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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada

INDIA.

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We regret to learn that the Foreign Mission Board has received a cablegram from Miss Wright, by which it is understood that she is on her way home on account of failing health.

A NOTE from Mrs. I. C. Archibald informs us of the safe arrival of her husband in Durango, Colorado, on the 23rd December. "He is neither well nor strong," Mrs. A. says; "but we are thankful for present mercies, and hope for a steady improvement in health. We have yet to prove this climate, it is now very pleasant, and not much like Canadian cold."

Mrs. McLeod writes from Cocanada. The missionaries are all well. Mrs. McLeod, Mr. Barrow and myself are busy studying the Telugu language. We are all hopefully looking forward to the coming conference that is to meet here in Cocanada a few weeks hence. We will then see all the missionaries on the field and a goodly number of the native workers. We are happy, hopeful, and feeling quite at home.

Dr. Pentecost in Calcutta.

BY G. F. PENTECOST, D. D.

I am sure your readers will not be uninterested to know that after a safe and prosperous voyage we have arrived in India and begun our work. Also that God has been gracious and vouchsafed us a hearty and warm welcome from all the missionaries and Christian workers here, as well as from many people who are not specially or even at all interested in missionary work.

I have been preaching daily for more than a week to a large company of English-speaking native Bengali gentlemen, at which meetings there have been marked tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit. A daily morning prayer-meeting, held at 7:45 A.M., is attended by a company that taxes the capacity of the "Old Church Room." Pressing invitations from all parts of India are pouring in upon us asking us to "come over and help" them.

The European residents of Calcutta are also interested, and a very kindly invitation, headed by one of the Justices of the High Court, and signed by many of the leading citizens, asking that some meetings be held for them, has

been received, and the Opera House has been taken, and the meetings will begin next week.

The outlook for India seems to me to be most hopeful. All the older missionaries are full of expectation. Important conversions, and many of them, are being reported from many of the stations. A general feeling of expectancy is present in the hearts of almost all Christians who are in the work. It seems to me that now is the time to strengthen every station and multiply them. Every station, so far as I can see, is greatly undermanned.

I venture to ask that you will earnestly beseech all American Christians to make fervent prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit on India, and for special favor and power to attend our present evangelistic mission.

What is most needed now (and unless it is given the work of God will drag on slowly and wearily), is a mighty outpouring of the Spirit. The dry bones are moving and coming together, and the flesh of the Christian hosts is coming upon them, but this great army of dead men will not, cannot, arise until the Spirit be poured out, and that chiefest blessing comes only when God's people are crying out to Him. If the week of prayer might be extended to another week, and the whole week be spent in searching the Scripture for promises and pleading them for the heathen world, another great revival like that of 1857-1860 might reasonably be expected, which, beginning among the heathen, would overflow into our own land.

Will you ask our pastors throughout America to preach a special sermon on, and our people to make special prayer for, India. Urge our men of wealth and all contributors to double and increase their subscriptions to the various Missionary Boards and call for one hundred of our very best young men to offer themselves for the field. It is absolutely of no good to send second-class men to India.

Independent.

[It will be remembered that Dr. Pentecost with a number of helpers, went to India some time ago to do evangelistic work among the Europeans and Eurasians of the great cities. — Ed.]

Deacon Brown's Colt.

"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Deacon Brown seldom commented upon the Scripture unless he felt that through it he was confessing somebody's else sins; but now he seemed strangely moved.

"I have read the Bible through a good many times, Jane, but I never could see what reason there was for this double cursing. I s'pose them Meroz people didn't

feel called to join either side—were nootril-like. I kent see as they did a thing aginst the Lord's people. They lived up there as peaceable as a pa'col of sheep, and mebbe never so much as looked at the Canaanites as they rushed through the pass below. I declare I kent understand it!"

"I think I can," said his wife. Her voice was mild, but she put her finger down to mark the place in her open Bible in a way that said plainly, "I'll speak my mind for once in my life, if I never do again." "I think I can," she repeated. "Them people got that curse because they didn't do nothing. If they'd cared one bit for the Lord's side they'd hev been out there long aforeight stopping up that pass."

"Mebbe they couldn't have stopped it up, Jane."

"I don't know nothing about that," rejoined she, "and whether they could or not makes no difference. It's the being set on a thing that counts with the Lord. Didn't the postle Paul say that when he'd done all he could, that he just stood there nothing nootril about him—and the Lord put His hand down atween him and his enemies every time? I tell you, Deacon Brown, grace is good, but it's a sight better if you mix it about half-and-half with grit."

"Jane, Jane, I'm afeered you're gettin' a leetle excited," the Deacon soothingly remarked.

"This story stirs me all up. It makes me think of us, Deacon Brown, you and me, with our comfortable home, and this big farm, and the children all settled, and we adoin' so little for the Lord, and it might be so different!"

"I'm sure, Ma'-Brown, I never forgot to pray for the heathen, and the missionaries, and that the gospel may have free course and run."

"Yes, indeed, and right ~~emphatic~~ ^{emphatic} exercises prayers, too. But 'tain't much use to pray for the gospel to 'run' unless you're willing to provide it with legs." Mrs. Brown was deeply stirred, as her heightened color and rapid speaking showed, as she went on. "When our minister stood there in the pulpit last Sunday a beggin' and pleadin' for money to send the gospel to the Injuns and Mexicans, and then to the millions beyond the seas, I'd like to hev seen that angel, to hev had one good look into his face when he saw our contribution box. Twenty-five cents for the saving of the world from Deacon Brown!"

"Mis' Brown we hev forgot we hevn't had prayers yet," was all the answer the Deacon vouchsafed to this unusual outburst. And they knelt before their Maker. On her knees Mrs. Brown's resolve was taken. How, she could not tell, but some way she would make an offering to the Lord that should prove to Him that if she could not herself tell out His glad message to those who had never heard it, she would have some share in a substitute who would do it for her. She would have some right, even in her thin weak tones, to join in the last great Hallelujah, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The time went on, and Mrs. Brown's resolve was yet unaccomplished, when one bright October day, as she was down in the spring house skimming her pans of milk, she heard the voice of a neighbor asking her husband how much he would take for Coley, the black six-year-old horse.

"You'll hev to ask Mrs. Brown, for the animal belongs to her," was the reply she heard. Sell Coley? Why, she had raised him from a colt. The deacon had given him to her when but a few days old, declaring that he would "never amount to any thing." Mrs. Brown had taken her doubtful gift undoubtingly, declar-

ing that as "one never knows how boys and colts are going to turn out," she should try her skill on this little long-legged, slim-bodied creature, whose jetty color suggested his name. Now six years old, how firm and proud he stood, and it needed never the touch of the whip to make him spin along before the wind as if he were its forerunner. Sell Coley? Why, it could not be possible. And Mrs. Brown stepped out upon the scene.

"Surely, Deacon Brown, you're not thinking of letting Coley go?" she said.

"Wall, neighbor Wilcox offers me three hundred dollars for him as a match to his black mare, so I've just told him you could do as you pleased about it."

"I didn't see how we could get on without him," she half-questioned.

"Wall, that's for you to say; he's yours. If you really want to make a sacrific, why, now's your chance;" and the deacon gave a low chuckle.

"But if I sell him is the money to be mine to do with as I please?"

"Yes'm, as true as preachin'," the Deacon answered; and he mentally added to himself, "I think I'm even with her now, and she won't say nothing more to me about not givin' up for the Lord."

"But how will we get to church if Coley goes?" questioned the wife.

"O as you're always sayin' you want to give up somethin' to make a regular sacrific, and as I ain't looking for that kind of a job myself, why, perhaps you'd be glad to walk. As for myself, I could ride the colt. He's broke splendid to the saddle."

