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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

Vol. 10, No 5.] *"The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."*—Is. lx. 3. [JAN., 1888.

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Guards before the Temple of Agnor.

**MISS HATCH'S REQUEST.**—We wish to call special attention to Miss Hatch's request that special prayer be offered in public and in private, for certain worthy objects. The suggestion is a good one and we trust that many will adopt it. There is great power in united petitions. Let us avail ourselves fully of this ever ready resource.

**OUR OWN PAPER.**—The November number of this new Sunday School paper was devoted to Foreign missions, and was prepared with a view to securing a collection for Foreign Missions, on a given Lord's Day, from every Sunday School in Ontario and Quebec. The portraits of our new missionaries which we gave on our first page last month, had already appeared in *Our Own Paper*. We had not space to make due acknowledgment at the time, and we gladly do so now. We have good reason for saying that the Foreign Mission Day proved to be one of great interest in many schools, and that the interest was due very largely to *Our Own Paper*. The price has been made so low, that any Sunday School can afford to take it. (Single copy 25 cents, 5 or more copies 10 cents each, per annum).

**THE MISSIONARY REVIEW.**—As we stated in a recent number, the *Missionary Review of the World* has passed into the able hands of Dr. A. T. Pierson and Dr. J. W. Sherwood, and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, become the publishers. The *Review* has been greatly enlarged, much improved in appearance, and vastly improved in matter. We do not hesitate to say that it is by far the best publication of its kind in existence. Besides the editors, a large number of the ablest writers on missionary matters have been engaged to write regularly for its pages. We should be glad to have a copy of it taken by every *Mission Circle in the Dominion*. The price has been raised from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a year. Even at the advanced price it is remarkably cheap. We have made arrangements with the editors to furnish it to subscribers for the LINK at \$1.75. For \$2.00, the price of the *Review*, we will send the *Review* and the LINK to any address for one year. Those who are already subscribers to the LINK may have the *Review* alone for \$1.75. We hope to receive a large number of orders for this exceedingly valuable publication.

**WHAT A LITTLE GIRL ACCOMPLISHED.**—A Nova Scotia sister writes:—"My little girl ten years old, was quite anxious to try to get some new subscribers, and I let her try and think she was quite successful." She encloses \$3 for new subscriptions and renewals obtained by the dear little girl. We trust that this is the beginning of a career of great usefulness in the cause of missions. Who knows but that she may herself be privileged to spend her life laboring among the heathen? We have many kind friends who give much time and strength to the work of

extending and maintaining the circulation of our little paper; but we have not half enough of them. Where there are such, new names are continually being added to our list and failures to renew are the exception. Where no one takes a special interest in the matter arrearsages and consequent erasures of names are necessarily frequent. Will not every Circle see to it that a competent member is appointed to look after this important part of our work? If we can trust the soundness of the judgment of readers from all parts of Canada and the United States, the LINK is calculated to do good where ever it is read, and contributes much to awakening and sustaining interest in missions. Its circulation might be nearly doubled if every reader would do her share towards the accomplishment of this end. Some of our most appreciative readers are members of other denominations. There is no reason why the LINK should not have a wide circulation outside of our own denomination.

**A LOST MISSIONARY.**—Not lost to the mission cause, but lost to our own Society. A cablegram reads as follows:—"Alexander marries Drake; send another." The expense of sending messages by cable is so great that they must needs be brief; but these five words convey the story that on her voyage to India, our esteemed missionary Miss Alexander was wooed and won by Rev. D. H. Drake, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and that she has decided to make her home and do her work in Madras, instead of Cocanada. It is not for us to say that she has not done wisely and well, and it is quite possible that she may be able to accomplish more in the great city of Madras, than in the comparatively small Cocanada; but we confess to a feeling of bitter disappointment, and we have no doubt many of our readers will share this feeling. We wish Miss Alexander all prosperity and happiness in her Madras home, and we trust that she will keep the readers of the LINK informed about her work just as if she were laboring under our own Board. The last two words of the cablegram were doubtless regarded by the sender as most important of all. In order that no time might be lost in supplying her place, Miss Alexander doubtless chose this way of offering her resignation and requesting the Board to make another appointment. Of the ladies who have been accepted by the Board it is possible that some one may be induced to go at once. The Board will doubtless soon be called together to take into consideration the matter suggested by the cablegram.

**AN INTERESTING BOOK.**—"Fortune's Wheel; A Tale of Hindu Domestic Life," is the title of a book recently translated into English by Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, of India.

The story opens some two hundred years ago, and is written by a high-caste Hindu, K. Vireeshlingham, Pandit. We enter at once into the inner life of the Hindu family, as we follow the fortunes of Rajasekhara, who from being a man of wealth, flattered, looked up to and imposed upon, falls into poverty and is obliged to leave his home

Like Job of still more ancient history, he retrieves all, and returns to his native place, if not a sadder, at least a very much richer man. We are struck with the simple piety displayed, the intense faith in omens, magic, fortune-telling, and we wonder that any could believe for an instant in the medical treatment to which poor Rukmini is subjected. The social questions of the day, such as child-marrings, widows, education of children, the sufferings of the rich from ignorance, are all brought most vividly before us.

Of course, the reader who takes up this tale expecting to learn of missionary work will feel disappointed, yet we venture to say that no thoughtful Christian will rise from a perusal of its pages without an intense feeling of gratitude for the blessings of civilized life and an earnest desire to send the glad tidings to those who are dwelling in such superstition and dense darkness.

The book has copious foot-notes which render it a little awkward at first, for some at least, but it is utterly impossible to proceed without them owing to the many foreign words. A perusal of this work will, we are sure, result in good. Mr. Hutchinson makes a reduction in favor of W. M. A. societies, ministers and Sunday-schools and the book may be ordered from him (at Wolfville, N.S.) for \$1.18, reduced rate.

We cannot help feeling that the book would have had a wider circulation had its price been even less, but we bespeak for it a careful reading and promise satisfaction.

A. E. J.

## TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray ;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work, and duly pray ;  
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day

Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey .  
Help me to mortify my flesh, just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word, unthinking say .  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips, just for to-day

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay .  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace, just for to-day

So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray ;  
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for to-day.

## Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. X.

BY MRS. J. O. YULE.

In the course of these sketches we have touched upon the work of Missions in Western Africa—not indeed upon its beginning, but as exhibiting in the spirit and life of one consecrated worker the scope and aim of the great mission-movement of the period ; and showing that, while hearts were beginning to yearn over India, China, and others of the old lands of the East, as well as over regions of the nearer West, Africa had her share, not only in the solicitude, but in the sacrifice and the service. The life and work of this particular individual, while indeed it has points of special and peculiar interest, is largely illustrative of others not only given to, but sacrificed for the poor degraded-negroes of the Western Coast.

