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The Canadian Missionary Link

ANADA

NDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

APRIL, 1896.

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CLIMPTON

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Editorial.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Mission Societies of Ontario West, will be held in the Baptist church, Chatham, on the 20th and 21st of May. The 20th will be Foreign Mission day.

Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of 20 or less; for each additional 20, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life members or contributors of at least \$1 a year to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

BOARD MEETINGS.

A meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will be held in the Baptist church, Chatham, Tuesday, May 19th, at 2.30 p.m. Members of the Board will need to leave Toronto by the C. P. R. train at 7.50 a.m. No cards will be sent members of the Board.

CERTIFICATES.

Railway certificates can be obtained from agents at starting points, on purchasing a first-class full rate (one-way ticket). If delegates travel over two lines it will be necessary to purchase tickets and obtain certificates from each railway. These certificates must be surrendered to ticket agents at place of meeting, ten minutes before train time, when return tickets will be issued at one-third fare. The certificates are only good for use three days after the meetings close, and if delegates go and return on the same line.

BILLETS.

For information regarding billets, see page 123.

ANNA MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

This Society has sustained a great loss in the departure from Canada of its esteemed treasurer, Mrs. F. B. Smith.

The many interested in the well-being of the work will miss her friendly correspondence, often containing clippings of missionary interest.

The following resolution was unanimously carried, at the last meeting of the Executive Board:—

Resolved.—“That we, the Executive Board of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario

and Quebec, having learned with deep regret of the necessity of accepting our treasurer, Mrs. Smith's, resignation, in which office she has made herself so valuable, and so ably filled for the past fifteen years, do here wish to express our appreciation of Mrs. Smith's self-sacrificing labors for this Society, which has helped to forward the work which has for its object the salvation of heathen women in the Telugu land.

“We pray that our Father's blessing may follow our sister, and that, on her return to Canada, she may be able to resume the work. We trust the years of service in connection with this Board may not be forgotten, and that the work done ‘in His name’ may redound to the glory of God.”

The attention of the Circles and Bands is called to the address of the newly-appointed Treasurer, Miss Scott, to whom all remittances must now be made. It is

SARA B. SCOTT, B.A.,
482 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

A MOHAMMEDAN PREACHER.

On the last Sunday afternoon in July, when we went to the clock Tower, a Mohammedan was there before us, occupying our stand, and exterminating Christianity. The speaker was a rare orator in his way. Untrammelled by any distrust of his own powers, and exceedingly indignant because the apostles did not consult with Mahomet before writing of the death and resurrection of Jesus, he beat the air and incensed the assembled multitudes against this unspeakable imposture:—

“The New Testament is a mass of contradictions. The disciples did not know what they were writing about. They made up lies and deceived the generations. Christians do not know their own Bible. They worship three Gods, and pray only once a week. Christ did not love His own disciples. He rebuked them, upbraided them and called them bad names. Even so to those who cast out devils and did many wonderful works, He will say, ‘Depart from Me, I never knew you.’ If wonder-working disciples are thus unceremoniously cast into hell, what will become of poor missionaries not one of whom could work a miracle to save his life. Nevertheless Christ was very hard on all His followers, demanding that they love Him more than father or mother. Yet His own apostles did not love Him. Judas took bribes and betrayed Him. Peter cursed and swore and denied Him, and all the disciples forsook Him and fled.”

"Even Paul confesses that Christ was made a curse and He must therefore have been a sinner. If He died for our sins, who died for His sins? Even if the New Testament account be true, Christ had no intention of dying, but His enemies caught Him and killed Him much against His will; when He heard they were after Him He ran away and hid in the city of Ephraim. He wept and prayed to be delivered but all in vain. To the last He was unreconciled to His cruel fate, and cried out even upon the cross, 'My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?' It is all a fraud that Christ died a sacrifice for the sins of the world. If He died to take away sin, why has He not taken it away? The Old Testament teaches that every man must bear his own iniquity. How then do the Christians say that our iniquity was laid on Christ? Bring along your Bible! why don't you read it?"

"Who dares to say that Christ is God? Israel is God's first-born son. How then can Christ be His only begotten? He Himself forbade men calling Him good, or calling Him Lord, and spoke of God as you or I would speak:—The Lord our God is one Lord. Christ were God, who was ruling in the heavens? Or perhaps God was half in heaven and half on earth! There is no difference between the Christian Trinity and the Hindu Triad. Mahomet confesses that Christ was a prophet, but not the son of God. The Comforter which He promised was Mahomet. He glorifies Christ, but Christians slander Him by saying that He was buffeted and spit upon and crucified. The prophet which Moses predicted should be raised up like unto him was Mahomet. Jesus said that He Himself was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and commanded His disciples to go only to the lost sheep of Israel; but here are those who call themselves His disciples to-day running all over the globe!"

And with many other words did this new prophet persuade the people to save themselves from lying missionaries. He leaps from his standing place and shakes like an earthquake from head to foot, as if he would make the stones of Bimlipatam to rise and mutiny against this unparalleled imposture.

Now for nearly four months the battle has been going on. At first we stood side by side and spoke alternately. But after the second day, he said he did not like that way, and therefore went around to the other side of the Tower where he could speak without opposition. There, day after day he thundered away, and day after day we challenged him to come back and take his turn with us, or to meet us in any hall, or under any tree, or anywhere else where a public discussion could be conducted decently and in order. We would provide the lights and bear all the expense, but he did not like that way. Meanwhile we took notes of his grandiloquence and proclaimed the truth from our old stand, daily renewing our chal-

lenge, and daily receiving the same reply, he did not like that way.

In any place where the minds of men were normal, the controversy would have ended here. But the abnormal crowd still hung upon his lips. Pilate and Herod were again made friends, and many Hindus, who would not come to hear the other side, gathered around the Sahib and shed tears of joy at the funeral of Christianity. A few bolder warriors caught up their hero's powder, came around and threw the bombs at our feet, and ran away. Others thirsting for glory, and armed with the arguments of their leader, met us face to face, raised the din of war and called a crowd. Altogether, with the additional help of a District organ, we were able to get our share of the congregation, although the great mass of the people love darkness rather than light.

Two weeks ago when we renewed our often repeated challenge, the people would not let the Mohammedan off. "No," they said, "that is the way to settle it," and he had to agree or surrender. Accordingly three public meetings were held in the Mission Chapel, with the Sub-Magistrate for chairman. It is estimated that between three and four hundred were present at each meeting. The Sahib had half an hour for his criticisms of Christianity, and the missionary half an hour for reply, each taking two turns. A fourth meeting had been mutually agreed upon, but after the third meeting the Sahib backed out. He says he is going to Rangoon on Saturday.

These four months have been most profitable. Every day has struck fire. Life has been worth living. We have named the Sahib our Big Helper, and believe that he has been raised up by God, that He might show in him the power of the cross, and publish abroad the name of Jesus. This controversy has not yet changed our statistics, but it has changed our status. There has been a public and signal victory won for Christianity. Indeed these fifteen weeks have been a series of victories. It is true that more than one man has been made two-fold more the child of hell than before; but they will only keep up the interest after the Sahib is gone. We walk the streets of Bimlipatam to-day, more than conquerors through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have no hesitation in saying that the Gospel has been published and understood in this town more during these four months than during all the rest of the four years since we landed at Bimlipatam. If our hero had possessed the shame of an ordinary mortal he would have hidden his face after the first battle, but God hardened his heart, as he did Pharaoh's, that he might fulfil His own gracious designs. This black background will help us to paint the golden Gospel in bold relief for many months to come. The experience both for the missionary and his helpers has been a blessed one. We have been driven to pray and study

the Scriptures as never before. No course in apologetics could have so renewed the strength of our faith in the word of God.

Wherever we open the Bible it is full of grace and glory. We have already publicly thanked the Sahib for unintended assistance, and hope the day is not far distant when he will visit our shores again.

Bimlipatam, India.

—Rev. D. L. Morse, in the *Bap. Miss. Review*.

THE LATE S. F. SMITH, D.D.