Mrs. Brown hesitated a moment. "I'll have to think it over a little, neighbor Wilcox. If you'll stop over after supper, I'll give you my answer." And Mrs. Brown left the two to their own conversation. "I'll have to talk this over with the Lord," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Brown is only teasing me—and perhaps the Lord Jesus is testing me. At any rate I must get word from Him before I move another step." Living much alone since the children had found homes of their own, Mrs. Brown was accustomed to talk to the Lord as she went about her daily work. But to-day she felt that a revelation was to come—that her Master had some special message for her. But not till dinner was over and the dishes washed could she take time to go to Him alone and untrammelled. Then she sought her room. No ray of light had come from her husband, for the subject had not been broached. Outwardly just the same as ever, inwardly he was ill at rest, for how could he refuse to keep his promise to her? and what if she would sell the horse and throw all the money away on missions? "But she won't do it, never. She's too proud-spirited to foot it to church while all the other neighbors would ride. No; Jane's got a will of her own, but she's got good sound sense with it, and she won't ever do it." Thus the good man settled it in his mind.

A different course of reasoning was going on in the chamber above. She remembered how many times she had said, could she have her own way, she would answer some of her own prayers. Was the Lord giving her a chance to do it? Many times she had said she would like to give till she felt it in her own life. Was this the time to test her sincerity?

Not till time to put the tea-kettle on did Mrs. Brown come down from her chamber. Then there was a new light on her face. As they sat at the table her husband could not help looking at her. "She's been a wantin' to see angels," he thought, "and she's actually looks as if she's seen the flutter of their wings to-day." It

did seem as if a reflection from the burning bush was upon her, and her gaze kept wandering off out the window, as if it would follow her thoughts to regions with which he was not familiar.

The expected rap at the door startled her; then, without waiting for the customary formalities, as Mr. Wilcox entered, she said: "Neighbor Wilcox, you can have Coley. I know you will take good care of him. He's always been used to good feed and a nice bed, and he don't know the feel of the whip. I raised him myself, you know, and he's most like one of the family; but he'll take kindly to any one who speaks to him gently and pets him a bit." Her voice shook a little at the last sentence.

From the tone of voice, one who listened would have thought she was speaking of some of her dead; and yet there was a ring of triumph in it too. The next morning Mr. Wilcox brought the money to Deacon Brown, who placed it in his wife's hands.

They did not exchange a word, but Deacon Brown will be a very old man before he forgets the look in his wife's eyes as she took the roll of crisp bills. Dinner over, she took it with her to her room, spread out the bills upon the table so that no little corner of one should be covered or hidden by any other, and then upon her knees, with tears streaming from her eyes, she thanked God for his wonderful gift to the children of men, and gave to Him without reservation her little all. Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear, as it only can in the country, and as the sun touched the gaily colored tree-tops, it seemed to Mrs. Brown that the gates of heaven were ajar, and its radiance streaming out upon her; or was it all in her own heart? "For I just think sometimes," she told herself, "that I've walked a good piece up the golden streets when I haven't been there at all."

"It beats all I ever see," said her husband grimly. "What'll folk say? I to go dashing by on a colt, and she, the weaker vessel, a walkin'."

But Mrs. Brown did not need pity. With her precious gift tightly clasped in her hands she hurried on, hoping to see her pastor before the service began. Almost breathless she reached his door, and scarcely waiting to salute him she thrust the bills into his hands. Astonishment made him mute. Hurriedly she explained: "It's all my own, Mr. Hill. My husband gave it to me—or, rather I sold something for it, but he let me. I want it to go quick, for I've had to wait so long that may be some of the very ones the Lord meant me to save will be gone before this gets there; and let this all be between us, Mr. Hill." Then she was gone.

Never before since Parson Hill was settled over them had he been so tardy in coming to the pulpit. But wonder reached its climax when he confessed, in a voice trembling with emotion, that he, with perhaps many others of his people, "had many times prayed earnestly, yea, with anguish of soul had put their requests before the Lord, and then had forgotten the very things they had asked for, till the Lord surprised them by giving them their requests." And then, in tender tones, he besought the Lord "to bear upon the wings of His love any to whom a fresh impulse to higher, more self-denying service had come." Deacon Brown could hardly repress a groan. "It must be Jane he's asking the Lord to carry on His wings," he thought; "it can't be me, for I ride the colt." Mrs. Brown's heart was the abode of a peace that shone through, lighting up her face. The service ended, Deacon Brown bestrode the colt and started for home. His wife lingered for a few words of greeting to her friends, and then began her walk. The way seemed shorter than in

the morning. Her gift was safely on its way, and now she had nothing to do but pray the Lord of the harvest to use it for His glory, and to make it as far-reaching as possible, for it was her all.

The weeks sped on till winter was almost over. Deacon Brown watched his wife closely. Daily he grew more restless and irritable, while she seemed to be living upon food that had not been given him to taste. The sharp tones were lost out of her voice, and in a thousand little ways she showed her tenderness for him. "And it ain't put on, neither," he said; "Jane never makes-believe anything. I actooally think she has seen an angel—mebbe that one from Meroz, and I'm afraid that one of these days he'll coax her away." And the sigh he heaved came from a heavy heart.

The spring was just upon them, and Deacon Brown had grown so thin and white that his wife was thoroughly alarmed. "I can't see that he is sick anywhere," she said, "but he surely needs chirking up a bit." And she plied him with syrups and herbs, but without effect, and at last he was prone upon his bed. He savagely refused to see the doctor, wanted but little care, and said he "would like to be let alone." And poor Mrs. Brown bravely assumed the care of the house and farm. Long after he had pronounced himself better he lay with closed eyes, seemingly in a restful sleep, his wife tiptoeing about lest she should disturb it. From that time on his gain was steady, and soon he was able to be out again. "But it worries me to see him so quiet and gentle, and all the time a studyin' like in his mind. I'd be glad to hear him fret and fume like he used to do," said faithful Mrs. Brown. When the Lord's day came, Mrs. Brown hesitated whether or not to leave him alone. The chores were all done, everything arranged for his comfort, but his manner troubled her.

"If you'd any ruther I'd stay at home, I'd just as soon," she said.

"O no," he replied; "perhaps I'll feel like takin' the ride myself by'm by."

So she set out. But wonder, of wonders! there at the front gate, hitched to a handsome phaeton, his black coat shining like satin, stood Coley.

"What does it all mean?" she exclaimed wonderingly.

"Why, jest this," replied the Deacon; "that if you don't object, Jane, we'll ride together after this till one of us has to be kerried away alone, and then I hope we won't be far apart. No, Jane, I must confess it. The Lord offered me a fine chance—to be kind of a partner of His, He to do the guidin' and take all the reaks; but I was as set as Pharaoh, and wouldn't take it—thought I'd ruther go grazin' round on stones than to be turned loose into green pastures, and pretty tough picking I found it. My soul feels as empty as them pods on that cucumber a rottin' there. I tell you, Jane, I've found out the Lord don't need us, but He just gives us a chance to put in our share. He can pay us twice what we earn every time. Of course ef we hain't got sense enuff to take His offer, he lets us go on, like the prodigal son, a-eatin' our husks till we shrivel and shrink so that we must look like a pa'cel of dried-up mummies to Him. But now, Jane, git in. I don't think it 'ud be a sin to go round by the medder road to-day, even if 'tis Sunday."

"But Coley, Deacon Brown; how did he come here?"

"I paid neighbor Wilcox three hundred and fifty dollars for him last week, but he's yours now. I declare to you, Jane, that every time I rode that colt, and seen his shadder a-followin' on after me, I thought I could hear it bawl out at every step, 'Cheatin' the Lord!' and the faster I'd make him go, the louder it 'ud sound; and

when I'd whip him into a gallop there it 'ud come, keepin' time with his steps, 'Cheatin' the Lord! cheatin' the Lord! cheatin' the Lord!' till I couldn't stan' it any longer; so the first day I got out I turned him into the pasture, and went and bought Coley back. I tell ye I wouldn't take a good many times his price for the sense I have leaped. Me a-prayin' for the heathen! Why, I don't believe one of them prayers ever went higher'n my head. When folks is starvin' for the Bread of Life, 'tisn't prayers they want, but bread."