Southern Africa presents to us another rich field of

Missionary enterprise ; but from the many worthy names of those who labored there, we shall select only two—Vanderkemp and Moffatt—as illustrative of the singleness of purpose and patient endurance of hardship which characterized the whole.

John Theodore Vanderkemp was born at Rotterdam, a little before the middle of the eighteenth century. Educated in the University of Leyden, for eighteen years an officer in the army, afterwards graduated as Doctor of Medicine from the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Vanderkemp stood high in every department of life, both as a finished scholar and a polished gentleman. Of him, Dr. Moffatt says :—" He came from a University to stoop to teach the alphabet to the poor naked Hottentot and Kaffro ; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the lowest grade in the scale of humanity ; from stately mansions to the filthy hovel of the African ; from the army, to instruct the fierce savage in the tactics of a heavenly warfare under the banner of the Prince of Peace ; from the study of physic, to become a guide to the balm of Gilead and the Physician there ; and, finally, from a life of earthly honor and ease, to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, and of the heathen."

And yet, with all these worldly honors upon him, Dr. Vanderkemp, up almost to the age of fifty, was without hope and without God in the world, careless about religion, and even scoffing at its claims. But God has His own mysterious agencies for calling his chosen ones out from their death-sleep of sin, and shaping them for the great ends He intends them to subserv. One bright June day, while out with his wife and daughter, for a sail on the river Meuse, near Dort, his boat was caught in a sudden storm, upset, and his loved ones perished before his eyes ; but he himself after being carried by the current a mile below the city, was rescued from death by a passing ship ; for a strange, new work of which, in its relation to himself, he had previously never dreamed.

It is no wonder that from this hour Dr. Vanderkemp became a deeply thoughtful man. Deep conviction of his sinfulness fastened upon his mind, and the mercy of God in sparing a life from which He had so long been shut out, filled him with amazement. At length he was enabled to cast himself wholly upon that mercy in Jesus Christ, and with that new life was begotten in his heart a new desire, intense and all-absorbing, to live and labor for his Lord.

He offered himself to the London Missionary Society as a laborer, was appointed to Southern Africa, and in company with two other missionaries landed at Cape Town on the last day of March, 1799, being at that time already fifty-two years of age.

Instead of stopping among the Hottentots of the colony, he chose to push on and labor among the more distant tribes where he felt he was more needed ; and accordingly with one missionary companion, passed beyond the limits of the farthest colonial town, into the heart of the Kaffro country, where continual wars were being waged between the natives and the colonies, and even among the inhabitants themselves.

We cannot here enter into the details of the hardship, loneliness, and toil of this devoted man. His fellow-missionary only remained with him a short time, and then he was left alone to face the suspicion, ignorance, and hostility of the natives. "So completely," says his biographer, "was he mastered by the sameness of all around him—the same labor, the same absence of results, that he became bewildered at one time ; and for a while kept his Sabbath on Saturday without knowing it."

"It is well," continues his biographer, "to remember that Vanderkemp, who thus gave up all for Christ and the heathen, was a man of great talent and learning. He was a ripe scholar, and knew many languages; had distinguished himself and risen to high rank in the army of his earthly Sovereign; but from love to the Saviour had put aside all his honours; had come to mingle with savages, and to bear their sneers and reproaches; taking the axe, the sickle, the spade and the mattock; lying down in the place where dogs reposed; spending nights with his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his frail house about his ears; annoyed by nightly visits of hungry hyenas; and sometimes hearing whispers of murderous plans laid for his destruction. But, with all this, he calmly proceeded on his way. And God blessed him, and made use of him to open the way for future work by other workmen."

It was through Dr. Vanderkemp's means that the Mission Institution at Bethelsdorp was founded; and here he was permitted to see a large number of Africans collected in one settlement, a church organized, and the people well advanced in civilization.

When upwards of sixty-three years old, he formed the purpose of founding a mission in the Island of Madagascar. But God saw fit to call his willing and devoted servant away from further hardship and exposure to the reward of faithful service above. His death was from apoplexy sudden and unlooked for, but it found him ready to meet it as a Christian should. His last words were "All is well!" and every heart, in view of what he had been and what he was, must respond with grateful joy "All is well!"

"Of Vanderkemp's life and labors, Dr. Moffat says:—It is impossible to take a review of his character without admiring his devotion to his work, and without observing in how remarkable a manner the work of other missionaries was prepared for by what he did; so that the operations in that country now carried on by the London, Glasgow, and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have all profited by his labors.

"How insignificant have been the privations and dangers of more modern laborers, when compared with those of Vanderkemp, Kirchorst, Anderson, and Albrecht, who first entered those regions of heathenism, introducing the gospel plough, and casting the seed into an ungenial soil, where, though in some instances it remained long buried, it eventually produced an abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit whereof shall shake like Lebanon." To none is this comparison more applicable than to Vanderkemp. All who are acquainted with the history of our African missions must admit these facts, and say, "they indeed labored, and we have entered into their labors."

Of Africa as compared with other heathen countries, Dr. Bainbridge remarks:—"In no part of the world does the missionary need more knowledge of human nature and more tact than in Africa. He must first win confidence. The natives must believe in him before they will give any real attention to his message. A life full of sympathy, politeness, and patience needs to be laid upon the altar. Says a missionary:—"I have found that human kindness is a key that unlocks every door." The heart of Christendom is turning towards Africa. It will open the continent. The prejudice of centuries of wrong is giving way, and this great land is sure to be one of the brightest jewels in our Saviour's crown."

## Pronunciation of Hindoo Words.

DEAR LINK,—Somebody wants me to indicate the proper pronunciation of Hindoo words occurring frequently in our Foreign Mission reports.

This is difficult to do, because our missionaries do not always spell the same, and because it is almost impossible with our English signs, to indicate accent, etc. But however, I will do my best.

First a few general rules:

The letter "a" is never used with our sound of a in fate, it is always either short, as a in man, or long, as a in father. The letter "i" is never used with our sound of i, in pine; it also, is either long, like the Italian, as ee in feed, or short like our i in fig. "U" has two sounds, long and short, like our u in turn and u in fun, they are indicated by the following signs: -

The letter h also those two sounds indicated in the same way. There is no need of oo at all as long as u gives that sound. The letter e has two sounds, one e as in met and is often used to indicate the long a sound with a bar over it like a in fate.

Now I will give you some of our names with these signs: Cocanada, Akida, Tuni, Samulcottá—Stations. Moramanda, Nalluru, Gedénapalli, Thantikonda, Yelapam, Pasalapudi, Poddapur, Pottapur, etc. are villages on the Cocanada field. Suburbs of Cocanada are Rechtipalem and Jagánadhapuram. On the Akidu field are the following: Ganapavarum, Artamuu, Chinnamilli, Malik-mahaned-puram, Asaram. Gunanapudi, Komanamudi, Guduvada, Dondada. Boddaguntá, Godlavalleru. On the Tuni field we have Jaggampet, Chinnayapalem (here the ay is equivalent to ai or long i sound) Annavarum, Nundur, Sarraya palem, Darmasagar, Kattapudi.

