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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

JANUARY, 1898.

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Editorial.

THE Ottawa churches seem to be provoking each other to good works. They have each sent us in a good long list of new names for THE LINK. This is a good time for some other churches to follow their example.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—One Circle met after the death of one of its members, and resolved to make up the amount which this sister had been giving to Home and Foreign Missions that her subscription should not be lost to the cause.

WE are pleased to give so many and such good reports from the Thank-offering meetings. There are others yet to report.

WE are sure these meetings do good in more ways than adding to the treasury.

One Circle reports of a sister who attended the Thank-offering meeting last year. She became so interested that during this year she saved up \$10.75 in a bank, which she sent as an offering to the last meeting.

ANGELS.

They come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To sooth our sorrow, calm our fear;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Blest Jesu, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou did'st not scorn Thine Angels' aid.

An Angel guard to us supply
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine own Almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

—Selected.

"SA'YAN'S THANK-OFFERING."

Julia Freeman for the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions,

There were six, little, black, kinky-haired, solemn-eyed girls and no boys in the family of Solomon Goshen that morning he sat on the wood pile, scraping out a turnip with a clam-shell, and soliloquizing on a question he seemed to think ought to be settled. Between much scraping and many mouthfuls of turnip, he repeated thoughtfully over and over: "Gawge Wash'n't'n Goshen, P'ince A'bet Goshen, Napol'en Bonypa't."

"Dey ony ejection dey is tow dey name ah Gawge Wash'n't'n, et's gittin' kiney common 'mong dey Reblution'y ginces us; but now ef er boy uz name Napol'on Bonypa't on 'e uz a lean, skinny little da'key, yo kin call um Bony fo' sho't, en' ef 'e uz fat an' rolly-polly, Poly ull fit um; 'en Nappy's dey name fo' um ef e'z lazy en sleepy; but ef 'e'z frisky en full er fun ez er colt, Pony 's dey nick-uhname fo' um."

"Heeb, yo', Pony, go whack up dem kin'lins! Pony, go drive dem jigs out dey gyrden!" "Soun's perty fine. Yes sir—Napol'on Bonypa't Goshen's dey name."

As he reached this conclusion, the back door of the cabin close by opened and aunt Betty Partridge came shuffling across the chip-pile to him.

"Da's 'nother little gal in yo' fambly, Sol'mon; yo'll hab tow scratch mighty libely tow spo't um all," she cackled, grinning and bobbing.

Solomon dropped the big scoopful of turnip on the way to his mouth and glared at Betty Partridge.

"Fo' dey good lan' sake! 'zif siz want anuff en' fo'h, five too many," he groaned.

Betty grinned and bobbed. "Seben ob um!" she said.

"Git intow dey house yo' ole witch o' Yendy!" he wrathfully shouted, shying the turnip stump at Betty's shuffling feet.

"Dey need'n nobuddy ax me tow buy close an' fixin's fo' dat little no'count nigger. I yaint go'n' tow hab nuppin tow do wid'er—nuppin'tall." And shouldering his ax he started off across the lots towards the village and was gone six weeks.

It was dinner time when he returned one day, and his wife was dishing out pork and beans to the children. The old chip basket sat behind the stove with a pillow and a dingy red flannel bundle in it.

"W'y Sol'mon!" his wife said as he opened the door. "W'y poppy!" shouted six little Goshens.

"Hello, Abby! Hello, young uns!" he said returning their greeting.

"Got a job splittin' rails; jes' got through las' night," he offered as explanation of his absence, and as a guard against further remarks on that subject he took the pail and went to the spring for some fresh water. When he came back, his wife was joggng the chip basket and the dingy bundle was squirming a little.

"Don' yo' want 'o see little Sa'yan?" she asked, taking up the bundle.

Solomon jerked a chair up to the table and sat down. "Don't-know nuppin 'bout no Sa'yan," he growled, "gimme some beans."

Solomon kept his resolution to have nothing to do with little Sa'yan—never speaking to her—never looking at her if he could help it; merely acknowledging her existence by stepping over her or going-around her when she was old enough to crawl around on the floor in his way.

Now and then Sa'yan's pudgy, little, black hands caught hold of his flapping trowser's legs as they passed by her, but a quick jerk loosened the baby grasp and left a howling Sa'yan tumbled over on her little flat nose. In a moment the bumped nose would be smugged up in mammy Goshen's fat neck, and the cries smothered while Sa'yan was assured that she was mammy's lamb and dey berry purtiest pink ob dey whole flock, an' 'er poppy was jes' an ole hothum an' dat's all he was.

Mammy Goshen had no lack of affection for any of the little flock, but Sa'yan was the apple of her eye.

She smuggled half the eggs the hens laid—cutting short Solomon's tobacco money to buy Sa'yan's yellow frocks and pink aprons. She dug potatoes for farmers and fished onions and beans from Solomon's patch till she gathered money enough to buy Sa'yan a red cloak and hood, some pink shoes and blue stockings. Once she went hungry a week to save money enough to buy her a fifteen-cent doll and a white cotton dog.

The six others were clad in stout, blue jean frocks and pantallettes summer and winter, and went barefoot till snow came. Their dolls were cobs dressed in corn husks and rocked in bark cradles.

By the time Sa'yan was twelve years old, all the other girls were away at work for wages or board-and-clothes, and she was the only one at home with her mother. In spite of Solomon, Sa'yan had been, all her twelve years, as happy a little body as the sun shone on; but a shadow was coming. In the early fall of that year Sa'yan's mother died.

"Po' little Sa'yan! pink ob dey whole flock," was the last thing she said.

After the funeral the girls went back to their places and Sa'yan stayed in the lonesome house. Solomon ate his meals in silence and went away; coming home late at night and going to bed without a word.

Sa'yan fried pork and potatoes for breakfast, baked pork and potatoes for dinner, hashed pork and potatoes for supper day after day. After each meal there were the knives and forks for two, only two bowls, only two plates to wash and put away. It was lonesome. After the work about the house was done, came a long still time when Sa'yan had nothing to do but listen to the cricket scraping behind the broken window sill, and the shrill autumn voices in the dead grass outside. Sometimes a bird sang; sometimes the wind whistled over the chimneys.

What a wide, high, empty world it seemed to Sa'yan! One morning about a month after Solomon's wife died he went away, and did not return at night, nor the next night. The third day Sa'yan went over to the village to see her sister Polythy. The stars were out, and the moon was coming up over the trees in the colored people's cemetery when she reached home. There was a light in the house. "Pop's come home," Sa'yan said, hurrying up the path. A woman met her at the door.

"Be yo' Sa'yan?" she asked.

"Yes um, who be yo'?" Sa'yan answered.

"Missus Goshen, ma'm' an' Mister Goshen 'e sez tow tell yo' dey's no room fo' yo' heah no mo," an' heah's yo' clo'es," tossing Sa'yan a small bundle.

"But whar'll I go?" Sa'yan asked.

"How al'd I know—go an' fine out," the woman answered shutting the door.

Sa'yan went down the road till some trees hid her from the house. Hugging her bundle tightly she stood looking up and down the road.

"Dey haint no whar tow go," she said despairingly. "I can't go back tow Polythy's, case dere's dey witches' yholer—I wuld'n' go fro dat yholer ather dark fo' a fousan' dollars—ner eben fo' a blue fan wid fadders on dey top, I wuld'n'."

The daylight had faded out. A night-hawk swooped down with a hoarse cry, brushing the tip of his wings against Sa'yan's sun-bonnet. She watched him sail up towards a great, white star.

"How fur away dem stars be," she said slowly, "an' mammy's way behine um. How fur away! How fur away!" she suddenly cried, and throwing herself on the ground hid her face in the shabby bundle and sobbed and cried in a frenzy of desolateness.

The sobs and cries were spent after awhile, but Sa'yan still lay on the ground with her face in the old bundle, and knocked the heels of her ragged shoes together for company. She might as well lie there—if she got up there was nowhere to go—she thought.

By-and-by a wagon came rumbling up the road, and Sa'yan crept behind some bushes until it went by.

The moon was high over the trees now and shining full on the white-washed boards in the cemetery not far away. Sa'yan could count twenty white boards from where she stood.

"Guees dis yere one nighest must be ole Froggity's an' nez' one's Witchy Blimber's, an' deres unc' Jonahses, an' dem little ones is Ginsies' twins," she said trying to make them out.

"'f I cud git by dem users 'vout any ghos-sesses seein' me, I'd go an' stay by mammy," she continued.

She crept softly down the road to the cemetery fence and climbed the stile. She stood a moment at the top to gather courage, and then darted down the steps and sped like a wild creature along the path—past "ole Froggity's, past Witchy Blimber's and Ginsies' twins"—past all, to the farther corner and sank down with her arms thrown across a mound of new, damp earth.

