite a lengthy programme was presented after which a collection of three dollars (\$3) was taken up.

CRUSADE DAY IN BILLETOWN.—On the afternoon of the 11th Oct., we held a praise meeting in the church. Not only members of our Society, but ladies of the church and community were invited to attend. The interest throughout this meeting was good, and seven names were added to our roll. Our public meeting was a success. The way in which the performers were received showed how well the programme was enjoyed by the audience. The collection amounted to \$5.77. We feel much encouraged.—**SEC'Y OF SOCIETY.**

NOTICE, AID SOCIETIES, N.S.—Only one thousand of our annual reports have been printed this year, and these are sold at five cents each. If the Secretary or President of a Society will notify me as to the number needed, I will forward at once. Our workers cannot afford to be without this help in the work. Please send at once.

The following Aid Societies sent in no report in July. I am therefore at a loss to whom to address the monthly letter and reports. Will the Secretaries please notify me at once, giving P.O., address. Kentville, King's Co.; Port Williams, King's Co.; Pereaux, King's Co.; South Brookfield, Queens Co.; Chester, Lunenburg Co.; New Canada, Lunenburg Co.; Lunenburg, West Seldore, Halifax Co.; Hammond's Plains, Halifax Co.; Upper Stewiacke, Colchester Co.—**AMY E. JOHNSTONE, Prov. Sec'y, Dartmouth, N.S.**

IN MEMORIAM I

Coming to the Fairville, W.M.A.S., our hearts are sorrowful as we look at one that shall never more be claimed. Our beloved Sec.-Treas., Mrs. Albert Ferris, was summoned to take possession of her inheritance, which is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not, away" Sunday morning Dec. 3, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

In youth she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was baptized by Rev. G. A. Hartly, Carlton, St. John. Eleven years ago when the Fairville Baptist church was organized, she with her husband removed their

membership hither, and during all these years their places in the sanctuary has never been vacant except when absent from home or through the most pressing detentions. Owing to her retiring disposition, our dear sister did not take a very active part in the social meetings of the church until about five years ago.

Soon after organizing the Fairville Aid, on one occasion the President asked two or three sisters to engage in prayer. Then followed a long painful silence, when Mrs. Ferris, moved by sympathy for their new leader ventured to offer audible prayer—the first time she ever heard her own voice. Others followed, and truly this proved to be an occasion never to be forgotten. From this time forward she never left a social meeting without supplicating the throne of grace, and frequently testified to the preciousness of service for her Lord. In prayer she was powerful, often moving the whole audience, and yet she possessed the humility of a child. "This one thing I do," (that was her life for Christ), was the pre-eminent motive in life. All who came in contact with her felt the influence of such a service. As we have met in the meeting of our Society the small attendance would sometimes suggest the thought of discontinuing the meetings. But the infinite love of the all-wise Father held us together. We now rejoice that these little gatherings were blessed in developing the Christian life of our departed sister. Many times has she thanked God for the W.M.A.S., and we can look back upon these precious seasons feeling that we are reaping a rich harvest from the efforts put forth.

She has left her husband, two sons, one daughter, and a large number of friends to mourn their loss.

"Our dear one with Jesus now!

Seeing Him face to face,

Gazing upon His own beloved brow,

Watching His smile of grace,

Hearing the Master's voice in all its sweetness,

Knowing Him now in all His own completeness,

With Jesus now, with Jesus forever.

Never to leave Him—grieve Him never;

Could God himself give more? His will

Is best though we are weeping still."

A. C. M.

Fairville, St. John.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

MISSION BAND LESSON NO. 4.

FORMOSA—THE "BEAUTIFUL!"