Now you can see at once that unless the values of these vowels are always indicated by signs, or unless a person is acquainted with the genius of the language it will be impossible to pronounce correctly, and I am not sure that it is worth while for ordinary persons to try. Besides the difficulties referred to above there are others still more formidable. Some of these d's are hard and some soft, some are aspirated and some are not, some of the t's are soft, some hard and some aspirated. But these cannot be indicated in English. Hard consonants following long vowel sounds take a half r sound or kind of bur with them.

Now I hope what I have written will be of some benefit to some of our readers.

JOHN McLAURIN.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Subjects of Special Prayer for the Coming Year.

Will not all the readers of the LINK and women of our churches unite in prayer for the following:

That the two remaining missionaries on our field with their wives may receive power and wisdom from on high and strength and grace for the time of need. Upon these for the coming year will rest all the burden of this work among the Telugus.

That the blessing of God may rest upon the lady missionary who is preparing, and the six other missionaries who are on their way to us, three of whom we hope to see this week, giving them health of body, soundness

of mind, quickness of intellect and spiritual power that they may be speedily equipped for the work which is waiting and has been waiting for them so long.

That God will especially bless the women among our Christians Rescued from the depths of heathenism whose virtue is a stranger, brought up as their ancestors before them in degradation and sin, and still, though separate, sullied by vice in all its forms they need your prayers. Pray not only that they may be kept pure, steadfast, and immovable, (I should like to underline these three words making them emphatic), but always abounding in love and in good works.

That the gift of the Holy Ghost may be given to the women workers.

There are seven in Cocanada four only of whom are natives, and about as many more in other different villages. They have so much superstition to fight against as they talk to the women, and so much indifference, and even seem to receive, and withal are permitted to see, but little of their labors, that they need special prayers.

That the women who hear the Gospel in their homes may be converted. In Cocanada from 90 to 100 homes are visited. Within three months about 600 visits have been made where there has been an aggregate of about 2000 hearers. Though at times they scorn and reject the Word, they more often hear it with joy and gladness, but they are yet far from learning the lesson that the kingdom of God consists not in meat and drink, but in joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. Some can read, and others are expressing a great desire to learn that they may read the word of God for themselves. A few we believe have found the Word of Life.

That the girls in our boarding school may learn much that may profit them not only for this life but for the life which is to come, and that wherever their lot may be cast they may be found faithful, becoming a source of blessing to those around them.

That the precious seed of the Gospel as it is being taken by these girls and by the Bible women once or twice a week to the near villages where the women are spoken to in the lanes and in the alleys may bear fruit abundantly. In one village, notorious for its wickedness, where the women on first going thought they would meet much abuse, and perhaps have stones cast or missiles thrown at them, the people now treat them with much respect, listening attentively and earnestly to the Gospel of Truth. Pray for a harvest of souls.

There are many many other things to pray for, but these seven special requests I have had it on my heart to ask our sisters to remember. How many of you my dear sisters are ready to take up one by one for each day in the week a special prayer for the prosperity of the work in this dark land?

"If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

S I HANN,

Cocanada, November 10, 1887.

### Bobbli.

MY DEAR LINK, We have had a very pleasant change lately by spending a week at Bimlipatam. Mr. Sanford had finished the chapel he was building and invited us to be present at the dedicatory exercises, and take part in them. The chapel is a very pretty, neat building, and was opened September 14th, by a Telugu service in the morning, and English in the evening, and a temperance

meeting was held the following evening. All the exercises were very interesting and enjoyable, and we earnestly pray that the house built for and dedicated to the Lord, may be the birth-place of many, many souls.

At Bobbli all of our helpers and some of our boarders have been sick the past month, so that our work has been hindered. But most of them are up again now, and we are looking forward to the cool season with hope and earnest prayer that much work may be done, and that the Lord will give us some visible tokens of His presence to bless and convert.

My heart was much encouraged last week by my visit to my zenana women. They had each been very ill, so that they could not read for some weeks.

When we called at the first house, my woman took us first to see her little girl not a month old, and then asked us to go into the room where we read, etc. She immediately brought her "Luke," but before beginning to read she said she had had two answers to prayer since we last visited her. At that time she was quite ill with dysentery and feared she would die, but she prayed to Jesus and asked Him to make her well, and He did. Then after her babe was born, there were bad symptoms and they all thought she was taking a disease that might end her life. Again she prayed to Jesus and again He heard and cured her. She told this with such a radiant face, that I could only sit still and with an overflowing heart thank the Lord. She then read the lesson in Luke, readily taking in almost every word, and asking questions where she did not understand. The two sisters in the other house I visit, seem much more interested in the Bible lesson than formerly. Will not the readers of the LINK offer special prayer for these three zenana women, that they may each come out speedily into the true light and liberty of the Gospel?

My school continues about the same, the only trouble being to get the children to come regularly. I have been much grieved during the past two months, because the parents of the two Hindoo girls in my highest class, have persistently kept them at home, after promising again and again, when I visited them, to send the girls to school. One of these girls, Chinnimuh, I must tell you something more about, as I want to request special believing prayer for her too. She is about eleven years old, a very modest, pretty girl, my best scholar, and in every way her conduct is most exemplary. In speaking to her personally one day in my Bible class, she said she believed in Jesus and would like to be baptized, but with such a sad look in her eyes, she said she knew her parents would not allow her to be. Very soon after this she was kept from school, first with one excuse and then another. One day as we visited her home, in talking of her, her mother said she was a disobedient child and would not do her work at home, and people would say that was what she learned at my school. I called Chinnimuh and asked her to repeat the fifth commandment, which she did. "That is what we teach them in school," I said, "and I cannot imagine Chinnimuh being disobedient, for she always does what I tell her." "Oh, yes, she minds you," the mother said, "but she won't mind me, when I tell her to sweep the floor she goes away and cries." Sianna, who knows the mother better than I, said, "If you speak kindly to her she will do anything you tell her, but when you say hard, bad words to her, she can only go and cry." The mother laughed and said no more. So I saw how it was, this was only another excuse to keep the child away from us, and I thought how hard for her to live a Christian life in such a home and with a mother who would rather her child would be bad than good. And yet this

mother is a great improvement on many, many Telugu mothers I visit, for she has a native lady-like grace about her, and is not boisterous and rough generally. Chinnimah said she would get up at daybreak and do what work she had to do, if her mother would let her go to school. So the mother promised to send her regularly till Christmas, so as to get her Christmas present, and then she must leave school as she wanted to marry her soon after that. Days passed and she did not come to school, so I went to see the mother and asked that she might only come on Sunday mornings and she should fare the same on Christmas as all the other children. As I talked of the love of Jesus, and how He would help us every day to bear our burdens if we only trusted in Him, the child's eyes were filled with tears. This did not escape the mother's gaze, and twice while I was talking she made an excuse to send the child into the house. However, she promised to send her on Sundays; but still she came not. In praying to the Lord to give her to us in some way, so that we could keep her under our influence till she was more established, I thought of offering her the post of conductress in the school. Had engaged a woman but she afterwards said she would not do it unless I gave more pay, and left. So we went again to Chinnimah's mother and told her that the teachers could no longer go to collect the girls in the mornings and I was about hiring a conductress for the school, and I would rather give the post to one of my school girls than to any other, and Chinnimah was the most suitable, and I would give it to her if the mother wished it and would send her regularly to bring the girls and stay herself in school. She was glad of the pay, so consented and for the last few days Chinnimah has been doing her work and joyfully coming to school.