Copy of resolutions passed by the Second Quinquennial Conference of the American and Canadian Baptist Missions held at Ongole, Dec. 28, 1895, to Jan 2, 1896 :

Whereas it has pleased our Father to translate our honored brother, the late Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., from earth to heaven, we the members of the American Baptist Telugu Mission, assembled at Ongole in conference with the Canadian Baptist Telugu Missions, desire to put on record our sense of profound gratitude to God for the long, honorable and useful life of our beloved brother. Dr. Smith sustained a unique relation to "The Lone Star Mission." He did not found it, nor was he officially connected with it either as Missionary, or as Secretary of the Home Board. He was not a patron of it in the sense that he founded any of our institutions or contributed largely to its financial support. But, under God, Dr. Smith may be said to have been the saviour of the mission when its life hung in the balance.

We need not repeat here the memorable story of the Society's meetings at Albany in 1853, when God used the poetic genius of Dr. Smith to turn the scale in favor of continuing the mission. That was not the first nor the last crisis in the history of the mission, but it certainly was the great one, and we may fairly say that Dr. Smith's poem "The Lone Star" was used of God to save the mission in the most critical period of its history.

But Dr. Smith's interest in the Telugu Mission did not end with the writing of his poem. Those who were in the mission when he and his beloved wife visited it in 1891 will not soon forget the keen delight with which he looked upon the success he had predicted nearly thirty years before. That interest he maintained up to the very end of his life. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, that we extend to the bereaved family our profound sympathy in this the hour of their great sorrow. May the comfort and consolation of God's grace be with them in large measure.

Resolved, that a copy of this minute be sent to Mrs. Smith, to Dr. D. A. W. Smith, of Burmah, and to the *Missionary Magazine*, *THE MISSIONARY LINK*, *The Baptist Missionary Review* for publication.

SOME TESTIMONIES AS TO THE SUCCESS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

India.—The outlook for India is most encouraging. Already the Protestant Christians of India and Ceylon number 671,285. Dr. Dennis says this number may be safely regarded as fully equal to the total number of Christians in the Roman Empire at the end of the first century of the Christian era.

Robert Louis Stevenson, writing from the South Sea Islands, said, "I was prejudiced against missions, but my prejudices have been annihilated. Those who rail against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot."

No fair-minded man can see for himself the work of the missionaries in foreign lands and not come to Mr. Stevenson's conclusion.

General Law Wallace, after years of service as United States Minister to Turkey, acknowledged that his impressions in regard to missionaries had entirely changed, and at the end he says of them, "They have been there for fifty years, and in all that time there has been no instance in which one of them ever forgot himself, his calling, or his country."

The testimony of Lord Lawrence is, "Notwithstanding all that England has done for the good of India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."

Dean Farrar said, "I want to cast to the four winds the utterly false remark of cynics and worldlings, that missions are a disastrous failure. I say, on the contrary, that when we compare the poverty of the means adopted missions are a supreme and unprecedented—I do not even hesitate to say—a supernatural and miraculous success."

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop has travelled much in mission lands, and visited over one hundred and forty stations. She witnesses this good confession :

"I am a convert to missions through seeing missions and the need of them. Some years ago I took no interest whatever in the condition of the heathen. I had heard much ridicule cast upon Christian missions, and, perhaps, had imbibed some of the unhallowed spirit. But the missionaries by their lives, and characters, and work they are doing wherever I have seen them, have produced in my mind such a change, and such an enthusiasm in favor of Christian missions, that I cannot go anywhere without speaking about them, and trying to influence others in their favor who may be as indifferent as I was.

Mr. Frank Carpenter, an extensive traveller and journalist, also testifies to the great work of our missionaries, calling them the "pioneers of the best civilization."

Keshub Chunder Sen, though rejecting Christ, admits that "the spirit of Christianity—already pervades the whole atmosphere of Indian society. We breathe, think and move in it. Native society is being reformed under the influence of Christian education." This is the testimony of one who is not a Christian, and facts sustain it.

A late number of the *London Quarterly Review* pays a remarkably generous but just tribute to the work of foreign missions. The writer, after claiming that philology, geography, ethnography, comparative religion and cognate sciences have all been greatly indebted to our missionaries, adds, "It is too late to call efforts futile or

fanatic, which have literally girded the globe with a chain of missionary stations, and those who now speak scornfully of missions are simply men behind their age. The heathen-oracles are dumb, their temples are decaying, their philosophies are undermined, their creeds are honey-combed with distrust under the advance of western civilization, and the one supreme question is whether their place is to be filled by the adoption of an agnostic morality or by the acceptance of Christian truth. For, despite the poetic fancy which invests non-Christian religious systems with an aureole of Christian sanctity and beauty, they have been weighed and found wanting in power to meet the deepest wants of mankind. Whatever their rightful place may have been under Providence in the education of humanity; whatever the virtues they are calculated to promote among peoples in a certain stage of mental or material development; however beautiful the theory or elevated the ethics which some of them embody or enjoin—we cannot accept them as a substitute for Christianity, or withhold its higher light from those who sit beneath their shadow."

We must not forget how the missionary spirit aids the churches at home, by widening their outlook and preventing clannish selfishness, and by giving a better conception of self-sacrifice through knowledge of the work and heroic workers in the foreign fields. Foreign missions give to the church the finest types of Christian zeal, character and heroism. Would that all our churches were missionary churches, and every man, woman and child in them a missionary!—*Mission Studies*.

HOW TO PRAY FOR MISSIONS.

At the present hour the most urgent need of foreign missions is not so much of men and money, although these are indispensable, but of those instant prayers without the aid of which the most favorable external circumstances remain sterile. Oh, could we be impelled to pray more: not to repeat incessantly the phrase, more or less empty, "O God! bless the heathen and the missionaries," but to pray like those "violent" who, so to speak, wrestle with God, and to whom it pleases Him to give the victory. Let us humble ourselves, let us confess our failures in this respect, and ask of God to pour upon us the spirit of intercession.

One day, returning from an evangelizing tour, I had the feeling that I had failed completely, and I said so with tears to an old friend who was a praying woman. "It is a little my fault," she instantly replied: "I ought to have prayed much for you." At the beginning of my missionary life I received into my house six little orphans, bereaved in a famine. Some months after their arrival I experienced a great spiritual refreshing and five of these children were converted. A month later, I had a letter from a blacksmith in Ohio, who said that he had been irresistibly impelled to ask God to restore my soul and to convert those children.

What could not our missionaries accomplish if our people labored in concert with them by fervent prayers?

When you pray thus for us, dear friends, what shall you ask? Oh, ask above all that God would Himself inspire our plan of work and that we may have no will but His. Ask also that we may live in the unity of the Spirit, for the lack of union among the Lord's workers in non-Christian lands is often the secret cause of their want of success. It is by our union in Christ as members

of His body that the world will believe that He was sent of God.

Pray for the health of our missionaries; ask strength of body and refreshment of spirit for those who have been long at the breach. Ask for the young that they may face with courage, and at the same time with prudence, the difficulties of a life absolutely new to them; ask facility in learning the languages and in adapting themselves to the climate and the food. Ask especially that Christ may reign over their whole being, for God cannot serve Himself mightily for the conversion of souls except with instruments consecrated to Him without reserve.

Ask God to prepare native evangelists; ask Him that our publications in European or in native languages may advance His kingdom.

Could you not, in some sort, adopt a missionary as your own representative in pagan lands, and pray for him and his work as if they were really your own? Could you not take possession of a country, of a district, of a missionary station, and give yourself no rest until God has shed His spirit upon this object of your best prayers?

An old lady said to me one day: "When you speak at your meetings could you not indicate to us also, old people who love missions but who, alas! have almost nothing to give, some way of being useful?" Very well, we address ourselves in a special manner to these aged friends who sigh because they have no power to do anything for our work, and we say to them: "To you above all belongs the great and beautiful task of supporting us by your prayers. We will count upon them benevolently, and we thank you in advance."—*Selected*.

Work Abroad.

TO THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MANITOBA.