As we leave Madagascar with its thrilling history of martyrs and the suffering they endured for Christ's sake, let us cross the Indian Ocean and sail through the Strait of Malacca into the China Sea. There, one hundred miles from China, lies a lonely island about as large as Nova Scotia, named Formosa which means "Beautiful." In the year 1871 in Knox Church, Montreal, a young man named Mackay was being set apart as a missionary to China. Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, writes that he was present with a friend who did not believe in Missions. As they left

the church he said 'Poor fellow! Is there no work for him in Canada? Why should he throw away his life? I have been in China, and before her people can be made Christians they need to be born over again and born different. They will go to mission schools and learn English or anything else that will help them in their business, but they are not able to believe in the Resurrection as a fact, or other spiritual truth on which Christianity is based.' Mr. Grant answered him "Then they are either not human beings or Christianity is not a religion for the world. As for this missionary, it remains to be seen what his life will accomplish there."

We wish in this lesson to take a glimpse at Formosa as it was then, and at the result of the twenty-one years of Dr. Mackay's work. He found the whole of North Formosa lying in unbroken heathenism. He rented a small house, intended for a stable by its owner, and began to study the difficult language, going out day after day among the people, herding cattle with boys on the hills that he might pick up the common words more rapidly. In two months he could speak enough to begin telling the story of Jesus to all who would listen. He went around the different villages with this message from God, and was so terribly in earnest that crowds of people followed him to learn more of this "foreign religion." The Chinese officers began to be afraid of his influence, and tried to find some good reason for arresting him and putting an end to his preaching. Soldiers were set to watch him day and night. False notices were put up in different places saying that he had been sent by the Queen of England to pluck out Chinese eyes and send them to her to make opium of! His life was threatened many a time, and every hindrance put in his way, but he did not become discouraged.

For more than two years he was entirely alone, except the One who had promised to be with him always even unto the end. He gave medicine to heal the sick bodies of those around him, and with this medicine whispered glad tidings of the Great Physician who alone could heal their souls. In one summer he thus helped over three thousand sick people. A few disciples gathered around him who again and again saved his life at the risk of their own. He was called the "crazy barbarian" and his gospel work sneered at even by many who gladly accepted medicine from him. Knowing that his own life was in danger, he gathered young disciples about him, taking them with him in his daily journeys and teaching them the truth by day and by night as opportunity offered. A hospital was established at Tamsni where to-day are the headquarters of the Mission. This was followed by a college where students are prepared for active work in the mission field; by a girls school and a church. Fifty-six chapels

have been built all over the northern part of Formosa which Dr. Mackay visits a week at a time, going about talking to the people all day and holding meetings each evening. There are now more than three thousand baptized church members besides many who hear the Word preached gladly but cannot decide to give up all for Christ.

At present Dr. Mackay with his wife and children, are resting in Canada, and some of our Mission Bands may be able to see and hear this missionary whose twenty-one years of work have gained such a wonderful harvest. A Chinese student named Koa Kon is with him who has been Dr. Mackay's travelling companion for eight years, and a great helper in his mission work. When they return to Formosa he will be able to tell his countrymen much about Canada and Christian work here.

Let us all pray for God's richest blessing on this Presbyterian Mission in Formosa, and thank Him for the great success which has followed the faithful preaching of this zealous missionary.

A FEW STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

TUNI, INDIA, Nov. 14, 1893

There are a few things that I would like to say to you children. Just now though it is November it is our spring in India, we have sowed radish and tomato seeds in the garden and the rains have come and made them grow beautifully. Our gardener is such a funny man, quite black you know, his name is Tardy, which seems a very fitting name for he is so slow. The tiger, which I mentioned in a former letter, came within four miles of our bungalow and snatched a woman away from before her husband's eyes right on the public road. This was at a place where the jungle comes near the road so that it just crouched among the bushes and waited for people to pass.

Then a tiger has been killing cattle six miles from here in another direction, but Mr. Walker wrote to me and said that he heard that a tiger had been shot. I do hope it is this man-eater don't you?

Some weeks ago when I was riding on the Southern Mahratta Railway, we came to a station named Chilama, where a tiger came and drove all the people away from the platform and the station master sent a telegram asking for help.