In the Friday afternoon prayer-meeting with my school children, after the Christian girls had prayed, I asked if there were any others among them who wished to ask for a new heart. Chinnimah said she did, and knelt down before all her schoolmates and prayed, as did also Amelia our preacher's daughter, and our two boarding boys. Again yesterday morning in our Bible class she knelt with our two Christian girls and asked the Lord to bless all of our pupils and to convert the Brahmin teacher who is now very ill, and to soften the hearts of the parents of the other little girl in their class, who is kept away from school, so that she may come again to school and Bible-class.

So hard is it to keep girls in school after they get to be ten or eleven years old, for then they must be married, if this has not been attended to for them when they were younger.

We have had heavy rains for the last few days, after two weeks of hot dry weather, so I suppose the monsoon is on us, and after that the cool season, when it is much easier to work than in the months now past.

Will your readers not join with us in the prayer that ere the cool season closes we may have some joyful news to write for your prayers?

October 10th, 1887.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

**ELGIN ASSOCIATION.**—Three new Circles have been organized during the year. Berean Foreign Circle. Jubilee for Home and Foreign, St. Thomas for Home. We are glad to report an increased interest, and some Circles have doubled their contributions this year. There are now twelve Circles and two Bands in the Association. The following is the amount raised by them during the year: Aylmer H.M., \$38; do. F.M., \$28; Bayham H.M.,

\$14.88; do. F.M., \$14.38; Berean F.M., \$8; Calton H.M., \$6.50; do. F.M., \$18; Fingal H.M., \$6.50; do. F.M., \$18; First Houghton F.M., \$73; Jubilee F.M., \$8.50; Iona H.M., \$15; do. F.M., \$14.50; Sparta H.M., \$5; do. F.M., \$13; St. Thomas H.M., \$52; do. F.M., \$71; do. M.B., \$31; amount raised by the Association for H.M., \$136.88; do. for F.M., \$308; Total, \$644.88. Aylmer M. B. not reported. St. Thomas Circles made two life members this year, Mrs. Morse in the Home and Mrs. Welter in the Foreign.

E. WELTER, *Assoc. Director.*

[This report came too late for last month.—Ed.]

## New Circles.

**FREELTON.**—Mission Band organized by Mrs. Bracken. *Pres.*, Miss Burkholder; *Vice-Pres.*, Miss C. Johnstone.

**1ST LORO.**—Home Mission Circle organized Nov. 9th. *Officers: Pres.*, Miss Janie Alway; *Sec. Treas.*, Miss H. P. Alway.

**DARTMOUTH, N. S.**—Mission Band organized Oct. 17th. Takes the name of Willing Helpers. Meetings to be held weekly and a special meeting once a month. Membership nineteen.

**WILKESPORT.**—Mission Band organized in this place July 5th, 1887, with a membership of fourteen, numbers increasing. Not so healthy as it might be, but looking for an increase of interest.

**PORT GEORGE, N. S.**—W. M. A. Society organized in July last by Miss Porter. Number of members, fourteen. *Pres.*, Mrs. W. Slocomb; *Sec.*, Miss Julia L. Slocomb. *Treas.*, Miss Emma A. Slocomb.

**PHILIPPSVILLE.**—A Home and Foreign Circle was organized in September by Mrs. S. Sheldon. Although started with only nine members, and some of those quite young, yet it has a good out-look and a good mission spirit.

HELEN WHITE, *Cor.-Sec.*

**MT. HANDY, N. S.**—W. M. A. Society organized Aug. 21st, by Miss Clara Porter of Middleton, membership seventeen. *Officers: Pres.*, Mrs. Joshua S. Millar; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. D. H. Armstrong; *Sec.*, Miss Emma Brown. *Treas.*, Mrs. M. L. Morton.

**BLENNHEIM.**—Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized Nov. 30th, by Mrs. A. C. Baker, of Sarnia, twenty members. *Officers: Pres.*, Mrs. Carey; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. Wixon; *Treas.*, Mrs. Stevens; *Sec.*, Mrs. Beidle; *Solicitors*, Misses Miller, Pickering, Morgan and Smith.

**CLAREMONT.**—Our Band was organized on May 9th, with twenty-two members, we have now eighty-eight. We support a student in India. On Nov. 22nd, we had an entertainment which was a complete success, collection amounting to \$10.20. May the mission cause go on prospering.

B. C. BUNDY, *Sec.*

**ERIN.**—Home and Foreign Mission Circle was organized Nov. 9th by Mrs. Newman of Toronto, with a membership of seventeen. *Officers: Pres.*, Mrs. Long; *Vice-Pres.*, Miss Aggie Scott; *Sec.*, Miss Lizzie Graham; *Treas.*, Miss Lizzie Lewis; *Solicitors*, Miss Sayes and Miss Sawyer. On the evening of the same day a very interesting and

instructive address on missions was delivered by Mrs. Newman to a very large audience, which was much appreciated and the interest in mission work largely increased, also a reading was given by Miss Graham, "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box," and a duet by Mrs. Campbell and Miss Mathewson of Hillsburg. Meeting closed with prayer by the Rev. M. P. Campbell of Hillsburg. Collection, \$6.35.  
LIZZIE GRAHAM, Sec.

### News from the Circles.

**SOUTH ARTHUR.**—The Circle has held two public meetings during the year. At the first, Mrs. Thompson, of Guelph, gave an address. At the second the pastor, Mr. Webb, gave an address on, "How to do much with little money," also, on, "The condition of woman in India, our duty toward them, etc." Collection in aid of Foreign Missions, \$3.25. The Circle, though not increasing in numbers, is in interest and missionary zeal.

C. P. H.

**PORT HOPE.**—Our Band gave an entertainment Nov. 29th, consisting of readings, recitations and exercises by the Band and a short address by Mr. W. P. Crombie, who happened to be present. The Sunday-school room was crowded. The collection amounted to \$23.00.

The following programme was also rendered: Singing, hymn 233 (S.S.); reading, scripture, prayer; remarks by the pastor, Rev. D. Reddick; chorus by boys of the Band; recitation, "Our Mission Band"; solo, "There is Something I can do," exercise by six girls; reading, "Miss Briggs changes her mind"; song, "Given up to Jesus"; exercise by twenty-one girls; duet, "Go ye into all the World" (from the "Missionary Band"); address by Mr. W. P. Crombie.

