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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 9, No. 2.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [Oct., 1886.



GEORGE FREDERIC CURRIE.

Let all delegates to the Annual Meeting in Hamilton remember to be there at the opening meeting on Wednesday evening instead of Thursday morning as heretofore.

OUR NEW MISSIONARY.—At a recent meeting of the Executive Board of the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Society of Western Ontario, Miss Isabella Hatch, of Woodstock, was appointed to the foreign field. This appointment has been confirmed by the Board of the General Society, and Miss Hatch will go at once to reinforce our faithful workers in India. It is not yet definitely settled what kind of work she will undertake. She will endeavor first of all to learn the language, and then will be ready to do whatever may seem most needful. Considerable expense will be involved in equipping her and sending out our new missionary, and in supporting her on the field. Our readers will see the necessity of increased exertions to meet the financial needs of our enlarging work.

LIFE OF DR. FYFE.—We intended earlier than this to have called the attention of our readers to the excellent memoir of this great and good man prepared by his associate in educational work, Professor Joseph E. Wells. It is well known that Dr. Fyfe was chiefly instrumental in securing the organization of the Foreign Mission Society of Ontario and Quebec, and was one of the most zealous advocates of the foreign mission cause. This memoir is, to a great extent, a history of our denomination during a long and interesting period. The first number of the LINK (after the specimen number issued by Mr. Timpany) contained as its first item an announcement of the death of Dr. Fyfe, who was President of the F. M. Society. It is fitting that the LINK, which is not in the habit of noticing other than missionary literature, should refer to this memoir. Every Baptist should read this valuable book and it should have a place in every Sunday School library. It can be secured by sending \$1 to Prof. J. E. Wells, 123 Rose Ave., Toronto.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS.—From a letter from one of our missionaries we learn that Mr. Stillwell has already made so much progress in Telugu that he is able to conduct services with a fluency that is most gratifying, and that augurs well for his future usefulness. He takes charge at once of the Samulcotta Seminary, and we trust that a long career of usefulness awaits him in that position.

REV. E. W. KELLY, of New Brunswick, a graduate of Acadia College of the class of '76, who has for the past three years been engaged under the American Baptist Union at Maulmain, has removed to Thebaw's royal city, Mandalay, Upper Burma. He has the honor of being the first missionary to enter upon the work there. In a private letter to a friend in Windsor, N.S.—where he was at one time pastor of the Baptist Church—Mr. Kelly says: "Mandalay is large, low and flat and likely to be very trying to the health. It is an admirable field. The city is more or less disturbed, but it is well guarded, and we hope that in a short time the work will go on smoothly,

but pioneer work in the Jerusalem of Buddhism will be against a strong tide. Mrs. Kelly, formerly Miss Mary VanMeter, M.D., is an old and esteemed friend of the Editor of the LINK.

Rev. C. K. Harrington, of Cape Breton, is under appointment of the Baptist Missionary Board to Yokohama, Japan. He is a graduate of Acadia College of the class of 1879, and also of Morgan Park theological school. He was married in September to Miss Jenny Lovet, of Kentville, N.S., a niece of Mrs. A. R. Crawley, now of Sydney, C.B., formerly of the Henthada Mission, Burma. They sail shortly for Japan. Mr. Harrington's brother goes out with Messrs. Sanford and Churchill to the Canadian Telugu field.

REV. G. F. CURRIE.—We are greatly pleased to be able to furnish to our readers an excellent sketch of our deceased missionary, by Principal T. H. Rand, D.O.L., of Woodstock College. The communications from Rev. J. W. A. Stewart and Rev. John McLaurin were addressed originally to the *Canadian Baptist*. The portrait of Mr. Currie is, we think, a good likeness, but not so good as we could have wished.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Most of our contributors are becoming quite familiar to our readers. Mrs. Timpany appears for the first time since her return from India, and we are sure that all who read her earnest and eloquent words will wish that she may write often. Miss Johnston's sketch of Mrs. Comstock should have appeared among the articles near the beginning of the paper, but it is sure to be read with interest where it stands. Mrs. Baker's beautiful little poem is sure to attract attention, and the children will be delighted with "Sister Belle's" account of Chinese life.