"Oh mammy!" she cried, heah's yo' po' little Sa'yan haint no whar to go."

The mother in the grave seemed nearer than the mother "behind the stars," and pulling some things from her bundle, Sa'yan made a pillow, and spreading two old dresses over herself—covering her head tightly—she laid herself down for the night. With her face close to the cool earth, she whispered her troubles and fell asleep, not to awake until daylight.

She went to Polythy's that day and stayed until Polythy's mistress found her a place to work. Sa'yan kept her place until she was twenty when she married and went to a distant city to live. Four years after, her husband died, and she was obliged to go out to service again, hiring an old colored woman to care for her little Tim and the baby during the day. The next year, Mose Short who brought vegetables to the kitchen where Sa'yan worked, concluded she would better marry him.

Moses was lame and black as a coal, and had "a face like a monkey," Sa'yan said, the first time she saw him. But he had a house and some land, and a cow, and Sa'yan's Tim and Ginny were pale and sickly for want of proper care. So the seventh time Moses asked her to marry him, she said, yes.

Moses proved to be a selfish tyrant; lazy, unsteady and roving as a gypsy. Finally after twenty-five years full of trouble and want and hard work for poor Sa'yan, Moses left her a widow—the chief contribution to the comfort of his family he had ever made.

Then, with her daughter Abergal, Sa'yan went to house-keeping in two small rooms at the edge of the thriving Vermont village where Moses was buried.

Abergal was the only one living of Sa'yan's many children—a slender little damsel of fifteen, with timid, soft eyes, and glossy, kinky hair that could be combed down flat and tied with a ribbon in the back like a white girl's.

"Seems ez zif dey ole boat I sailed in hed got stove tow pieces in a sea o' trouble an' I'd ben tostod up an' down mos' drowned wiv dey waves ob trial an' tribulation dey mos' ob my days; an' now a little cam' ez come, an' Abergal's all I got lef' fum dey wrack. I don't mine what's gone afore dough, ner what's comin' ather, s' long's I kin keep Abergal safe an' soun'." Sa'yan said to Miss Keeler. Sa'yan had been in the village a year then. She washed for the teachers in Miss Hillman's school, and Miss Keeler was her favorite among them. Miss Keeler always made Sa'yan sit down in her room and rest a little after bringing the clothes up the long stairs.

"Yes, Abergal an' me's takin' heaps o' comfo' now," she continued. "Ebnin's when she gits her books on one eend dey i'nin' table an' sets an' studies an' I i'ne on dey over eend, I jess fo'get dey pain in my side an' dey back-ache, an' dey feet-ache, an' dey rusumtiz in my shoul'er blade, fo' dey comfo' ob seein' her so peert an' happy, an' when Abergal looks up an' sez eber once ner while, 'Tired mammy?' I kin say, 'brass yo' heart, no, chile—frisky zer kitten—jes so.' An' 'Abergal's set on gittin' an' ejaecashun, an' she shel had it if I kin git it fo' her."

"Well good night, Miss Marg'et an' thank yo' fo' dey money. Hope I yaint talked yo' bline. I yaint got many folks tow talk tow an' kinsey seems 'z if I longed tow yo'," she said, backing out of the room. This was her usual formula as she left Miss Keeler, who was always interested in Sa'yan's plans and confidences.

The next week when Sa'yan brought the clothes, Miss Keeler heard her laughing softly to herself outside the door. Her eyes were shining and her smile showed twenty-four good, white teeth when she came in.

"Mebbe yo' hand'shif yaint i'ned ser smooth ez comon. Abergal's clean gone aside hersels," she said.

Miss Keeler laughed. "What has happened to Abergal?" she asked.

"Yo' yaint yeard 'bout dey singin' lessons den? Well 'at's what's dey matter wid Abergal. Dey kister ob Saint Johnses, der folks sez is ser s'wd yo' know, kim by one day an' yeard Abergal a singin', an' stopped an' listened; an' anuver day 'e kim an' sung up an' down an' made Abergal do like im—a tryin' 'er voice 'e said—an' 'is face got red an' 'e slapped 'is hands, an' said she sung way up tow I do no whar, an' dey want no tollin' whar she'd sing tow 'er voice was culchewated. An' 'e's go'n' tow give 'er lessons two mawuin's in a week. An' Abergal's clean aside 'er self, an' goes twit'erin' an' trillin' roun' lika forty, leben black-birds. Now I jess want to ax yo' 'bout some bizniz," she continued. "Dey

bakerees ull sell dey ole lodemon fo' twenty-five dollars an' six months tow pay it in. Now I 'lowed tow do free famly washin's ever week 'sides my piece-washin' an' tow i'nin's, un some scrubbin's in atween. Dat ull come tow free dollars an' two fifty centes an' quite er heap o' two shillenes an' some nickles, an' I thought mebbe yo' bud callate it out an' see if I cud save up anuff to buy Abergal dey insermunt."

Sa'yan went around by the baker's on her way home and bought the melodeon.

Every week through the fall and winter, Sa'yan came up with her ironed clothes and staid for her usual talk with Miss Keeler. The smile seemed never to leave her face and her eyes shone like a child's.

One March evening she came but refused to sit down. Abergal was sick and would be lonesome without her. The next week she came and hurried away again. Abergal was able to be up, but was weak and tired. Summer came and Abergal was not well yet. Sa'yan never stopped in Miss Keeler's room to talk now.

"I wish I cud set a spell jess ez I useter Miss Marg'et," she said one evening, "but dough Abergal gits a heap o' comfo' outen dey books an' oyangis yo' sen' 'er an' is mighty proud when yo' come to see 'er, she's clean squagered mos' dey time an' I hab tow be roun' tow chirp er up. When the wever gets hot, mebbe she'll git well."

Miss Keeler went away in June for the vacation. When she came back in September, Abergal had been dead three weeks. The first night after Miss Keeler came back to her old room, Sa'yan came up and sat down in her old seat by the door. She tried to smile, but the smile would not stay, and covering her face with her apron she rocked back and forth without a sob or tear.

Sa'yan and Miss Keeler had a long talk that night.

"O, yes'in, it's all right somehow, I know, and I'm tryin' tow be patient—mebbe I'll mek it out bymeby. I'm useter sorer yo' know. Abergal went away a-prayin' an' she wanted me tow meet 'er in heben, an' I'm gont' 'f I kin git thar. I wanto wait dough till I get Abergal a head-stun. I went an' picked one tow day. I kin hab it fo' fo'ty dollars 'f I take it fore March. So I want yo' washin' an' all de washin's I kin stidee, fo' deys dey uver apenes yain't paid yit. Dey's sumpin else I wanto ax you," Sa'yan continued, pulling a small Bible from her pocket.

"Dey minster read sumpin outen his Bible 'bout de hebenly mansions—dis yere's Abergal's Bible, 'tyaint ser big as dey min'ister's, and mebbe 'tyaint got it in; but I thought if yo' oud fine it an' a nuver ones, 'bout no mo' sorrow ner def, an' put a blaek mark aroun' 'um an' turn down a leaf, I cud go and put my finger on 'um and be sure dey was dere, and git a little comfo'."

Whenever Sa'yan brought the clothes after that, she brought the little Bible along for Miss Keeler to show her which words were "sorrow" and "tears," which ones were "heaven" and "mansions," and "Father," and so on through them all, till she knew every one.

One day in February she came and showed Miss Keeler a small, stout bag of money. She had not looked so bright and happy since Abergal died.

"Dere's de money fo' dey head-stun," she said. "I jess got dey last dollar tow day. I'm goin' in to-morrow tow pay fo' it—I'm hendrin' yo' f'um studyin', yaint I she asked, glancing at the book in Miss Keeler's lap.

"I was only looking up something to read at the Praise-meeting to-morrow," Miss Keeler said, "I was reading a

letter from a missionary when you came in, telling of a poor mother who has just lost her only child, a girl just the age of Abergal. She was a member of the mission-school where Miss Kane, who writes this letter, teaches, and was a good Christian child; but the poor mother, who only allowed Kalua to attend the school because she could not bear to deny her anything, was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and would not hear of it or be taught any of the things Kalua learned. Miss Kane writes three days after the death of Kalua; and says the poor mother has sat beside her mud hut all those three days and nights, looking up now and then to cry something in her language that means, "Lost! Lost!" She never expects to see Kalua again. 'All over the land,' Miss Kane writes, 'are mothers hopelessly mourning their dead.' They haven't your promises to comfort them, Sa'yan."

To-morrow we have a praise-meeting to give thanks for our assurance of the resurrection and of meeting our friends where there is no pain nor any death. And we give a thank-offering of money to send teachers to show those poor mothers they can have the same hope."