WINIFRED CHISHOLM, Sec.

**ROCKLAND.**—Our Circle was organized eight months ago with a membership of eleven. We think it high time to let you know we are in existence. We now number twenty-four members. About half this number take the LINK, which we find very interesting and instructive. We frequently read extracts from it at our meetings, and find the interest in both Home and Foreign work is growing here, and we all mean to show a greater interest in this work in the future. We have raised \$13 and expect to do better in this way. We have not been able to hold a public meeting yet, but hope soon to do so, and trust it may be the means of leading some others to take an interest in this great work.

IDA McLEAN, Sec.

**STRATHROY.**—As seen by the *Baptist*, September 29th, we held a public meeting September 22nd, to wish Miss Chute good-bye, before leaving us to join her brother in his mission work in India. There were a number of friends present from the different churches of the town, who joined us in wishing Miss Chute God-speed and every success in her new work. The evening passed pleasantly and successfully with music, and speeches from some of the resident ministers and others. On Monday afternoon, September 26th, the members of the Mission Circle and ladies of the congregation both took opportunity to wish their sister good-bye as a member of the Mission Circle; addresses were offered by several of the ladies, assuring Miss Chute of their deep interest in her welfare and their sincere prayer that God would abundantly bless her efforts. In reply Miss Chute said that she felt her weak-

ness, but trusted in God to strengthen her and make her a useful servant in His work. Before leaving, the ladies of the Mission Circle presented Miss Chute with a suitable present, as an expression of their esteem.

ANNIE R. PEARCE.

**WYOMING.**—On Friday evening, Sept. 2nd, a public meeting of the Women and Children's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Wyoming Baptist Church was held. The meeting opened with devotional exercises, Mr. A. Hill presiding. The Secretary's report showed that the F. M. Circle organized six and one-half years ago, with nine members, now numbers twenty-three; the H. M. Circle organized three years ago with a membership of eight, now numbers twenty-three; and the H. M. Band organized three years ago, now numbers twenty-five. The amount paid in by the three societies since organization and forwarded to the treasurer of Central Board is \$208. Interesting papers, showing the present state of the work and requirements of Home, Grange Light and Foreign Missions were read. The Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, of Strathroy was present, and delivered an excellent address on the subject of "Woman's Work for Women." Suitable selections of music were rendered between the papers and addresses. A map exercise of the foreign mission field, conducted by the president of the Mission Band, showed that the children were not ignorant concerning that field of labor. Collection, \$6.25.  
E. PARK.

**FOREST.**—It is now over a year since we as a Circle sent any report of our work to the LINK. The anniversary of our organization comes in June, but acting upon the advice given by Mrs. Elliott at the Annual Meeting over a year ago, we postponed the election of our officers until September, so as to have our year tally with that of the Women's Society.

We cannot report an increase of membership, but this is not owing to a lack of interest, as there seems to be in our church more interest taken in missions than ever was before, and there has been money contributed to our Circle by those who do not belong to it.

Our monthly meetings are on an average very well attended, and I believe that every member of our Circle is in thorough sympathy with the work. Quite a large number of LINKs are taken, and we hope that during the year which we have now entered upon, many of our sisters will not only read our missionary paper, but will become active members of our Circle. In connection with our church we have a Young People's Missionary Society, which is doing a good work. I am not in a position to give an accurate account of the work of this Society, but would like very much to see a report in the LINK sent by the Secretary, or some one of them concerning the work they have done, and what they have undertaken to do.

May God increase our love for Him and His blessed work, and may He by His Holy Spirit convince each one of our sisters to come forward, and do their part in sending the glorious gospel to our poor benighted sisters in India.

J. MACKEN.

**WHITBY.**—The Annual Meeting of our Mission Circle was held the last Tuesday evening in November, when the attendance and interest was very encouraging. The reading of secretary and treasurer's reports showed that a good interest had been taken in the work, and although our average attendance was not quite up to the previous



year, still that could be accounted for as some of our members had left town. One of our sisters has been removed by the hand of death, although not often able to be with us, still, she was ever ready with her means, and an encouraging word. We feel "our loss is her gain." Suitable programmes have been given each month, including the latest missionary intelligence, which is always full of interest. We have increased the number of subscribers to LINK from twelve, to thirty-five, but although feeling thankful for increase, still we think there ought to be more taking it. We are often made to wonder why so little interest is taken in missionary work, when we remember it was begun by Christ who was engaged in this work Himself and who sent His disciples to "go into all the world and teach all nations," which includes every one, regardless of color or social standing; all have precious souls to save. How much better would we be to-day than the heathen of India, had not some one brought us the "light of the Gospel," and yet how indifferent some of us are of the souls of the teeming millions, who are yet in spiritual darkness. Let us stop and think, those of us who are interested and who realize the privilege of being allowed to assist in this work, if we are as faithful as we might be, in making our meeting interesting and trying to encourage the indifferent. We trust the coming year may find each member more and more fired up with a love for perishing souls, that we may have a greater influence both with careless and unawed, that Christ's kingdom may be extended and many more be enabled to rejoice in a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus "whom to know is life eternal."

The officers of last year were re-elected, and may each one feel the responsibility resting on them personally, for the advancement of Christ's cause, both at home and abroad, "and be up and doing while it is called to-day."

MARY RAT, Sec.

CHARLESTOWN N.S. I send the following account of our W. M. A. Society, re-organized last month. - *President*, Mrs. Jas. DesBrisay; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Whitman; *Secretary*, Mary C. Davies; *Treasurer*, Miss E. Clark; *Auditor*, Miss J. Currie; *Advisory Committee*, Mrs. Geo. Davies, Mrs. McCrea, Mrs. Stentiford, Mrs. Stevens. Our membership numbers eighteen at present, but we hope to double the numbers soon. The sisters seem interested, and we trust the close of the year will show tangible proofs of our earnestness in this good work, 'tis blessed to be able in any way to advance the Master's kingdom.

MARY C. DAVIES.

DEAR LINK,--Among your readers may be some who will gather inspiration from the following extracts, which I make from a letter received a few days ago from one of our county agents in Nova Scotia.

She says: "Since Convention I have visited the Aid Society at Witterburg and found that all the sisters in the church, except two or three, are members of the Aid. They do not require a county agent to assist them in any way. They are an inspiration to the lover of mission work. The Mission Band meets with the Aid Society, and the interesting exercises of the hour are interspersed with a few cookies, and keep the little ones from becoming weary."

"We have also had interesting meetings at Great Village, Debert River, North River and Onslow. In all these places the missionary outlook is very encouraging."