When the train stopped at Chilama, I got down from my carriage and asked the station master if this story was true, he said it was, and that the people had been driven from the next station Gazulapalli by a tiger. The rainy season is nearly over and then we shall go out touring. I have got two tents, a big tent for living in and then a small tent to sleep in, for when night comes, I often send the big tent perhaps twelve miles further on with directions to set it up nicely in the morning and get breakfast ready, while I sleep in the

small tent all night on my little camp cot with the mosquito curtains all securely tucked in.

One night when my camp was in a nice mango grove, just before I got to sleep, I heard such a loud scream and upon shouting to a servant who was sleeping outside, what was making that noise, he said it was a bird. And so it was, just a big bird sitting in the tree above my tent screaming at the top of its voice. There is another bird that is more alarming than this one in the night when all is still, it just grunts like a man does sometimes. The frogs and the insects are what make the night musical.

While I am writing now, for it is half past ten in the morning, there is scarcely a sound outside except the rustling of the leaves and the swaying of the branches of the trees with some birds chirping, but wait until it is dark and then ten thousand frogs and millions of insects will sing and whistle and chirp.

There is one thing I must tell you in confidence, children, and that is, the insects of India are the greatest of pests; a great deal worse than tigers, for you know we can easily fight tigers but these others, O dear, I do believe that unless one is careful they would spoil one's temper. Now, there is the mosquito, he is everywhere, sometimes day and night too looking for you to bite you, and there is no winter here to kill them like in Canada.

Then, there is the white ant, which eats our furniture and such a variety of moths and crickets and little beetles that eat clothes, and other nasty little beasties that bite and sting.

But really life is very pleasant in India, if one is in good health, and so you must not think we are in trouble all the time for we are not, but very happy and comfortable most of the time. Now listen to that sound! It is the bell calling me to breakfast; so good-bye.

R. GARSIDE.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX IN A CHINESE HOME.

This pathetic story told by a little Chinese girl, will touch many hearts at this Christmas time.

During the sixth moon, Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy; and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils, and had a girl's head and a boy's feet; but often my poor feet ached so I wished in my heart that I had boy's feet.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the mission school; but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus.

I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box, for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright picture cards. She called them "Christmas cards." She says Christmas is Jesus' birthday, and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses; and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us, to help us to be good and please Him so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible book over here and read to me; and I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins! One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare a great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That's very nice for the foreigners." But Wen Shan said: "He is heaven's Lord, our heavenly Father; we are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans."

"Do you think there is a heaven for me, too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."

"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid He won't want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed that grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with some one I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her.

Mother put the brass pin in her hand, and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said, "Send Ling Te to that Jesus school." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

"Oh, look! look! The door is open! Oh, how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion so big! There is room for all of us. I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in a black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I watched the old brass pin on the floor. I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.—*Extracts from a letter in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

If like Herod, you have some particular sin for which you cannot bear reproof, you are deceiving yourself by supposing your joys are a proof of your conversion.

THE TRUE TEST.

Christian friends, we have no fires of martyrdom now to test our fidelity to Jesus Christ; but we are not left without a test. God is testing us all continually; testing the measure of our *faith*, of our *love*, of our *devotedness* to his Son, by the presence of eight hundred millions of heathen in the world. It is a tremendous test! so real, so practical!

It is no trifle, no myth, no theory, no doubtful contingency, but a great, awful fact, that we Protestant Christians, who rejoice in our rich gospel blessings, and claim to be followers of Him who gave up heavenly glory and earthly ease and life itself to save these heathen, are actually surrounded by eight hundred millions of brothers and sisters who must perish in their sins unless they receive the Gospel. This Gospel they have never yet heard. This is a fact too many forget, but a fact none can deny; a fact of which we dare not pretend to be ignorant; a fact that ought to influence our whole Christian course from the moment of conversion; a fact that ought to shape our plans and prospects and purposes in life.