"Will yo' git anuff money so't they'll all be teached right away?" Sa'yan asked.

"I am afraid it will take millions to do that," Miss Keeler said.

Sa'yan opened her eyes; millions was a considerable more than forty dollars, she knew.

"I jess wish, I cud go and stay to-night wid dat po' ole woman by her hobble," she said, as she went away.

The next morning was cold and dreary, and the wind drove great sheets of freezing rain against the windows and along the street. Miss Keeler was just wondering if she could go to the Praise-meeting, when there was a knock at the door, and she let in Sa'yan, drenched and breathless.

"I — jes — got — tow — git my — — bref," she panted, "my heart bobberates so. It's was since Abergal drapped off. Spect it ull gin—out—sudden—fo' long. No, I kaint stay to git no dry dlo'ea. This wet won't hurt none. Heah, take that," she said, dropping the precious bag of money into Miss Keeler's hand.

"I didn't sleep none las' night, makin' up my mind; it's made up now, an' that's a thank-offerin'—Abergal's and mine. Abergal wouldn't want no head-stun of she knew 'bout that dere po' oman out by her ole hobbl. Dey's a swing-guy bush by Abergal's head now, and I'll be layin' a-longside fo' long, an' dat's better 'n a head stun. I've 'lowd tow playet a laylock for me if I should live till the frost gits out dey groun'. No; I won't keep a cent of it! I'm goin' this minute," she said, rushing out of the room, as Miss Keeler began to protest against taking all Sa'yan's money.

Miss Keeler took the money to the Praise-meeting, sure that a "head-stone" would soon be bought when Sa'yan's story was told.

The rain was over and the sun was shining, when the meeting was out. Miss Keeler went around by Sa'yan's door. No one answered her knock, and she went in.

Sa'yan sat with her arms on the ironing-table and her head resting on them. Miss Keeler spoke to her, but she did not hear. She lifted Sa'yan's head; there was no breath. One hard-worked bony finger was shut in Abergal's Bible. Miss Keeler read where it pointed—"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

MISSION BAND WORK.

"They were brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them; and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt xix, 13, 14.

"Christ did not take a full grown man,

A Scribe or Pharisee—

Who prayed long prayers that men might hear,

Or gave that men might see:

But Jesus took a little child,

Some mother's darling girl or boy,

And said, "of such my kingdom is,"

Oh, words of love and joy."

The children the type of Christ's kingdom; the recipients of His special attention and blessing; the pride and joy of the mother's heart; the representatives of a generation in its infancy. These call forth the disciples' rebuke. But God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts. Jesus did not pass on, and let those hearts wounded by the arrow of rebuke remain unheeded. He stops amid the throng, and, as the gentle rain-drops fall upon the tiny blade as well as the full grown, so falls the blessed words of Jesus on the aged and young: "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

These words are living words, and they have lost none of their import, but we fail oft times to hear, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." "But be ye not hearers of the word only, but doers."

The work among and by the children in the past can only receive passing notice in this paper, in serving us with material from which to draw our conclusions as to the necessity of and the kind of work most needed for the children of to-day.

The children of To-day; our future men and women. Think of it and weigh it well, that this great world with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers; with all its shipping, its steam-boats, railroads and telegraphs; with its millions of darkly groping men; and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys and girls of the present age. Believe it and look abroad upon the inheritance, and then put forth your best efforts to get the children ready to enter upon its possession.

We are in a period of transition. "The world is moving on." The world has been moving on for centuries. The achievements of each successive generation has been marked by a growth, a development. We owe much to the hardy sons of toil of the past. We have at the present, institutions that have grown out of little beginnings, schools that have become educational systems, meetings that have led into organic Christianity, settlements that have knit together into nations with singleness of purpose.

What may be accomplished for time and eternity by

the present infantile army is hidden from us, nevertheless we must conclude from our knowledge of the past, that the *education of the child* is the foundation of the development of the state, the church and the individual, and the better the education the greater the development. That it is necessary that the children should be educated is endorsed by all, or nearly all. But there is difference of opinion as to the kind of education they should receive.

The education of the children in our Public and High schools, in our Collegiate Institutes and Universities, and the training of teachers for these schools, is employing the best thoughts of some of the best thinkers of to-day. Parents are sacrificing their own comforts to secure for their children an education in one or more of these schools. Is the education of the children worthy of this? Yes, you say, and we would re-echo the statement. Give them the best instruction that lies in your power. The *best*, I say. The best education includes school education, and far more. By school education I mean that education that loads the mind with facts—mere book knowledge. It is the education of the whole life we need, of the intellect, the body, æsthetic faculties, social qualities, manners, powers of expression and the executive faculties. The development of the whole manhood, body, spirit, soul and on all sides.

The Rev. John McNeil said during one of his discourses, "you need not only to have gone through college, by all means go, get all manner of culture and refinement, and get all the hall marks of it stamped upon you, and then you have not begun. You need that. But here is what you need still more. You need a hand that has got a more than human warmth, a grip in it, you know, an eye in your head through which there glances not pride and headiness, but a highmindedness, the eye that is not filled with intellectual fire and pride, a face that is not brightened with the hateful light of the lust of the eye, and the lust of flesh and a pride of life. But you need an eye that is filled with the Holy light of Christ's own face that is absent, a face that reflects the face of Him who has gone within the veil. We need Jesus Christ in our hearts." The education that has for its aim this, is the best education that you can give your child.

We have briefly and imperfectly called your attention to the necessity of education and the best education. Though no new thoughts have been presented to your minds, yet the bringing of old thoughts fresh to your minds may serve as an impetus to the work this paper presents—"Mission Band Work."

As we have previously stated, the best education is that that tends to develop the mind, body and soul. Do not let us as Christians be guilty of attending to the former and neglecting the latter—the soul.

This is important, because God wants the boys and girls to come to Him. "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me." This work of bringing the children to Christ and training them for His service is placed upon us, who are one with Him. Let us be about our Father's business.

There is a special work, a separate work for God's separate people, and as such, there is need of a special training for this special work. It is the work of the church to give the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who have it not. "Go ye into all the world." It is also her work to train and instruct those within her influence in the ways of the Lord. "Teaching them to observe all things." Our future workers for Christ, where are they? They are among our girls and boys. Their's will be a special work. They are much in need of the training that will best prepare them for their work.

There must be training for efficient work, and if Christ's kingdom is to be extended on the earth, by the boys and girls of to-day, they need to be won for Christ and trained for His service, and the time to begin is before the crust, which gathers on the human heart through years of sin and hardships, has been formed.

One department of church work for this special purpose is the Mission Band. Where Jesus meets with the children to bless them. He blesses them in saving their souls and in using them to tell of His love to others. Could you ask your Heavenly Father for a greater boon for your children than this?

A Christian father said to me the other day, "Mission Bands are dying out." He had evidently been thinking of Mission Band work. Probably he had a child that wanted to go and he could not see the justice of it. He also had solved the reason for the apparent lethargy in the work. It was this:—That the majority of the children, members of the Band, were unconverted and their money and service not given from the heart was not blessed by God. He doubtless had forgotten that Samuel had served the Lord by ministering unto His servant Eli. This was before Samuel knew the Lord. Mission Bands die out? Does the work established by Jesus die out? Did you not see the seed marked M. B.—Mission Band—in the words of Jesus which were quoted at the beginning of this paper? Bless God for those who have discovered it and for the fruit it has already borne in our own and in other lands. The sweetness of this fruit has spread into many homes, not only those in the immediate neighborhood of the Band, but to those in our sister Provinces, and it has even crossed the briny ocean's wave, losing none of its sweetness nor richness, and the homes of our Telugu brothers and sisters are now being sweetened by the love of Jesus Christ.

Are we satisfied? No; the Mission Band cords should be lengthened until the Band embraces every

member of the Sabbath School. How this is to be done and how it is to be conducted, will vary with the location of the church.

How I should love to have been at the first Mission Band. Do you know the reason why? You say, because Jesus was there. That is one reason, but I have another, and every Mission Band leader's heart will respond to my reason. It is because the mothers were there.

They came and brought the children for a blessing. The parents, with an intense feeling that they could not resist, felt that they must bring their children to Jesus. The feeling was contagious. Oh! that the Mission Band epidemic might spread in every neighborhood, town and city, until the parents could not rest at home, or with their children at home, when it was the hour for Band. Jesus meets with and blesses the children of to-day, just as really and willingly as when He was on the earth. Those children would not have received that special blessing from contact with the Saviour, had they remained at home. There are children of Christian parents who are losing a blessing by being absent from the Mission Band.