"Whilst we waited upon the Lord, truly our hearts burned within us. Many fainting hearts have been

revived, and others have come to hold up the hands of the old burden-bearers. If all our sisters in our churches could realize the precious sweetness in thus working for the Saviour—even if they are obliged to make sacrifices—many more tithes would be brought into the store-house, and soon we should hear of copious blessings descending upon all our societies, and extending to those little mission-stations in the Telugu land that are so near and dear to our hearts.

"I find that the MISSIONARY LINK has a place in many homes all through the county. Several subscribers have renewed their subscriptions and some new names have been received."

Shall we not have the blessing to which our sister refers? A few extracts from letters received from the foreign field this month will show how greatly the workers there long for the "copious showers."

Mrs. Churchill writes: "We are having a trying time with sickness among our native helpers, but the Lord must have some wise design in permitting it all. We do feel that native helpers if their hearts are right can do so much more than we can. Oh, that the Lord would come in His power to this barren field, and give us the joy of gathering sheaves for Him."

Mrs. Archibald says: "Our work is increasing in interest and the people give us much better attention than when we first came to this station. Miss Wright keeps steadily on with her work among the women, and I work among all classes. One man was baptized in Kineady, and hundreds of people heard with interest. Mr. Archibald knows of several who are more than ordinarily impressed in the town. One young man is very earnestly seeking the truth; is here often, and yesterday for the first time he prayed with Mr. Archibald. Last Sunday evening we had our second English service since we came to the place. About a hundred English-speaking natives were present, also Europeans and Eurasians. We are about sending to Madras for lamps for our chapel, money raised by private subscription. We want you all to pray for our work in a special manner, and remember very often the young man mentioned above. We want the power of the Spirit."

The answers to these longings is in the power of the women at home to give, for "This is the confidence that we have concerning Him that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

### Work for 1888.

A sister in India writes: "Ever since I heard of your great success last year in raising money, I have been saying to myself, I wonder if those devoted sisters could not by believing, persevering prayer bring down the Lord's blessing this year on our barren fields. And I feel like asking with my whole heart that you will take hold of it with a faith that will not let the Lord go, unless He pour out His Spirit upon us. Missionaries, native helpers, school children, zenana women and the heathen at large. Can you not do this for us! The heathen are perishing and we see none of them willing to be saved in God's way."

Now then, sisters of our Aid Societies, here is your work for this coming year, to bring down the blessing on our mission fields. Fiftful praying will not do, careless praying will not do, but constant, persevering, expectant prayer; prayer such as the Man, Christ Jesus used when with "strong crying and tears" He pleaded. Failure is

impossible, for "If we know that He hears us, *whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.*"

A. E. J.

[The following paragraphs were omitted from Mrs. Craig's articles published in the last two numbers.—Ed.]

22. P. Ruth is from Ganapavaram, on the Akidu field, and was in the school at Akidu until March, 1884, when Mr. Craig brought all the girls up here. She is about sixteen, quite tall and rather bright, although she managed to fail in her last examination.

23. P. Milca is a round-faced, bright-eyed girl of thirteen. Her parents and younger brother live at Nalluru. When she first came to school, four years ago, she was put in the infant class, and now she is in the fourth class, so you can see that she is quite clever. In January of this year she was baptized.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### A Penny a Week and a Prayer.

BY MARY H. GROSSYENER.

There was quite an excitement in the Sunday-school of one of our city churches; and the lessons were over, the classes arranged in long lines, and three hundred pairs of curious eyes were all steadily fixed upon the speaker, a tall, slender man, with a kind, earnest face.

He was a returned missionary, one who was spending his much-needed vacation attempting to arouse interest in the work. He spoke to them of Japan, his adopted country, that land waking from its long sleep, and calling Christians to give to its people the Bible in the place of their old, unsatisfying myths. He told them of life in that strange land, the houses, the language, the beautiful work, bringing a little ripple of laughter by some touch of humor, and tears by a pathetic story.

He then told them of a boy whose heart had been touched by the Holy Spirit, who resolved to attend a Sunday-school against the wishes of his father, a wicked unbeliever. On the evening of every day he attended the school, he was regularly whipped by his father with a piece of rope. After this had been going on for some weeks, the boy appeared before his father on Sunday morning, and handing him the whip, made this request: "Father, as you are determined to whip me every time I go to Sunday-school, I want you to whip me now, so that I may not have to think of the punishment while studying the Bible." The boy's courage led the father to the church, curious to see what so attracted his son, and ended in the man's conversion and confession of Christ. "I do not know how it is with you, but it seems to me I have heard of boys who would almost rather take a whipping than go to Sunday-school." Here he was interrupted by a movement in a class of bright-looking boys. "You seem to know some of those boys," he said, with a smile. Then resuming his address, he added: "And now, dear boys and girls, what will you do to help along this work? If every child here would resolve to give only one penny a week for a year, we would have a surprising sum. Only a penny a week! but it must be your own money, dedicated to the service of Him who gives us all things and who died for the world. But the penny is not all; it needs God's blessing quite as much as larger sums, so when you put it in your box, ask Him to bless your efforts and mine for the Japanese. So it will be in this way a penny a week and a prayer."

Then the school was dismissed; but the excitement was by no means over. Groups of little girls talked the matter over. The boys said little, but resolved to at least give it a trial, and see how it worked.

That same afternoon, two children were sitting upon the steps of a house in one of the poorer portions of the city, in earnest conversation. The girl was the one who had been attracted by the description of the Japanese church, where rich and poor worshipped in the same poor clothes. The other was a boy, two or three years younger, the crotch lying beside him telling a sad tale of helplessness and suffering added to poverty.

"I asked mother the minute I got home, and she said it was grand," the little girl was saying, excitedly; "but how was I to get the penny? You know, Johnnie, Mrs. Beach has asked me lots of times to look after her children while she went out for a day's wash, and offered me ten cents a week for doing it, too; but I never would, because they are the very hatefullest children you ever saw. Now, I'm going right in there to-morrow morning to offer to do it. Mother says I can have all she gives me for myself; but you know I ain't going to spend one cent of it. I'm going to send it all to Japan."

"Oh, Maisie!" Johnnie exclaimed, opening his big blue eyes. "Ten cents a week! why, I expect that will be 'most a hundred dollars in a year, won't it?"

"Of course not, Johnnie. Besides, I won't make that every week, 'cause sometimes Mrs. Beach don't do washing, you know. But what'll you do, Johnnie, to get a penny a week?"

"Maisie," he said, his lip quivering and his eyes filling with tears, "I can't do a thing. Nobody wants a cripple to work for them; I can't send anything to the poor little Japans."

Maisie's eyes moistened sympathetically, her mouth opened, then closed sharply, her cheeks grew red, but as Johnnie, overcome by his feelings, laid his head on the step and sobbed, her lips flew open again, and these words came out quickly: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Johnnie Peters, we'll be partners. You lend me that box of yours with the picture on it, and the money I put in it will be yours and mine. There, now."