"Yet sure, husband, we ought to pray for the heathen."

"Yes, indeed! yes, indeed! But I've concluded there ain't much use in a prayer you're not willin' to back up by hard work and the last cent you have, if the Lord wants it. Now, Jane, when you git home you'll find a bran new purse in your bureau draw'r, and I'll put as much in it every quarter as is there now. If you want bunnits, you can hev bunnits. If you want it for the Lord, wia there, 'tis. Ye needn't tell me what ye do with it."

"O Deacon Brown."

"Don't say a word, Jane, and don't thank me. It isn't mine; it isn't yours. It's all the Lord's, and I owe Him a dreadful lot of back interest besides. But if He gives me life I'll square it all up with Him. I feel as if I'd been snatched like a bran' from the burnin', for I was about half converted before, but it has gone clean through now, and even now I feel my soul gittin' a little fatter, and whenever the Lord calls out for help against the mighty, you may reckon that He'll hear me call back. 'Ay, ay, Lord, ready!'"

For many days Mrs. Brown questioned how one could really make a sacrifice for the Lord that would be felt as such in one's life, "for," said she, "whenever He calls me to help Him or give up something for Him, why, He just fills my soul so full of sunshine that I feel sure that He must have forgot, and put His crown on my head instead of His yoke on my shoulders."

I cannot answer her question. Can you?—*Home Mission Monthly.*

Women of India in Slavery.

How many are shut up—To church barheaded—Bare Idolatry debauches womanhood—Still worse—What will you do!

REV. WALLACE J. GLADWIN, MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

1. *A Popular Mistake*—It is commonly thought that all of the women of India are shut up in their houses and never allowed to go abroad. A lady who had been the wife of a minister for the third of a century, asked me, "Did you ever see a woman in India?" Dr. Adam Clarke wrote: "It was a custom both among the Greeks and Romans, and among the Jews an express law, that no woman should be seen abroad without a veil. This was, and is, a common custom through all the East, and none but public prostitutes go without veils."

I had seen it so often stated that all respectable women kept their faces veiled, that I was greatly surprised and shocked on landing in Bombay to see women thronging the streets by the ten thousand with their faces uncovered. But I soon learned that only the rich and aristocratic, with some high caste people, kept their women secluded in harems or closely veiled upon the streets. The mass of the people cannot afford to keep their women shut up; they need them to work. In Egypt the women keep their faces more closely veiled in public. In Ceylon

the Singhalese women wear no covering for the head, not even a veil. I have seen them, by thousands going about in cities, villages, and country places with no head-dress except their nicely oiled and neatly combed hair. Native Christian women follow the custom of their country, and attend church well clad, and sometimes decked out with unscriptural jewelry and other ornaments, yet having no veil, hat, or other head-dress. So the above statement of Dr. Clarke is wrong in saying "all the East;" it is true in only a small part of the East.

2. *The Physical Slavery of Women in India.*—What is it? We cannot tell it out plainly. We can only give intimations which wise and prayerful hearts can use for earnest work in helping us "rescue the perishing." Idolatry is inherently and essentially immoral. The seven nations of Phillistia were out off for the same reason that Sodom was destroyed. Balaam was one of the most enlightened of ancient heathen prophets, yet see what he taught his people! The Spirit tells that manner of heathen lived when Christ was on earth. (Rom. i.) Hinduism is the vilest form of heathenism that now curses the earth. The celebrated historian Macaulay, says: "In no part of the world has a religion ever existed more unfavorable to the moral and intellectual health of our race. This superstition is of all superstitions the most immoral. Emblems of vice are objects of public worship. Acts of vice are acts of public worship. The courtesans are as much a part of the establishment of the temple, as much ministers of the gods, as the priests. Idolatry being a synonym for immorality, what must be the enslavement of women in heathen lands? Hinduism being the vilest heathenism of earth, the slavery of poor India's women is the most deep and damning."

In that remarkable land I have labored for about 18 years. For some years my now glorified wife had charge of a Rescue Home for women and girls. We had to know the truth, and the whole truth, regarding the condition of women in India. How I have wished that consecrated Christian women in America knew the awful facts which I know as to the state of women in India. The Indian Penal Code is the statute British law in India. Sections 272 and 273 are against the selling and buying of children for immoral purposes. In his comment on that code published by government, Barrister Mayno' wrote: "If the above two sections were enforced, you would have half the population of India in jail." That means that the buying and selling of girls is cruelly common all over India. Much of it is done under the guise of marriage. I knew where a wretched Chinaman of about eighty had a Marathi girl of fifteen shut up in his house. He had paid ten dollars for her. The police could do nothing about it, as the abominable slavery was called marriage. The physical suffering, mental anguish, and loathsome degradation of millions of women in India it is impossible to describe. It is definitely worse than the mere "seclusion" of the zenanas over which so much kind sympathy is felt.

3. *The Worst Slavery of India's Women.*—Can there be any worse slavery than the above awful state? The soul slavery. The deep, deadly devilish corruption which possesses souls so long held down in debasing superstitions and vile sins. Who can know it? Who can tell it? Who can hear, understand, and feel the sad, the terrible facts?

Would not American women be moved to do far more for India, if they knew more of the awful condition of their down-trodden sisters in India? Yes, doubtless, a few of them might. But the vast majority of American

women—even the professed Christians—are so "at ease in Zion," with a self-pleasing, world-conforming style of popular Christianity, that they cannot do much for the suffering millions of Asia. True, they may "cast in of their abundance" for the support of a few missionaries. But do you believe that more than one in a hundred of America's Christian women really deny themselves, in the New Testament sense, in order to serve their heathen sisters?

During the past year I have gone about these States giving addresses on India's wants and God's Commands about it. Often have I spoken clearly as to the condition of the women of India. Often I seem as though ground between the nether and upper mill-stones,—the cruel sufferings of the women of Asia, and the cruel selfishness of the women of America. In my soul I seem to hear the groans of India's degraded women, and the clanking of their tyrant chains,—and also the giddy mirth, and the clinking of the jewelry, and other fashion-trappings of our Western ladies; and a harsh discord it makes.

Christ is the great lover of womanhood. He longs to send to India's down-trodden daughters the sweet salvation which America enjoys. He wants His daughters here to pray, to give, and to go with His precious message of love and life, of peace and joy. A great responsibility rests on you who read this. You hear India's poor women crying, "Come over and help us," you hear God's command, "Go teach all nations." What will you do about it?

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render every man according to his works?"

Pause,—pray,—look to your crucified Saviour, then answer this question of the searching spirit. "Who then is willing to consecrate his, or her service, this day, unto the Lord?"—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

THE WOMAN'S ROAD.

Extracts of a Letter from Miss Hatch, Samulcotta Seminary.

I have had, as you know, many spiritual experiences since I came to India, but none has equalled this.

It seems as if the prayers and labors of years were culminated in the divine out-pouring. Excessive joy I would say, but excessive joy conveys no meaning. And how shall I write it! Have you not felt disheartened at times, when you have been painting a picture which is to convey some healthful meaning, and some one who is no student of art, and without in the least trying to see the picture as a whole, looks at it and criticizes, making remarks which are in no way pertinent to the thought you had in mind when you painted the picture?

But, on the other hand, when the true artist comes and looks at your work, you happily await his approval, for you know you will have it if the picture is worthy. He has been through the same experiences. He knows how you have striven to bring the lights and shades into their true harmony, and you rejoice in his criticism.