Dear Sisters.—Your request for a quarterly report reached me the first week in October. If anything I may be enabled to write will in any way serve to cement the bond between us more firmly, and quicken the interest of those who are, perhaps, slow to recognize the far-reaching purport of the Great Commission, most gladly I will comply with your request. God is placing wonderful opportunities within your reach of touching many nationalities, and my heart rejoices to hear from time to time of His manifest blessing upon your labors. I enjoyed Mr. Mellick's account of his tour amongst the Indians. And while He has given you so many blessed opportunities of service near at hand, I am so glad He has inclined your heart to do something for the multitudes here in Telugu land, who are as sheep without a shepherd. It is hard to realize the degradation to which idolatry leads and the dense superstition which is the outcome of idolatry also. A woman said to me one day after we had been trying to tell the Old, Old Story of salvation through Jesus Christ, which was a new story to her, "Amma, if I believe this, Nukalamma (a goddess) will eat me up." I asked if Nukalamma ate the food she put

before her? Of course she had to answer "No." "If she can't eat that, how can she eat you?" I said. Some men standing near saw the absurdity and laughed, but the poor woman seemed much puzzled. The first part of Isa. lxii : 2, often comes to my mind "For, behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." But we look forward to the time when the second part shall be true, even of this land of India; "But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee."

I am not quite sure as to the kind of letter you want, but as it is to be quarterly, this one must begin from July. That was a busy month. Reviewing for our final examination, which took place at Conference time, kept me busy until we went to Cocanada. You will likely know, ere this, that your missionary got through safely. Often when tempted to be discouraged, over the by no means easy task of learning to talk intelligibly in the queer tongue, the remembrance of so many praying for me at home, was an inspiration to me. Conference, which is a time of blessing and help to us, after being separated month after month, decided I was to remain in Tuni for the present. As you may imagine there were many thanksgivings to God on account of reinforcements and the writer's was not the least hearty. My dear brother and his wife are to join me in Tuni. Our coming back to Tuni, I began at once to go out every afternoon with my two Bible women, who live in the compound. At present there are four others living in different villages. They report to me once a month. My first work was to see all the places in Tuni which Miss Rogers was in the habit of visiting. During August and September we spoke in over seventy places. You will notice I do not say "visited houses," for in most cases, a rollo, a sort of wooden block, hollowed out in one end and in which they pound their rice, is placed near a house and the women from the near houses gather together. Usually we speak in two or three places in one afternoon. It depends on the interest. Sometimes we talk to twenty-five or thirty in an afternoon, and at times only five or six. Sometimes we sit on the sort of veranda that surrounds many of the Hindu houses. Perhaps you would think that too fine a name to give it if you were to see it. As you know, many of the houses are built of mud, and the roof is of palmyra leaves. When the wall is finished, they raise a bank all round up close to it, and when it hardens they make much use of it as a seat. The roof slants right down over it, so that it is usually shady. Many of the women listen gladly, and will confess that there is only one true God, and their idol worship is vain. Yet they are so bound by this terrible caste system, they are not brave enough to face the consequence of becoming an open follower of Jesus. Dear sisters, pray that their hearts may so feel the power of the love of Jesus that they can't help confessing Him.

We were called to several new places. Amongst them was a woman whose daughter had died, leaving two little children. They are not poor. The woman never goes outside her own yard and had not heard of the loving-sympathizing Saviour. A woman who works for us, told her if she would call us, we would tell her good words. So she invited us; you may be sure we went very soon. Her heart was so full of sorrow for her daughter, and what could I say? We tried to lead her to think of her own soul, and told her of the loving sympathy of Jesus and how He showed it to those in sorrow. When we were away she said, "Come again. I could not listen very well to-day; but I do want to know about Him."

We have been a number of times and she likes me to read and explain the Word and also likes us to pray with her. Many are not willing for us to do that. They seem to think if they consent to our praying with them they have in some way committed themselves. Amongst other encouraging listeners are a man, his wife and eldest son. When we go to visit the woman, we often find the men folk at home and as they listen so interestedly, we do not mind them staying. Sometimes the men are a hindrance if they are near, and we then politely ask them to go away, telling them we came specially to see the women and talk with them. The woman above mentioned has such a good memory, and enjoys the Bible stories so much. She will listen so carefully, putting in her own comments. The next time we go she asks for it again, to be sure that she has it right. How my heart longs for hearts like these, that the power of the Holy Spirit may be manifest in their conviction and conversion. They have to hear over, and over again. But there's power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and it is for all people. So we labor on. Nearly all castes are included in those we visit. In this part the Kapus, or farmers' caste are amongst our best hearers. Several Mahommedan women are amongst the number we visit.

If this is not the kind of report you wish, please let me know. The next one will not be so full of work as regards myself, for it has pleased the Father to lay me aside for a while. But I am gaining strength every day. The weather is delightful. That and the joy of meeting my dear brother, are much in my favor. There will be something of interest though, as I made my first tour the first week in October, and one's first impressions are apt to be more impressed on their mind.

But this is a rather long talk from one who has not looked into your faces. We are not strangers though, are we? Bound together by the wonderful love of Jesus, helping each other to carry out His command and to make other lives purer and better. I am so glad to be here. Pray often that I may abide in Him and He in me, so that here in the darkness He may be revealed to some hearts through me. Praying that in your meeting you may be very conscious of the Master's presence.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Tuni, Nov. 25th, 1895.

VUYURU.

KISTNA DISTRICT, INDIA, 17th Feb., 1896.

DEAR LINK.—An account of my first tour alone may not be uninteresting to your readers. A week ago last Wednesday, accompanied by my Bible-woman, Vorranna, I left Vuyuru for a village some eight or ten miles distant, where I intended making my headquarters for a week or ten days, while I visited the surrounding villages. Owing to my stopping to greet the Christians in a village by the way, it was quite 12 o'clock ere I alighted from my pony at the door of the chapel that was to be my home, and I was obliged to wait another two hours for my breakfast as my baggage coolies failed to put in an appearance. As the water of a cocoanut was all I had had to relieve my hunger and thirst by the way, I did ample justice to the meal when it was ready.

A word about my lodging—the chapel. The first thing that attracted my attention was “Christians” in colored Telugu letters on the outside, and upon entering the building, which was built of mud, and thatched with a coarse river grass, I found that the same instinct that decorated the churches in Christian lands with holly and evergreen at Christmas time, had prompted this little band of Christians to seek to beautify their humble house of prayer for this occasion. The mud floor had been nicely washed, the walls whitewashed and decorated with chains of colored paper, and also a text which the teacher had given them as a year text. Christmas Day had been spent in festivities and devotional exercises, nor were they selfish but entering somewhat into the spirit of the One who so many years ago gave us His only begotten Son, they invited their heathen neighbors to share their feast, and later in the day to attend their thanksgiving service in the chapel. In passing through the little “gudem,” as the Madega quarter is called, and in which the Christians had received their share of attention, and in honor of the day, had been freshly washed and decorated with little patterns in lime.

It gave me great pleasure to join with these brethren and sisters each evening in their evening worship, for although both men and women had worked in the harvest fields all day, after the evening meal all met for a short service. The Spirit was in our midst and gave me messages for them.

The inhabitants of the village of Sreerigapurmas, as this village is called, are, with the exception of four or five houses, all Brahmans, who, about four or five years ago when the Christians, under the leadership of Jacob, the teacher, began to make preparations to build this chapel, put forth most strenuous efforts to hinder the project, even demeaning themselves so far as to use very abusive language. “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,” finds an illustration in the case of some Brahmans at least, for the orthodox Brahmin rarely en-

gages in any pursuit, but sits at home fondling and trying to revive the corpse of his Hindu religion. Jacob tells how that when it seemed as though the people of the land were going to be successful in their endeavors to weaken the hands of the Lord's servants, that the Lord graciously revived his faith and courage by Psalm xxxviii: 1-3. “Fret not thyself because of evil doers,” etc.; so that he boldly assured the enemies of the Lord that a house of prayer would be erected, and that they (the Brahmans) would live to see the day when ladies and gentlemen should come to visit it, which prophecy he was reminded, was fulfilled by my coming, the gentleman, Mr. Brown, having come and gone many times. Not only so, but this teacher and the Christians seem to have won the respect of those very Brahmans, several of whom sent me cordial invitations to visit their homes, which I accepted and spent one of the most pleasant afternoons with the Brahmin women.

The Brahmans are beginning to learn that their prestige is gone and that at least some of those who, of yore, worshipped at their feet, yea, drank the water in which those feet had been bathed, are finding better employment, and that, under British rule, the meanest subject has rights that even Brahmans cannot lightly interfere with. Methinks it must gall them to behold the rapid strides towards freedom, in the highest sense of the word, that are being made by those whose grand-parents dared not so much as claim the right to cover their bodies decently.