Parents, and Christian parents, you say there are so many other things to which you have to attend, that the Band is for the young to do what they can, but not for you to do any of that work. You say you can find no time to go to the Band meetings. As Christians, you believe that if you cannot go to the heathen in person, that you can help on the work by your prayers, your sympathy and your means. If you cannot attend regularly the Band meetings, your prayers are needed, your sympathy is needed and your children are needed. You get your children ready five mornings out of seven for school. Is it asking too much for you to get them ready once or twice a month for the Band?

You can also help the work by fostering an interest in your children in the work of the Band. You are grieved if you have a child that takes little or no interest in his school work. You devise means to interest him. You become interested in his work. You talk about his work, etc., until he unconsciously partakes of the parent's interest. Children are imitators. What an enthusiastic sea of faces would meet the Mission Band leader's watchful eye, if the parents would use the golden opportunities within the home circle and around the home fireside, in talking and inspiring their children in the work of the Band. What a mighty enchanting influence the Christian parent could have over the parents who are without Christ.

We read of those who brought their children and those who rebuked them for bringing them. It was not the Pharisees, the Publicans, the sinners who did the rebuking, but those who had been personally called by

Jesus to follow Him. They did not want Jesus bothered by the children. They, you plainly see, were not in favor of that Mission Band at that time. But Jesus taught them a lesson which every child of God should learn.

Christian friend, if you are not helping on the Band, you are rebuking those that are. If you are not working for it, you are working against it. You say you are not doing anything to hinder, for you are not doing anything in connection with it. Dear friend, by your simply doing nothing for it, your influence is against it. You say there is no Band near to you. Start one. Get the mothers' co-operation first if you can, but if you cannot, do not neglect the children. I know of some Bands that got the children and hoped through their influence to get the co-operation of the parents. Faithfully the leaders have toiled and are toiling. May God reward them here by letting them see some of the fruit of their toil in the lives of the parents, but if not here, the reward hereafter is sure.

Much has been said and written as to the qualifications of a leader for this work. Time will not permit to enlarge on this thought, but I would say: the leader needs to be often with the Model Leader—Jesus, to receive from Him that deep love for children and for the salvation of their souls. The leader must be impressed, to impress others. She should impress them with the thoughts that we ought not to live for personal glory, but for social ministry, and that the highest end of education is the service we can be to our fellow-men. It is not to shine here or there, but wherever we can.

The children are like little streams. As the little stream fed by the tiny rills that trickle down the mountain's side, enlarges and flows on and becomes a river, and at last becomes part of the mighty ocean, ready to be evaporated by the rays of heat and to rise, unseen by human eye, and wafted to other lands or the home land, there to fall in gentle rain-drops, thus beautifying nature with its life-giving power; so the young heart, fed by the rills of thought that come to it from various directions and of various kinds, enlarges, and becomes capable of receiving a gradual increase of food, until the child is a child no more, but one among the great ocean of men and women, to be wafted to some part of the universe, there to scatter the gentle words of blessing or the harsh words of vice.

Feed the stream of water with sand, atones, etc., and its progress is impeded and its dimensions diminished. Let us then give the right food to the young heart. Such food as will help that soul to live for the glory of God for which he was created.

F. C.

If thou wouldst have an unction from the Holy One, sink to the level of a babe in wisdom.

Work Abroad.

AKIDU.

My dear Miss Buchan.—Your letter reached me away in Kolair Lake. Am just back from the Kollair Lake trip, and after six weeks among its ill-smelling islands and the mud of the Gunnanapudi region, Akidu has a very "homey" air. The Lake is beautiful when the lotus and water lilies are in bloom. In the morning one looks out upon miles of lovely lilies. The islands are inhabited mostly by fisher people. The men fish with nets and traps, and the women clean and cut the fish in strips and spread them in the sun to dry, and as this is their busy season, every available space between the houses and right down to the water's edge is covered with fish, and the smell is simply indescribable. We visited twenty of these villages, spending a whole day in most of them, and while the moonlight lasted, the evening too.

Last year, owing to the failure of the monsoon, there was no water in the lake, and, of course, we did not get near the villages, so it was two years since we had seen the most of them and some of them we had never visited before.

Everywhere, in every village, the women listened well, but these fisher women are such a bigoted lot, that it is like working among rocks, for all the impression one makes. They will sit for hours giving close attention to all one says, but when it comes to pressing the question home, they say, "Yes, we do not doubt the truth of what you tell, but our fathers and fathers' fathers worshipped these gods and goddesses, and what are we that we should change such long established customs?" and for all one can say or plead they see no beauty in the Saviour, they see no sin in disregarding Him, nor do they see their need of Him.

Almost without exception, all through the Lake, this has been the way we have been met, though, as I said, they listen well enough. The one village where we met with anything like a desire to really learn the way, was the village where two years ago a woman threw mud over me and my white dress. I had not been there since, and was rather doubtful of my reception, as to what it might be. As soon as the boat arrived, the women crowded down to the landing-place, escorted me to a shady verandah, called me "sister," and sat down and gave the most earnest attention, the while questioning as to the meaning of this or the reason of that, and at last one woman said "teach me to pray." That was a long, delightful afternoon, but as I said, that was the only fisher village where we met with any real encouragement. I wish you would have special prayer for these villages in the Lake. It is only now, at this time of year that they can be reached at all.

We spent eighteen days in Gunnanapudi and the villages therabouts. Work went well—such good women's and children's meetings, and as rousing temperance meetings as you could wish. My message to the women, this year, in nearly every village was, "Ye shall be my witnesses," Acts i: 8. It is very nice to get into really Christian villages, even the very atmosphere seems different. In one, where there isn't a heathen household, a young man, Karre Yesu Dosu by name, calls the Christians together every evening for evening prayer, superintends the Sunday School, and leads the Sunday services. He has done this for years, and all without any thought of remuneration. A woman's meeting there is a joy, they are so well grounded in the Word, and one does not have to begin away at the very beginning of everything and lay a foundation for what one wants to say. A deacon of the Gunnanapudi church, living in this same village, has assumed charge of the Sunday services in a village about a mile distant, and for years has never failed them once, rain or shine, and this for love of the Master.

In another village, a young man does his bit of farming, teaches school in his leisure hours, for which he is paid in fees from his pupils, and on Sunday voluntarily leads the services and takes charge of the Wednesday prayer meeting. The chapel there is always well cared for and clean, and the day I was there, before I could relieve me of my topee and rubber boots, and get my breath, it (the chapel) was full to the doors. It really was an inspiration to just look into the crowd of happy faces.

In still another village, the teacher of the Government school there, a Christian young man, leads the weekly prayer meeting, superintends the Sunday School, and if the preacher who has charge of the work in that region and who lives some three miles away, fails them, this young man is always ready to take his place on Sundays.

If you knew how largely the mercenary spirit prevails here, you would understand our joy over such cases as those cited above. Why, I have known Christian men and women, who have been educated at the expense of the mission, refuse, flatly refuse, to even lead a prayer-meeting unless paid to do so, and they perhaps the only person in the village who could read.

But to go back to the village mentioned last (Moturu), the work there is growing, and this year they were obliged to add a third of the original length to the chapel. It is always the airiest, cleanest, best kept chapel on the whole field. A good mud wall surrounds the premises, and within this are cocoanut palms, a margoa tree, and plenty of bright yellow marigolds and crimson four o'clocks. In a village on the edge of the Lake the mud walls of the chapel were not proof against the flood of two years ago, and the whole thing fell

down. This year the preacher there took to himself a holiday and while he was gone, the Christians re-built the chapel and had the roof on before he returned.

In a village up on the east shore of the Lake, we had a children's meeting in the morning and a noonday temperance meeting (this was general and the chapel was crowded to the doors), and it was at the close of our meeting with the Christian women, that there came a message from some caste women, asking me to visit them. I had met them in their homes several times before in company with the preacher's wife, so together we took our way to their house, and almost before we were seated, one said, "Missamma, we want you to read about the birth of Jesus Christ. I read from Matthew and Luke, and as I finished they said one to another, 'Yes, that is just exactly the same as Ratnamma (the preacher's wife) read from her book.'" Then they asked for the record of Christ's death, and for the raising of Jairus's little daughter, and as I finished they made the same comment, "Yes, that is exactly as Ratnamma read it."

They are much interested, and boldly asserted their faith in Christ, but they added, "How can we confess Him in baptism and observe the breaking of bread? the people of our caste would be very angry, and our relatives would cast us out, and indeed, we would be turned out of our village." I tried to help them, but their evident indecision was pitiful to see. For all but the out-castes, confessing Christ means much more than you at home, in Christian Canada can conceive of, it is always "with persecutions."

These are a few of the things that gladdened my heart while on this tour.

You will notice the date, Oct. 26th. Nine years ago to-day Misses Simpson, Baskerville and I landed in Cocanada. I thought of it first thing this morning, and all day my heart has been singing a little song of praise to Him who has led me all the way and fulfilled unto me so many of His precious promises. Yours,

FANNY M. STOVEL.