It is so in mission work; and as I write this I feel that there might be some who would criticize and wonder wherein consisted my peculiar joy, or why my heart

should be so full as it is. But those who have labored for the same end, those who have striven for the same purpose to accomplish what is a most difficult task, will fully understand and heartily rejoice with me. And where shall I begin? Let it be at our "Foreign Mission Committee." Our meetings are held once a month, and we decided to invite Mr. Davis to speak to us on "Self-support among the Karens."

Saturday morning came, and at eight o'clock we all gathered in our chapel, about ninety of us. Jonathan, who had come with Mr. Davis, read and prayed, then introduced the speaker. Mr. Davis rose. He began by saying he did not know whether what he was going to say would be to their taste or not, but he knew one thing, that whoever was zealous for the Lord would have joy, for he was going to relate what God Himself had mightily wrought among the Karens, a people to-day numbering 10,000 Christians, having 70 churches, all but four of which supported their own preachers and teachers, a people who built their own school-houses and chapels and churches. A people who, a quarter of a century ago, were called the "wild tribes of Bassain." This people have been planning to raise a subscription to bring a missionary—or rather professor—from home, paying all his expenses that he might teach Greek and Hebrew in one of their colleges. And so the speaker's heart warmed to the theme, and he spoke for an hour and three-quarters, without an interruption, without a break.

As he spoke I wondered what was going to be the outcome, for he spoke with great power; the Spirit seemed to rest upon him. And as he spoke of work there, and what had been accomplished, he said he believed that their great success was due to their following the Lord's plans.

Their first preachers having received their education from foreigners, and being fully equipped for the work, had gone out unshackled, following the Spirit's leading, and preaching among their own people, had looked to their own people for support. Was not this the Lord's way. The twelve had gone out receiving help from their own people. The seventy were thus sent; the laborer was worthy of his hire. "Who goeth a warfare at any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk thereof? If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things?"

We as missionaries had not used this power over them; our own people whom we represented became responsible for us. But they, they had the right, for the Lord had ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.

He reminded them of what he knew to be the case, that as long as they received foreign pay the most of the heathen would look upon them as hirelings; that he knew they had often heard them say, "() this is the Englishman's religion, it is good for him, and if he will give us pay we will preach, too."

When the speaker had finished, closing with an earnest prayer, the room was silent. Mr. Stillwell rose, and I thought he was going to propose a vote of thanks, but better than a thousand votes of thanks was the result of what he said. He asked how many of them were ready to go out as the Karen preachers had gone out, depending on no missionary for their salary, but under the Lord looking to their own people for support? No one responded. He asked if they understood the proposition, but they did not, so he spoke again, and they understood. And we waited for volunteers. Then Mr. Davis spoke of

war-time at home, when soldiers were called out to battle, that those were war-times and the volunteers wanted were those full of zeal, full of the Holy Ghost, those who would say with Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." The people were dying all around, was it not time to take them bread? Let them go forth, called of God to this mighty work, and the fruit must appear. Who was ready to stand out and say, "I will do without mission support?" Who was ready to go to the people and say, "Here I am preaching the Gospel, I am not here because your missionary has sent me, I am here because your souls are dying, and I am giving you the bread of life, and as I give you these rich spiritual feasts you must give me of your carnal things." And so Mr. Davis exhorted, his eyes over flowing, as he spoke of the people.

We told them that we believed God was calling them to a peculiar work, even as He called His twelve disciples of old, called them out from among the people. If the call had not come to the individual heart, pray that it might come.

The twelve had gone through the fires of persecution, and many had given up their lives for Jesus sake. Were they ready to endure so much?

a They were reminded again and again that they must not expect the Christian life to be very easy, thorns and briars, stones and mountains were in the way of the true follower of Christ.

There was a hush over the assembly, over that gathering together of some of the young life-blood of India. Were they called to the battle or were they not? All who were old enough were thinking out this problem. This was the testing time. The temper of their steel was being tried. Would they stand the test, would they respond to the call which seemed to us to come from God?

My heart was full, I poured it out in supplication. One, a converted Brahman, from the Chicacole field, rose and said he was ready. We took his name down, and then another rose, and a short time after, another. It reminded us of the opening of the Seminary, but that was for a sixteenth of their income, this was for their all. The fifth one that rose said he wouldn't depend on the people but he would work for his own support and preach the Gospel. A few followed his example. Then others came, and thus they, one after another, showed their trust, showed their fidelity to the cause, showed their devotion to the great Master. There was no thought of pleasing the "dhora" in this, for in this very act they were cutting themselves right away from the "dhora." I wish you could have been with us, oh! I wish you could have been here. There was an inspiration I never felt before. The very darkest was put before them as far as this world was concerned, and I felt that these were the staff martyrs were made of, and yet my heart trembled for them.

The consecrated life must pass through the fires of persecution, and could they stand? But they were evidently thinking it all over for they rose and deliberately, with no ostentation, said a few words and sat down, while others stood silently to the call. No two rose together. . . . This work was purely individual. You will want to know of those in whom you are interested. I, on account of sore eyes, had gone home. I watched C. as he sat with his head down, thinking—you know he is very fond of nice things, he likes to wear good clothes and appear well, has always lived in a comfortable home, he might have to give up many of these comforts and niceties if he depended on the people instead of on his "amma," whom he knows has great favor towards him; my heart gave a bound of joy when I saw the highest prevailed and he arose.

Twenty-five names were down, it was half past eleven. We had been there three hours and a half together, Mr. Davis speaking most of the time; so we thought we would dismiss all the others and have a prayer meeting with the volunteers. . . . They were called forward to the front seats and the others dismissed. . . . And so we were all together in spirit, in experience, in love. I felt as I never felt before that our experiences were one that day. In their own minds they had gone through the same battles we had gone through, in giving ourselves up to this work. . . . I looked into their faces as they sang, "Jesus I my cross have taken," they were shining, they were beautiful.

Special meetings have been held since, with the volunteers only, and oh! such blessed meetings. Others have since come, and now with these forty what can not be accomplished? So this is the good news I have to tell you for New Year's day. There is so much more I would like to say, that I hardly know where to stop.

C. the buffoon, or wit of the school; I never saw so seriously happy before. He was telling me after the meeting that it was, Oh! so much better that it should be thus. Now they would not go to their preaching for the day as a matter of duty, but they would go feeling, "This is my work I must do it." . . . A favorite test is "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth." I should like all who share in this our great work to joy, and may God's blessing and love be poured out in great measure upon you in the home land and us here, for His name sake.

S. ISABEL HATCH.

Special Meetings in India.

Perhaps I might say, revival meetings in India. Dr. Pentecost and his band are hard at work at Calcutta. Mr. Forham and others are storming Bombay. Even reports of their meetings send a thrill through the hearts of workers in lonely places.

Probably, many have read Dr. Pentecost's address, in which he sets forth distinctly his hopes and plans. He believes that India is about to receive a great blessing, and so he has come to help it on, and share in it, when it is poured out.

Meanwhile, what about ourselves? While I was accompanying Mr. McLaurin and his family to Colombo nearly four years ago, he suggested that revival meetings should be held in some places with our Christians. Not until July last was this advice acted on, and then Mr. Stillwell led the way.

The first week of the Seminary year was spent in waiting on God. Many received a blessing. Early in September Mr. Davis held meetings for a week at Cocanada, all his preachers and other helpers being present. The Holy Spirit used the Word, and hearts were pierced. Hidden sins were confessed with apparently deep contrition. Preachers confessed with tears their unfaithfulness in the work. In a word, new life was received by a great many. These scenes were afterwards repeated to some extent at other places on the Cocanada field.

