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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

4X-3

DECEMBER, 1894.

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CLAYTON

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No. 4

Editorial.

LOOK AT YOUR LABEL, and if it be anything short of '95, please give your subscription to the LINK agent in your church; you will assist greatly by not waiting for her to call for it. We wish again to thank our faithful agents and few workers in our Societies have it in their power to do more by way of extending missionary interest. We could not run the paper without their help. We expect now to make the paper more attractive than ever by giving, frequently, portraits of our missionaries, cuts of mission buildings, etc.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY CHARTS. — Before the present number of the LINK reaches its readers, the Sunday Schools of Ontario and Quebec will receive each a copy of a very interesting chart. It is intended to be hung in a conspicuous place and to be preserved for continued use. The superintendent should spend some time in explaining it, and in emphasizing the lessons it contains, on the approaching Foreign Mission Day. We would suggest that the chart be mounted on cloth or cheaply framed for better preservation.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FOREIGN MISSION DAY. December 23rd has been chosen as the annual Foreign Mission Day for the Sunday Schools. It seems highly appropriate that the Sunday immediately preceding Christmas should be celebrated in this benevolent way. Will not parents and teachers encourage their children to spend a part at least of their Christmas money in helping to send the Gospel to the perishing heathen? There is urgent need for an unusually large collection this year. Shall not the hearts of the Board and of the missionaries be made glad by a great increase on last year's offerings?

DEATH OF REV. G. H. BARROW. — Our Telugu mission has suffered a severe loss in the death of Rev. G. H. Barrow at Narsapatnam. Mr. Barrow was sent out four years ago. He is said to have fully acquired the language and to have given promise of much usefulness. Although Mrs. Barrow is not known among Canadian Baptists, having gone out directly from England, she will have her sympathy and prayers in her bereavement. The

cablegram that announced Mr. Barrow's death asked for re-inforcements. To send out re-inforcements at present means increased expenditure. Surely this is a time that calls loudly for generous and general giving, in order that the deficit of last year may be cleared off and the work may be carried vigorously forward.

HERE AND THERE.

HISTORY has its poetic revenges. In July, 1893, at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, Marie Tangkou, the eldest son of the murderer of John Williams, was baptized in the presence of seven hundred people, and took his place at the communion table. At the erection of the monument where the apostle of the South Seas fell in 1839, at Erromanga, the murderer's sons took part in the commemoration. Two, if not three of them, are now professing Christians, and one of them is a preacher.

ACCORDING to the *Christian Work*, a Chinaman, who wished to be baptized, when asked where he had heard the gospel, said that he had never heard it, but that he had seen it. A poor man in Ningpo, who had been an opium smoker and a man of violent temper, had become a Christian, and his whole life had been changed. He had given up his opium and had become loving and amiable. "So," said his neighbor, "I have seen the gospel, and I want to be a Christian too."

ROBERT MOFFATT, for fifty years a missionary in South Africa, asked to write in a lady's album, penned the following:

"My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests,
Without one ray of light;
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to words both bright and fair,
To see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight."

That is missionary consecration.

When we pray let us not forget the Methodist missionary, Miss Mary Reed, who, bearing the spots of leprosy, with true Christian heroism and unselfishness lives in seclusion among the lepers of North India, striving to free their souls from the deeper leprosy—sin—and bravely, calmly watching the slow advance of this dread disease in her own body. She ministers to the afflicted in a hospital located at Chaneleek Heights, in a mountain region. — *Missionary Review*.

THE CRY OF THE WOMEN*

Is the heading of a comment by Elizabeth Bisland in *The North American Review*, for June, 1894, which opens with the following remarkable sentence:—"In the name of common sense—demands the bewildered reader of the detail of recent books written by the gentler sex—what is the matter with the women? Their voices are all bitter with unsatisfied longing, yet one can distinguish no definite demand. What do they seek? What provokes such outcries as 'The Heavenly Twins,' 'Keynotes,' 'A Superfluous Woman,' 'A Yellow Aster,' 'The Woman who Dares,' and their like? They are all stormy with revolt, against—*what?*" The writer then tells us that "literature has its birth in the current thoughts and needs of a people," and declares that the greediness with which these books are seized upon by the feminine reading public proves that they express the mental condition of the woman of to-day. Certainly there is a dreadful cry, and the fathers of state look aghast, and literary men scribble and scribble, and close each sentence with the question, "Where will it all end?"

But the feminine reading public is divided into two classes, a class which reads the books referred to, and a class which does not; therefore is shown the mental condition of but a part of our reading women. Meanwhile other women have no time to quarrel with the present condition of things, no time to read "The Heavenly Twins," and "A Yellow Aster." For the world is flooded with books that tell of bright and beautiful things, and also of sorrowful conditions to be ameliorated. The sweet measures of healthful music deaden the bitter outcries of the day; nature and art are working hand in hand to make our beautiful earth a restored Eden; whole-souled, pure-minded, God-honoring writers in prose and in verse, of both the past and the present, throw back the lie into the teeth of the malcontents; happy homes are made; more girls are born to follow the footsteps of happy mothers; God is as kind as ever; man is kinder than ever, and the world is being brought to Christ by the Christian woman of to-day!

Oh! woman of popular literature, hush your clamor and turn to Christ! That is what you want. You are not misunderstood; you are not down-trodden; but you are without hope, because you are without God in the world. When God and good works come into a woman's life's, bitterness goes out; and she who leaves the directing of her life to Him who noeth even the sparrow's fall, will have no need of the assistance of any would-be emancipator. Emancipation from what? God's plan is perfect; even the woes of maternity are drowned in the ocean of a mother's love and joy. I would rather be a Christian woman, with a woman's joys and sorrows, with a woman's opportunities, possibilities and responsibili-

ties, with a woman's sympathies, and with a woman's honor, than be the mightiest and best man in the whole world.

But there is the cry of the women which must be heeded, a keen, piercing, bitter cry; a cry and a call; and the call comes to you and to me to-day, "Come—over and help us. We are lost, lost, lost for time and for eternity. There is no light in our life; gladness and hope are unknown to us. Degradation, toil, unrelieved suffering, unhallowed bereavement, a loveless life and a hopeless death are ours. Girlhood is a disgrace, widowhood is slavery, motherhood is unmitigated sorrow and bitterness; the past is a regret, the present is a pang, the future is darkness and dread. Come and help us, and come to-day."

That is the awful cry that is borne to us by every breeze that blows; that strikes to the heart as we sit in our homes hour after hour with the piece of fancy work that is to brighten our already attractive parlors; as we draw our chairs closer to the fire in the cool of the October evening and hum, low to ourselves, "Love's Old Sweet Song"; as we greet in the market-places our friends laden with the rich gifts of God; at morning, at noon, and at night comes the cry. Just now as we sit in these seats, secure and happy, with our hearts all but bursting with love and gratitude, just now comes the cry, "Come over and help us." Who dare turn a deaf ear? Dare you? Dare you? By the blood that flowed for our dark Indian sisters, I entreat you to awaken to a consciousness of your responsibility in this matter. The years are passing swiftly as clouds of summer. I see before me those whose hands I clasped in the old school days, in the early Maytime of life, and when we measure the time by its joys and sorrows, we lose the count of years. But what have we done since we thus met? Oh! for a million lives to be lived all for India: Will not some one in this hour register a holy vow of consecration to benighted India? Lives are ready to be consecrated, to be sacrificed if necessary, but where is the gold to build the altar? O my sisters, what do you mean? How are you going to look into the face of the Holy One and say, "Lord, I did my best," while upon your redeemed soul lies the weight of a lost Indian sister, and, perhaps, of a big bank account? May God help us all, that no dreadful charge be laid to us when the end comes.

But we are met to-night to say farewell to two of our number whom God has honored, and who find sacrifice sweet for Jesus. One, indeed, is doubly honored. After a long day of toil, she has been permitted to enjoy the rest of home and the companionship of loved ones, and now the wise and loving Father, as if in approval of her devotion and toil, is sending her back to the work which He sees she only can do. Is this not double honor? It is both choice and commendation; it is a smile of approval, a line of light flashed from the Throne,

*A paper read at the W. B. F. M. S. Convention, Toronto, October, 1894.

in the brightness of which that consecrated soul may go on to renewed toil, to deeper devotion, and on to the "Well done, good and faithful servant." God bless dear Miss Hatch! How many thoughts went onward with her as, years ago, she sailed away from the homeland! How many prayers went upward for her during those years of beautiful service! And now again we shall follow her with our thoughts and prayers, we shall watch her work, we shall trust God through her inevitable wearinesses and praise Him through her successes, praying that if it be His will she may be spared to return to us yet again to inspire us to more entire consecration.