GODAVARI DIST., INDIA.

Oct. 26th, 1897.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION,

MISSION BANDS.—Dialogues—The Reason Why—2c. ; Turning Light, 2c. ; Mission Tracts, 1c. (Acrostic) ; The Master is calling, (for light), The box opening, 3c. (for girls) ; Offerings to the Genius of Christianity, 2c. ; Little Lungs, 1c. ; Voice of the winds, 1c. ; What can little children do? 1c. ; Dialogue for six little girls, 1c. ; A new book, Missionary Songs in the Circulating Library, loaned two months for 6c. ; Why Band Leaders should have Fuel for Missionary Fires, 55c. ; Loaned from the Circulating Library (two months for 62c.) See October LINK for others.

Address all orders to

Mrs. C. W. KING,
318 Care St., Kingston.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

CORRECTION.—Waterford Mission Circle should have been credited with \$13.50 as Thank-offering collection instead of \$3.50.

MOUNT FOREST.—Wednesday evening, November 23rd, the Home and Foreign Mission Circle held their annual Thankoffering meeting, after the regular monthly business was transacted. A good programme was listened to with pleasure by all present. The offerings, accompanied by interesting texts of Scripture, were then taken, and amounted to \$10, which will be divided between Home and Foreign.

The following Saturday our large and progressive Mission Band held their Thankoffering, the older of the girls and boys rendered a most enjoyable programme, gotten up entirely by themselves ; all hearts felt much gratitude in the "Temples" being opened and found to contain \$9. The members of the Band enjoyed a nice tea, afterward, provided by their friends.

SUNIE WOODALL, Cor. Sec.

Mount Forest, Nov. 20th, 1897.

FORT WILLIAM, (Dec. 7th, '97).—Our Mission Circle held its Annual Thank-offering service, at the residence of the Vice-President, Mrs. S. Stevens, on Wednesday evening, November 24th, a suitable program was rendered, after which refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed. When the envelopes were opened they were found to contain very many precious passages from God's Word, and \$9.00 to be divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions.

A. SPROULE, Sec.

P. S. Later—A woman came this evening to see me bringing a bank containing \$10.75, the offering of a sister who lives some distance away. She was at our Thank-offering service last year. I do not know when I felt more like praising God, and yet I feel humble to think that one woman did more than all the rest of us.

J. M. SPROULE, Pres.

LAKE SHORE, CALVARY.—The Thank-offering service of the Woman's Mission Circle was held on Saturday, Nov. 20th. As some of our members are so situated that they cannot attend, our meeting was small, but we have a faithful few upon whom we can always depend. We feel that it is good to meet together, and we realize that we have the presence of the Master. Those who had offerings for Home and Foreign Missions, had, by request, placed them in envelopes, together with an appropriate text or words of thanksgiving. In summing up the mites

we found we had \$18, to be equally divide between Home and Foreign Missions. Then followed several prayers of thanksgiving on which we trust God will give His blessing. The meeting throughout was interspersed with suitable music, and some very interesting readings, and all those that were present felt that they were spiritually blessed.

Mrs. Geo. McCONNELL, Sec.

NORWOOD.—The Norwood Mission Circle held their annual Thank-offering service in the church on the evening of Nov. 26th, the night was very unfavorable as the rain simply poured down; still there was a fair audience. The President took the chair at eight o'clock; all joined in singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name." After Scripture reading by the President, Miss M. Collins led in prayer. Mrs. Peer then gave an outline of the work done by our Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, both on the Home and Foreign Fields, also the great need of work still to be done, souls to be redeemed for Christ in the destitute and dark spots of God's universe, and urged that more sisters help on the work by prayer, time and purse, that our Board may not be hampered. It is here as in some other Circles, the faithful few that we can depend on. After a duett by Miss Richie and Miss M. Hall, Miss Minchin, of Big Springs, in her bright cheery way, added greatly to the interest of the meeting by rendering several select recitations, especially two, "The Dying Missionary," and a "Call From India," was very impressive. Collection, \$3.60 to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Mrs. Cummings closed the meeting with prayer after which refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. CUMMINGS.

ST. CATHARINES.—The Women's Mission Circle of the Queen St. Baptist Church held their annual Thank-offering service on the evening of Dec. 9th, in aid of Home and Foreign Missions. The President our pastor's wife, Mrs. Trotter, occupied the chair, and made an appeal to all the women of our congregation to become members, and get more interested in this good work. An excellent programme of papers, readings, recitations and music was prepared, of a missionary character, which was enjoyed by all present. The Secretary gave a very encouraging report of work done and money raised this year which was an increase over last report. The envelopes were then opened, which contained choice texts of Scripture which were read aloud, every one listening to them with much interest. Then refreshments were served and all went away pleased and more interested in missions. The offering amounted to \$15.40, which will be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

J. B. TATE, Sec.

BLENNHEIM.—At our last meeting the sisters asked me to send an account of our last year's work to THE LINK, as our

Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mitchell, has removed to London. We miss her smile and kind words very much, as she was always at her post. Although our Circle has not been heard from for about two years, we are still working away, and we have had some very good meetings. We had our annual Thank-offering meeting on the 1st of December. Our pastor, Rev. J. B. Moore, and Mrs. Moore, gave us good addresses; we had singing by the Mission Band; readings by Mrs. Beadle, and Miss Maggie Beals, and a duett by Misses Bigger and Campbell. Collection amounted to \$8.25, which is divided between Home and Foreign Missions. We have eighteen ladies in our Circle, with an average attendance of ten. This year we have raised thirty-five dollars for missions.

Mrs. W. H. MOORE.

AYLMER.—The annual Thank-offering of the Mission Circles was held at the church, Thursday, November 18th. The ladies provided tea, which was served promptly at 6 o'clock. There was a collection taken at the table, when the sum of \$25 was realized, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The programme for the evening consisted of music, readings and recitations. The meeting was brought to a close by the congregation singing "Blest be the tie that binds," and the benediction.

M. E. ROGERS, Sec.

ROUND PLAINS.—The Mission Circle gave a "Silver Thank-offering" on Friday evening, December 3rd. Although not as large an audience as we would have liked, the collection amounted to \$9.40. Mrs. L. C. Barber, of Boston, gave an interesting paper on "The Work," followed by Mrs. George Barber, of St. George, with a very interesting address on "Lack of Means and Lack of Disposition to Give." The Misses Burkes, of Waterford, sang two beautiful duets, "Drifting Away" and "Helping a Little." Miss Burke gave a reading, "Aunt Parson's Story," which was quite applicable to the Round Plains church, and has since been acted upon. Miss Ella Burke recited "Don't Look too far Ahead," in a very pleasing manner. The Choir rendered three very appropriate selections on Missions "Speed the Gospel on," "Flash the Top-lights" and "Over the Ocean Wave." Prayer was offered by the pastor—Elder Slaght—for a blessing upon the offering, that as Christ fed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, so may this small amount be used to feed thousands and thousands the Bread of Life. Mrs. Pegg very ably filled the chair.

We expect to have a Mission Band in connection with our Circle, soon. Two new members were added to the Circle in November, and before the New Year we are hoping many more may become interested in this part of the Master's work.

L. J. BEEMER, Sec.

DURHAM.—The Mission Circle held a public meeting in the church on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, November 25th. It was my privilege to meet with this Circle for the first time and talk with them about "Our Woman's work in Home and Foreign Missions."

As we met in the comfortable church, beautifully lighted by electric lights, we did feel thankful for our Father's goodness to us as a nation and as individuals, and could say with David, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation."

Our meeting was opened by singing "All Hail the power of Jesus' Name," followed by the reading of Isaiah lv., after which pastor McGregor, who occupied the chair, led us in prayer, seeking Divine direction and blessing in our work, as we try to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

Rev. G. I. Burns gave a short but eloquent address. The Choir rendered suitable music at intervals and we spent a very pleasant and profitable evening. The attendance was very good, considering the wet weather that had prevailed during the day.

This Circle has added to its members lately some of the young people, which, where no Mission Band exists, is very desirable. The Circle ladies are evidently energetic and hopeful, and I trust others will be influenced and become interested workers and that this Circle will gain in strength and numbers.

MRS. JAN. WALKER, Assoc. Director.

PARLIAMENT ST., TORONTO.—The Home and Foreign Mission Circle held an open meeting on the evening of November 3rd, in the Sunday School hall; our other meetings are held at the different homes of our sisters. The meeting opened with singing, followed by reading of Scripture by our President and prayer by our Pastor. We were then favored with an address by Mrs. Stott, a returned missionary from China; she told us some thrilling stories of her own personal work among that people, which were listened to with great interest; after which the collection was taken up, which amounted to \$7.10, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

S. A. WARD, Sec.

SCOTLAND.—On Friday evening, November 5th, our Mission Circle held a Thank-offering meeting, the proceeds of which amounted to \$21.60, to be equally divided between Foreign and Home Missions. Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, Agent for Foreign Missions, gave an able address.