God's Jewels.

Mal. iii., 16-17.

In that great day when God the Lord
Shall count His Jewels one by one,
Whom will He claim to be His own—
His own redeemed thro' Christ the Son?

Before Him written in the book
Are they that think upon His name,
And fear their God, the Lord of Hosts,
These are the Jewels He will claim.

And He will gather from the north,
And from beneath the southern sun,
From nations of the east and west
And bring His chosen one by one.

Will God not spare them tho' but dim
The brightest of His Jewels shine?
Yea! as a father spares his son,
For He hath said "they shall be mine."

And in the city of pure gold
Whose walls are built of precious stone,
The gathered Jewels of the Lord
Shall shine with brightness like His own.

IDA BAKER.

Belleville, Sept. 12th, 1880.

GEORGE FREDERIC CURRIE.

I very cheerfully comply with the request of the editor of the LINK, to furnish a brief sketch of the life of our departed brother Currie. Some sixteen months or more ago, as he was passing from the telegraph office in Wolfville, N. S., Mr. Currie informed me that he had just offered to return at once to India. He knew well what Timpany's death meant to the mission, and his heart yearned to afford succor. Only some ten months before had he returned to his native land, with his family, after an absence of nine years. I remember what a thrill went through me as he spoke of his decision to return at once, and alone. I felt then that his act was heroic and carried his life with it. And so this simple, gentle, modest, heroic soul has gone up from his field of loved toil and bed of pain to meet his Master's "Well done"! It is fitting to set down the incidents of his life. I regret that I am not fully in possession of the facts which marked his quiet and comparatively uneventful years, but the chief ones can be briefly told.

He was born in Fredericton, N. B., in 1844. He was converted when a lad of some eleven years, and at that time publicly expressed his desire to be a foreign missionary. When eighteen years of age he united with the Fredericton church. About this time he attended the Provincial Training or Normal School at St. John, and subsequently taught the public school for eighteen months at Keswick Ridge. Here he first began evangelistic and temperance work. He afterwards spent five years at the institutions at Wolfville, graduating at Acadia College as one of the class of '74. His college course was marked by unusual ability in study, all subjects of the curriculum being grappled with in a searching and masterful way; while his life was characterized by a simple, earnest, and firm religious faith. Friends in Cardigan, Newcastle, and Andover—all in N. B.—will remember his faithful labors as a home missionary during his college vacations. He was ordained to the work of the ministry at Andover in July, 1874, immediately after his college graduation, and forthwith offered his services as a foreign missionary to the Board of the Maritime Provinces. The Board was unable to give him the expected encouragement in pursuance of his plans. Shortly after this the Board of Ontario and Quebec sought him out and offered to send him at once to India. He joyfully accepted the service, and after visiting a number of the churches in Ontario, was publicly designated at Guelph to the Cocanada mission field. Embarking at Halifax, November, 1875, he reached Rangoon, January, 1876. On the first of February he was married to Maria F. Armstrong, of Wolfville, N. S.—she, it will be remembered, being one of the band of missionaries who left the Maritime Provinces in 1873. Mr. and Mrs. Currie embarked at once for Cocanada, where they resided for nearly two years. While engaged here in the study of the Telugu language Mr. Currie took an equal share with Mr. McLaurin in the charge of the English Baptist Church. He also organized in connection with the congregation a temperance society which has grown in numbers and influence; and superintended the Sabbath School. As his ability to speak to the natives increased, he seized every opportunity of preaching to them either in bazaar, village, or on missionary tours; on a number of which he accompanied Mr. McLaurin.