It tests our faith. Do we believe that "idolaters shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone,—the second death"? Do we believe that "the Gospel is the power of God to salvation"? Where, then, are the works wrought in us by our faith in these truths? What do we do to turn idolaters to the worship of the true and living God? What do we do to carry to them the Gospel which can save them?

It tests our love. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," said our Master; and his last commandment was that we should preach the Gospel to these heathen. Judged by our obedience to it, how much do we love Him? And how much do we love these poor neighbors, stripped and robbed and cruelly handled by the devil, and left half dead in our path? What oil and wine have we poured into their wounds? What efforts for their recovery have we made? We ought to love each one as ourselves. Has the aggregate of our love for the whole eight hundred millions ever led us to endure a single suffering or to deny ourselves a single indulgence for their sake?

It tests our devotedness. Hearts wholly given to Jesus would lead us to long that his wishes should be gratified, his desires fulfilled. What are those wishes and desires? Let His life, His death reply. That all should return, repent, and live; that the lost should be found, and the dead quickened. If, knowing that eight hundred millions of our fellow-creatures are still lost in heathenism, we make no effort for their enlightenment, how do we show our devoted attachment to Jesus Christ our Lord? *We devoted to Him?* What, even, of *ours* is devoted to Him? Is even a tithe of our time, a tithe of our substance devoted to Him? Have we surrendered to Him for this service even one child of our family or one year of our lives? No, but we give an annual subscription to some missionary society. Ah, friends, *gifts that cost us no personal self-denial are no proofs of devotedness!* Christ's devotedness to our interests involved Him in suffering, loss, and shame, because of the state in which we were; though, hereafter, devotedness to us will involve to Him only joy,—*"the joy set before Him."*

Devotedness to Him now must similarly involve suffering, loss, and shame to us, because of the state of those for whom He died; hereafter, it will involve only joy and honor, the bride's share of her royal Bride-

groom's throne. But that time is not yet. Devotedness, consecration to Jesus, in a world tenanted by eight hundred millions of heathen, means *stern labor and toil*, means *constant self-denial and self-sacrifice*, means *unwearied well-doing, even unto death.*

Judged by this test, how many faithful, loving and devoted followers has Jesus Christ? Are we of their number?—*Selected.*

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS
Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock, Ontario, Sec. Miss Buchan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Mrs. C. T. Stark, 174 Park Road, Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley, Cor. Sec., Miss Nan- nie E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Smith, 8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal; Secretary of Mission Bands, Mrs. Halkett, 347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

North West: Pres., Mrs. H. G. Mellick, Winnipeg; Cor. Sec'y, Miss J. Stovel, Winnipeg; Treas., Miss M. Keckie, Winnipeg.

Lower Provinces: Pres. Mrs. J. W. Manning, St. John West, N.B.; Cor. Sec., Mrs. C. H. Martell, Fairville, N.B. Treas., Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N.S.; Prov. Sec. P. E. I. Miss M. Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Prov. Sec. N. B. Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth

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

Subscriptions to the LINK, changes of address, and notifications of failure to receive copies of the paper, should in all cases be sent directly to the Editor.

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

Akita.—Rev. John Craig, B. A. and wife, Miss F. M. Stovel.

Cocanáda.—Rev. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, Miss A. E. Baskerville, Miss S. A. Simpson, Miss E. A. Folsom.

Narsapatnam.—Rev. G. H. Barrow and wife.

Pedapuram.—Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife.

Ramachandrapuram.—Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife.

Samulotta.—Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A. and wife.

Tuni.—Rev. R. Garstide, B. A., and wife, Miss Martha Rogers.

Vuyuru.—Rev. J. G. Brown, B. A. and wife.

Yellamanchili.—Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife.

At Home.—Miss S. I. Hatch.

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. Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing for new subscribers.