I must tell you of an encounter Vuramma and I had with a Brahmin widow in one of the villages. Immediately upon our entrance into the village, we were conducted to a shed belonging to a wealthy farmer and were in a short time surrounded by a crowd of women, among whom was Maha Dakshmi, the woman to whom I have already referred. It was evident from her consequential air that she had come with the intention of defeating us, for, seating herself at some distance to avoid contamination, and being encouraged by nods of approval and triumphant exclamations at her profound wisdom from the other women, proceeded to dispute each point we raised with such volubility, that Vuramma, who is rarely at a loss for a word, turned to me with a look almost of despair.

She claimed to have lived without sin from the time of her husband's death, when she had had a vision. Watching my opportunity, I began reading and explaining the first chapter of Genesis, which is a favorite chapter of mine in dealing with the heathen, as it reveals the utter ridiculousness and sin of man, made in the image of God, and animated by His breath, worshipping and serving, rather than the Creator, the creatures which he was assigned to rule, and the sun, moon and stars, stones and trees, etc., designed for his comfort and use. But she took exception to the account of the creation as

recorded by Moses, and upon our asking her to state the account given in the Hindu shastras, she gave with many gestures a very indefinite answer.

In the meantime I was much in prayer that the Spirit might clear the scales from this woman's eyes, and at His inspiration the message came which silenced her most effectually. It was I Cor. ii. 9-16. As the Spirit gave me utterance, I explained the passage in more colloquial Telugu, emphasizing the fact that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him," and wound up with Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26: "From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes and ye shall keep my judgments and do them."

As I ceased, or rather as the Spirit ceased, for it was not I who spoke, she replied quietly, "That is true and good"; but to cover her defeat, she turned to the rest and said, "That is what we believe, but she only expresses it a little differently."

I believe the Spirit will open her eyes and lead her into the light. She gave no more trouble, but seemed anxious to hear more.

Oh, sisters! in the home land, this is blessed work!

And thus we spent nine days in going from village to village, in all of which, with one exception, we were given cordial receptions. In this one village the men, witnessing our approach, gathered about and asked the women if they had nothing to do, adding that I was travelling around the country to destroy caste and get all castes to eat Mala and Madiga food. Of course the women dare not disobey the men folk.

Several meetings were held with the Christians in these villages. To these the message was in every case, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." They are as a rule very poor and with many it is, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

And now I must close. I hope all your readers remember us in prayer. Pray that we may all be wholly surrendered.

Yours in His service,

ANNA MURRAY.

CHICACOLE.

Dear Maritime Province Readers.—The last day of a busy week will soon be gone, but I want to get a word off to you if possible. At times in the past some of you have been so thoughtful as to ask me if I wanted anything, and I, feeling that my mercies were many, have said no, as a rule. But now I do want something, and am coming to you for it.

Over a year ago we had a reception for native gentlemen, and some thirty high caste men came, and spent what they called a pleasant hour with us; and again and again we have heard that they would like to have the invitation repeated. But all last year my poor health prevented us from doing as we would. A few days ago, we had another, and between thirty and forty came, including all the highest native officials of the town. But we lacked one or two things, which, perhaps you can supply. We had some games, some books, such as they would enjoy, and pictures, but not enough to entertain well all who were here. Occasionally some of you used to send us an International picture roll of S. S. lessons, but you don't do it any more, and we find these very useful for such receptions. Then could some of you not send me a roll of picture papers, once in a while, or an interesting magazine or two? These must be in many of your homes, and are not some of you rich enough to send us something of this kind, even if you have to send to the Book Room for it. We do not have time for such reading so do not take any such periodicals. We want these directly to interest high caste men, who come to visit us in this way, and we want something each time that they have not seen before.

Our munsiff and sub-magistrate are both liberal minded, intelligent men, and we desire to extend our influence among this class of people.

When some of us were away at Ongole, Miss Wright had a reception for native ladies, and while only a few were invited, all came who were and enjoyed it.

Our munsiff often calls, and says he feels very near to us. The other evening he came in for religious conversation, and it was wonderful to hear him talk. Externally he tries to be an orthodox Hindu, but we feel almost sure he is a man who knows the truth as it is in Jesus. He knelt in prayer with us and took off his turban.

The next day he sent Mr. Archibald a note, in which he said "What a happy evening we had, and I had such pleasant thoughts through the night." He is not a Brahmin, so is not liked by that class as he is very active in all reform movements among the Hindus.

A naidu at Gara, a village twelve miles away, says he is believing, and other men in other villages say the same thing.

God came very near to us in our recent meetings at Vizianagram, and filled us once again with His joy and

THE Anglo-Saxons are missionary at heart. Out of 139 missionary societies at work in the world, 121 are supported by Anglo-Saxon money; and out of the \$12,500,000 given for foreign missions, over \$10,000,000 came from the Anglo-Saxon race.—*The New Era.*

His strength. And with renewed faith we are looking to Him to break these bonds of caste, and let the people go free. But will He loosen those who are not willing to walk, and will He rend a band which you or we should stoop to unfasten?

"Are you going to send out two families this autumn? We hope so, as it seems to many of us that men are needed very much to occupy vacant fields, and to take the places of some who may have to go home by the time a new man is ready to assume responsibility.

We had good meetings at Ongole, and it was cheering to see so many earnest, devoted young men fairly getting into the work of that great mission. It looks as if a brighter day were dawning for the Christians there, as well as for the heathen.

We had a delightful cool season, which has been very helpful to the invalids in our missions (of course I am not in that class); but the heat is increasing now, and it is said that some must hie away to the hills soon. There is always something out here for hazy folks, such as I am, to do, so every day now finds me busy on translation work, for our Sunday schools. If I do not talk much to the heathen I may write letters for the LINK often.

Yours sincerely,

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

P. S.—The *Canadian Baptist* said to us this week, as calmly as possible "How do you like our new dress?" Why we think you just look fine, and we congratulate you most heartily on your personal appearance as well as on your apparently healthy growth. And we like your nice wrapper too, it is a positive proof that there is some strong paper still in Canada.

Some of your neighbors look tattered when they reach us, and did they not fall into friendly hands on the way, and have a bit of grass or string tied about them, they might not see the desired end of their journey.

Some good friend sent me a very nice calendar, and I do not know whom to thank, so mention it here, that the donor may know it is doing its work. These little things do me good. Some pretty booklets came also, from Moncton, and a book from Halifax. Thank you all, dear friends, and when their mission is finished to me, I pass them on to the heathen.

The calendar came from Lindsay, I think. Who lives there, do you know?

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Feb. 8th, 1896.

It is significant to note that "Societies of Buddhist Endeavor," on the lines of the Endeavor movement, have been established in Japan by the Buddhist and Shinto priests, in order to counteract the work of Christian teachers and societies. They advocate much of the philanthropy of the New Testament, and have begun to employ "Buddhist Bible-women."

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

OWEN SOUND.—The Mission Circle in this place reports progress and increasing interest in all lines of mission work. Through an oversight, our Thank-offering service of Nov. last was not reported, and so perhaps a brief reference to it may not, even now, be out of place, as our Circle considers these social meetings very helpful and stimulating, promoting also the social interests of the church by bringing its members together. Invitations were sent to all the members, active or otherwise, and to some others whom we hoped to interest. A large number of the women of the church were present and a very pleasant social time was spent, while an informal programme, with frequent breaks for conversation, provided information and suggestions in regard to our work as a Circle. We were gladdened by receiving several new members as a result, also a good offering. At the close refreshments were served at small tables around which those present grouped themselves for a social chat. Upon the evening of Tuesday, 3rd inst., our regular Circle meeting night, we enjoyed another very pleasant gathering, at the home of our president, Mrs. Eberle. After the regular business of the evening was over a short programme was presented, consisting of a very interesting talk on "Woman's Mission Work in England," by a lady who has recently left the old land to become a resident of our town. A paper on "Grande Ligne," bristling with information and interest, and plainly showing that the heart inspired the pen, was also given by Mrs. Walker.