Leaving Cocanada he opened in January, 1878, a station in an entirely new field at Tuni. Then commenced a heroic conflict with superstition, ignorance, and Brahman prejudices. He fought single handed, or even worse, for the two men who went with him as preachers proved unworthy of confidence, and were eventually dismissed. For a time it seemed almost as if the battle was going against him, but gathering a feeble band of recruits he held the ground with reverend determination to plant there the standard of the cross. And this he did the Lord granting him somewhat at least of his soul's desire. He wasted no time in argument with those who came only to oppose. He preached "the truth as it is in Jesus," beginning first in the town of Tuni, and extending his sphere of

labor gradually, until every part of the field had been travelled over. The upper classes would not heed his message, and with strong desire he turned to the lower castes and outcasts. And at the end of six years a church of about fifty or sixty members had been gathered from thirteen villages—the fruit of unremitting toil. He felt it very hard to leave the work in the spring of 1884, for there were enquirers in several sections of the field.

After his return, he writes in Nov., 1885: "Other candidates are desiring baptism in different places, but how soon I shall be able to meet them I do not know." The previous month he writes: "Prayer is a great source of comfort and encouragement to me now in my isolation. I realize the fulfillment of the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' I have been wonderfully sustained and have great reason to be thankful. Yet I do so long to see the people submitting to Christ, and this longing is no far from being satisfied." His desire was at least partially granted, for he baptized about 24 persons after his return. A few of these were from the Cocanada field, the northern part of which he had charge of. He had, indeed, general supervision of all the fields from the time of his arrival until Mr. Craig returned to India. In addition to direct missionary work among the heathen, he superintended the building of a house which served as a residence for his family, a school house which served the double purpose of school house and chapel, and a mission house which he was engaged in finishing when the call came to him to rest from his labors.

A few sentences must close this sketch. Mr. Currie endeavored always to preach somewhere each day. He was a father to his Christians. He made their troubles his own, and they were sure of his practical help. He never spoke complainingly of his privations. The first years at Tuni were attended with many hardships. When depressed by severe and continued illness, and discouraged by the state of the work, "once only," says Mrs. Currie, "I heard him exclaim 'all these things are against us.'" Those who have gone into heathenism as dark and imbruted as that at the new station at Tuni can understand his travail of spirit. Those who were privileged to know Mr. Currie will agree with me in saying that he was faithful, conscientious, earnest, ever zealous, watchful, exact, wise, helpful. Perhaps his most distinguishing trait was humility,

"the root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

He seemed to have the gift of self-effacement. He never forgot that "the servant is not above his Lord," and with much sweetness and gentleness of spirit strove to obey the injunction, "By love serve one another." I trust our young men at Acadia, at Woodstock, at McMaster Hall may catch the spirit which impelled this noble life.

Mrs. Currie, whom I was privileged to count a member of my Sabbath School class in my college days, and her three little children will receive the prayerful sympathy of all readers of the LINK.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Woodstock, Ont., Sept., 1886.

PARTICULARS OF BRO. CURRIE'S DEATH.

A letter has just reached me from Bro. Anvaeho in which he gives a full account of the death of Bro. Currie. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to place before your readers all the details contained in Bro. Anvaeho's letter, and accordingly I take from it the following facts:

Our lamented brother died of *chronic diarrhoea*, which ultimately developed into *dysentery*. His illness began *eight weeks* before the fatal result was reached. He was then at Tuni, earnestly engaged in the work of his beloved mission. He applied to the native physician of Tuni, and his remedies at first helped him. He made a short visit to Pentakotah, where Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell then were, and while there Mr. Stillwell reports him as pretty well. On his return to Tuni, his trouble returned; the remedies used were unavailing, and Mr. Currie accordingly started for Cocanada, where he