But God's work goes on, and still another, by special providence, leaves us now for Telugu land. She will take the same journeys that our other loved missionaries have taken. She will experience the same ecstatic joy and the same sickness of heart from hope deferred experienced by our other missionaries. She will praise and pray, praise and pray, just as they have done, while at times the human in her heart, as if to remind her that the battle is not quite fought, the victory not quite won, will cry out for the loves of home. For the testing hour of a missionary's life is not the hour in which he suffers from the heat, not the hour in which he meets the beast of prey, not the hour in which he battles with disease; but it is the hour when the banner of the Lord seems to be trailing in the dust, when home and friends are lost in the shadowy perspective of long months or years; when even nature, withered and scorched, gives no response to the voice of his heart; when his only companions are silence, loneliness and doubt, which press close about him and say, "Where is now thy God?" It seems to me that if there is a time in life that is worthy to be even suggestive of our dear Lord's agony in the garden, it is that hour in the life of a consecrated Christian missionary. But thanks be to God who giveth him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. When he has been fully tried through his soul's dark night, God will light the stars of hope one by one, then the dawn will appear to be followed by the unclouded rising of the sun. Oh, the rapture of the soul's morning! But just as surely as the night must precede the day, so surely must the soul's conflict go before that time of ecstatic joy when earth touches heaven, when the soul meets God and lays hold of His promises, nay, of His very presence, with a faith that neither earth nor hell can shake. Cowed and defeated, the foes of the night have slunk off to the darkness and damp of their abodes. Blood-thirsty, but trembling, they crouch in their dank dens, and tear themselves, as strains of a song of victory are blown by. For above and beyond abides the soul, bathed in the light of its morning, jubilant and spotless, one with God through Jesus Christ. Rapture? God knows it is a foretaste of heaven, and it were worth a million nights to know one morning.

"Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!"

But if these supreme moments of the imprisoned soul are so glorious, infinite must be the rapture of the soul that rises to the radiance of a perpetual sunrise, to the golden glory of a morning that will never end. "Watchman, what of the night?" The soul's testing hour is robbed of its bitterness, pain is pregnant with purpose and hope hastens on to fulfilment.

I am sure that our sister, Miss McLeod, goes out to India in the strength of the Lord, ready for any experience. May the God of all grace be her constant stay and, in His own wise way, use her in the achievement of great things for Him. She will be one more to love and to pray for, one more to commune with, soul to soul; for the distance between India and Ontario is bridged by the chain of thought that neither wind nor wave can sever.

Although the hearts of the two sisters from whom we now part have been touched by, and have responded to the cry of the women, another call has been heard by them to which each has answered, "Here am I, send me." Lovingly they obey the command of our risen and ascended Lord, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations," leaning on the promise, "And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Is it worth the cheerful giving
Of your silver and your gold;
Is it worth the pain of leaving
Those whose hands you love to hold?
Is it worth good-bye and heartaches?
As the proud ship sails away,
And the land you love so dearly
Slowly fades in twilight grey?

Is it worth the long, long waiting
For the ripening of the grain?
For the scanty sheaves, late gathered,
From the seed oft sown in pain?
Is it worth the persecutions,
And the perils of the land?
Dare you hope to save a nation
By a feeble Christian band?

God is on His throne, beloved,
Do not falter in the fight;
Crowns and victor's palms await you,
And the morning after night.
And 'twere worth the inner conflict,
And 'twere worth the outer foe,
If but thus one dusky sinner
Might the world's Redeemer know.

EVA ROSS YOUNG

THE PRAYER OF THE WASTEBASKET.

BY REV. R. DE W. MALLARY, LENOX, MASS.

The minister sat writing a sermon on "Shall we know each other there?" It was Friday morning, and as he was struggling with his theme, chiding himself that he had announced that he would preach on a topic about which the Scripture said little, and he knew less, there was a tap at his study door. It was only the maid, who wanted the wastebasket; but this time it was stuffed full.

for a longer interval than usual had elapsed since it was emptied. Several times the minister had crowded his feet into it to compress into space the papers and scraps and make more room at the top, but the limit of capacity was reached at last; and now the maid was about to carry it off when the minister said: "You may leave it; I'll empty it myself."

Why did he say so? What prompted this reluctant parting with the contents of that wastebasket? Why did he seek unsuccessfully after this to bury himself in the theme of the sermon he was trying to write? Ah! there was a reason. His sensitive conscience had long heard muffled voices coming from that full basket. He had consigned thither unread, not advertisements and circulars of patent medicines and nostrums only, not notices of Western investment agencies only, not faith cure and second coming and prohibition tracts only, not pamphlets on seventh day observance, or the unfermented and fermented wines of Scripture, or the true day of our Lord's crucifixion only; but—with shame and confusion of face as he it said—he had also thrown into that convenient receptacle, either unread or half read, a good many "appeals" from the missionary societies and beneficent organizations to which his church was a contributor in a small way. It was those "appeals" which he couldn't quite bring himself to destroy. He heard in them not the words of the secretaries merely, but the mute cries of thousands, yea, millions, whose ignorance and distresses and needs these "appeals" voiced, and these were the muffled voices that seemed to say: "Take me out! take me out!" He had heard these voices oft before, but had tried to forget them or stifle them with specious pleas and reasoning. It was the ever-present prayer of the wastebasket. Now the whole subject was intruded upon him in a way that took fresh grip on his ethical sense, and as he labored with his theme whether we should "know each other in heaven," his thoughts would perversely take a terrestrial turn. Visions stole in upon him that by their earthly agony and woe crowded out the heavenly bliss and ecstasy. Golden streets changed to dark alleys; celestial mansions into squalid and crowded tenements; elysian fields into dirty slums, and peans of praise into wails of despair and remorse. Sin and suffering and want were intrusive facts least consonant with a sermon on the heavenly life. The heathen's likeness to the image he worshipped, the freedman's illiteracy and uneducated conscience, the "famine of hearing the Word" in new settlements, the picket duty of intrepid missionaries out at the front, the weariness, and loneliness, and disappointments and afflictions of the myriads of the poor and suffering in all lands, the sullen defiance and open hostility of evil routed of its haunts by reform work, the sins that lure that they may blight and deceive that they may destroy, the agony of the imprisoned, the threat of the idle, clamoring for work or bread, the cries of modern nations bound to the wheel of fate—all these and more were the pictures that hung on the walls of that minister's mind that day while he sat there writing, and indeed that had been hanging there many a long day, as now

and again he had glanced lightly through the various "appeals" of this and that benevolent and philanthropic society, only to crumple them and toss them into that omnivorous maw—the wastebasket. In vain he had tried to turn the faces of those pictures to the wall. Often had they been so piteous that he had only silenced his conscience by saying to himself that the "appeals" which embodied these wants and prayers of his fellowmen were accessible, though thrown away. They were within reach; they were not destroyed; ah, yes! and better still, they were not forgotten.

It was then that there followed an act in that minister's life which will never be effaced while memory lasts. Conscience in little things had so far obtained the mastery of him that he turned the basket bottom up and dumped the contents on the floor. A careful examination of each scrap and each waste paper was begun, and was only finished when the various "appeals" and "statements" and "reports" of missionary and benevolent societies were scrupulously rescued from their impending fate and laid aside for study. Like one of Raphael's Madonnas with the Holy Child, about whom are myriads of cherubic faces looking out from the clouds, so, thick "between the lines" of those documents, were multitudes of faces. Only they were the faces, not of cherubs, but of the wan and worn, the benighted and oppressed; and in the midst of them was the face of one like unto the Son of Man, saying in the mute but real language of a look: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me."

It remains only to say that it was not denominational loyalty which prompted the minister to take in hand the sifting of that wastebasket and the separation of the chaff from the wheat. It was not the desire to get a name for his church in the *Year Book*. It was not the desire to enhance the administration of any society's work, manned by whatever corps of officers, conservative or liberal. It was solely due to a broad and tender humanitarianism. It was an extension of the doctrine of human brotherhood to the limit contemplated in the parable of the Good Samaritan, which operated on that minister's heart, and the notes on "Shall we know each other there?" were pigeonholed for some subsequent prayer-meeting talk, while the throbbing heart and active mind of the clergyman were concentrated on statistics, on the progress and needs of the work, on the successes and failures and trials of the workers in various fields, on the hindrances and prospects of this and that beneficent, or reform, or philanthropic, or educational, or religious exercise. It was fortunately only Friday and the day could be devoted to a careful and thorough study of the subject of Christian benevolence, its objects, its place, its blessedness, its rewards; and the next day with copious notes, with overflowing heart, and with pen pointed with facts and dipped in enthusiasm, a mighty sermon was written from the text, "But as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all earnestness, and in your love to us, SEE THAT YE ABOUND IN THIS GRACE ALSO." The test of a good sermon is that it does good. Judged by that true canon of homiletic criticism, that sermon, which brought back not compliments but contributions, and not contributions only, but which aroused a spirit of unselfish enthusiasm in missionary and philanthropic endeavor, was the most gratifying to the minister of any he had ever preached.

MORAL: Have a conscience as to what you throw into the wastebasket.

Work Abroad.