My workers assembled at Akidu on the 4th Oct. I preached twice on Sunday, the 5th, and also on the three following days. Prayer-meetings were held in the afternoon, Miss Stovel conducting one for women in her room, and I conducting one for the preachers and teachers in my study. One day, confessions were called for. The result showed that the Spirit was there searching our hearts. Prayers were offered also after the sermons at the services in the chapel. I asked my helpers

to take as their motto till we met again, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

While these meetings were going on, it was put into my heart to propose a visit to Gunnanapudi. So I set out with my family and Miss Stovel on the 16th. We reached our destination on Saturday, and began our meetings in the new chapel on Sunday, the 19th. My first sermon was on the words of Cornelius to Peter, "Thou hast well done that thou art come. Now, therefore, we are all here present in the sight of God, to hear all things that have been commanded thee of the Lord."

I preached again in the afternoon, and twice on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, once on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and twice on Sunday, the 28th, which was the last and greatest day of our feast. I tried to preach only the Word of God in these thirteen sermons, and I believe that many of our people were greatly blessed. I know that Pastor Peter enjoyed the feast greatly.

As opportunity offers, other centres will be visited and meetings held for a few days, at least. We have come to the conclusion that our time cannot be better spent than in feeding and awakening and leading to a higher plane of Christian life those who are already in our churches.

JOHN CRAIG.

* December 11, 1890.

(Mr. Craig's private letter is of such interest that we give that also.—Ed.)

You will be glad to hear that 66 were baptized into the membership of the Gunnanapudi Church during November, and six joined another church near there. Three were baptized here last Sunday. The baptisms since July 1st on this field now number 116.

Telugu Baptist missionaries and their people are all looking forward to the great Conference, which is to begin at Cocanada on the 28th Dec. About half the meetings will be in English and half in Telugu. The last day of the year is devoted to Woman's Work, so our sisters are to reign that day.

I intended to inform you, and the readers of the LINK long ago, that the remains of Mrs. Martha Perry Craig have been taken from the cemetery at Narsapur, and laid beside those of her first-born in the cemetery at Cocanada.

The cemetery at Narsapur is being gradually eaten away by the Godavery river. When a tomb has been built over the graves at Cocanada, I shall try to get a photograph of the cemetery, showing the resting places of several, whose memory is dear to lovers of our mission.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CRAIG.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario.

The quarterly meeting of the Board of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, was held in the Board room, at 2 p.m., on Friday, Jan. 16th. The President, Mrs. Booker was in the chair. After the opening exercises, and the adoption of the minutes of last meeting, the Treasurer gave her quarterly report, from October 10th, 1890, to Jan'y, 10th 1891, showing receipts for the three months; of \$1,082.17, which with a balance forward of

\$2,951.91, made a total of \$4,003.08. Disbursements \$2,508.63, leaving a balance on Jan. 10th, of \$1496.55.

Mrs. Newman was appointed a delegate to the Convention of The Students' Voluntary Association for Foreign Missions, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, from February 28th to March 1st.

It was mentioned that the General Board had asked the ladies who were present at their meeting, to convey to the Women's Board their sincere thanks, for the large amount of the appropriation undertaken by the Society this year.

Most of the time was taken up in the reading of letters, received from members of the Board, in reference to the revision of the Constitution. All communications on this subject were placed in the hands of a committee, who will report at the April meeting.

F. DAVIS, Rec.-Sec.

News from the Circles.

CORNWALL.—Our Circle has been called upon for the first time in its history to mourn the death of a sister who was very dear to us all. Mrs. W. J. Smith was taken with pneumonia on Christmas day, and on the morning of New Year's day entered, in a fuller sense, into "That rest that remains for the people of God." She was an active member of the F. M. C., and every year since its organization (ten years ago) she has held office in it.

She will be greatly missed in the church; she was a tireless worker there and seemed to always abound in prayer and faith. In her removal, Deacon Smith has lost a true and loving wife. But God, who is rich in grace, can comfort him until their reunion above. S.

WOLVERTON.—We were organized about sixteen months ago, by Miss Hatch, and have a membership of fourteen. We are only a Foreign Mission Circle, for which mission we have raised \$24. We have, however, raised by social and freewill offering, \$16.40, for Grande Ligne. But this does not represent all that has been done, as we feel that we have helped in the work; and it is a pleasure to know that we have helped in the great work, and have gained some knowledge of heathenism and some of the trials and pleasures of our beloved Missionaries. We still desire to work for the Master, who has done so much for us.

L. J. CURRY, Sec.

WENROVER.—At the December meeting of our Circle, the President, Mrs. D. Cudney, read a communication from Mrs. Booker, of Hamilton, asking us to have a Thanksgiving service. Some of the sisters had read in the LINK an item in regard to it, and had thought it would be wise to have one; but no one had the courage to start. However, when Mrs. Booker's letter was read, that paved the way. We decided at once to have it announced from the pulpit next Sabbath, for the Monday before Christmas. At the appointed time, we met at the church; as our meeting was open to all, some of the sterner sex appeared also. One old gentleman of 83 years walked two miles, before the meeting, to procure the money for his offering. Another brother, who wished to show his thankfulness and also encourage the sisters in their work, put a new \$5 bill in an envelope and brought it to the meeting. Our pastor, Rev. Mr. Gay, and his wife were present, and Mr. G. gave us a very interesting talk on the ways in which women have always shown a

missionary spirit. We followed the method suggested in the *LINK*. The President collected the envelopes; the Treas., Maggie Cuney, and Sec., Lizzie Shaver, opened them and counted the money, two of the sisters read the notes. The offerings amounted to \$15.65. The singing, readings and all were of a missionary character, and all present were glad they had come. So Mrs. Booker's letter was not in vain.

WESTOVER.—At the beginning of the ninth year of our Mission Band, the President, Mrs. B. Shaver, made each of the members the present of a Mission Jug, in which to save their pennies. This was a source of great pleasure to them; also, the anticipation of a concert when the jugs were full, and ready to be broken, added greatly to their pleasure. Since then, a scheme, consisting of a very pleasant surprise for their President, has been most successfully carried out. At a lecture given by our pastor, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13th, two of the members presented the lady above mentioned with an address and handsome work-box.

We have not a very large Band, twenty members being on the roll at present; yet, in looking back over the past year, at the mercies and blessings of Him who has commanded us to preach the Gospel to every nation, we can but feel exceedingly thankful. L. M. SHAVER, Sec.

PHILIPSVILLE.—With grateful hearts we close another year's work as a Circle. Nov. 28th we held our annual public meeting, when the following programme was carried out, our President in the chair.

Our Secretary gave the report of the year's work as follows: 35 members, \$86 raised; \$31 of which was given to Foreign, \$30 to Home Missions and \$20 to Grande Ligne, besides a box of bedding, etc., valued at about \$19. Also one of our dear old members (Mrs. M. Gile) who as she increases in years seems to increase in love and zeal in the Lord's work, sent \$40 to furnish a room at Grande Ligne. Next, a very impressive reading by Sarah White, entitled, "Measuring Day." An address by Mrs. F. Knowlton on "The blessings we ourselves have received through working for the Master;" a recitation by little George Pennock, "Jesus bids us Shine;" a colloquy by three girls, a dialogue by three girls, a reading by Mrs. Lashly, "My Beckey's Conversion to Foreign Missions;" than an excellent address by the Rev. W. W. Weeks on "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A number of selections of music added much to the programme. All seemed pleased with the meeting, and we believe that it has done much good, that we have stronger faith and a firm determination that the year to come shall be marked by greater zeal and earnestness in the Master's work.

We also had a good meeting last July, when Miss Day, missionary to the Telugus, daughter of Dr. Day, gave us a very interesting address. This meeting closed with a recitation by Gertie Knowlton "The Story of Hindoo Widow," she wore the costume of a widow and gave the recitation with such effect, that many were moved to tears. H. W., Sec.