arrived July 6. Here the disease was so far checked as to allow of a short visit to Samulocotta. On returning to Cocanada, however, his illness became more serious than ever. Everything was done for him that the physician's skill, and careful nursing, night and day could do. Two or three times it seemed as if health was returning, and not until July 30, was Bro. Auvache, who attended him constantly, really alarmed. On Saturday, July 31, he sank rapidly. The most earnest efforts to prolong his fleeting life were made. Of the closing scenes Bro. Auvache says:—"At about 8.15 p.m., he partly raised himself in bed, and stretching his arms upwards he seemed eager to take hold on some one unseen to us, while his face seemed to lose the weary look of pain, and in its place came a look of joy and peace. Then he sank down and at 8.25 o'clock he was with the Master he so dearly loved and whom he so faithfully served. Miss Frith, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Auvache, and myself were with him when he passed away. We had sent word to Bro. McLaurin, but before he or Bro. Stillwell could get here, our dear brother was in glory. The doctor says the cause of death was failure of the heart's action brought about by debility of the whole system. Speaking to him a few days before his death, I said, 'Bro. Currie, this is one of the *all things that work together for good*' He replied, 'Yes, (God knows best; I am quite content.'

Our brother was buried on Sunday, Aug. 1. We had a short service in our English chapel, conducted by Bro. McLaurin, the service in the cemetery being conducted by Bro. Craig. Our dear brother's body lies near to Brother Timpany's there to await the Lord's coming."

I need not add that this has been a terrible blow to our missionaries in India, to our departed brother's bereaved family, and to the society which he so faithfully and heroically served. But our hope is in God.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. A. STEWART.

Hamilton, Sept. 13th.

Brother Currie.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—How unnatural it feels to put that name at the head of an obituary notice. Brother Currie, who only a few weeks ago was with us in this same room, whose features and form stand clearly before me as I write, whose quiet, gentle-soothing, musical voice I can now hear, Brother Currie, my first helper on the Canadian field, and the man who last year so heroically sprang into the breach made by Brother Timpany's death, and who so soon fell as his brother fell, at his post. Yes, Brother Currie's body has been laid in the cemetery, where our treasures are accumulating, and his soul has gone to join the great cloud of witnesses. We do not profess to understand our Father's dealings with us in this matter. We would rather not lift the veil. We know that He doeth all things well; and brother Currie's work was done. And there was nothing else to do but take him to glory. We are not cast down. We loved our brother dearly, but the work did not depend on him, does not depend on us. We are as sure that the Lord will take care of this work, as we would be were every Baptist minister in Canada clamoring to be here. How easily He can dispense with our services.

I am unable to give an account of Brother Currie's earlier life. Some one who knew him at home, I hope will do so, but I wish to say a few words about a man who was little known beyond our own circle. He came to us on the 12th February, 1876. He entered into our life like a gentle breeze, to soothe and refresh us.

Everybody who has come in contact with our brother knows that he was a quiet man. He was a gentle man, a meek man, a man full of self-repression. Yielding in matters of policy, etc., though firm enough in matters of principle and conscience. These are qualities not generally popular, though they are a blessing in our loud-voiced work-a-day world, and much set by in the good book. He learned the language early and well. His work was honest and without

sham. He did a good work in Cocanada, both for the church and temperance while he remained there. He was the founder of the Total Abstinence Association, which has been a great blessing to many. In 1878, with his wife, he removed to Tunl. Tunl was and is a peculiarly hard field. The people are very poor and very ignorant and debased. He suffered much from fever, and they were constantly exposed to wild beasts and venomous reptiles. The house was more than once visited by Dacoits or thieves. Hard work was done, and fruit was the result. When Bro. Currie returned to his native land, with his family, in 1884, there was a church of fifty members and several preachers, and teachers gathered from this virgin soil.

During Bro. Currie's absence in Canada, the field suffered much, but on his return last year it yielded to his touch as to a master hand, and the desert began to blossom as the rose. The work he did was well done. The foundations were laid deep and broad. Bro. Currie sacrificed himself to the call of the hour last year. He had not recruited. It takes time to change. The care, the loneliness, the hard work, the incessant travelling, the poor food, and want of medical assistance did their work. He suffered from dysentery for about two months. The system was too far gone either to throw off the disease, or to respond to the medical treatment.