CASTE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Our caste girls school was opened on the 25th of July, 1892, in the house at the gate of the Mission Compound, and at the end of the first month there were 13 names on the register. It was continued there with varying success till the 7th of November, when, as the teacher in the school that Miss Gibson was superintending on Robinson Street, was leaving, and as suitable teachers are hard to find, it was thought best to amalgamate the two schools. Accordingly, we, with our staff, which consisted of a head master and a Bible woman (who could only give half a day to the work), moved down to the room which was being provided by the Cocanada Woman's Mission Circle.

In January, 1893, we secured the services of a Christian woman who could give her whole time to the work, and now, since January, '94, two Christian women are employed all day, together with the head master. Though our master is not an avowed Christian, he works in sympathy with us, and endeavors to carry out our teaching in the school, rather than to teach any religion of his own.

We have also engaged a Christian man to give two hours in kindergarten occupations once a week. We find that our admittance register contains 150 names, and that for the present month we have 46 on the roll, while last month our average was about 36. We have four classes in all. In the II. Standard there are 9 girls. These are reading New Testament stories, prepared by the Christian Literary Society of Madras, and are taught Government 2nd Book, writing, arithmetic, hygiene, poetry, geography, grammar, object lessons, sewing, paper folding and plaiting, and bead work.

The I. Standard girls get the same as II. Standard, but Government 1st Book in place of 2nd Book. In this class there are 7 girls.

Infant Standard A girls are taught 1st Catechism instead of New Testament stories. These girls get reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing and kindergarten; in this class there are 12 girls. The Infant Standard B. has 18 girls. These, too, are taught Catechism and the usual beginnings. All the girls are taught to sing, and the school is regularly opened and closed with singing and prayer.

Of the 16 girls in the I. and II. Standards, 10 of them have learned to read with us. We find that the general deportment of the girls has greatly improved of late, and that they really seem to be taking to heart the lessons that are taught. Any girl who ventures to make use of a bad word is immediately taken to task by several of those who have learned better. The Gospel truths which they are learning are making an impression on their lives, and they are carrying them to their homes. We often

hear of conversations which they have had with their home friends about what Christ has done for them, and about the sin of idolatry.

We hear two of them teaching their friends to sing the hymns which they have learned in the school, and some of the girls who read, have already requested that we give them hymn-books for prizes at the next prize giving.

In December two of our largest girls came to the house and requested me to take them in, saying that they wanted to serve Jesus, but could not in their homes, as they were compelled to take part in the idol feasts. We were praying for results, but were not prepared for this. The Lord is indeed kind!

The school has directly and indirectly opened up to us a number of houses, and though the children may remain in the school but a very short time, still, so far, we receive a welcome in the houses of such children.

We are this year receiving from the Mission, supplemented by the C. W. F. M. C., money to carry on the school. Last year the Circle supported the peon entirely. He receives a salary of Rs. 5 per month. The rent, which is Rs. 8 a month, is provided for partly by the Circle and partly by a private friend of the school.

We want your sympathy and prayers in this work, that the means used may be blessed to the salvation of many of the girls, and, through them, of their friends.

SARAH SIMPSON.

Canadian Baptist Mission,
Cocanada, March 14th, 1894.

WORKING AND RESTING.

About the end of last June we closed our school and turned our faces toward Bangalore. We counted on enjoying many good things there. First and foremost was the thought of meeting frequently with our old friends, the McLaurin's and their daughter Katie, and of seeing occasionally other missionaries who might be seeking rest like ourselves. We were not disappointed, but our joy was mixed with sorrow while our Bro. Burdett was so ill in the hospital, and afterwards too, as we thought of the widow and five fatherless children. Our religion pours balm into the wounded heart, and we do not sorrow like those who have no hope. We can even smile through our tears, but at the very best, sorrow is still sorrow, and the deep sigh that rises unconsciously bears testimony to the presence of sore pain in the stricken heart. There was much believing prayer offered for our sister and her little ones. Let us not forget them.

There were seasons of refreshing when we met on Saturday morning at eight o'clock for a Bible reading, and on Saturday evening for a missionary prayer-meeting. The Bible readings are attended by members of various denominations. I was able to be present every

Saturday for eleven weeks. On Sunday morning I usually attended a Wesleyan church, and in the evenings there was a little Baptist service at Bro. McLaurin's, which was removed to a rented hall two Sundays before we left. Perhaps you can imagine what a treat it was to attend so many English services after months without any services but one's own, and even those conducted in Telugu.

Then when we come to the body, and you know a man cannot do much work without a sound body, how refreshing the cool climate of Bangalore! And how appetizing and strengthening the fresh bread and butter, and home vegetables and fruits, especially after the bill of fare obtainable in this the most out-of-the-way station in all our mission! We left our Telugu nurse at home, and one day our youngest said, "Tell ayah to come; good dinner here."

There is much more that I might write, but I haven't time now. We went only to get strength for more work, so Friday night, the 28th September, found us once more at Akidu.

What busy days have been passed since then! A good number of girls, and more boys than ever before, are once more in our boarding-schools. The workers have all been in and given reports of their work, and recited their Bible lesson. Our fellow-worker, Miss Stovel, has enjoyed some society for a while, and is now away to Gannanapudi and Kolair Lake. The man who writes this has been off for a day or two to see some near villages, and is getting ready to tour most of the time till our Conference (D.V.) at Cocanada, in December, and Mrs. Craig and the matron are fully occupied with the school and other work. Pray for us all. We pray for you to-day as we think of the meetings in Jarvis Street church, and of those to be held at St. Thomas so soon.

JOHN CRAIG.

Akidu, 16th October, 1894.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Miss Simpson writes (August 27th): "Just now I am very anxious about one of my little caste girls. She is one of the second standard girls, and one of the very brightest in the school. She is very sick, just at death's door. We are trying to help her all we can. Dr. Smith has been with me twice to see her to-day, and they are giving her his medicine. They do such dreadful things when people get sick. This little thing has had a rupee's weight of mercury—(a rupee is about the size of a 50c. piece at home), they gave her this, and then were starving her. The night before last they thought she was dying, and threw her out of doors to die, but she revived again. I think she is a little Christian, and so it would be a comfort to have her go in that way, but I have hoped so much from her among her own people."

Mr. Walker writes: "About two months ago the head man (munisif) of a neighboring town, called to see me while I was in my study. He noticed in a book-case my stock of Telugu books and tracts. I opened the door and invited him to choose two or three if he felt so inclined. He made his selection, thanked me and left for his town. About three weeks afterwards he returned. It was a very rainy day, and he brought his wife all the way in an ox-cart, that she might converse with Mrs. Walker on the subject of religion. She referred with evident feeling to the tracts her husband had taken home, for she was a refined and educated woman, as Indian women go. Before she left the house both she and her husband made a request for more booklets. They had been strangely impressed. This is all the more evident in view of the fact that it is a very rare thing in India for a woman of her position to travel on a rainy day so far to hear more of the Gospel. It was all the more surprising to me because about four years ago I visited the munisif's house and found him so thoroughly under the power of a species of fatalism (the invariable accompaniment of pantheistic superstition) that the Gospel seemed to find no room to admit of even a moment's consideration by him. The tract met with at least a partial success where the voice of the missionary had seemingly failed. Our God is a God of infinite resource; let us thank Him and take courage."

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

GOBLES. Our November Circle was made a thanksgiving meeting. The lady appointed to get up the programme sent a note to each member, especially requesting them to come, and to answer to roll-call by giving any reason they had for thankfulness. If they found it impossible to be present, to send an envelope containing their message, and also a little thank-offering, if they should find it in their hearts so to do, "For Jesus' sake."

Although the day was stormy, and not many out, we had a very enjoyable meeting. One sister was thankful for good health during the summer; another, that the way had opened up for a comfortable, safe home for two children attending school; another, that she realized the preciousness of being able to say, "Abba, Father." A number brought texts of Scripture, expressing thanksgiving and praise. One sister sent a note of thanksgiving for the peace and prosperity in the church; another wrote of thankfulness that she had been enabled, through the Word, and prayer, to bring two little children to Jesus. Another gave thanks for the unspeakable gift of Christ as her Saviour. One wrote from Texas that she had cause for thankfulness in that she had been

preserved in going down there, although part of a train in which she had journeyed had been wrecked. Still another wrote she was thankful for "little things," the daily gifts from the Master.

A thank-offering of \$6.06 (less 25c. for paper, envelopes and postage), was received. A reading or two, a little talk on the late Convention closed a meeting of interest.

I think such meetings in "grey November," might be worked up in the country, to be very profitable and precious. We have not the opportunities of the towns and cities for union Circle meetings, and need to use to the best advantage the possibilities that lie about us.