The event of the evening then took place in the presentation to our loved president, of a framed Life Membership's Certificate, for which we have been making a special effort for some months. A suitable address was read by our pastor's wife, Mrs. Norton, alluding to the long and faithful service performed by Mrs. Eberle as president, since our Circle was formed eleven years ago. After a feeling reply from the recipient of the address we all joined in that expressive hymn "Blest be the tie that binds" and we realized, as we often do, that service for Christ unites with the most real heart-felt bonds, those who are "co-workers together with Him." How beautiful! Not "Christ and you," or "you and I for Christ" but "together with Him!" Before we separated we were invited to partake of refreshments, thus bringing to a close one of our most delightful Circle meetings.

(Mrs.) ALICE B. MORRISON, Cor. Sec.

ROXBOROUGH.—We held our Thank-offering service on the night of Nov. 23rd, and although the night was dark and cold, and the roads in a very bad condition, the service was fairly attended and thoroughly enjoyed. But

the non-interested class whom we would have wished to have present were as usual absent. The topic for the evening being Missions and Thanksgiving, a very sociable and profitable time was spent by listening to addresses, or rather words of encouragement and sympathy from the pastor, president and deacons, a map exercise on the Foreign Field by a young brother; a responsive recitation entitled "The Two Voices," and a dialogue by the Mission Band entitled "The Gospel Ship," and also suitable singing. To close up the exercises refreshments were then served. A collection having been taken, which amounted to five dollars, was divided equally between Grande Ligne and Manitoba Missions. A word before closing concerning the time for Thank-offering meetings. Although Nov. is the usual Thanksgiving month, it is not suitable for a night meeting, especially in country places on account of uncertain weather and bad roads. These services are a profit to the Mission cause both spiritually and financially, and I think we should remove every thing that would hinder their success. What is the opinion of the Circles? MRS. D. McDIARMID, Sec.

PRESTON.—Our Circle held a very profitable open meeting on the afternoon of March 5th, at the residence of Mrs. A. Zieman, the President, Mrs. Peer, presiding. After devotional exercises, roll call, and the business of the Circle transacted, we were addressed by Mrs. McKittrick, of Galt, a Presbyterian lady who has worked for some time in Tarasus, Asia Minor. She gave us a great deal of information about the Turks, Greeks and Armenians, especially the latter. She had with her a great many curios, such as the veils the Turkish women wear on the streets, and wedding veils, and charms the Turks put on their horses to keep the evil spirits away, and a great many other things of interest. The address was of great interest to all. The ladies of the town were invited to the meeting; sixteen ladies of other denominations responded to the invitation. We think this a good way to interest the people in our work. Our Circle is growing, four have been added to our number lately.

WINCHESTER.—We had a most interesting meeting under the auspices of the Circle, on Friday evening 13th inst., held in the Presbyterian Church, which was kindly lent for the occasion, as it was anticipated that the audience would be far too large for our own small chapel. Brother Laflamme gave his seven years' experience in India. All were delighted with the plain chat which brought up so vividly the every day life of the missionary in contact with the people. Pathetic as well as laughable incidents were graphically related, sustaining the unflagging interest of the large audience for an hour and a half; their appreciation being practically expressed by a voluntary silver collection of over \$24. This is brother Laflamme's native place.

MRS. J. A. CHAMBERLIN, Pres.

BRANTFORD.—On March 4th the union meeting of the Circles of the Baptist churches of the city was held in the First church, Mrs. John Harris presiding. Meeting opened with prayer. Miss Gardiner read a leaflet, and Mrs. Brown a very interesting paper. These ladies were from Park church. Mrs. Murray, from the North Star church, read a very interesting leaflet. Mrs. Beckitt, from Calvary church, read a poem, followed by a very interesting talk on the Leper Mission, by Mrs. Porter. An excellent paper was read by Miss Merrill, and a short sketch of Miss Stovel's life, by Mrs. Zurich, both from our own Circles. Missionary songs were sung, and a solo by Miss Beal was very much appreciated. Collection, \$8. Over \$0 remained for tea. Our meetings are growing in interest, and encourage us to do more for our Master.

ELEANOR POPPENWELL, Sec.

ST. MARYS.—Our Mission Circle held a Thank-offering meeting on the 12th of March, at the home of the president. A good programme was given; our pastor, Rev. Mr. Anderson, presided. An address by a returned missionary from China was much appreciated. Collection amounted to \$3.30, for Telugu missions. After the programme, refreshments were served and all enjoyed a social evening. We hope it will be the means of deepening the interest in mission work. We sometimes feel discouraged, our number is so small and we accomplish so little. But if we pray, work and give in the right spirit, the Lord will bless our labors and the harvest will be abundant. MRS. SMITH.

BERWICK.—The annual Thank-offering service of the Berwick Aid Society was held Jan. 6th. The meeting was impressively and beautifully conducted by the president. A large audience responded to the personal invitations given by the society. We trust many who came to listen only, returned to their homes filled with new enthusiasm for the work. A very interesting programme consisting of singing, recitations and reading of valuable papers was enjoyed by all. Offering from envelopes, \$10, to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions. MRS. SIMPSON, Cor. Sec.

PORT HOPE.—The Women's Mission Circle held their annual Thank-offering meeting for Foreign Missions on February 5th, at 8 p.m. Each envelope contained an appropriate text with the offering. The reading of these texts formed a very interesting feature of the meeting. The offering amounted to \$37, which was a little less than the previous year. No doubt one reason for the decrease is, that at that time the Circle was a Foreign Mission Circle, but is now both Foreign and Home, and the Home Mission Thank-offering in Nov. 1895, was \$28.

MAUD CRAIG, Sec.

CHATHAM MARCH 24TH, 1896.—As May 20th and 21st, the dates mentioned for Annual Convention, are rapidly coming into view, the Church in Chatham as well as Mission Circles, extend to the Circles a hearty invitation to send their full number of delegates. We hope the Convention will be a meeting long to be remembered for its zeal and enthusiasm, and large numbers in attendance. Circles will please send names of delegates as early as possible to Mrs. G. F. Turrill. Billets will be provided for all delegates desiring them.

LANGTON.—Our Mission Circle is at work. We hold our meeting the third Wednesday in every month: we have good meetings. Our hearts are deeply moved when we read of the world's great need and see the little we are doing to bring about the world's salvation. We have nine members, average attendance six. Some of our sisters live five miles from the church, all are scattered, so it is more difficult to meet. Our prayer is for the Holy Spirit in all our hearts that it will make it impossible for us to withhold from others.

Mrs. BINGHAM, *Pres.*

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

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

FROM CIRCLES.—Cobourg, \$4; Wheatley, \$1.50; New Sarum, \$6; Toronto (Jarvis St.) \$10, completing Mrs. Charles J. Holman's life-membership fee, \$26.78; St. George, \$8; (uelph (1st Church), \$6.08; Keady, \$5; Port Hope, Thank-offering, two remittances, \$37; Toronto (1st Ave.), \$10.54; Brantford (1st Church), for Miss McLeod, \$50; Port Burwell, \$2.67; Bark's Falls, \$3; Clinton, \$2.50; Wolvorton (\$5.48 extra), \$10; Burgessville, \$5; Colchester, \$2.50; Toronto (Walmer Road), \$19.10; Tiverton, \$4; Listowel, \$3.30; Port Colborne, \$4; St. Marys, Thank-offering, \$3.30; Sarnia Township, \$6; Claremont, \$10; Attwood, \$2.43. Total, \$232.60.

FROM BANDS.—Woodstock (1st Church), for Todeti Abraham, \$25; Whitty, for Batula Sandamma, \$8.50; Toronto (Parliament St.), for Murde Sarah, \$9.34; Port Hope, Thank-offering, \$23; Forest, \$2; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$8.50; do., additional, \$1.00; Boston, for Terapilli Appanna, \$10; St. Catharines (Lyman St.), \$2; Owen Sound, for Tampundi Bushnam, \$20; Attwood, 45c. Total, \$115.45.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Toronto (Beverly St.), Bible-classes, for Todeti Philemon, \$6.25; Mrs. James Miller, Wabuno, \$1; for Engala Nokamma, a special little girl, \$4.50. Total, \$11.75. Total receipts during the month, \$359.80.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To Mr. James Watson, General Treasurer, *pro tem.*—for regular work, \$552. Total disbursements during the month, \$552.