He came here two weeks or more before his death. I saw the case was serious, and besought him to go to Cocanada, where he could have treatment. He went. All was done for him that was possible. But he had finished his course and the Lord took him.

This will throw additional labor on those left, especially on Brother Craig. He will need our prayers and sympathy. I am only good for so much. There are no reserves of strength in me any more.

Who is to have the privilege of taking up the fallen mantle? Come, brethren, there are no half recruited men at home upon whom you can cast a pleading look. We are all here. Come over and help us.

A good man, a gentle, patient toiler, a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, has left a vacant place. Who will come and fill it?
JOHN McLAURIN.

Samulocotta, Aug. 10th, 1886.

A Review of Our Foreign Work.*

BY MRS. J. B. TIMPANY.

I heard a lady say a short time ago, that "Mission Work in India had become a hackneyed subject." I tried to put the thought away from me, but could not, now and again it returned, and I was led to look into the matter to see if it was really so; if it was possible that the Christian women of Canada were wearying of the work begun by a few with interest and enthusiasm about nine years ago. At first there were only a few Circles formed with a comparatively small number of members, but in our Corresponding Secretary's last report we are told there were, up to Dec. last, 86 Circles, and before another year the number will be above one hundred. While the number of dollars contributed by the Circles has increased from about \$500 to about \$5,000 a year. The public meetings of our societies are much more frequent than formerly. The gatherings in connection with our Associations are a sign of progress. And the large number of Bands for children and young people now in operation show that the subject of missions has become a living reality to both old and young. More pastors pray for missions than did so a few years ago. Publications on mission work, maps, descriptions of foreign lands, with the manners and customs of the inhabitants are now so common that no one need be ignorant on this subject.

What does all this work giving and intelligence show—that we are tired of missions? No, far from it. It shows that we are beginning to enter into the true spirit of the Gospel; that

*Read at a Woman's Missionary Meeting at Aylmer, June, 1886.

we are beginning to accept our part in the great legacy which our Saviour left to us many years ago. That we might be co-workers with Him in bringing sinners to accept Jesus as their Saviour. For our encouragement let us go back a little and review what we have done.

The first work taken up by the Woman's Society was the girl's boarding school, in Cocanada, numbering at first sixteen pupils, now there are fifty boarders under instruction, with about half that number of day scholars. Is it a small thing that these girls after being brought to the Saviour are taught to read and understand God's Holy Book, as well as many other branches of useful knowledge, which will fit them for positions of honor and usefulness? They also learn to be clean and neat in their persons and tidy in their homes as well as make and mend their own garments. If you could realize the miserable, low condition from which many of these girls are taken you would better understand the benefit they are receiving and the amount of heaven going forth year by year from that one school as these girls return to their homes with a Bible or Testament of their own, able to read and tell others of its precious contents. The amount of good done by that one agency of yours eternity alone can reveal. You helped largely in the building of the Chapel at Cocanada, as well as providing in part for the mission boat on the same field. In the Chapel sinners are pointed to the Saviour every day, while the boat is always welcomed in its frequent visits to the distant village as the bearer of Christ's messengers.

But for the last three years you have had a representative of your own on the foreign field, working altogether for the dark and down-trodden women of India, women who are enslaved mentally, morally and spiritually. As yet they do not seem to realize their sad condition. But as the Holy Spirit touches and opens their hearts to see their lost and degraded state, their hearts and homes will be made glad and bright with the love of Jesus. Miss Frith has met with great encouragement so far as having homes opened for her to visit. She labors and prays earnestly that these women whom she loves may be brought to Christ. But the work of sowing the seed requires time, when that has been done the Lord will bring many of these women now so ignorant and superstitious into the glorious liberty of the Gospel.