R. W. G.

OWEN SOUND.—Although it is some time since we have reported to the LINK, we have not been idle, but working steadily on. For some time past, special effort has been made to gain more of the ladies of our church as helpers in this mission work. Among other plans tried, one was an open meeting, to which all ladies of the church and congregation were most earnestly invited. As many as possible were invited personally by our Circle members. A short, but most appropriate, programme was rendered, consisting of a solo, "Abide with Me"; a duet, "The Empty Vessel"; another solo, "The Beautiful City"; and two excellent papers written by our Associational Director and our pastor; the subjects being respectively, "Home Missions," and "Women's Work." These, with an address by our President, Mrs. Eberle, and a short talk by our pastor (the only gentleman present) were listened to with much interest; and we think that the papers read *must* awaken new interest.

We took advantage of this occasion, to introduce the envelope system as a means of contribution. The idea is, that, instead of having fixed fees, which had been our custom, and which certainly kept some from joining us, we put in envelopes, just what we can during the month. Any one using the envelopes, no matter what the contribution, is constituted a member of the Circle. Some fifty ladies were present, the majority taking these envelopes. As yet, the result of one month's trial has not been ascertained; but we feel confident of its success.

After our programme was concluded, a very pleasant social time was spent in partaking together of refreshments, tastefully prepared. Our lecture room was made most attractive with flowers; and altogether, our meeting was very successful, and this, we believe, in the true sense of the word; successful, because our God will own and bless our efforts for Him.

JULIA WAITES, *Secretary*.

BRAMPTON.—It is some time since you heard from Brampton. Our last monthly meeting was an open one and was quite a success. Instead of the usual number of eight or ten our basement was nearly filled. We made a special effort to have a good programme, and called on

most of the families in connection with the church, urging them to attend. We also invited Mrs. St. Dalmas, of Georgetown, to "come over and help us," which she did in a very substantial way. A very practical and interesting address given by her would be well worth repeating in any Circle. After quite a good programme, conducted by our pastor's wife, we had a cup of tea with bread and butter. We think one such meeting each quarter would be good, not only for the Circle but for the whole church. Last year we raised about fifty dollars, which meant self-denial to some of us, as we are lifting about all we can between pastor's salary, church debt, etc. There are only twelve members in our Circle but we take twenty copies of the LINK and same of *Visitor* and we find them both so helpful and worth more than subscription price. We were pleased with the new feature in last month's LINK and shall look forward with pleasure to seeing many faces whom we love.

M. A. FOSTER, *Secy.*

STAYNER.—On the evening of Sept. 10th we enjoyed a visit from our very efficient and unassuming director Mrs. Kendall. The meeting was opened by singing and scripture reading by the President after which two of the sisters led in prayer. A pretty duet was then sung by the Misses Bell, entitled, "Our Master has taken His Journey." Mrs. Kendall was introduced and spoke briefly of women's work, and the pleasure she realized in meeting with us. She also read a paper which had been prepared by Mrs. A. R. McMaster, and read at the Northern Association. This paper was very much appreciated, for we had the work of the W. H. M. Society placed before us as never before. Mrs. Kendall also tried to impress us with the necessity of strengthening Home Missions in order to benefit foreign work. Miss M. Pearson then in a very pleasing manner sang, "There is a cry from Macedonia," after which a collection was taken to aid in defraying the director's travelling expenses. A few words were spoken by our pastor and Mrs. Sage. After singing "To the work," Mr. Dunlop pronounced the benediction, and what we considered a most profitable and interesting meeting was closed.

A. F. GILLESPIE, *Pres.*

HESPELER.—Our Circle numbers ten; we are growing weaker in numbers, owing to the fact that so many of our members have moved away. We trust that although they are not with us, they are still working for the Master in other parts of His vineyard.

At our meeting in September, we elected our officers for the coming year.

The officers are as follows:—President, Mrs. FAWthrop; Vice-President, Miss Dickson; Treasurer, Miss Bigbie; Secretary, Miss Starnaman.

The Secretary-Treasurer's report shows that we have sent to Foreign Missions \$22.14.

We have not forgotten the other missions. We have

raised altogether for missions, last year, \$39.64, with a membership of fifteen. Having five less this year, we are afraid our offering will not be as large as last year. But the Lord knows where His gold and silver is kept, and we know that He will carry on the good work which has been begun in His own name.

EUPHEMIA A. STARNAMAN, Sec.

WINGHAM.—On Thursday evening, (October 25th, our Mission Circle held a very successful annual meeting, in the form of a "Missionary Tea," in the lecture room of the church; written invitations having been sent to all the sisters in the church, also to the lady adherents, requesting them to invite their husbands, or any friends whom they might wish to bring with them.

Their offerings were left under their plates.

After tea was served, we enjoyed ten or fifteen minutes social chat. Then a programme, the pastor presiding, consisting of readings and a number of two-minute addresses, interspersed with solos, duets, and selections by the choir, brought a very pleasant and profitable gathering to a close. The offerings, amounting to \$19, are to be divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions.

MRS. W. J. CHAPMAN, Sec.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 11TH, 1894, TO NOV. 17TH, INCLUSIVE. CONVENTION YEAR OF 1894-'95.

FROM CIRCLES.—Doo Lake, \$3; Glammis, special, \$2; Lakefield, \$7.92; Galt, special, \$4.55; Jubilee for "Margaret McConnell," \$17; Wyoming, for Miss MacLeod, \$3.05; Kincaidine, \$5.75; Woreana, from quilt, \$15.50; Daywood, special, \$2; Burch, a member, \$10; Toronto (Walmer Road), \$7.70; Jubilee, \$9.50; Toronto (Parliament Street), \$2.75; Brantford (First church), for Miss MacLeod, \$50; Toronto (Jarvis Street), \$25.20; Campbellford, for Miss MacLeod, \$1.00; Gilmour (Memorial church), for Miss MacLeod, \$1.00; Goodwood, for Miss MacLeod, \$2.00. Total, \$171.72.

FOR BANDS.—Cheltenham, young ladies, for "Matia Sandramma," \$5; Norwood, per Miss Dryden, \$1.42; Simcoe, for Jami Appalamma, \$4.25; Toronto (Tecumseth Street), \$5. Total, \$15.67.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Specials: Toronto (D'Veercoot Road), Y. P. S. C. E., \$2.40; Mrs. Colin Cameron, White Salmon, U. S. A., \$1; Mrs. Perry, Detroit, \$2; Mrs. Friend, Ontario, California, \$1; Chester Mission, for Miss Hatch, 75c.; "A friend," per Miss A. E. Dryden, \$2; Miss Lottie MacLeod, \$400; Miss Grace Holt, Dundas, \$2. Miscellaneous: Annual Convention at Toronto, \$79.90; Toronto (Beverley Street), Bible classes for Todeti Philemon, \$12.50; a friend, for Martha Achemma, \$7. Total, \$510.35. Total receipts, \$697.74.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular remittances, \$620, loan for three months, \$800, \$1,220; to Miss MacLeod for outgoing expenses, \$550; to Miss Hatch in case of incidental expenses, \$50. Home expenses: Half Director's expenses, Niagara Association, 30c.; half account for programmes, \$2.25; Miss Hatch's and Miss MacLeod's expenses to Annual Meeting, \$3.05; Mrs. York's expenses

to Annual Meeting, \$5, \$15.00. Total disbursements (including loan), \$1,835.60

CORRECTIONS IN LAST LIST.—Receipts from Circles from Sept. 18th to Oct. 10th, the amount from Onondaga 2nd was \$9.85, not \$8.25, as printed; towards the end of the list, from Circles, "Boston (First church), additional," should read, Brantford (First church); Calton M. B. is supporting Burn. Papamma, not "Thalia Saramma."

NOTE.—In my Annual Report as published in the November LINK, the total from the Circles of Brant Association should read \$531.52, not \$551.32.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.
Nov. 21st, 1894.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

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

Year ending Oct. 5th, 1894.