(MRS.) B. SMITH, Sec.

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

Receipts from November 16th to December 15th, 1897, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Tiverton, Thank-offering, \$6; Fort Wil-

liam, \$4; Uxbridge, \$2.10; Teeswater (\$2.70 Thank-offering), \$4; Walkerton, \$5.35; Ingersoll, \$7.31; Round Plains (\$1 from Mrs. Barber, Panessa), \$4; Burford, Thank-offering, \$2.65; Woodstock, Oxford St., Thank-offering, \$7; Brownville, \$4; St. Catharines, Lyman St. (\$4.03 Thank-offering), \$9.25; Aylmer, Thank-offering, to complete the life-membership fee for Mrs. John Hutchinson and to commence another, \$12.50; Boston (\$11.33 Thank-offering), \$25; Wyoming, Thank-offering, \$4; Onondaga, 1st. \$4; Toronto, College St., \$6.70; Markham, 2nd, \$7; York Mills, Thank-offering, \$3.37; do., fees, \$3.62; Woodstock, 1st Ch., Thank-offering, \$7; Claremont, \$10; Peterborough, Park St., \$3; Calton, \$24.25; Lakeshore, Calvary (\$9 Thank-offering), \$9.50; Ridgeway, Thank-offering, \$3.03; Toronto, Western Ch., \$11.91; Burch (part from autograph quilt), \$13; Brantford, 1st Ch., for Miss McLeod, \$50; Georgetown (\$1.25 Thank-offering), \$3.75; Galt (\$4.90, completing life-membership fee for Mrs. Groves), \$10.80; Oshawa, \$3; Port Colborne, \$3; Plympton (\$1 Thank-offering), \$5; Stayner, \$1.49; Paisley (\$8.10 Thank-offering), \$10; Preston, \$2.25; Sarnia Township, \$4.50; Wolverson, Thank offering, \$4.20; Gladstone (\$12.35 Thank-offering), \$8.85; Owen Sound (\$3.83 Thank-offering), \$8.85; St. George (\$5 Thank-offering), \$10; Blenheim, Thank-offering, \$4.75; Mount Brydges, \$4; Petrolia, Thank-offering, \$2.78; Sullivan, \$2; Port Burwell (\$5.40 Thank-offering), \$6.60; Ailsa Craig, \$3.50; Norwood (\$1 Thank-offering), \$3.50. Total, \$384.46.

FROM BANDS.—Bracebridge. Young Ladies', for a Samulcotta student, \$2; do., Junior, do., \$1.50; Boston, \$8; Lakefield, \$3.50; Wyoming \$1.69; Chatham, for Sampara Davidsau, \$3; St. Marys, Girls', for Burigi Bellema, \$8; Wyoming, Senior, Thank-offering, 53c.; do., Junior, do., 53c.; Haldimand, \$1.60; Goodwood, for Nedimall Subbamma, \$10; London, Egerton St., Thank-offering, \$2.50; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25; Gobles, \$3.94; Delhi, for Nakka Kate, \$17.50; Stouffville, \$8.50; London, Talbot St., for a Samulcotta student, \$8.75. Total, \$85.69.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Hamilton, James St., Thomas Y.P.S.C.E., for an extra girl, Cooanada, \$17; St. Junior, Junior Y.P.S.C.E., for Mantada David, \$17; "A Friend," per Lakefield, \$2; Interest on Deposit, \$15.31; Special for extra girl at Cooanada, \$8; For Engala Nokamma, an extra girl, \$4.50. Total, \$63.81.

Total receipts during the month. \$517.96

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer:

On regular estimates. \$508.33
On special estimate. 41.00
Extra.—For Bolivia Mission. 2.70
For extra girls at Cooanada. 33.26

\$585.79

To Home Expenses:

100 postals for Miss Buchan—stamped. \$ 1.00
600 Receipt cards for Treasurer—printed 7.00
Collection on cheque. 15

Total Home Expenses. \$ 8.15

Total Disbursements during the month. \$593.94

Total Receipts since May 1st, 1897. . . \$3474.34

Total Disbursements since May 1st, 1897 4937.32

CORRECTIONS.—In the last list of receipts from Circles, Petrolia is credited with \$0.50, instead of \$9.50 and the Thank-offering from St. Marys reads \$1.60, instead of \$1.65.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

U. S. M. U.

ISAIAH LVIII. 11.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.—For Bimlipatam, the Missionaries and all their helpers, that the seed patiently sown may bear fruit.

For Mission Bands and their Leaders.

We will not change our "Missionary Directory" until the outgoing laborers are located. But please remember Mr. Higgins is no longer on furlough, but on his way to India. He writes that Mr. Hardy and Miss Archibald are busy with the language on the voyage. As he wrote, they were entering the Mersey; about six days would be spent in London, and then by rail to Marseilles, and thence to Bombay by S. S. Oriental. This steamer is due at Bombay Dec. 20th, and after three days' journey by rail across India, our travellers hope to eat their Christmas dinner at one of our mission stations.

It is good to hear what others think of us. Rev. H. F. Laflamme writes as follows in the *Messenger and Visitor*:

Rev. H. F. Laflamme, of Cocanada, India, writes under date of November 3rd:—The Bimlipatam mission family visited us for a ten days' special mission to the English congregation here. Brother Morse preached twelve times (one sermon being to our Telugu church). He had services every night for a week, when the simple Gospel was preached with power to congregations ranging from sixty to one hundred and twenty. We were astonished at the words of grace that flowed from our brother's lips. One of our Telugu teachers in referring to the Telugu sermon, said: "it made his blood stir in his body, and he knew the Spirit was with him." The first to confess Christ was the younger brother of Kesavarao, one of the Bimlipatam B— converts. Three others from Bimlipatam took a stand for Christ. Seventeen professed conversion. Kesavarao's simple testimony in English was very helpful. The work of the Timpany school bore much fruit for Christ.

This work of winning the world for Christ is the *business* of the Church. Otherwise there would be small need of her remaining here. Yet the Church hardly seems to realize this. This thought came with new force on reading the good news received from our mission fields in India. In how many churches has thanksgiving and praise gone up to Heaven for these new converts? Yet, in olden times, it was when they praised, that victory came. How many of us listen in vain for this note of praise in the public services on the Sunday?

O that Zion would awake!

In the November LINK, the paper read at the County Convention at Bridgewater was by Miss Vienotte, not Vienobbles.

When this number of the LINK reaches our Societies, the old year will have passed away. Gone with all its opportunities, improved and mis-improved.—As it has gone, so it will meet us again when we stand to be judged according to the deeds done. We cannot recall the moments, but we can go forward into the New Year—in the strength of Christ, we may so watch and pray and work, that every day of 1898 will tell for the glory of our King.

Rejoice with Jesus Christ to-day,
All ye who love His holy away!
The travail of His soul is past,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed!
For He shall see His chosen seed;
But ours the trust, the grand employ
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all, His own He loseth none,
They shall be gathered one by one;
He gathereth the smallest grain,
His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work, arise and pray
That He would haste the dawning day:
And let the silver trumpet sound
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see
The Saviour's mighty jubilee!
His harvest joy is filling fast,
He shall be satisfied at last.

F. R. H.

FROM OUR OWN FIELDS.

BIMLIPATAM.—The work on this field during the past year has been full of encouragement. Of the six who were baptized, one was the son of a native preacher, and five came directly from heathenism.

During 1896, the missionary spent 97 days on tour. Mr. Morse says: "On many of these tours the presence of Mrs. Morse with our organ was a great help in getting the ear of the people. In quite a number of the villages which were visited the preaching of the Gospel seemed to be having a powerful effect upon some of the hearers. He says:

"We never marched over the field with more hopeful tread. Each successive visit has been more encouraging than the one before it. The 'God of Hope' has caused us to abound in hope, and even where we have sowed in tears there has been an unquenchable hope that we should yet reap in joy.

"Never before since we came to India has there been so much light on the horizon, nor so much hope in our hearts."

BOBBILI.—The working force, always small on this field, has been weakened by the death of Bhagvan Behara, the only ordained preacher in our mission, with which he was connected since its commencement. His faith and hope in Christ were firm to the end.