"Really and truly, Maisie! My! but you're a good girl;" then despondingly: "but that won't be my doing it. Ain't there anything a lame partner can do, Maisie?"

His sister thought some time, then cried out, triumphantly: "Of course, there is, Johnnie. He said it wouldn't be worth while to put in only pennies, there must be prayers, too; and, Johnnie, you know you never forget your prayers, and I'm real sleepy; so, Johnnie, I'll put in the pennies and you can put in the prayers."

"But what kind of prayers, Maisie? I don't understand."

"Oh, just ask God to bless our efforts, that's what the missionary said. I don't know what efforts means, but maybe it's only another word for pennies, and ask Him to give Mrs. Beach lots of work."

So with tears all dried, and sunshine in his thin face, Johnnie entered into the partnership and limped off after the box, into which the following week was dropped the first fruits of Maisie's work—a blackened ten-cent piece. Hardly earned, too, for the Beach children had been unusually tormenting. The baby had cried for hours at a time, and as the little partners sat upon their doorstep looking at the coin lying in the bottom of the box, Maisie said, with a long-drawn sigh, "You'll have to put in your prayers to-night, Johnnie, after asking God to bless our efforts, and give Mrs. Beach plenty of work."

Week after week of the year slipped by, and the

missionary in his far-away home thought often of that morning in the Sunday-school, and was curious to know if the children had persevered. It had been with them pretty much as it is with us. Some had forgotten all about it before the next day, others had kept up for a month or so, and then grown tired, while others again were patiently dropping in their money week after week. Among the latter were our two little partners, and as Johnnie had conceived the charming plan of getting ten pennies for each dime, the box was becoming almost too heavy for the thin weak hand of the prayer partner.

Winter had come now with its snow and cruel biting winds; the dorstep was no longer a suitable resting-place, and they now kept close to the kitchen stove, discussing the amount, and wondering how many Bibles it would buy. One evening, at twilight, as they sat there waiting for mother to come, the door opened and Mrs. Beach hurried in. "Maisie, your mother's fell down and hurted herself," she said, "and they're bringing her home; you'd better get her bed ready." Then seeing the child was too much stunned to understand, she pushed her aside and began to get the bed arranged. Soon the tramping of feet was heard and some men carried in the mother, laying her gently down, and leaving her to the care of Mrs. Beach and a doctor whom they had called in. With hands clasped tightly together Maisie and Johnnie stood by the fire. Was mother dead? The doctor had shut the door and they could no longer see the pale face upon the pillow. Maisie's face was almost as white; but she never shed a tear. It seemed a year before the door opened and the doctor came out. Maisie caught his arm as he was hurrying by, and gasped out: "Is mother dead?"

"Dead! bless your heart, it's only a broken leg; but it was a bad fall and she's lucky to escape with so little. She'll be in bed a long time, though." And away he went, leaving relief and yet dismay behind him. A broken leg; that must mean mother would be on a crutch all the time, like Johnnie; bright, active mother, who moved so quickly about the house. There would be no one to work, and where would the food come from—already Maisie fancied she heard Johnnie crying for something to eat. He was crying really, softly and quietly; but it was because mother was hurt; poor mother whom he had never known to be sick before. But now Mrs. Beach opened that dreadful door, and they could see mother once more, pale still, but with open eyes, and a little smile for the two terrified faces peeping at her. At the sight of the smile, the terror vanished, and they hurried to the bedside.

"Mother," Johnnie said, "you ain't all broken in little pieces, are you? The doctor said something was broken, and you'd be in bed a long time."

"Heaven help us, my poor children," she said. "With winter here and no money to come, how will we manage?"

"Never mind, mother," Maisie said, bravely. "Me and Johnnie won't eat much, and I can cook real well, and clean up, too. We'll get along finely, you'll see." So she kept up a brave face, singing a little song as she bustled about getting supper; but as Johnnie passed her on his way to bed, she threw her arms around his neck and said, with a little sob, "Pray, Johnnie; pray harder than you ever prayed in your life before, that God will help us through."

What dreary weeks; how they dragged along, and yet how wonderfully Maisie managed. There had been a little money put away, so they had been kept from starvation, and from actual freezing; but the children knew for the first time what it was to go hungry to bed. One morning,

as Johnnie crept shivering into the kitchen, he stopped horrified to see a handful of coal burning in the stove, and the box empty.

"Don't tell mother, Johnnie," Maisie said; "but that's the last bit of coal, the money's all gone, and what are we to do?" and she burst into tears. To see Maisie break down, the strong, brave sister, was almost more than he could stand; but making one great effort to speak cheerfully, said,

"Never mind, Maisie, Spring's almost here, now. Maybe we won't freeze."

"Now, Johnnie Peters, don't talk nonsense. Spring won't come for two months yet, and there's no comfort in that. Something must be done. I've thought and thought, and there's only one thing." Here her eyes rested on the missionary box with its gay picture.

"Oh, Maisie, not that money, not the money we've saved and saved for the poor little Japan boys and girls. Oh, don't take that money; it ain't ours any longer, you know."

"I've thought of that, too, Johnnie, and all of this time when the money was going and going. I felt some thing would happen to keep us from spending that; but the money's gone, the coal's gone, and mother would never let us beg, you know; so what's to be done? Then, Johnnie, even if we do have to spend the money, the prayers will be there; that's some comfort."

Johnnie had reached down the box and was sadly looking into it. "Three dollars, Maisie; just think of it, and ten cents over, the last time you worked for Mrs. Beach. I believe it will break my heart to let it go."

Maisie's lip trembled, but her look was resolute. "If God wants us to give it to mother instead of to the Japanese, Johnnie, don't you suppose He knows best?"

"Yes, Maisie," Johnnie whispered, meekly; "and may be He'll send someone to help us right now."

"Pray for it, then, Johnnie, for I have prayed until there don't seem anything more to say."

And Johnnie, turning to go upstairs to the corner of the cold little room where was his sanctuary, nearly fell over a lady coming into the kitchen.

"Miss Alice, Miss Alice," Maisie said, throwing her arms about her teacher, "I'm so glad to see you," while Johnnie caught her hand, and looking up into her face, said, "Has God sent you to save the money for the poor little Japanese?"

Maisie would have stopped him, but Miss Alice's kind sympathy soon drew from them the sad little story. Touched by their sacrifice, she spoke encouragingly to them, and as she went away, held Maisie's hand in hers, while she said cheerfully, "Put the box away, dear, brave little girl, and wait a few hours longer for God's answer to your prayers."

That evening, a coal wagon rumbled into the narrow street, and deposited in front of the Peters' house such a goodly supply of fuel, there would be no lack of fire for many weeks to come; then later, a basket from the grocer, and another from the market, until the closet was full to overflowing, and Maisie's heart was full to overflowing, too; and once more she sang as she moved about her work, the little song which had died on her lips during those dreadful days of fear and trouble.