INCOME

Cash in hand from last Annual Meeting	\$ 155 18
Collection missionary week, less expenses	40 94
Share of collection convention week, less expenses	10 63
Collection at June Association	1 85
Collected at Ottawa Association	10 14
Interest	3 77

Special Donations

A friend, Arkona	\$ 95 00
Legacy, Mrs. Nell Campbell, Thurso	15 00
Point St. Charles M. B., credited from India	18 00
Miss Green, Montreal	11 58
Miss Harlow, Shelburne, N. B.	16 50
Miss Gibson, Morrisburg, Life Membership	25 00
Miss Goshorn, Gananoque, Life Membership	25 00
T. J. Claxton, Esq., Montreal	10 00
H. Morton, Esq., Montreal	10 00
A. Cumming, Esq., Montreal	10 00
Mrs. McDougall, Montreal	10 00
Western Association for Akklu and Tuim	20 55
Toronto, Immigrant	11 90
Toronto, Walmer R.oad	11 80
Teaswater	11 80

Circles and Bands

Name	Credit	Band	Total
Abbotts' Corners	\$ 16 50		\$ 16 50
Allan's Mills	17 00		17 00
Arnprior	3 00		3 00
Auripiquin	10 00		10 00
Athens	15 00		15 00
Beaumont Plain	5 00		5 00
Barnston	10 00	\$ 8 00	18 00
Brockville	82 00	45 01	127 00
Carleton Place	12 00	23 00	35 00
Clarence	12 00		12 00
Cornwall	15 00		15 00
Delta	22 00	8 00	30 00
Dominionville	14 00		14 00
Drummond	11 00		11 00
Enslakille	17 00		17 00
Gananoque	20 00		20 00
Granville	8 25		8 25
Kingsley Falls	17 00		17 00
Kemptville	4 00		4 00
Kingston	35 00	17 00	52 00
Lacoste	15 00		15 00
Lanark	10 00		10 00
Maxville	10 80		10 80
Magg	11 00		11 00
Mulgrave	14 25		14 25
Morrisburg	4 00		4 00
Montreal, 1st	42 11		42 11
Montreal, Olivet	165 00		165 00
Montreal, Grace	27 83	21 00	48 83
Morton	0 00		0 00
Ottawa, 1st	100 84	34 00	134 84
Ottawa, McPuell Memorial	15 00	17 00	32 00
Osgoode	52 07	17 00	69 07

Osnabruck	6 00	6 00
Berth	28 00	28 00
Etum Holton	5 00	5 00
Papineauville	8 25	8 25
Phillipsville	23 25	23 25
Point St. Charles	8 00	10 00
Quebec	45 00	27 00
Horboro'	0 00	0 00
Rockland	43 00	17 00
Sherbrooke	20 00	20 00
Saweryville	14 00	27 00
South Gower	10 00	10 00
St. Andrews	7 00	7 00
Thurso	10 15	10 15
Vacklack Hill	14 00	14 10
Westport	5 00	5 00
West Winchester	22 00	22 00

EXPENDITURE.

To W. E. Watson, Esq.—		
Tuel	\$225 00	
Akita	350 00	
Sanniootta	150 00	
Zenana	250 00	
Miss Murray	600 00	
Munsil	15 00	
	—	\$1,550 00
Point St. Charles Mission Band	18 00	
Credited from India	18 09	
Drafts, commission and cheques	2 77	
Postage, stationery and printing	28 66	
Cash on hand	248 58	
Total expenditure		\$1,847 80

Respectfully submitted,

MARY A. SMITH, Treasurer.

Audited and found correct.

FRED R. OSBORN, } Auditors.
P. B. MORLEY, }

Young People's Department.

MISSION BAND LESSON.

KOREA, OR THE HERMIT NATION.

Let the leader on Mission Band Day give the reasons why we are studying this country now:

Leader.—Can you show us Korea on the map?

Answer.—It lies here (pointing to map) between the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea, and is separated from the Japanese Islands by the Strait of Korea.

L.—What is the size of the country?

A.—It is about 400 miles long and 150 broad, and is shaped almost like Italy.

L.—Is Korea the native name?

A.—No, the native name is Chosen, meaning "Morning Calm." It is said that there are as many different ways of spelling Korean names as there are writers on the subject.

L.—What lies between China and Korea?

A.—Between the northern boundary of Korea and the eastern boundary of China is a belt of land which until now has always been called "neutral." All men were forbidden to reside on this land, as it was considered to be for the mutual benefit of China and Korea that an uninhabited tract of land should separate the two States.

L.—What can you tell us of the natives of Korea?

A.—Many centuries ago Korea was inhabited by a race of men who left no records of themselves and whom we call aborigines, as we have no knowledge of any people inhabiting Korea before them. We speak of the Indians in North America in the same way.

L.—Are not some of the Koreans of Chinese origin?

A.—They are. In very early days Korea became an asylum for Chinese refugees. In course of time these

Chinese obtained the upper hand of the aboriginal inhabitants, and formed a kingdom tacitly considered to be a vassal of China.

L.—Does this kingdom of Korea then belong to China?

A.—It was at first considered that it did, but the two races living in such close relations were slowly amalgamated, which resulted in the gradual estrangement of the little kingdom of Korea from the mother country, and thus Korea stands related to the Empire of China in much the same way that the United States stand related to Great Britain.

L.—What is the dress of the native Korea?

A.—The ordinary native dress is of white cotton; a most extravagant and useless garb, but the Koreans think it most dignified and becoming.

L.—What is the religion of Korea?

A.—It is hard to tell what the religion of Korea is, as many forms of the old world faiths seem to have had their day there; but to-day the religion of China, Confucianism and Buddhism prevail, so that parents are worshipped, and, indeed, idolatry prevails in every form.

L.—Is Korea thickly peopled?

A.—Its population must be between eight and twelve millions.

L.—Why was Korea called the Hermit nation?

A.—Because, like China, it was for so long closed to the outside world.

L.—And when were the doors opened?

A.—In 1876 the first complete treaty was made with Japan, and in 1882 Korea opened her ports to American commerce.

L.—Are there any missions in Korea?

A.—Yes, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopal churches are at work here.

L.—Were they the first?

A.—No, for we read that somewhere between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries the Church of Romanism sent missionaries to Korea, and again about 100 years ago, but at that time persecution raged so fiercely against them that the priests were obliged to leave.

L.—How, then, did the Presbyterian missionaries gain a footing, for they seem established there?

A.—It was through one of their number being a medical missionary.

L.—Do you know the name of the missionary, and what year he entered Korea?

A.—His name was Dr. Allen, and he went to Korea in 1874. He had been a medical missionary in China.

L.—What led him to leave China for Korea?

A.—A Korean of rank was converted while representing his government in Japan, and he begged the Presbyterian missionaries to establish a station in Seoul, the capital city of Korea.

L.—And how was his life protected?

A.—The American Consul gave Dr. Allen the appointment of Physician to the Legation, and this not only ensured him protection, but gave promise of a favorable reception.

L.—Was he always successful?

A.—Not at first. For some time he was simply tolerated, but during a revolt several persons of rank were wounded, and recovered under his care; among these was a nephew of the king. Dr. Allen found the native doctors trying to staunch the wounds with wax. His skilful treatment in contrast so won the admiration of the Koreans that, with the king's permission, a government hospital has been built, which the kings call the "House of Civilized Virtue."

L.—Are missionaries as much needed in Korea as in other countries?

A.—One of the missionaries wrote in 1893, "Korea is losing its life and industry, leaving behind nothing but darkness and superstition."

L.—Can you give us an instance of their need?

A.—The dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty. Think of a child's hand being cut off her body to make broth for a dying parent! Yet this is done in Korea.

L.—Do you suppose God opened the ports of Korea to commerce in order that His Church might send the Bread of Life to Korea?

A.—Yes, indeed, we cannot help hearing His voice in the opening of Korea, and for no other land are the prayers and gifts of the people of the Lord Jesus more needed than for Korea.

Let some of the older scholars hunt up facts concerning Korea and the present war in the daily papers, etc., and bring them to read.

MISSION BAND REPORT, EASTERN ONT. AND QUE.

Mrs. President and Ladies.—Another Convention year has ended, and we who have been honored with the sacred trust of office-bearing present our reports of work accomplished since we last met. In some respects my report is not encouraging. My aim was to come in touch with every Sunday School in our three Associations, and to arouse an interest among all our young people in mission work.

For this purpose the Board gave me funds for printing and posting a circular to be sent to each of our churches, asking if there were a Mission Band in connection with their Sunday Schools, and if not, if steps could be taken to organize one. The circular also contained several questions to be answered by the President of each Band.

Only one post card from churches without Bands was received in response, so no reason can be given by me why so many of our churches are doing nothing to train their young people in this important branch of Christ's work.

In the Eastern Association we have seventeen churches, and four Mission Bands have reported. In Ottawa Association thirty-two churches and eight Mission Bands reported. In Canada Central Association twenty-two churches and five Mission Bands reported. Most of these reports show a year of successful work.

Brockville.—Girl's Mission Band with 61 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$30. Two students are supported in Tuni, India.

Carleton Place.—Children's Mission Band with 33 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$34. Two students are supported in Akidu, India.

Delta.—Mission Band of 15 members, but owing to removal of officers and other reasons, no meetings were held for some months. Re-organized last May. Amount

on hand, \$3. They hope to be able to support a student next year.

Kemptville.—"Willing Workers" Band do not report number of members, but show a good year's work financially. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$28.

Kingston.—Mission Band with 15 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$17. Student supported in India, D. Lydia.

Montreal.—Grace church "Sunshine" Mission Band with 63 members; money raised for Foreign Missions, \$35. Supported in Akidu, K. Lydia, who has written twice to the Band, besides sending her photograph. A box for India is being prepared by the Band.

Point St. Charles.—"Little Sunbeams" Mission Band report 40 members, who are much interested in the work, but most of them are very poor. There is no membership fee, but a collection is taken at the Band meetings. A public meeting was held in the interest of the Band, at which some views were exhibited. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$10. A student is supported in Akidu, named Bandala Mary.