PETH.—The Foreign Mission Circle was formed here in March, 1877, with a membership during the first year of 42. Of the original members only fifteen remain on the roll at present, the others having either left the place or have been called to their reward on high. The monthly meetings of the Circle have been steadily maintained and we are glad to note a decided increase in the contributions. Mission barrels were sent to the sisters

in the country, who were unable to attend the meetings. These have brought in good returns; one sister, who was a great sufferer for a long time, sent in her mission barrel well-filled just before her death at Christmas.

A Home Mission Circle with separate officers has been organized and in working order for a short time. It has already done good work and we look for an increased interest in our Home Missions, from the influence which it is exerting.

We have also a flourishing Mission of "Young Helpers." A nice entertainment was given about New Year, in connection with this Society. The programme consisted of opening the Mite boxes, suitable missionary recitations by the members, an abundant supply of refreshments, all of which the young folk heartily enjoyed. A. A. ROBERTSON, Sec.

BRANTFORD, FIRST CHURCH.—We held our first meeting of the New Year, Wednesday afternoon, January 7th. We were pleased that so many of our ladies attended the meeting. A few weeks ago we had a Thank-offering for Foreign Missions, and each one that contributed put her contribution in an envelope with a Scripture text. These were opened at our missionary meeting, texts read, and the collection amounted to \$11.15. Our meetings are very well attended, but we hope and pray that God will put it in the hearts of the ladies to be more interested in missions.

ANNIE HARRIS, Sec.

New Circles.

TRENTVILLE.—A Union Circle was formed on Nov. 27, with six members; expecting more to join soon. President, Mrs. Wallace Green; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. McConnell; Treasurer, Mrs. Mabes.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Dec. 18th, 1890, to Jan. 17th, 1891, inclusive.

Waterford M.B., \$25, for Ebdali Anandam; Collingwood M.B., \$4; Schomberg M.B., \$5, for K. Jacob; Forest M.C., \$3; Beachville M.C., \$6.40; Malahide Jubilee M.C., \$10.25; Peterboro' M.C., \$12.70; Olmou Memorial Church M.C. (formerly Smith Lige), \$7; Bracebridge M.C., \$2; London (Grosvenor St.) M.C., \$9.10; Port Perry M.C., \$3; New Sarum M.C., \$5; London (Talbot St.) M.C., \$13.70; Collingwood M.C., \$1; Tara M.C., \$3; Atwood M.C., \$7.80; Mount Forest M.C., \$5.14; South London M.C., \$4.75; Union Meeting of London Circles, \$4.32; Toronto (College St.) M.C., \$18.90; Grimsby M.C., \$4; West Oxford M.C., \$6; Galt M.C., \$9; Toronto (First Avenue) M.C., \$7.50; Thedford M.C., \$2; Mount Salem M.C., \$4; Wingham M.C., \$4.72; Wingham M.B., \$2.12; Hamilton (James St.) M.C., \$14.87; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.) M.C., \$4.65; Toronto (Lansdowne Ave.) M.C., \$13.65; Collingwood (S.S. Class No. 10), \$2; Guelph (2nd Ch.) M.C., \$11; St. Marys M.C., \$1.50; Toronto (Bloor St.) M.C., \$24.38.

Parkhill M.C., \$1; St. Catharines (Lynman St.) M.B., \$7, for Hannah, a Bible-woman; York Mills M.C., \$3; Fingal M.C., \$2; legacy from Mrs. James McConnell, Lakeview, per General Treasurer, \$50; Owen Sound M.B., \$25, for M. Chinnia Cassie; Brantford (First Ch.) M.C., \$25, for Miss Fricella Boggs, thank-offering, \$12, total, \$37; Hespeler M.O., \$9.20, of which \$4.70 is the result of a "Thank-offering Service"; Aylmer M.C., \$19; Woodstock M.C., \$13;

Owen Sound M.C., \$6; Toronto (Collego St.), \$8.15; Anon. Hamilton, \$10; Tilverton M.C., \$4; Malahide and Bayham M.C., \$5, thank-offering, \$5.15, total, \$10.15; Wilkesport M.C., \$5.20; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) M.C., \$20.70, thank-offering, \$31.85, total, \$52.35; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) M.B., \$3.04, for D. Susie; Ingersoll M.C., \$9.25; Schomberg M.C., \$3; St. Catharines (Lyman St.) M.C., \$4; Port Colborne M.C., \$13; Atwood M.B., \$2; Sarnia Township M.C., \$3; Doe Lake M.C., \$1.71; Maple Grove M.B., \$7; Guelph (First Ch.) M.C., \$7; Petrolia M.C., \$10.50; Hamilton (Wentworth St.) M.B., \$10. Total \$609.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treas.*

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

Dec. 17th, 1890.

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

Receipts from Oct. 20th, 1890, to Jan. 21st, 1891.

Buckingham, \$9.18; Sawyerville, M. B., \$20; Westport, \$12.35; Olivet, Montreal, \$47.55; First Church, Montreal, \$14.47; Dixville Circle, \$13.78; do. M. B., \$17; Ottawa (Miss Hamilton's class, for medical mission), \$5.40; Rockland Circle, \$15; do. M. B., \$17; Osgoode M. B., \$17; Kingston Circle, \$8; do. M. B., \$17; St. Andrew's, \$6; Abbott's Corners, \$7; Perth Circle, \$16; do. M. B., \$17; Brookville Circle, \$16; do. Girl's M. B., \$15; West Winchester, \$5. Total, \$202.73.

MARY A. SMITH, *Treas.*

Address, Mrs. Frank B. Smith,
524 St. Lawrence St., Montreal.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus,
In all our zealous to teach of His love!
Oh, tell those who dwell by the glorious Ganges
Of the River of Life and the Eden above!

CHINA.

I come from the far away Land of the Sunrise,
Where Buddha is worshipped, and Christ is unknown;
Where sin hath its root in the heart of the nation,
And poisons all life from the hut to the throne.

Oh! dark is the fate of the wife and the mother,
Where the lot of a woman is worse than a slave,
Enshrouded in gloom, and encircled in sorrow,
Till love's dearest gift to a girl is the grave.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus!
Let our priests and philosophers bow at His feet;
Let His heralds come to us from over the waters,
And quickly His offer of mercy repeat.

AFRICA.

I come from a land where darkness has thickly
Brooded over our tribes like the night of the grave.
Till the world, in its scorn, has given us only
The brand of the serf, and the lash of the slave.

Your traders come to us across the wide waters;
But, oh! 'twas for greed, 'twas for gold, that they came;
They filled all their ships with our sons and our daughters;
Their civilization was only a name.

PERMIA.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus,
That blesses the nations all over the earth!
Oh, spread out His banner of mercy above us
Till the latest born child of His kingdom has birth!

AMERICA.

Dear sisters, we give you the gospel of Jesus,
Sent down from the Father above:
Our hearts have grown glad in the light of His presence
While telling His story of love.

O, sisters! believe there is rest for the weary,
There is hope for the sin-darkened soul,
There is strength for the weak, there are gifts for the needy,
More precious than silver and gold.

He died to redeem us; now risen in glory,
He has triumphed o'er death and the grave.
Go home to your people and tell the glad story
That Jesus is waiting to save.

—Heaven Woman's Friend.

A Brave Princess.

Once upon a time, in a far-away island, lived a princess named Kapiolani. She had been taught to worship idols of many kinds. The most important of these was the goddess Pele. The islands in that part of the world have suffered greatly from volcanic eruptions. The streams of red-hot lava had destroyed many beautiful homes.

They believed in a great goddess of fire named Pele, who lived in the middle of the volcano. Whenever she was angry she poured out streams of fire. So all the people brought a portion of their best things for this

INDIA.

I come to you from the land of the Veda,
Where the bars of division are stronger than death,
Where man is fettered more than the beast of the jungle,
Where the ties of affection dissolve at a breath.