Total receipts since May 1st, 1895, \$5673.05. Total disbursements since May 1st, 1895, \$3398.04.

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

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

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treasurer.*

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

RECEIPTS FROM CIRCLES FROM JAN. 20TH, 1895, TO MARCH 22ND, 1896.

Kingston, \$7; Abbott's Corners, \$7; Point St. Charles, Ch., \$6.52; do., Miss Boa's class, \$3; do., Mission Band; \$1.05; Olivet Ch. (Montreal), \$40.25; Carleton Place, \$3; Ottawa 1st Ch., M. B., \$34; Quebec Ch., \$25; Athens, \$1; Grace Ch., M. B. (Montreal), \$6; Ottawa, McPhail Mem. Ch., \$25; First Church (Montreal), \$3.95; Thurso, \$8; Brockville Ch., \$14; do., Y. M. B., \$15; West Winchester Ch., \$24; Onabruok, M. B., \$5.50; Outremont Union 8. School (near Montreal), \$28.13. Total, \$258.

MARY A. SMITH,

8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal. *Treasurer.*

N. B.—Address of new treasurer,

MISS SARA SCOTT,
482 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.—For our Grande Ligne Mission, and for Brother and Sister Grenier, laboring in those provinces. Plead the promise in Isaiah liii. 11.

THE FUTURE.

God holds the future in His hand.
O, heart of mine, be still!
His love will plan the best for thee.
The best, or light or dark it be—
Then rest thee in His will.

God holds the future in His hand.
Why should I shrink or fear?
Through every dark and cloudy day—
Yea, all along my pilgrim way—
His love will bless and cheer.

God holds the future in His hand,
And I can trust His love.
The past declares His faithfulness;
His eye will guide, His heart will bless,
Till I am safe above.

God holds the future in His hand;
I leave it all with Him.
I know one day He will explain
The "wherefore" of each grief and pain,
Though reason's now arid dim.

—The Christian.

Members of the W. B. M. U. will all be rejoiced to hear that our dear Sister Martell, late Cor. Sec. of the Union, is gradually improving in health.

The good news of Mr. Langford's safe arrival in India has been received with gladness and thanksgiving. Now let us ask that he may be continued in health, and win many souls.

Before this issue of the LINK reaches our readers, their and Sister Higgins, as well as Miss Gray (the latter after eleven years of service) will have reached home. A warm welcome awaits them.

We mourn with the Aid Society in Wolfville, that their beloved President has been taken from them. Yet while we grieve, we are glad to think that she has been "promoted to higher service," as we White Ribbon women always love to speak of our comrades called away. Earth does not end our service for Christ, but, as "one by one" He calls us, let those who remain close up the ranks; do double duty now. Let not the work she would have done be left undone.

We give below a few words from Mrs. J. F. Kempton, which will speak to the hearts of all who loved Mrs. Higgins:—

The Wolfville church and W. M. A. Society feel sadly bereaved in the loss of Mrs. S. A. Higgins, who was called "up higher" on the morning of February 29th. From early life she had been interested in missions, and was connected with the W. M. A. Society here from its organization in 1891, first, as treasurer, then secretary, and the last few years as president. She was personally acquainted with most of our missionaries, and I am sure they will feel they have lost a very dear friend. "She being dead yet speaketh," for in her bequests she has left the W. B. M. U. five hundred dollars. She was indeed a beloved disciple; no one could fail to see in her a likeness to her Lord.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep; He is with them in the passing through the waters cold and deep. Everlasting love untolds them softly, sweetly to His breast, Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest.

"Grasp the little things—scraps, moments, farthings, words. Put them together, and how they mount up; what good they do when rightly applied."—Sci.

"Lord, send me! Let me so carry Thee with me, that I shall persuade men to come to Thee."—Sci.

Our secretary for Shelburne Co., N.S., Mrs. A. F. Browne, has been laid aside by serious illness. We trust soon to hear that she is well.

"HOW OUR YOUNG PEOPLE MAY HELP THE CHURCH SCHEMES"

is the title of an interesting article from the pen of Dr. Dixon in the *Presbyterian Record* for March. It all seemed so helpful for all young people that instead of giving extracts as we at first intended, we give below all but the first paragraph in which he names the different schemes of the Presbyterian Church.

Baptist young people may put their own church work before them as they read. Here they are, Acadia College, Home Missions, Grande Ligne Missions, North-West Mission, Foreign Missions, Infirmary Ministers Fund.

Our church is engaged in a great work, of many parts, and all of them necessary. Each one is helpful of the other. And we should know something about them to awaken our interest in them and enlist our co-operation

in support of them. All can help, the young as well as the old.

You may have heard the story of the boy who was assisting in pushing off a boat that was being launched; when an old man looking scornfully at him, asked him what he could do, the little fellow replied proudly, "I can push a pound." And that pound may have been just the full weight needed to make it go into the water, where it was to do its work. Every young person in the church can help in the great work that is to be done.

But to do this they must be trained. And how trained?

Just as others are trained. A shoemaker is trained to make shoes by making them, a tailor to make clothes by making them, a telegrapher to send messages by sending them, a bookkeeper to keep books by keeping them, and a giver to any good work by giving. One cannot give if he never begins to give. And the earlier one begins the better. He who gives coppers when he has only coppers, will give silver when he gets silver, and gold when gold is his.

I remember very well the one enterprise brought before the young children in my early days, and the joy it gave us in Scotland to gather and give our pennies to equip a missionary ship for Old Calabar. But beyond that, no training was given to the young people in reference to the great enterprises the church had undertaken. Not a word was spoken about them. We had no knowledge of them, and consequently could have no interest in them. This is a sad lack. We do not wish our young people to grow up in such conditions. So I want to point out how they may help the schemes of the church by raising money specially for them.

First, there is the mite-box. Each little child should have one in which to store up his savings for Colleges, or Home Missions, or Foreign Missions, or any other object he may select. Some young man or woman should charge herself or himself with the securing of the boxes, and their distribution, and at certain times the collection of the monies, when an address might be made on some scheme, to keep alive and maintain the interest already existing.

If this is properly attended to, and the children instructed to give a share of their money, it will be found that they can give as much, and even more, than many of the old people. If one has a supply of moveable rubber type he may stamp each child's name on his box, and add another interesting feature. Store the child's mind with thoughts of the heathen and their needs.

Second, there is what is usually called the talent scheme. This is for the young men and young women. It is giving them something to work with, to set them up in business. Something they may lay out for the Lord. It calls into play the needle, the pen, the piano, the skill of each in one direction or another, and not infrequently a very small grain of seed yields forty, sixty, or a hundred fold. It is amazing how much one may make when his mind is set on it, and especially when he is working unselfishly for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. Let this be faithfully worked and the best results will follow.

Third, there is self-denial. A week of self-denial is becoming quite common among religious people. But our Lord calls not merely for a week of it now and then, but a steady life course of it. This is part of our distinction in following Christ (See Matt. 10-24). If we deny ourselves to help Christ's cause how delightful it

is. It pleases the Lord, and it is exceedingly profitable to us.

How much we spend in self-gratification, in useless display, in foolish and empty pleasure! How much we waste! When our Lord told the disciples to gather up the fragments after the multitudes had been fed, it was to teach us to be careful and to waste nothing.

Self-denial may take many forms. Wearing a bit of apparel a little longer to get money for God's cause, puts a glory on the garment. And so of all else. As we do this we are laying up for ourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

NEWS FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

CLEMENTSVALE.—Mr. G. W. Parks, of Inglisville, made a short visit here last week.

Rev. S. Langille exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. C. White, of Annapolis, last Sunday.

Notwithstanding the bad roads and rainy day, sixteen members of the W.M.A.S. met at Mrs. Potter's, last Wednesday, for their monthly missionary meeting, the result being one of the best meetings of the year. In the evening a large number were gathered there, and a pleasing programme of music, recitations and readings was well rendered.

SPRINGFIELD.—The ladies of the W.M.A. Society held a sacred concert on Sunday evening, the 8th. A full programme, a large audience, and a good collection, made the entertainment quite enjoyable.—*Monitor.*

A sister writes from Jeddore, that the Mission Band is still progressing. The meetings are held monthly. They find it hard work to raise money, and on this account are sometimes inclined to give up.