AT CHEKKAURDA, a small village near Roysghada, a work has started that has filled all our hearts with gladness, through the efforts of one who might be called a weak, if not unworthy instrument. 16 persons have been led to confess their faith in Christ by baptism. For some time the heathen neighbors did everything in their

power to injure the little band of Christians, and the prospect seemed dark indeed. But they stood firm through all and showed no inclination to go back at all. The young man, Yorrhardoo, who has been the humble instrument in leading these souls to Christ, has been very ill, and it was feared at one time he would die. The need for workers is great. This young man ought to be sent to the Seminary for further instruction. He has done well with his limited knowledge, but he greatly needs more training to guide and educate the people who have so much yet to learn. Our prayers should ascend daily to the throne of grace for the Christians of Chek-kagurda.

The girls' school at this station is most interesting. It is full of promise. It has increased from 84 to 100 pupils.

CHICACOLE AND PALCONDAN.—These two stations have been under the direction of the missionary at Chicacole. We have no Missionary to take up the work at Palcondan.

Four believers have confessed their allegiance to Jesus Christ.

At Lompot the missionary held three Jubilee meetings in English, and six in Telugu. These were full of promise. On this Chicacole field there should be at least three families—one at Chicacole, one at Tekkali, and one at Lompot.

PARLA KIMEDI.—This is the field over which Mr. Higgins had charge, and the oversight of which he was obliged to relinquish last year. Revs. H. Y. Corey and wife are the missionaries in charge at the present time. Mrs. Corey's illness necessitated absence from the field for about three months; but half a dozen trips from nine to forty miles into the surrounding districts, and a short tour among the neighboring villages was made. The year has not been without results. Four believers were baptized into the fellowship of the Parla Kimedi church. Two others have asked for baptism, before the hour of service their courage gave way; and they failed to follow Christ in His ordinance. They could not face the dreadful opposition and persecution which such a profession would bring them. We are not to wonder at this. It is just what we might and ought to expect from the nature of things. It is only the grace of God that can help any of these people to stem the tide which sets so strongly against one breaking the religion of his ancestors for that of Jesus Christ.

Miss Clarke is also stationed at Parla-Kimedi. Her health is much improved, and besides the study of the language, she has a class in Sunday School, and visits the day school almost daily.

VISIANAGRAM.—During most of the year Mr. Sanford has been alone at this station. Now Mr. and Mrs. Gullison are associated with him in the work. Five months of the year were occupied chiefly in touring. There were seven district tours in all which occupied 100 days. The missionary himself spent 98 days, and visited 162 towns and villages. Work has been done in about 300 different towns and villages, Mr. Sandford says "I am endeavoring to meet the needs of this field as best I can, but it is attempting an impossibility. Oh, how much, and how grand a work could be done from this

centre, if we only had the means, and the help to organize and prosecute a proper system of missionary operation with two missionary families here constantly, and one or two lady missionaries with means at their disposal to carry on the work efficiently, by God's grace I think the force of our Christian efforts could be brought to bear on this whole field in such a way as to produce grand results." —(Condensed from Annual Reports.)

BOBBILI.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—What shall I tell you? Many things come to my mind to write, and it is hard to choose, but as the beggars seem to absorb more of my time and strength now, than any other one thing, perhaps a few words about them may not be amiss.

However, I must begin my letter with thanksgiving to our dear people at home who have made it possible by their gifts, for us to do something to alleviate the great distress around us, though we often feel that all we do is but "as a drop in the bucket" compared with what is needed to be done for them.

In July and August, our first months on the plains, after being to the cool and quiet of the hills during our greatest heat, the government had a relief camp at Bobbili where hundreds were daily fed, and other camps at towns and villages in the vicinity, in all of which thousands were fed daily. Also relief works established at which thousands could obtain work and pay. Then numbers came to us to beg, and as we always have Monday forenoon set apart for beggars to come and hear the gospel and afterwards get rice, we concluded to continue this for people who would not go to the relief camps on account of their caste prejudices. But in September these camps were shut and the relief works stopped, which turned an increasing number of beggars on to the public, or upon private charity. We have not felt, with the means at our disposal, that we could have more than one day a week, on which we could have the whole tribe of beggars come to us, for there are still three months of great scarcity ahead of us, if not more. So we have an extra quantity prepared for that day, and when the rice runs out in the distribution, we go on with small pieces of money. Often 300 come, and when we are through with the distribution we are about tired out.

Such loathsome sights come before our eyes and make the air redound with impurities, as we pass around among the people, for many are literally decaying with leprosy and other diseases. And such clamoring for more! More! that we are often sick at heart as well as tired out when we get through the ordeal, for we are painfully conscious that the supply falls far short of the necessity.

But do you think we are done with beggars for the week after this distribution is over? No; not even for the rest of that day. Often many of these will come around the house afterwards clamoring and shouting that they were not present when the rice was given out. And as soon as one succeeds in getting a small piece of money from us, others will rush in, calling out that they too have received nothing yet, and it is impossible to remember the faces of those to whom you have already given; and this they keep up for hours. Next day and the next, and every day, they are coming round and calling out and showing their sunken stomachs and crying for food; and some are almost walking skeletons. And so you keep giving a kaneet to this one, an anna to another, and a cloth to another, and so on. I have been surprised to see women of very respectable families in Bobbili coming to beg, and some with scarcely rage enough on to cover their persons.

One will come to the front veranda and call Ummah, Ummah! till you have to go and get something for her. And you sit down again to your work and another voice

comes ringing from the back veranda, and there is a mother with three children and no support. You give them something, but before they are out at the gate, another call, Ummah! Umma-a-ah! comes and you find a little girl who says both parents are dead and she is starving, or it may be an old woman who has thrown herself down on the veranda, crying because she is so hungry, or a woman in dirty rags with a wailing emaciated babe guiltless of even a rag. These we tell to bring their babes twice daily and we will feed them with milk. Sometimes it is a mother who says her child has died of cholera and she has nothing with which to purchase wood to burn the body. And so it goes on till you are glad to close the house, and rush away to school or into the town to your Bible work among the women. And there you often come upon respectable women who are very needy, but who will not go out to beg. I sometimes take a few rupees in my pocket when I intend to visit in certain streets, and it is easy to leave them all behind me before I come home. But if we should "give" all that is needed to every one "that asketh of thee," we would be at the end of our resources before one month was gone.

And how do the people thank us for all this trouble. There are some exceptions, but the usual "thank you" is "tsaladoo! tsaladoo!" ("not enough, not enough.")

An old caste man was found lying on the side of the road, where he had fallen down, near our Christians' houses. He seemed as if his race was about run. They talked with him about his soul and he asked them to give him some food.

They said if they gave him food his caste would be broken. He replied, What did he want of caste? He only wanted something to eat, to learn about God and go to Him when he should die, and he was going to stay here till he died. They took him in and fed and taught him. That was more than a month ago, and at the last Conference he came and asked for baptism so earnestly, that the church received him, and Mr. Churchill baptized him on Sunday with a caste boy of about 16 years, who also came to us before the old man did, begging to be allowed to stay. He is almost blind from the effects of small pox when he was a child. Ever since he came he has been very persevering in learning about Christ, asking first one and then another to tell him more about Him, and learning to pray; and he has been very faithful in doing any work we have put into his hands to do. Some other caste people have asked for baptism, but we think it better to wait a little, and see whether it is salvation or food they most desire.

No doubt you have heard how our hearts have been cheered by the good work at Chekkagoorda continuing. Mr. Churchill baptized 5 more when out there in August, and there are more to follow.

One other, an old man, was received for baptism, but was too ill on Sunday to leave his bed. He had been turned out of his home by his wife and out of his village by his caste people, when they knew he was determined to be a Christian; but we believe the pearly gates have since been opened to admit him, and he has heard the welcome, come in and dwell forever more, in the home not made with hands.

I went to see our School Conductress' little boy last Friday evening after our school prayer meeting, and distribution of rice, to our poor pupils, kindly supplied by the generosity of our friends in Windsor.

I heard this child had cholera and had sent medicine to him at noon from the hospital near us. I found the child very weak and ill, his eyes sunken, and body cold, but the disease somewhat arrested. He was lying on the verandah, and when I told his mother to carry him into their one room, she said it was dark and she had no oil for her lamp. Her caste people were all standing around, and I asked them to give her some oil. No, they had none, they said, though I saw a rich woman with a profusion of jewels on, standing among them.

I finally said if any one would supply a light, I would send the money to pay for it on the morrow, and then oil

was brought. The mother watched alone over her sick boy all night, so she told me afterwards, the father being away in town with our colporteur. Such are the tender mercies of the heathen, even to one of their own caste in trouble. I sent more medicine when I returned home and hunted up the apothecary, and the boy made a good recovery. There is not much cholera in town, but many people are so debilitated, for want of proper food, that they simply die right off when they take it. The wonder is that it does not become epidemic and sweep them off by the thousands. One of my old pupils who was married and lived near my school was seized with it and died, before I knew that she was sick. Siamma and I went to see the stricken mother, and she told us how her daughter, when she knew that it was cholera that she had, knelt on her cot and continued praying; to Jesus for a long time, asking Him to forgive all her sins and take her to His home above, then lay down, looked up with a joyful wondering gaze, and smilingly died. She has always given us pleasure when we visited her, singing our hymns with us, and confessing her faith in Christ, and I believe she is now with Him. Her happy death has made quite an impression on her people.