Oh! rich in its gems is the home of my childhood;
Strange flowers spread its landscape, strange stars dot the sky;

Where nature is crowned as a princess forever,
In all our green vales as a mountain so high.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Missionary Colloquy.

BY MRS. MARY BRAINARD.

To be spoken by young girls in costume.

SPAIN.

I come from the land where the light and the darkness,
The good and the evil, are ever at strife,
To plead for the famishing ones o'er they perish;
For you have the bread and the water of life.

I fled, O my friends, from the cell of a convent,—
A place where the monk and the priest have control,
Where the dark, secret Jesuit holds inquisition,
To crush out the light of the Lord from the soul.

Oh, send to my people the gospel of Jesus!
Let the words of the Master their fetters unbind;
"Come over and help us": for dark superstition
Debauches the soul, and bewilders the mind.

goddess. Her priests demanded whatever they chose and nobody dared to say no. Sometimes the priest would say, "A human life must be offered to Pele." Then one of the natives was hastily strangled and dragged to Pele's altar. One king named Kamehameha the Great, hoping to keep Pele pleased with his people, cut off a portion of his own hair, which was considered sacred, and cast it into the stream of lava flowing down from the volcano. In two days the fire ceased, and everybody thought the king's offering had been accepted.

But our brave princess, Kapiolani, heard a missionary preach about the God of love. The blessed tidings touched her heart, and she gave herself to Jesus Christ. It made her feel sorry to see her people worship Pele, and be frightened about her anger. One day she said, "I will go and visit the volcano myself, and see if there is any such goddess as Pele there." She thought if the people saw that she made this journey and returned safely, they would lose their faith in the stories told by the priests of this goddess.

A good many of her people went as far as they dared with her, and then stood near to watch. As she came to the mouth of the volcano, a priest met her, vowing that dreadful things would come upon her. She paid no attention, but walked on boldly. Picking some berries which were held sacred to Pele, she ate them without offering a part to the priests, thus defying the goddess in her home. Turning to the people, she said calmly, "My God is Jehovah; He kindled these fires; I am not afraid of anything that Pele can do. If she kills me you may fear her, but if I come back in safety, you must believe in my God." So she sang one of the Christian hymns in the very place where the priests of Pele offered their sacrifices.

The people looked on in fear, expecting every moment to see her swallowed up in an earthquake, or burned to death. But she returned as safely as she had gone from them, and by her faithful testimony for Christ many others were brought to believe in Him. The Bible says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

SISTER BELLE.

W. B. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

PRAYER SUBJECT FOR FEBRUARY. — For the workers at Chiloote. That this month may witness the power of the Holy Spirit in their midst.

Look on the Fields!

Less than one hundred years ago the first Protestant Foreign Missionary Society was organized. Now there are more than two hundred such societies. These have a force of more than 7,000 missionaries and assistant missionaries, and more than 35,000 native helpers, of whom 3,000 are ordained.

Thirty years ago there was not a woman's foreign missionary society in America. Now there are thirty-nine, with 25,000 auxiliaries, more than 8,000 children's mission bands, and an aggregate income of more than \$1,730,000.

The American Baptist Mission Union has just sent out

about forty missionaries to Burmah, Assam, and India. We believe this is the largest number of missionaries ever sent from this country at one time by any denomination.

TRIBUT. — The Moravians have a mission in this most inaccessible region. The mission premises lie about 9,400 feet above sea level, and 1,000 feet above the narrow ravine down which the foaming torrent of the Sutlej rushes. The village of Poo is the largest in that remote district, but the high passes leading to it are very difficult at all times, and impassable for a good part of the year. Here live and labor a missionary pair, occupying a post as isolated as any mission field on the face of the earth. Their nearest post office is fourteen days' distant over Himalayan mountain paths. Ten years or more may pass without their receiving a single visit from a European. But for thirty-two years this outpost has been faithfully held as a centre for evangelistic labors. — *Miss. Review*.

Native Christians in Japan, most of them with average wages of less than 25 cents per day, contributed last year \$27,000 to mission work. — *C. O. Magazine*.

Rev. J. C. Hoare, writing from mid-China, says: — "I have known it said by heathen parents, 'Our boys are quite different now that they attend your school; they will not join in the idol worship.' — *Gleaner*.

THE NEW HEBRIDES. — "We have five islands professedly Christian. A blessed work is going on all around them and on all the islands we now occupy; but on some of them God has given us great success lately. For instance, one missionary who labored eleven years without a convert, has, during the last ten years, welcomed over 1,800 professed Christians—774 church members, 26 day schools attended by 1,500, and taught by teachers of his own training, who ten years ago were cannibals. He has also educated 28 other teachers and evangelists, who are away helping other missionaries.

"Another of our missionaries, in eleven years, has had 1,500 professed converts; and another, in eight years, has had over 1,000, with 62 church members, and an average attendance on Sabbath services of 800. He has 26 schools, and the work is rapidly extending among the 8,000 inhabitants of his island." — *J. G. Paton*.

Nine thousand copies of the illustrated Bible have been sold among the Roman Catholics in Italy, issued in weekly parts. — *Miss. Review*.

Mrs. Churchill writes: "We believe the Lord is going to give us great joy before long, in permitting us to see some of His work on our field.

"Our work has been a work of faith so far for the most part. But we believe some of it is to be a work of sight ere long. Pray earnestly that the good news may soon come of many turning to the Lord in this dark field of Bubbili.

"We see the cloud in the horizon, and that it may soon break in copious showers of blessing on this thirsty, parched land. I have just had a talk with eight men who came in and sat down on the mat in front of me. They say they have never heard of God or Jesus Christ. They know only their idols.

"Last evening we went to town, and stationed ourselves near the parapet wall of the up-stair veranda of our school-house, to witness one of the processions taking place this week during the Daaree Feast. The procession started from the temple at 10 p.m., but did not reach our school-house till after 12. We had glorious moonlight to wait in, but this was eclipsed by the torches and fire-works as the procession approached. The chief

point of attraction was a large silver eagle with wings outspread, of a combination of man and eagle, on which the little golden idol (Gopalswami, the patron god of Bobbili) sat. The whole drawn on a large high car by coolies. There were three Brahmins riding on the car, one stood on each side of the idol, fanning it gently with long, white horse-hair fans. Behind this came two other cars drawn by coolies. On the first was a very large brass cobra, coiled up, except its head, which was erected in the proper style, and under this, sitting on the coils of the snake was a small silver idol named Chekharaparavandlavari. What his special business is I do not know. On the last car sat another smaller idol under a canopy of red cloth. The name of this brass image is Seetaramalvarn.

"In front of the great silver eagle on which Gopalswami sat, walked a dozen or more dancing girls loaded with gold and jewels, every now and then the procession stopped, and these, forming two rows, danced before the idol, making motions with feet, body, arms, hands and head. At these times they set off the most beautiful fire works; some as fountains, shooting stars, trees, and large squares on poles. The lights were all colors, and the effect gorgeous. Before the chief idol they constantly replenished a most brilliant light, sometimes red, blue, yellow, or white. When the procession stopped, and the dancing proceeded, the Rajah, and those with him, stood and viewed the idol, dancing women, etc.

"In the crowd that preceded, walked alongside, and followed, thousands placed the palms of their two hands together and worshipped the idols. The whole thing was a grand, a magnificent sight, but to a missionary a very sad sight. As the procession halted in front of the school house, many earnest prayers ascended from hearts burdened with desire that the worshippers below might turn to the living God, and give Him the homage He deserves."