You are efficiently aiding the seminary in Samuiootta where preachers and teachers are being trained to do the work for their own people that you cannot leave home to do. You support Bible-women, village schools, provide books and tracts for distribution, and in many ways are the means of benefiting those who are without Christ. And all this has been accomplished in less than ten years! With all this growth and encouragement can any one say we lack interest, that we are tired of the work? No, no one who looks at the matter honestly can or will say that.

As I recall the early efforts in forming our society, with the increased knowledge and interest at present felt in this work, I congratulate all those who have so faithfully labored to bring about this pleasing change, and the success that has attended their efforts. And I know you will not weary in well doing for in helping others your own souls have been enriched, and you are all more-anxious to help the Mission cause than ever. It seems to me that we as Christian women possess the only remedy for all the sin, misery and trouble in this as well as in foreign lands, namely, the Word of God. Would that everyone of us might realize how much we owe to that blessed Word, and then with renewed effort do all we can to give it to the millions of our sisters who are still without a ray of gospel sunshine in their dark lives. We do not yet rightly estimate the importance of our mission fields and the magnitude of the work we have undertaken. With our influence and means, if we turn a deaf ear to the claims of the perishing millions in heathen lands, will we be found guiltless at the last day? For Christian work in this country we have a great many special organizations: Home Mission Societies, Bible Societies, Ministerial Societies, Educational Societies, Religious Publication Societies, and many others. This is all right, but this is for ourselves, and for the benefit

of the forty or fifty millions who inhabit this enlightened land. But are we giving or doing a tithe as much for the nine hundred millions of heathen? I know the excuses frequently given, "so much to do at home," "we must not forget the heathen in our own lands," and that oft misquoted adage "Charity begins at home." And as is too often the case by those who use it, it remains at home. According to the general statistics of the churches in America and Great Britain the whole amount given for foreign mission work is about 6 millions of dollars annually. This sum appears large, but it becomes very small when compared with the number among whom it must be distributed. This allows six-tenths of one cent per year for the evangelization of each heathen man and woman. It must carry the Gospel half way round the globe, support missionaries, pay for printing Bibles and Christian books, support schools and teachers, indeed, furnish all the Christian education these ignorant heathen are to have. And for all this we provide six-tenths of a cent for each individual heathen! Yes, there is plenty to do at home and there are millions of Christians to do it, there is more to do in foreign lands and only a few thousands to do it. Should we not work where our help is most needed? There Christ's cause is sure to win, but in yonder land under a burning sun where the few are struggling faint and weary against many of its unknown difficulties, there is where our help is needed. Shall we let these brave toilers call in vain for help? Missionaries go to India by ones and twos, while into the churches of our own land they press by scores. All I plead for is that we do as much in proportion for the heathen who are in total darkness as for sinners in our own enlightened land. Life is short, our opportunities are brief and rapidly passing away. If we are to receive a blessing from heaven, we must work for Jesus and for those He has committed to our keeping. This is worth living for, and many now in glory felt it was worth dying for.

Medical Missions as a Pioneer Agency.

As a means of overcoming prejudice and of gaining access to heathen, and often exclusive, communities, medical missions present strong claims to the sympathy and support of the friends of missions. The suspicion and prejudice with which the Christian missionary is often regarded in Mahomedan countries, as well as in many parts of the heathen world, render our endeavours to reach the people, and introduce the Gospel amongst them, a work of great difficulty, and often even of danger. Gross ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, caste, social habits, and national prejudices, are barriers which the mere missionary finds it difficult to overcome, and which may compel him to remain for years isolated and shunned, if not despised, and thus the opportunity of doing good for which he yearns is utterly denied him; whilst, to the missionary physician, the hovel and the palace are alike opened at his approach, suspicions are allayed, prejudice is disarmed, caste distinction, for the time, at least, is overcome; even the harem, where the brother may not intrude, is not too sacred for the "infidel" when he enters as an angel of mercy to the sick and dying; thus, as the missionary pioneer, he opens and holds open many a door of Christian usefulness—to these he introduces his brethren, thus enlarging their sphere of service as well as his own.