Ottawa, First Baptist.—"Cheerful Gleaners" Mission Band, with 83 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$17. A Flower Mission has been kept up for remembering the sick, and its work has been much appreciated. A student is supported in Tuni.

Ottawa.—McPhail Memorial "Light Holders" Mission Band, with 80 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$17. A successful evening entertainment was given by this Band last May. Student supported at Akidu, India, who has written one letter to the Band.

Ormond.—Mission Band disbanded, at present, but the members hope to reorganize soon.

Papineauville.—Mission Band, with 15 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$2.94. The Band united with the Circle in a Missionary Social, at which \$10 were raised for the mission cause.

Perth.—"Young Helpers" Mission Band, with 39 members. Average attendance, 16. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$13.40. A student is supported in India.

Quebec.—"Willing Workers" Mission Band, with 29 members. Money raised for Foreign missions, \$27. A student is supported in Akidu, India.

South Indian.—Mission Band has held no meetings for some time, but report \$15.78 on hand.

Sucyerville.—Mission Star Band, with 23 members. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$22. A student is supported in Akidu.

Vanklerk Hill.—Mission Band organized Nov. 12th, 1893. An average attendance of 25. No fee is charged but a collection is taken at each meeting. Children of all denominations attend, as it is held right after the Sunday school. Money raised for Foreign Missions, \$10.14. They intend supporting a student in India.]

BELLE HALKETT,

Sec. for Mission Bands.

Ottawa, Oct. 1st, '94.

NEWS FROM BANDS.

U. B. M. U.

MONTEAL, OLIVET.—On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 23rd, a meeting was held in the church parlor, before the opening of the Sunday School, to organize a Mission Band. In spite of rainy weather over sixty were present, and fifty registered their names as members. It was decided to meet the second Sunday of every month at a quarter past two, and all moneys received to be given to Telugu and Grande Ligne Missions. The following officers were elected: Miss Muir, Pres.; Miss Gilmour, Vice-Pres.; Mariou Mackenzie, Sec.; Fred Teister, Treas.

MARION MACKENZIE.

OTTAWA.—At a regular meeting of the Cheerful Gleaner's Mission Band held on Oct. 26th, 1894, in First Baptist church, the following resolution was passed:

"We, the members of the Cheerful Gleaners' Mission Band, desire to extend our deepest sympathy to our pastor and all friends of our beloved Honorary President, Mrs. R. R. McKay, who departed this life on Oct. 20th, 1894. Though she has been with us scarcely a year, yet she has endeared herself to us all by her sunny disposition and earnest, helpful words and works. Truly has she by her never-tiring zeal exemplified the spirit of our motto, 'Be not weary in well-doing.' Our heartfelt wish and prayer is that her bright example may lead us on to a higher and more useful life in the service of our Master; that she being dead may yet speak."

Signed on behalf of the Cheerful Gleaners' Mission Band.

NELLIE JOHNSON, *Secretary.*

A CAMP-FIRE.

Last summer Jack's band invited me to a camp-fire on a hill behind our home.

"A missionary camp-fire, Aunt Helen," he exclaimed—"Bring a story, please, to tell. But," he called back from the garden, "it must be about some foreign mission man, Aunt Helen, like Livingstone or Moffatt. We don't allow any mix in our band."

So I went to the camp-fire on the hill, and heard the boys in turn tell their foreign missionary stories, of lives as heroic and thrilling as those in their tales of "The boys of '76." And I thought, as I watched the light of Jack's missionary camp-fire stream down the valley, that these boys' bands are lights "to be set on a hill," shining far down into the depths of heathendom.

O! if you have a chance of such a light shining from your church, do not for the dear Lord's sake, turn away, and hide it under a bushel. "Not fitted!" Are you not questioning His very wisdom as He calls you to lead the boys into His service? Your doubting implies that you hear His voice. Weakness is only strong in His might. "Not fitted!"—while you hold Christ's promise of aid, "Lo I am with you always." They are His boys first of all. Will He not help you as you take up this work for those He loves? He may have waited for you to do this very work for Him.—*Selected.*

Maps neatly drawn on a large sheet of manilla paper—and when finished, pasted on a smooth, thin piece of board, may be sawed into irregular-shaped pieces, thus making dissected maps. The children will find the putting together of these maps very fascinating, and very instructive, if superintended by a judicious leader.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "Be strong and work, for sin with you."

Prayer subject for December:—That Miss McNeel may be greatly strengthened and helped; and that the workers at Visianagram may be filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. For weak and discouraged workers in Aid Societies and Mission Bands in the home land.

Swell the notes of the Christmas Song!
Sound it forth through the earth abroad!
Glory to God!

Blessing and honor, thanks and laud!
Take the joy of the Christmas Song!
Are not the tidings good and true?

Peace to you,
And God's good will that is ever new!

—F. R. H.

Mrs. Churchill left for St. John on Wednesday, Nov. 7th. She was to attend a farewell meeting in St. John on the 8th, and then would sail from New York, where she would meet the missionaries from the Ontario Board. Let us follow our sister with earnest prayer. During her stay at home she has done much to further the work.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE FIELDS.

There are numberless signs that a great religious movement is actually progressing throughout India. We do not now refer specially to the revivals reported among the Methodist missions in Northern India, though they are of marked interest, and are indicative of a genuine work of grace in one section of the empire. But among the Hindus themselves, from the Himalayas to the Cape, there is constant discussion of religious themes and a consequent unsettling of the old faiths, and a reaching out after something purer and more reasonable. A great deal is said among them about the "expiring sanctity of the Ganges," and the conviction that certain prophecies as to the loss by this river of its former power are about to be fulfilled has become so widespread as to awaken the attention of the secular press.

A letter just received from Mr. Abbott, of Bombay refers to the present unsettlement of faith among the Hindus, and to the bearing of the present attitude of the people upon the missionary work, in which he says: "I am impressed with the religious unrest of the people at the present time. Almost every issue of the many vernacular papers that I see has some reference to religious questions. Some lectures lately by Professor Ginswala have excited a great deal of comment. He takes the ground that the Vedas are of human origin and did not issue from the mouth of Brahma. This criticism is not relished by the strictly orthodox, and some of the papers have given him a broadside of abuse. Others, however of the papers, representing the new generation, take his side with more or less warmth. Abuse of Christianity missionaries, and everything Christian, is still to be found in the papers, but, on the other hand, some seem to go out of their way to make appreciative remarks.

"The chief point of interest to me is that, instead of the studied silence of the past toward religious questions, there is now frequent reference made to them, and as

the vernacular papers are mostly in the hands of the liberal wing of the Hindus, the Hindu youth are being led more and more away from Hinduism. What this unrest will end in must depend greatly on the time and manner in which we bring before them the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, and yet at the same time it looks as though the battle was being fought for us. This constant discussion amongst themselves for and against Hinduism, with more or less of a friendly attitude toward Christianity on the part of many, looks to me like a battle in which our small body of Christians are like mere spectators; but the victory will be for Christ and His kingdom."—*Mis. Herald.*—*Pres. Rec.*

Is not this a call from our Great Leader for more workers, more prayer? Where shall this unrest find rest but in the rest-giving Christ?

A SIGN.—Varied are the tokens of progress in the Mission Field. Dr. Margaret O'Hara, of the Mission Hospital in Indore, tells of one in her recent experience. She says: "A Christian boy named Ragoo died here last week, and his death was so different from the death of a heathen, and this is the first time anyone died in the hospital without all the patients leaving. No one left, and all came in to see the still form that had borne such suffering." This is certainly a very marked token of waning superstition and growing confidence in the missionaries and their work.

The London City Mission has recently held its fifty-ninth anniversary. The total number of missionaries employed is 483. Of Testaments and portions distributed there have been 33,000, tracts distributed nearly 5,000,000, 12,060 out-door services held, 439 fallen women rescued, and 1,747 drunkards reclaimed, these figures representing but a small fraction of the result achieved. The expenditure during the year has been \$300,000."

Four years ago a general conference of Protestant missionaries in China, held at Shanghai, made an appeal for 1,000 additional missionaries for China within the coming five years. Now, at the expiration of the fourth year after the issue of that appeal, it is announced that upwards of 500 missionaries have gone out to that empire. Another appeal has just been made for the completion of the 1,000 asked for by the end of the fifth year.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. W. V. HIGGINS' LETTERS.

Aug. 8th.—Last Sabbath after meeting I went with my Bible woman to the home of an influential man in the town and talked to his wife, and other women who came in. They listened attentively, and we enjoyed this work for the Master exceedingly. We go on one Sabbath to me, and the next to another, home, and, after talking with the women, distribute picture-cards and tracts to the children.

These Telugu men know Mr. Higgins well, and are glad to have us visit their wives, and speak to them of this "new religion." We, too, are glad because of these open homes where Christ may be taught, and our lady missionary, when she comes, finds work ready to her hand.