The following taken from the *Evangelical Churchman* cannot fail to bear a message to many an Aid Society, beside that for which it was written

Motives For Mission Work.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF A COUNTRY BRANCH OF THE HURON WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, JANUARY, 1891

Our hearts are stirred up and our sympathies roused and we have determined to do more missionary work this year than ever before. But let us pause at this stage and put to our hearts, in all sincerity and truth, the searching question, Why am I engaged in this missionary work? What are *your* motives is not my business, nor can you be lawfully concerned as to my motives. But each one of us stands before God with her heart like an open book. There is for us in this matter no one else concerned, but each individual for herself. It is as if the universe held none other but God and self. What a solemn thought it is that God seeth not as man seeth. Men see our acts, but God sees the motives that prompted those acts. This is an over-awing solemn thought as we realize more fully how impure, selfish and contaminated are the motives that prompt even our best deeds. And what a comforting thought it is, too, though men may misjudge us so frequently, God cannot misjudge, for He knows all. He marks the secret, hidden thoughts we would not tell our dearest friend. No wonder the Psalmist exclaimed—"If thou, Lord, wilt be

extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?" But he adds, "For there is mercy with thee, therefore shalt thou be feared."

Truly there is both comfort and terror in the thought that nothing is hid from God. Terror for her who labors to deceive the eyes of men; comfort for her who labors to do the will of her Father in Heaven. But with the most faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard there is yet a greater danger. What greater example of faithfulness and earnestness in missionary work have we than the Apostle Paul. It was his nature to be zealous. He entered into any work he undertook with his whole soul, no power was reserved. When he as a Jew persecuted the Christians, he was a foe much to be dreaded, so vigilant and untrusting was his energy in stamping out what he considered a heresy. But when God's Spirit pierced his heart he brought all this vigor and earnestness and energy to bear on his work of bringing souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. When we study his life and labors, our hearts sink within us and we say, "To what a height of Christian perfection Paul attained." Such a height is far beyond my most sanguine hopes." Ah, then, to what heart-searching must we betake ourselves when we hear Paul exclaim, "Lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Paul a castaway! we cry, that could not be. Well, he feared it, or rather he was terribly in earnest that such should not be the case with him. Paul had no doubt felt what many an enthusiastic nature has felt since. His whole nature has been kindled with fire of Divine love, the flame was pure and bright when he began his ministry. But who shall say that Satan did not try to dim the flame? who shall say that, as time went on and his enthusiasm grew with the success of his great work, there was no temptation to put the work for God, to forget the Master in the work he was given to do? Do you not suppose that many false motives for his energy and zeal did not try to steal into his heart to supplant the original love that sent him forth to labor? You say, "How could he forget God in such a work as he was given to do?" I believe in just such a work, the temptation to forget God in the work He has given us to do, comes with more subtle and terrible force than it comes to the worldly man or woman.

If we are not interested to follow our Saviour's footsteps in doing good to others, the Bible at once condemns us, if we are not able to do so our own hearts condemn us, we cannot deceive ourselves. But if we enter into such a work we are so apt to consider our deeds and linger fondly over them, forgetting to examine our hearts to find out our motives for these deeds, that we begin to consider our position secure and we become less sensitive as to our motives. We forget that God looks upon the heart in the offering of our talents to Him. The story of the rejection of Cain's offering is a warning to us. Cain offered as well as Abel, but Cain did not offer because he wished to pour out a sacrifice of love to God, and Abel did. So Abel's offering was accepted with honor, and Cain's rejected with disgrace. Thus will it be with the offerings we make to God in this missionary work. It is His great work, but He has been so gracious as to permit us to be laborers together with Him. He does not need us, but He uses us to do good, to help us to grow, to make us more like our blessed Saviour. And now don't you think we very often forget that this is God's work, and begin to imagine that it is our work? Are we not doing this when we forget to pray for God's help and guidance and blessing in our work for missions? Are we not forgetting it is God's work when our hearts grow faint and we become discou-

raged, hopeless, dejected? Are we not forgetting again when we grow careless and indifferent to this His great work, the work He has instituted His Church to carry out?

Let us now consider "what should be our motives in trying to further mission work." I think two motives will cover all the ground. Love to God should begin and continually inspire our actions. Love to our fellow-man should stimulate us as we proceed. When we love anyone how do we show it? Why, you say, by trying to please the loved one. You know we are never so happy as when we can do something to serve those whom we love. And what reward do we ask for if we love truly? We crave nothing so much, nothing in comparison with the smile of the loved one. Then let us apply this test to our love for God. Without love in our hearts towards God we are not able to serve Him acceptably. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And Jesus came to earth to reveal the Father in His character of love, that our hearts might be so overwhelmed by those sublime glimpses of His overpowering love that we could not refrain from pouring them out in gratitude to our Father and His love. The very first requisite in beginning work of this kind is that love to God should prompt it, for no other motive can be acceptable before God. (Going a step further, if we love God we will be anxious to obey and please Him, just as we love to serve our loved ones on earth, so that when we hear His voice, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," our hearts leap to obey His command, and as many of us are so circumstanced that we cannot go, we turn with eager desire to help those who have gone.)

And now, what reward will we desire for all our labor? Truly the smile of the loved one, the approval of our Father. And, dear sisters, we will have His approval if we are doing this work in this spirit of love to Him. But to do it in this spirit of love we will have much to contend with. We will need to keep very near to God in prayer and meditation to continue in this work with this pure motive, to keep our zeal from flagging, and our love from cooling. If we do not, false evil motives will creep in, indifferences will cool our hearts, and we will either drop this work or go on inspired by other than this one true motive, which will be more, abundantly more, than a sufficient reward for anything that we can do for Him. Let me urge you then to lay this matter before God, praying without ceasing that He will increase all our love for Him until this love burns with a purer, steadier flame, that He will show us when and where and how we can work for Him, and give us grace to do this work acceptably. There is a second motive which should stimulate us in this missionary work—love to our fellow-man; but this love to our brother is, after all, just the test of our love to God, for St. John says, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

And Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." You all know how we desire to minister to those whom we love. God planted that desire in our hearts, and He also gave us the means of fulfilling that desire even in our love to Him. He does not live on earth now; we sometimes feel as if He was far away, but He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me." He has left His family here on earth and commanded each of them to show her or his love to Him by being loving and gentle and tender to the others. Or, as a writer beautifully puts it, and ponder these his words well, and carry them away in your

hearts to con over daily: "The greatest service we can do for our Heavenly Father is to be kind and loving to one of His other children." So if we declare we do love God, we must be willing to stand this test and show our love by giving help to our fellow-man. Here in this missionary work we are confronted with our brothers and sisters dying in darkness and despair, with arms outstretched to us for help and comfort, and remember, God has made us their stewards by giving us the light and Gospel privileges we do enjoy. How awful the consequences in the day of judgment if we have not proved faithful stewards! How shall we face a just God and our fellow-men, who will both accuse us of neglect and selfishness? Every heathen who dies without hearing the glad story of the Gospel will have a most just accusation against so-called Christians who have selfishly shut up their hearts and refused to reply to their piteous cry, "Come over and help us." "Send those to us who will shed light on the future;" "Tell us the story of the Saviour who died for us." Oh, may we remember that they are God's children just as truly as we are, and that He will punish us for the great wrong we do them if we are indifferent to their cry. God is very tender to the oppressed, but very stern with the oppressor. Read the Gospels, and our Saviour's life will teach you that most emphatically.

Let each one of us ask herself, "Did I enter upon this mission work from love to God and a desire to please Him?" If each can answer faithfully "yes," let her again ask herself, "Are love to God and love to my brothers and sisters, His children, my only motives now, and are these motives stimulating me daily to greater zeal in this cause?" Happy are we if we can honestly answer "yes" to these questions, both now and in the day of judgment. For how sad if any of us should be rejected because our motives were impure and false. Let us be very diligent, dear sisters, that after we labor to send the Gospel to our brothers and sisters in heathen darkness, we ourselves be not castaways.

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