We have taken in two small caste boys, perhaps 10 years old, who came to us on account of the famine. One is an orphan, his parents both died of want, and we could not refuse to take him. The other was brought to us by his father, a mere walking skeleton with skin drawn over the bones. He hoped to sell him, but I said no, I cannot buy anyone. I will take the boy, support and educate him, and give you a rupee per month while the famine lasts, and give to you all on Mondays with the rest. He took the boy home and I asked the Lord to send him back if it was His will, for I felt that I ought to do that much for the starving family. It was a struggle with the father to give up the boy to break caste, but three more weeks of starving brought him to it. He came on to the veranda one day, and pushing the boy toward me said, "take him." Both of these boys can read in the second book, so I have put them into the school, praying and believing that the Lord has something for them to do on this Bobbill field sometime.

I must now stop writing, for I fear my letter is already too long. With loving remembrances to you all, I am your sister in the work of rescuing the perishing.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Bobbill, Oct. 16, 1897.

WHAT OUR AIM AND END SHOULD BE.

"The great object for which we are here is to make known the Gospel. A farmer evangelist was once asked what business he followed. He replied, 'I preach the Gospel and farm to pay expenses.' This man had grasped the true principle. It is of small moment whether we are lawyers, farmers, doctors, merchants, or shopkeepers, or whether we give our time wholly to direct Christian work. Our aim and end in every case must be to carry out the Divine commission entrusted to us, and

OUR BUSINESS OR PROFESSION

should be but a means to enable us to reach this end. If God's children did but realize this and aim to live up to it, how it would transform the whole scene; but, alas! in too many cases Mission work is looked upon as a good thing that may be attended to or neglected, as suits us. Thank God, there are, however, some who, like David, labor and give with all their might for the advancement of God's work. With them, to seek first the Kingdom of God is not only a text to hang on the wall, but a principle to mould the life and regulate its every detail." — *Editorial, North Africa.*

Young People's Department.

SOME LEPERS OF INDIA AND THEIR GENTLE MISSIONARY.

Dear Boys and Girls,—I want to tell you a story—a story as wonderful as it is true. They are the best kind after all; are they not? the true ones. You and I can remember when we asked mother for a “really truly story,” can't we—Well, our story from beginning to end shall all be true, and we will begin it in the good old way: Once upon a time there lived in the United States a young girl whose name was Mary Reid. Mary was a bright, attractive girl, and every one loved her. One day when she was 16 years old she heard Jesus knocking at her heart, and she arose and let Him in; then she was more loveable. Mary found Jesus so precious to her she wanted all her friends to know Him and serve Him, and not only her friends, but all those around her, and later there was borne in her heart a great hunger to cross the seas to tell her brothers and sisters in heathen India of the dear Saviour she had found. Day and night Miss Reid prayed, “O Lord if I am worthy, suffer me to go and tell the heathen of thy love; and God heard her prayer. Soon after she was appointed to work in India by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But now I fancy I hear some one say, “but what about the lepers, this letter is headed, ‘Some lepers of India,’ and not a word have we heard about them. We are coming to them, boys and girls, right off, and are going to hear many things about them too; some very sad and some very glad. When Miss Reid had been teaching in India for a while her health broke down, and she was sent to a place in the mountains to rest and get strong. Three miles from where she lived was an asylum for lepers, and Miss Reid became much interested in these poor sufferers.

Are you surprised, boys and girls to hear there are lepers in the world to-day? Did you think they lived only in Bible times? There are thousands of them all over the world, dear young people; and, oh, they need sorely all the love and sympathy and help you and I can give them. Let me tell you what a hard life those in India lived before some missionaries undertook to make them a little bit more comfortable. A gentleman on first seeing a settlement of them, wrote:—“I distinctly remember my first visit to the lepers. On the outskirts of the city in a little mound by the roadside, were eight or ten wretched human beings in such a pitiable condition that it had the two-fold effect of first making me sick, and when this had worn off, of causing such a deep pity for them that it has never left me, and never will. I see them now with matted hair and unwashed bodies crusted with dirt, clothes that had not been washed since they

were first put on (perhaps a year previous). Here a toeless foot; there a fingerless hand, literally, a festering sore; there a bloated face and swollen ears; there two holes that once had eyes in them; there a nose eaten away. The stench was too much for me and nature; I shrank saying, ‘Room for the leper, room;’ yet with a cry to God I controlled my feelings and preached to them Jesus; then hastily supplying their bodily wants I sped away, and for days after could not forget the sights and smells.”

Is not this a pitiful picture, you have all read from God's Word what a terrible disease this leprosy is, how the body slowly decays causing great suffering and disfigurement, how all lepers were compelled to live by themselves and cry out “unclean! unclean!” if they saw anyone coming, would you not deem that man a hero who would go to these poor people, make comfortable homes for them, bathe, clothe their bodies, and dress their gaping wounds knowing full well he was liable at any time to take the dread leprosy from them? Well, men have done it and are doing it to-day. Chivalry and brave deeds do not all belong to the past, boys. And girls, not only have men done such brave work but of noble women not a few have taken their lives in their hands, and gone to minister to these afflicted ones, and among them this dear Miss Reid whom we have been talking about. In some way, nobody knows how, when she was up there in the mountain resting, she contracted leprosy. She did not know it then, not till years after; but she became so ill she had to give up her beloved work and came home. Here she consulted doctor after doctor but all to no purpose she got steadily worse.

“One night when in prayer the idea came to her like a flash that it was leprosy from which she was suffering. The agony of that thought seemed too great to bear. She wrestled all night in prayer, and towards morning felt peace and submission. The Heavenly Father Himself had revealed to her the nature of her disease, and also His purpose concerning her.” He brought to her remembrance that beautiful spot in the mountains where she had seen the lepers and whispered to her “go there and feed my lambs.” In the morning she told her physician what she thought her disease was. Her doctor said “I cannot tell you, you must see a specialist in New York.” Between the time the thought first came to her and the time when she saw the specialist she suffered much. The fear that her disease was leprosy, and the hope that it was not combined to keep her in great mental agony, so that when at last the specialist pronounced on her case and declared it leprosy, she actually felt relief. Then this brave woman said Good-bye to father and mother, brothers and sisters and knowing she would never see them again in this world started for India. To no one but a sister, did she reveal her terrible

secret. In England she saw more specialists who all agreed it was leprosy with which she was afflicted. On arriving in India she wrote home to her loved ones all the hard truth, and then boys and girls, something beautiful happened. When God's children in America, and indeed all over the world, heard Miss Reid's story they sent up such a mighty prayer to God to stay the dread disease that the windows of heaven were opened and showers of blessing were poured upon this noble woman.

Would you like to hear what Miss Reid herself says about it? Here is an extract from one of her letters dated Sept. '93. "My good health is a marvel to all, but I receive it and delight in it daily as a most precious gift from the Great Physician whose I am and whom I hope to have the blessed privilege of serving here among these poor dear ones for many years to come, if He purposes to use me thus through even a long life time, "As He will; My times are in His hand."

You will be glad to know that Miss Reid's home is cosy and comfortable, made beautiful by quantities of flowers and commanding a fine view of the mountains. Miss Reid is very happy and wonderfully successful in her work and the poor lepers, you may be sure, thank God the day long for their gentle friend.

Would you like to hear more of this dear woman than I have time to tell you? Then write to Mrs. John Stark, 124 Park Road, Toronto, the President of the Toronto Leper Mission; and she will send you some little-books, one of them containing Miss Reid's picture; and should you ever feel as though you would like to give something to the lepers (the work is now undenominational) send it also to Mrs. Stark and she will see that it goes to them.

Yours and all Band Children's friend,

L. S. KING.

A PRESENT HELP.

There is never a day so dreary,

But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts in Him,
He giveth songs in the night.

There is never a path so hidden,
But God will show us the way,
If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently wait and pray.

There is never a cross so heavy,
But the nail-scarred hands are there,
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.

There is never a heart that is broken,
But the loving Christ can heal;
For the heart that was pierced on Calvary,
Doth still for His people feel.

There is never a life so darkened,
So hopeless and so unblest,
But may be filled with the light of God
And enter His promised rest.

There is never a sin or a sorrow,
There is never a care or a loss;
But that we may carry to Jesus,
And leave at the foot of the cross.

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