Every morning I have Telugu prayers with the servants, and we take up the daily readings on the Sabbath school lessons. These Blakeslee lessons are altogether new

to them, and, although the Bible and Quarterly have been translated into their own idiomatic language, the language is used in such a different connection from that in which they have ever heard it used, that they find it difficult to understand, and still more difficult to remember. Until missionaries came to the country, the Telugu language had never been used to express spiritual truths—hence the difficulty in making these people comprehend. They do not know how to study, consequently they have to be drilled daily, a few questions at a time, and only after many repetitions are they just beginning to get clearer ideas of the truths taught. I find it very discouraging, up-hill work, but intend to persevere, the Lord helping me.

Aug. 15th.—I wrote briefly, I think, about a funeral that took place here last week during Mr. Higgins' absence on tour. I will now give you the details.

The man who died was our Bible woman's father, and his death occurred on Thursday evening. Of course, he must be buried, as is the custom—or rather, the necessity—in this country, as soon as possible the next day, but at so late an hour nothing could be done in preparing the coffin.

We are trying to teach our Christians to bury their dead in baskets nicely covered with shirting cotton, as the wooden boxes cost so much they cannot pay for them without going in debt and remaining in debt a long time. A basket costs one rupee, while a box would cost ten. Early on Friday morning I called the basket makers and requested them to take the measure, then sent a servant to call the grave-diggers, and the son-in-law of the dead man to get the key of the graveyard.

We had some difficulty in obtaining the key, as the sub-magistrate to whom I applied said that native Christians could not be buried in the regular graveyard—that was only for Europeans and Eurasians. I wrote him that he had certainly made a mistake, as three of our native Christians were already buried there. It was also explained to him that native Christians were *Protestants*, and as soon as he understood that, he gave up the key and apologized.

The son-in-law (Narayana) having bought the cloth, there was nothing more for me to do but wait until the grave and basket were ready, then I must go down to the house and show them what further to do.

After arriving there, and showing them how to place the cloth, in which the body was to be wrapped, in the basket, I stepped outside while they lifted the body in, as I did not wish to witness that part of the proceeding. When all was ready I had them bind the cover and basket very tightly with cords, so that it would remain firm, and then found that the cotton which was to go on outside had not been sewed through the centre.

I had previously selected passages of Scripture for the evangelist to read at the service, so I told him to conduct the service on the veranda, while I sewed the cotton as quickly as my fingers could move.

They sang, the evangelist read a portion of Scripture, commented thereon, prayed, and after singing again we followed the body, which was borne on the shoulders of four of our Christians, to the grave about half a mile away. I had to walk there and back in the heat of the day, and returned to my home thoroughly exhausted, and my clothing, even my dress, thoroughly saturated with perspiration.

It was an unusual thing for the evangelist and colporteur to be at home. When Mr. Higgins goes on tour they usually go with him. If they had been away I

would probably have had to conduct the services myself, which would have been a much more trying ordeal than the other duties performed.

You will notice some resemblance to a burial at home—for it was a *Christian burial*, and when compared with the terrible customs of burying the dead in this country, we are led to rejoice in the change which Christianity has wrought even in such instances as this.

Aug. 23rd.—We enjoy our work in Kimeedy much, and thank the Lord daily for sending us here. Mr. Higgins takes a great interest in the native government school here, and this pleases the natives. This year he offered two prizes—a first and second—to the two boys who could recite best "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." (In English, of course. The boys are all taught English.)

On Monday afternoon at five o'clock, Mr. Morse, Mr. Higgins and myself went to the High School to hear the recitations. Mr. Morse (who was spending a few days with us) was to decide the matter of prizes.

Two of the boys did very well indeed, the others fairly well, but it was not difficult to tell who would be the recipients of the prizes. After the recitations Mr. Morse and Mr. Higgins examined the pupils in pronunciation and the meaning of words and construction of sentences. It was astonishing how much they knew and understood.

The prizes presented were a gilt-edged reference Bible to the best one, and an ordinary Bible without references to the other of the two boys entitled to prizes.

The teachers then wished us to remain and hear the boys recite that part of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice referring to Shylock. They did it well, and with animation and intelligence. Mr. Higgins told them afterward that boys at home with the same amount of education could not have done better.

Once give these Telugus an education, and they will become a very intelligent people.

Later.—I have something encouraging to write you to-day. It is this. Last evening the second master in the High School came to see me (Mr. Higgins being on tour), bringing with him one of the boys from the school. He wished to know if Mr. H. would teach a Bible class, and said that about six of the matriculating boys would like to study the Bible under his (Mr. Higgins') supervision. He also said that hereafter more attention would be given to the Bible, and he would be glad if a knowledge of it could be spread through the town. They are all pleased that Mr. Higgins takes so much interest in them, and I think he has a grand work to do here in Kimeedy. There is no other town in our part of the mission field where the people are as unprejudiced as here. There are many here of the more enlightened men who do not worship idols, and yet have not accepted Christianity. God grant that they may be led to accept Christ as their Saviour speedily.

THE YANADI'S AMONG THE TELUGUS.

Among the many peoples and castes and tribes speaking the Telugu language is a people called Yanadid, or Yanadulu, in Telugu, which means without a beginning. Their early home and history are unknown. They number, perhaps, 25,000. They live chiefly near the sea coast, and beginning near Madras they extend north beyond Bapatna. Some of their manners and customs are quite unlike those of other Hindus. The poverty, ignor-

ance, superstition, degradation and oppression of some of Asia's millions, have been told and re-told, until you are, perhaps, tired of the story. And yet, after having seen something of heathenism in Burmah, Siam, China, Singapore, and various parts of India, I believe the Yanadi people to be the very poorest, the most utterly ignorant, stupid and senseless; victims of the most atrocious cruelties and oppressions—in fact in every respect one of the most thoroughly degraded people of Asia, if not indeed the most of all.

We visit these people at their houses. These houses are tiny palm-leaf huts, smaller than we see anywhere else; too low for a woman to stand upright, without a window, and only one door or opening about 1½ or 2 feet high, so that they crawl through. Their chairs, beds, blankets, simply the loose, dry ground; and, indeed, their only furniture two or three earthen pots for holding water, and for cooking purposes. Their clothing shamefully meagre, and the children entirely naked—except the covering over the entire body of dust and ashes; and never bathed in all their lives, we are told. Their hair is very curly, and from being neglected, and probably from birth uncombed, is loaded with sand and vermin, and stands out round the head nearly as large as a hall bushel. Too lazy to work, until they have been some times a couple of days without food, eating as luxuries, cats, rats, flying foxes, etc. Can you in this land of privileges and culture, imagine such a life?

We stand and look at them in their squalor, and accustomed though we have become to the sight, we are constrained to ask, "Can these be of the same blood as we?"

I said to a Yanadi woman one Saturday afternoon, "Aldama, you and your husband will be over to the meeting to-morrow morning, will you not?" And she replied, "Yes, I'll come, but Narsialu cannot come if I do, as this is the only cloth we have, and when I wear it he has to stay at home."

The cloth referred to was a piece of very dirty cotton about as large as a bath-towel—twisted about her body. The entire wardrobe of the whole family! Many of their social customs are very degrading. They are the only people of whom I have heard it said, "They have no marriage ceremony." It is simply an elopement, as often as a man or woman finds one whose company he or she fancies might be preferable to present circumstances, accordingly, with a few exceptions, all are really un-married. Yet no adult lives alone, and this makes it necessary for every adult candidate for baptism to be married, as part of the preparation for that ordinance.

Three years ago a Yanadi man professed conversion, and wanted to be baptized, but was prevented, because his heathen wife was unwilling to be married to him. The oppression of the Yanadi's by all other classes, is sometimes almost incredible, and we have known some very, very sad cases of unjust, cruel wrongs suffered by them because they are "the poor that hath no helper." Every other Hindu in the country is ready to take advantage.

A most daring robbery of nearly 500 rupees' worth of jewellery was committed in Ramapatam about two years ago. It was believed to have been the work of one of the prominent, influential village officials, but he succeeded in getting the charges fastened on one or two helpers, timid Yanadi men. They were tried before a native magistrate, and on the testimony of *false witnesses*—hired for the occasion—convicted, and sent to gaol.

We believed the poor men to be innocent and ac-

ceeded in having the case brought before an English Collector, who reversed the judgment and released the men. But they and their families were persecuted and threatened by their enemies, who were angry at the turn of affairs—and for weeks they dared not sleep in their own houses. Having obtained permission from us to sleep on our veranda floor, they used to come nearly half a mile to our house every evening—men, women and children.

One of the young men—formerly a student in our Station school—said to me: "You please come out to the veranda very early morning, or in the night—when ever you can—to see that we men are all here, for our enemies are going to bring a charge against us, and we want you to know that we are all here every night, so you will be able to testify for us."

After being in this state of terror for some weeks, they were actually hunted out of the place, and all the converted families moved away about 150 miles distant, where they are still living. For all their work for the farmers and others, Yanadi people receive less than half the pay of any other coolie in the country. And yet the ordinary coolie man receives only about 5 cents for a day's work, and a woman 2½ cents.