But we say No, while money is needed, while money we must have—yet there are other needs as important. The boys and girls in this and other Mission Bands will be the working men and women in our churches soon. And these monthly meetings are training them for future work. How shall they do Christ's work as He commanded, if they are not taught now? Tired workers, discouraged workers, press on. Continue your meetings. Teach your boys and girls what Christ's last command *really* meant. Give them His own bread, world-enriching views, on that command, and when they do take their places in His Church, it will be as "workmen that need not be ashamed." Your work is not in vain.

"Our Aid Society at Smith's Cove (writes Mrs. Eaton) is gaining. The girls are enthusiastic, and say they would like a meeting every week.

"We observed Crusade Day, held a public meeting in January, and intend holding another before long."

From a private letter from Antigonish, we glean the following: that the pastor's wife is hard at work, and has the "little tots" interested in mission work.

The Mission Aid Society is growing, new ones are expected to join at the next meeting.

FROM THE WORLD-FIELD.

"THE threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born," is the saying in Morocco. She is despised and a slave, having no place in the system of Islam. But the work of the lady missionaries who have gone there is beginning to show that a quiet, social, if not spiritual, revolution is taking place.—*Christian Leader.*

THE KOHLA OF INDIA.—This is the jubilee year of the Gossner Missionary Society to the Kohls of India. Four missionaries were sent out just fifty years ago. They settled in a most desolate country among an aboriginal people. After five years of labor, they wrote home that their work was useless, and they must go to another field.

"Pastor Gossner replied, "Preach always; but above all pray, and we will redouble our prayers at home."

A few months later, four Kohls were converted. This was soon followed by others; and in seven years, there were four central stations, with a thousand Christians.

To-day among the two millions of Kohls, there are a hundred thousand adherents of Christianity.—*P. M. Weekly.*

A CALCUTTA paper publishes the following:—"Some months ago the home of a wealthy Hindu family was on fire. There were nine *purdah* (*zonana*) ladies in the house, all of whom resolved to meet their fate in the flames rather than expose themselves to the crowd which surrounded the building. Six of them perished, and the other three were dragged out by force, terribly burned.

THE sentiments chosen for the coffins of the three young women massacred recently at Kucheng, are as follows: "The Master has come and calleth for thee; "Not counting their lives dear unto them"; "Faithful unto death"; "Jesus only"; "She asked for life and Thou hast given it, even life for ever and ever"; "Where I am, there shall My servant be."—*The Missionary.*

THESE present Armenian massacres are nothing new in Turkish policy. Christian subjects of the Ottomans have again and again been decimated. Moslem fanaticism and the original savagery of the Osmanli have frequently broken out. The leopard has not changed his spots. There were massacres of the Greeks in 1832, of the Nestorians in 1850, of the Syrians in 1860, of the Cretans in 1807, of the Bulgarians in 1876, and of the Vezidia in 1892.—*E. Churchman.*

AT Mussoorie, India, the Rev. Thomas Evans, in reporting the baptism of several soldiers, tells also of the baptism of one named Sobhu Singe, who is a native of Tibet, and who has a great desire to be the first to open up that dark land so long barred against the heralds of the Cross. He is described as a man full of energy, and as having no fear of man or the want of means. He has great hopes of being allowed to enter Tibet, and there shed abroad the light of the grace of God.—*Missionary Review.*

To interest the wee ones in Christ's work is surely one of the ways of obeying His command: "Feed my sheep."

Young People's Department.

"FOR HIS SAKE"

[Our young readers will remember that during the recent Chinese riots several missionaries were massacred. Miss Elsie Marshall was one of the number.]

This is the title of one of the most beautiful missionary books of recent times. It is a bundle of letters written by Elsie Marshall, one of the girl-martyrs of Ku-cheng. These letters, which were sent to relatives and friends without any thought of publication, were written between 1892, when Miss Marshall first went out to China, and 1895, when she was called "Home." They are the record of a singularly sweet and consecrated young life. They sparkle with bits of humor and girl-like fun, but are permeated throughout with a spirit of intense love and enthusiasm for Jesus Christ and for His work in the world. The little introductory memoir gives us various peeps of her home-life, where, from her very babyhood, Elsie seems to have lived the Christ-life. The testimony of her schoolfellows as to her school days is peculiarly touching, and we hear how "unkindness and strife seemed to cease when she came near." "We used to be ashamed to let Elsie hear quarrelling and bitterness."

Miss Marshall sailed for China in October, 1892, after a course of training at "The Willows" and in the Midway Hospital. Since her death some of her fellow-passengers have written to her father, giving a little account of Elsie's devotion and helpfulness on board ship. They tell of the little services she held with the crew, the stewards, and the children, and that her life seemed an entire sacrifice to her Saviour. In one of her first letters to her father after reaching China, Elsie speaks of having that day received a letter from a sailor with whom she had had much conversation on the voyage out. This sailor writes to say that the very day after she landed at Hong Kong he had found Christ. Elsie says: "I tell you this because I want you to share in my joy. Of course, it is no praise to me, or I would not have told you. It is only so good of Jesus to give me this wonderful joy of knowing that I have been used by Him. There is no joy like it."

Her study of the difficult Chinese language was literally "a work of faith and labour of love," and she actually passed the first examination in six months instead of twelve. An experienced missionary wrote of her learning the language in so short a time as a miracle. "God just gave her the language." It was characteristic of the girl that when she began the difficult study, she hung up these texts in her room: "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I, the Lord?" Some of her letters written during the first months of her stay in China are a most valuable and interesting record of Chinese life and customs. We find Miss Marshall in the homes of the people, rich and poor. Nothing escapes her notice, and the snapshot word-pictures of Chinese feasts, weddings, temples, etc., given are those of an intelligent, wide-awake young Englishwoman. She seizes every opportunity offered for giving the message she has come to China to deliver, and one is struck throughout the book, not only with her whole-heartedness and thorough missionary spirit, but with her wonderful humility.

The language once mastered, Elsie Marshall's energies knew no bounds. She threw herself heart and soul into

the manifold and varied duties of a consecrated missionary's life. Whether engaged in teaching in the schools, visiting the women in their homes, or in itinerant work, the one aim of her existence was to tell of Jesus, the Saviour for the poor Chinese. Some of the descriptions of her journeys by boat, and by chair are very vividly told. She met with dangers not a few, with discomforts many; but she makes light of personal inconveniences and hardships, and would have us believe they were quite amusing experiences.

Some ten months before the massacre of the missionaries last August, we find Miss Marshall speaking of the Vegetarian sect, and the trouble they were causing in many places. She writes: "The Vegetarians said that Christianity is getting on too fast, and they are going to make a stand against it. Isn't that good news? They will find it rather difficult to do that, won't they? They can't get on much when they are fighting against God."

On the last Christmas Eve she spent on earth she writes: "One more Christmas nearly gone, one more nearer Heaven. The message that comes to my heart to-day: 'The Lord of Peace Himself give you peace always, at all times and in all places.' It is so true; with the Prince of Peace in our hearts, there must be peace, such peace that nothing can touch, no, not even separation; for 'with loved ones far away, in Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.' It is all joy, for all is for His dear sake."

On March 29th, we find from her letters home that they were on the eve of insurrection in Ku-cheng. The Vegetarians had mustered 3,000 strong in the city. Mr. Stewart wrote to all the lady missionaries in the country districts around to tell them to come within the city walls. Miss Marshall adds: "It seems so mean to run away and leave the women, after teaching them to trust in God. To run away at the first note of danger seems so like preaching what we don't believe. Topsy and I can't bear the thought of going in for that. However, if it is the Lord's will, it must be right. We do not know whether the women here will be in danger; if so we have begged Mr. Stewart to let us stop and be with them." But they all had to obey orders and enter the city, about which she writes: "This is such a funny thing; it is almost like living in a story-book. Mr. Stewart says it is like the 'Arabian Nights.' No one here ever remembers such a thing happening as the city being closed, the city straightly shut up. And not only that, but the primitive, almost antediluvian, style of the whole thing is so amusing."