In a few weeks, Mrs. Peters was about the house, limping a little, but the doctor said that would soon pass away, and Maisie went back to work for Mrs. Beach, adding, week after week, with a joyful heart, to the stock of coin for the Japanese. When the year was out, and the collection was sent to the missionary, Miss Alice wrote him this little story, and he sent a letter to the

children themselves, telling them how much the money had bought, and sending them a curious box, carved in some sweet-smelling wood, which they put aside to be used as a Japanese mission-box all the rest of their lives.

And now, dear children, are there not some of you who will resolve to give even one penny a week to the Lord's work—such a little sum, and yet one hundred pennies make a dollar, and a dollar can buy a good deal? But remember, though, the penny is not all; remember, money can do little without God's blessing, and so, as you drop them into your boxes, remember the whole request: "A penny a week and a prayer."

N. V. Observer.

## New Year's Day in China.

If the boys and girls who read the LINK lived in China, they would be getting ready for the greatest holiday of the year.

On New Year's Day fire-crackers are fired by old and young to drive evil spirits away. Even the priests come out before their idols and send up beautiful fire-works in honor of the day. A missionary tells us that every one counts his birthday on this day. If a child is born only a few days before the close of one year, at the beginning of the New Year he is called two years old. Every person is one year older when the New Year begins. Before the sun rises on this day each family is gathered together for solemn worship to heaven and earth, to the family idols, to dead, parents and grand parents, and last the children are taught to worship and bow down before their living parents. Men, women and children get down on their knees before the idols and bump their heads on the ground to show how religious they are, and their gratitude for being kept safely during the past year. Even these heathens thus begin their New Year with praise and prayers to their gods. Do we remember the one who has kept and blessed us all through the years that have gone? Are the first hours of our New Year spent in thinking how very much we have to be thankful for? Then in China the boys and girls walk about the streets and wish every one they meet a Happy New Year, only this is the way they say the words "Kung he, fat tsai." Another party of boys carry a dragon's head from house to house to drive evil spirits away. Two of them beat large gongs for music as they go. Their real object is to get a few cents from every house they visit. All old debts must be paid before the New Year begins. In case the Chinese are not able to finish the work the day before, you may see them hurrying around the next day carrying lighted lanterns to show that their last night's work is not completed yet. A general house-cleaning has taken place just before this holiday. Every one takes a bath. Sometimes this only happens once a year as the Chinese dislike water very much. Many make themselves ill by living in dirt and uncleanness the whole year. Every one tries to dress well on this day even if they have to hire or borrow the clothes they wear. A beggar who daily dresses in rags is seen now wearing as costly clothes as his richer neighbors. The praying machines are in constant demand. These are made like brass boxes with covers and a little spindle inside. All the prayers the Chinese wish to repeat to their idols are printed on paper and rolled on to this spindle. Then it is covered with cloth and shipped into the box, as your mamma put a bobbin in the shuttle of their sewing machines. The box is hung around the neck of the owner, and as the spindle is turned round and round, and he receives credit for saying

so many prayers. But if it is by mistake turned backward, all the good is undone. Does it not make you sad to think that this is the only way many of the Chinese ever pray? Are you not glad that missionaries have gone to teach them about the only true God? Another custom is to remember the dead of the family who have gone during the year and to mourn for them. How I wish the poor Chinese had the comfort of knowing that their dead friends are alive in heaven never to die any more. Dear boys and girls many of our homes are houses of mourning this year. Our loved ones who looked forward with us to beginning the New Year of 1888, have begun it in heaven. But if we know they are safe with Jesus, half our pain is gone. Let us ask our own hearts if we are ready if God should call us. There is only one way to get ready to live or to die. That is by giving our hearts to the Lord Jesus who bore the punishment for our sins when He died on the cross. If we trust in Him as our Saviour, and love Him because He first loved us, we may be sure that ours will be a Happy New Year.

SISTER BELLE

480 Lewis St., Ottawa.

## Idols and Their Worshipers.

BY MRS. M. G. KENNEDY.

(A recitation with motions, given at the Children's Missionary May Festival.)

Start with folded hands or arms folded in front. In both the psalm and song the motions are similar. At the words heathen, or far off, extend arms at full length towards the East; at God, point upward; at heavens, both hands raised; at the work of men's hands, hammering motion; touch ears, eyes, mouth, throat, etc., as each part is named.

For the passage in Isaiah have several boys. They will need to make the various motions of the blacksmith and carpenter, hewing and planting of trees, warming hands at the fire, etc. From the words "he is hungry" to the words "he is faint," let the voice grow fainter and fainter, and the head droop and the whole appearance be one of exhaustion.)

SINGLE VOICE.

Children, do you the story know  
Of idol gods? And can you show  
What they are like, and by whose hands  
Are formed the gods of heathen lands?

Recitation by the Band of Psalm cxv. 2-8, with motions.

FIRST CHILD

King David in his Psalms hath told  
Their idols silver are and gold;  
Only the work of human hands,  
These gods of far-off heathen lands

Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above;  
We'll praise Him with full hearts of love;  
We'll shout hosannas to His name,  
While heaven and earth His power proclaim.

SECOND CHILD.

They all have mouths, but cannot talk;  
They all have feet, but cannot walk;  
Two eyes that cannot see have they;  
A tongue that not a word can say.

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

## THIRD CHILD.

Two ears that ne'er a sound have heard ;  
Hands that for work have never stirred ;  
Each has a nose that cannot smell,  
A throat through which no note doth swell.

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

## FOURTH CHILD.

So every one that trusteth them,  
These worthless idols wrought by men—  
They, too, who make them with their hands  
Are like these gods of heathen lands.

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

Recitation, with motions, of Isaiah xlv: 12-20.

## SINGLE VOICE.

Now folded be your little hands,  
Then, altogether, you may tell  
How unlike the gods of heathen lands  
Is our great God we love so well.

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

## CLASS.

If we our love to Him confess,  
He will be mindful us to bless.  
He has enough to spare for all,  
Holds wide His arms to great and small.

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

What priceless blessings thus are given  
By Him who made both earth and heaven ;  
The earth for man to dwell on gave ;  
In heaven He waits our souls to save

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

Oh, let us praise Him with each breath,  
Before our eyelids close in death ;  
E'en now begin to sing His praise,  
E'en now to Him glad songs we'll raise

## Chorus.

Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

Good Tim. 5

## A RIDDLE.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features :  
One of us in *glass* is set,  
One of us you'll find in *jet* ;  
T'other you may see in *tin*,  
And the fourth a *box* within :  
If the fifth you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you :

[How many of our young friends can send correct answers to this ?]

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Receipts from November, 25th, to December, 29th, inclusive

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NOTE.—\$20.00 of the amount credited to Sarnia M.C. last month, should have been credited to the Board, and was to support Dhalarai Doreadas, at Samulcoota.

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231 Wellesley Street.

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

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MARY A. SMITH, Treas.

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