Of Christ the blessed word is: "He shall have pity on the poor and needy, and the souls of the needy He shall save."

Among the changes wrought in me by the Holy Spirit was the putting into my heart, in a way that was simply marvellous to myself, a love for the unlovely, repulsive Yanadi people. I was given an overpowering love for them—wicked, lazy, filthy, naked, ungrateful, degraded abjectors though they were—and I was made to desire, and to labor, and to pray for their conversion, until, it is no exaggeration to say, in Paul's words, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for their sakes"; all the time realizing most keenly that none of this was of myself.

It was not I, but Christ which dwelleth in me." And though I am so far separated from them of late, yet in my heart are the same deep yearnings, the same longing for their salvation—and the same conviction that this is all a part of God's plan for bringing to Himself His elect from among these lost ones.

A young man by the name of A. Benjamin, or Banney, of the Yanadi caste, was converted and educated, and is now a great helper in sowing the seed of the Kingdom among his own people. Brahmins and other educated Hindus sometimes hear him, and in their utter astonishment say: "How is this! you only a Yanadi man, able to talk like this! Why you know more than we do!" To which Benny replies: "Yes, I am a Yanadi man, but I know more than you do, because I am a Christian, and my God teaches me."

Just here I love to recognize God's plan and to praise Him that "He hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound the mighty; and base things of the world which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

(To be concluded.)

Anad. res given by Mrs. Boggs, of Ramapatam, at the annual meeting of the W. B. M. C., Aug., 1894.

"As far as sowing the Gospel seed is concerned the greater part of Persia is an uncultivated field."

Amounts received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. C. during Quarter ending Oct. 31st, 1894.

	F. M.	H. M.	TOTAL
Rec'd from Nova Scotia W. M. Aid Societies.....	\$446 42	\$60 34	\$506 76
Rec'd from N. S. Mission Bands.....	39 94	3 93	43 87
" " Sunday Schools.....	8 35		8 35
" " New Brunswick W. M. Aid Societies.....	148 76	22 00	170 76
Rec'd from N. B. Mission Bands.....	17 74	10 50	28 24
" " Sunday Schools.....	2 25		2 25
" " P. E. Island W. M. Aid Societies.....	83 27	15 46	98 73
Rec'd from Annual Collection.....	12 87		12 87
			<u>\$871 83.</u>

Dr

Paied J. W. Manning, Treas. F. M. B.....	\$1,675 00
" Printing Annual Reports.....	45 20
" " W. M. Aid Society Mission Bands Constitutions.....	2 50
" " Printing <i>Tidings</i>	4 25
" " Stationery and Printing same.....	5 75
" " Miss Johnstone postage.....	6 00
" " Miss Black, Literature Fund.....	11 00
" " Express, drafts, postage, etc.....	4 02
	<u>\$1,753 72</u>

MARY SMITH,
Treas. M. B. M. U.

Amherst, Oct. 31st, 1894.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

DIGBY. Having met Mrs. Churchill a few days after Convention at Bear River, I was much pleased to learn that she could spend a few days with us in Digby, and would be pleased to meet the sisters of the Aid Society. I thought we would be a little selfish if we enjoyed this rare treat alone, and so wrote to all the societies of the County to send delegates to meet with us on Saturday, Sept. 8th. We opened our meeting by singing "Jesus shall reign," and reading responsively the 2nd Psalm, followed with prayer by Mrs. Churchill. We then had reports from the Societies. Seven of our eleven societies reported, five verbally, two by letter. A spirit of most earnest consecration was manifest in reports. Mrs. Churchill then addressed us as societies and individuals. Our hearts were stirred into renewed love and pity for the poor Telugus, and more sympathy for those who represent us in India. We are encouraged to believe that the societies of Digby will do greater things for God and humanity this year than ever before.

EDITH S. DYKEMAN.

FROM THE HOME WORKERS.

A Mission Band with thirty one members has been organized at Tremont, King's Co., and are hard at work. Pres., Miss Saunders; Sec., Miss E. Banks.

At Hampton, Ann. Co., N.S., Miss A. E. Parker organized an Aid Society with twelve members. Pres., Miss A. E. Parker; Sec., Mrs. H. M. Chute.

Crusade Day was observed in the Aid Society of the North church, Halifax, by members making a personal canvass, with the result that eighteen members were added to the roll.

At Mahone Bay the Mission Band have started to raise \$20 this year. In Oct. they had raised \$5. We would not be surprised if this Band raised more than \$20.

The A.M. Society at Tremont, King's Co., is making rapid progress under the leadership of its President, Mrs. R. E. Gullison. The membership at present is forty. Public meetings are held every month, on Sunday evenings. One hundred mite boxes have been distributed, and the members are hard at work filling them. One of the younger members earns her money by reading to her father, who pays her so much per hour. And so on. It is astonishing how many little ways have been found by which to earn this missionary money.

In accordance with a promise made to Mrs. Gullison in August, the Prov. Sec. addressed a meeting at Tremont on Sunday, Nov. 11th. The house was full, and the attention good. The results are with Him who uses the weak things.

On Monday evening, Nov. 5th, a farewell missionary meeting was held in the vestry of the North church, Halifax. The pastor, Rev. D. G. MacDonald, was in the chair, and, after the usual devotional exercises, the evening was given to addresses from Dr. Boggs and Mrs. Churchill. A collection to help defray Mrs. Churchill's expenses to India was taken.

Nov. 13th was Crusade Day at Port Williams. The sisters met in the afternoon, and had a delightful season. In the evening a public meeting was held in the church, presided over by the new President of the Aid Society and the new pastor's wife and our Cor. Sec. of the W. B. M. U. Recitations and dialogues formed a very pleasing part of the programme. Good music, and an address on our North-West mission by Rev. H. Hull, added to the evening's enjoyment and, we may say, profit.

These public meetings must do good. We wish that all our Aid Societies would hold them during the year. Only in this way can we get all in our churches interested in this work.

A recitation was also given by the little daughter of the Secretary of the Aid Society.

(The Prov. Sec. was present and took part.)

"THERE are no newspapers in Seoul, Korea, and the missionaries there sometimes know less of the war than people in the United States. Mr. Mackenzie, a native of N. S., writes:—'Word from Seoul advises me to leave, but after careful thought I have concluded to stay. The Lord placed me here. Our little band will become demoralized if I leave. I have been urging the men here to trust the Lord and not worry. Surely I can do the same, and I have faith to believe the result will be to give us wider opportunities in the Lord's work.'"

Brave Soldier of the Cross! Baptist women remember him in your prayers in the monthly meeting and add your petitions to those of your sisters in the Presbyterian aid societies, that "the Omnipotent Hand will not only cover our brethren in the hour of peril, but use this war to cleanse the nations from their idols."

Surely nothing so unites men and women of different faiths as this work of missions. A command, "Go ye," links the workers at home and abroad.

"A wife can be divorced at the will of her husband by the payment of a sum of money amounting to about two and a half cents."—*Missionary Review*.

Who made us to differ?

ADDRESSES

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

Officers W. B. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces for year ending August, 1894:—Pres., Mrs. J. W. Manning, St. John West, N. B.; Treas., Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N. S. Cor. Sec'y, Mrs. C. H. Martell, Upper Canard, N. S.; Prof. Secretaries: N. B.—Mrs. L. A. Long, Fairville, St. John, N. B.; N. S.—A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S.; P. E. I.—Miss M. C. Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Editor of W. B. M. U. Column M. M. & M. V., Mrs. J. W. Manning, Correspondent for the LINK, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth.

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

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

Cocanada.—Dr. E. G. Smith and wife, Rev. J. E. Chute, Miss A. E. Baskerville, Miss S. A. Simpson, Miss E. A. Folsom.

Narsapatnam.—
Pedapuram.—Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife.
Ramachandrapuram.—Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife.
Samulcotta.—Rev. J. E. Davis, B. A., and wife.
Tuni.—Miss Martha Rogers and Miss Ellen Pricat.
Vuyyuru.—Rev. J. G. Brown, B. A., and wife, Miss Anna Murray.

Yellamanchili.—Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife.
Bangalore.—Miss Kate McLaurin (temporarily).
At Home.—Rev. S. I. Hatch, Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A., and wife, and Rev. F. Garside, B. A., and wife.

FROM MARITIME PROVINCES.

Chicadee.—Rev. I. C. Archibald, B. A., and wife, and Miss Wright.

Bainpatrick.—Rev. L. D. Morse, B. A., and wife, and Miss A. C. Gray.

Vinamagram.—Rev. M. B. Shaw, M. A., and wife, and Miss K. McNeill.

Bobbili.—Rev. G. Churchill.

Parla-Kimedy.—Rev. W. V. Higgins, B. A., and wife.
On Furlough.—Rev. R. Sanford, M. A., and wife, Rev. J. H. Barrs, B. A., and Mrs. G. Churohill.

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