But affairs grew more serious, and the little band of missionaries were ordered off to Foochow for protection. This was a hard trial to them, and Elsie writes to her sister, in April last, as follows: "I just feel as if the Lord must be going to teach us something well worth learning. This is the very hardest thing the Lord has ever asked me to do in all my life, though I can be glad about it when I feel it is His will, and He has told me to come away. I just feel, if only the Lord had said: 'Will you stay here for Me, and run the risk of the mob?' I would just have felt I could not thank Him enough for giving me the easy thing to do; and to run away and leave them all—it seems as if nothing after this could ever be hard."

After peace was made between China and Japan, the missionaries were able to go back to their much-loved work. The last letter written by Elsie Marshall was dated from Hwa-sang (Ku-cheng), July 22nd, just about

a week before her call came to her to give up her life "for His sake." She says: "I am so happy out here. He has been so good to me, and He does so fill the blank in one's heart that is made by leaving home. We must not be too much engrossed in the work itself to forget the Master, but to remember if He likes to call us away to other work He is at liberty to do so. We are His bondslaves, just to go here and there as He pleases, and He has made me so glad to leave it all with Him now, and there's not a shade of worry."

These are the last words recorded of this brave young heart, who, at the early age of twenty-five, finished her work, and received the martyr's crown.

MOLLIE'S GIFT.

[Leaflet issued by the Women's Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church.]

"Oh, mamma! we had a new scholar to-day, and don't you think, she's black! Her name is Delia, and she came all the way from North Carolina," cried Mollie, breathlessly.

"Talk a little slower, my child; where does this little girl live?"

Mollie tossed off her hat, and, coming close to her mother, began again.

"Well, she lives with Miss Cross, up on the hill. She was in a school down South, and Miss Cross wrote down there for a girl; you know nobody up here will live with her because she's Cross by name and cross by nature."

"That's not very kind, Mollie. Tell me about Delia."

"Well, it was Delia's turn to go, because she had been there longest, and they wanted to take some other girl in the school right away. Isn't it funny? Their schools are not near large enough to hold the scholars, and some of them have to wait so long they never get a chance. Miss Cross wrote a letter and sent money enough to have Delia come by express—just think of that, a girl by express! and she really did. They tied a long tag on her, too, but they let her sit in the passenger car."

"When she got in New York the express agent put her in the horse cars to ride to the railroad station, and there somebody else tied another tag on her and sent her straight out here. I think she must be glad to get where she can go to school without crowding somebody else out."

Mollie's home was in one of those rare country districts where negroes were seldom seen. But the "law of heredity" held its own, and the abolition principles for which their fathers fought were sustained by these children as they welcomed the little colored girl to their games and classes. They tried to make her at home, just as they would had her black cheeks been pink and white, or the woolly kinks on her head golden curls. Every spare moment out of school hours saw her surrounded by an eager group of girls, who listened while she told of the school she had left. One day their teacher overheard one of these talks and thought it a good time to do a little missionary work. That afternoon Mollie came home with a new store of information.

"Mamma," she began, "we heard lots more about Delia's school to-day. Besides lessons in books, they learn to wash and iron, and bake and sew, and their teachers tell them about Jesus, too, for, just think! some of them have never heard of Him. Delia says two hundred were turned away from her school last year, and

some of them did cry so when they found they couldn't stay. Well, while we were talking, Miss Price came in and showed us, on the map, where Delia's school was, and told us all about the schools for the Indians out West, and even way up in Alaska. My! the missionaries who go there must be awful good to go so far away. Then out in Utah among the Mormons, they are trying to teach the children, too; but in every place they have not near money enough. Miss Price says her little sisters at home belong to a mission band and give a penny a day to help these poor children. Why! in Delia's school two cents will send a child to school one day—only a postage stamp! Miss Price thought we might have a band here, but, oh, dear! I can't join, for I never have a penny a week, even. I wish I could help them some way, but I haven't a thing to sell, nor any way to earn money."

Mollie ended with a sigh, and Mollie's mamma gave another, for, like all mammas, she loved to give her little girl what she wanted. But there were many things Mollie must do without, for they were poor people. Her father kept the little station on the Sura and Safe Railroad, and, that he might be always near his work, occupied, with his family, the rooms on the second floor. Mollie's one pet and plaything was a beautiful Maltese kitten, and, next to mamma, "Kittie Gray" shared all her troubles. So, of course, she must be told about Mollie's desire to help those forlorn little ones who had no home comforts, no school, and, worst of all, no God. Mollie poured it all into Kittie's ear, and received many a sympathetic purr.

But she thought, "Of course you can't help me any, for you're only a cat, after all."

That night Mollie's usual prayer of "Now I lay me," had a new petition, as she asked God to show her some way to get some money.

The next morning, as usual, Mr. Monroe came to take the train to New York, and, as he entered the little waiting-room, stumbled against "Kitty Gray," who had disobeyed orders and stolen in there.

"That's a fine kitten you have here," he said, "and it's just what my little girl most wants. What do you say to letting me have it?"

"Oh! sir, that's my Mollie's, and 't would break her heart if I gave it away."

"Well, I'm sorry for that. It's an unusually fine cat. Tell your child I'll give her a dollar for it if she can make up her mind to sell."

Then the train steamed in, and he was gone. Mollie's father laughed to himself as he thought how his girl would scorn even the large sum of one dollar, when compared with her loved "Kittie Gray." Meanwhile Mollie started off to school, sunny and happy, for she had great faith, and, as she bade her kitten good-bye, she whispered, "I know I'm going to get some money, for I told Jesus all about it."

That evening, as she sat fondling Kittie, her father said, "Now, Mollie, if you want to make money, here's your chance."

"Oh! papa, what is it? Tell me quick?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I don't hardly believe you'll take this, though it's good for a dollar."

"Take it? Well, I guess I will! You don't know how much I want some money."

"Wait a minute, little woman, and I'll explain," and he laid Mr. Monroe's proposition before her.

Could it be her prayer was answered *this way*? Must Mildred Monroe, who had everything lovely, have her prayer, too? Why she never meant to get money so. Ah! little one, that question of self-denial in Christian giving has vexed many an older heart than yours.

In the next twenty-four hours a hard battle was fought—and won, and when, at the close of the day, Mr. Monroe alighted at the station and was about to take his carriage for home, a covered basket was stretched out to him; two blue eyes, a little tearful, I must confess, looked into his, and a sweet voice faltered, "Please sir, here's my—the kitten, and won't you please have her fed meat sometimes, 'cause she gets tired of all milk!" "The kitten? Oh, yes! Thank you. She shall have good care. Here's the money."

And he was gone, thinking as he rode away, "I wonder why she sold the cat; she looked as though it broke her heart."

Mollie fled to her room, finding little comfort for the loss of the mew and purr she used to hear, in the green-back in her hand. But, next day, when she took the bill to Miss Price and told her the story, she smiled as she thought of how some child might be helped by that small amount.

It may seem silly to you, boys and girls, to make such a fuss about a cat. But to Mollie it was just as great a sacrifice as it would be for one of you to give up that new Safety that delighted you last Christmas, or the Kodak you were teasing all your friends with, this season. Could you do that?

Miss Price was a frequent visitor at Mr. Monroe's. So she took the earliest opportunity to call to tell them all about the mission movement, from the time little Della first aroused their interest, until "Kittie Gray" appeared at the Monroe home.

As she talked Mrs. Monroe thought of a mite box on her table—alas! far from full. A package of envelopes, labelled "For Home Missions," which he somehow always forgot to fill and hand in, came to Mr. M.'s mind. But Mildred left the room, and, when she returned, slipped into Miss Price's hand the three dollars remaining from her last allowance, whispering, "Please send it with Mollie's." Her parents, following her example, added their gifts.

Miss Price sent all these contributions, with a bright cheery little letter, telling how it all happened, to the Home Mission Treasurer. And it was such a pleasant story to tell that it has been written again, in the hope that all the lads and lassies who read it may be mindful of the loving Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and will do their best to send that message to the forlorn little ones all over our broad land.

But I'm only a boy, and so many will die
Before I can tell of that home in the sky;
I want to do something to help them to day,
So I'll give all my pennies and then I will pray,
"O Father! send some one to help them just now
To turn from their idols—to Jesus to bow!"
I'll hurry and grow just as fast as I can,
And go there myself, when I am a man.

Missionary Helper.

The Presbyterians have 690 churches with 33,000 communicants in foreign fields, in maintenance of which they last year spent \$970,000.

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