A striking illustration of the value of medical missionary work was the providential opening for the establishment of a medical mission at Tientsin which occurred in 1879. During the visit to Tientsin of Dr. Mackenzie, a medical missionary of the London Missionary Society at Hankow, Lady Li, wife of His Excellency Li Hung-Chang, the Governor-General of the Province, who had been long an invalid, was so dangerously ill, that her nativ

physicians had given her up. They told the Governor-General that they could do nothing more for her, except to begin and give over again all the drugs which had already been administered! In this emergency, his Excellency, having heard of the visit of Dr. Mackenzie to the city, summoned him, along with Dr. Irwin, to attend Lady Li. As Chinese prejudice forbids much that is allowed to Occidental practice, it was found necessary to call in a lady physician. Miss L. H. Howard, M.D., of the American Methodist Mission, was providentially at no great distance from Tientsin, and having been sent for, she was soon installed in a suite of rooms, in the official residence, adjoining her ladyship's apartments. With God's blessing on the treatment of these three physicians, added to careful nursing, Lady Li's life was saved, and she was soon quite restored to health. The fame of foreign medicine was in this way quickly spread abroad, and received the highest approval. The physicians had soon plenty of work. While they remained in the Yamen, or official residence, they operated successfully in many serious surgical cases; and as native doctors know nothing of surgery, the wonderful cures effected produced a great impression. The Governor-General fitted up a dispensary for Dr. Mackenzie in a temple—the largest in Tientsin, built as a memorial to his predecessor—furnished the medicines, and allowed him full liberty to preach the Gospel to his patients. Accommodation was likewise provided, in another part of the same temple, for Miss Dr. Howard's dispensary for women, his Excellency paying all expenses, and granting to her the same privilege. Thousands of Chinese, including all classes of society, came to these dispensaries for medical aid, and had the Gospel preached to them, humanly speaking, under the most favourable circumstances; and so great was the encouragement in this work, that, on the invitation of his Excellency, Dr. Mackenzie determined to remain permanently at Tientsin.

The London Missionary Society's Medical Mission in Travancore has been a most valuable auxiliary to evangelistic work in that province. In the waiting-room of the mission dispensary may be seen, day by day, sitting side by side under the same roof, the Brahmin, the Sudra, and Shānar the Pulayar and Pariah, the devil-worshipper and the follower of Siva, the Mahommedan, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Christian—men, women, and children of all castes and creeds, waiting their turn to be examined, and listening attentively to the reading of God's word and the preaching of the Gospel. There, year by year, thousands hear the story of sweet redeeming love, who would otherwise, in all human probability, live and die without having once had an opportunity of listening to the glad tidings.

By means of his medical skill exercised in the successful treatment of the Raneé—wife of the Maharajah—Dr. Colin Valentine gained access, both for himself and his brother missionaries, to Jeypore, one of the most bigoted and exclusive strongholds of idolatry in Northern India, where the United Presbyterian Church has now a prosperous mission. Dr. Valentine was at first stationed at Beawar, in the state of Mairwarra. His health, however, broke down, and he was ordered to go the Himalayas for rest and change. On his way he had to pass through Jeypore; and while there he visited the Maharajah, who told him in the course of conversation, that one of his favourite Ranees was very ill, that the native doctors could do nothing for her, and that he would be very glad if he

would see her. Dr. Valentine at once consented, and, under very difficult circumstances, succeeded in diagnosing the nature of the Raneé's illness. By the blessing of God on the means used, she was restored to health. Previous to this no missionary had been allowed to settle in that native state. After the recovery of the Raneé, overtures were made to Dr. Valentine to remain at Jeypore as his Highness's physician; he at once told the Maharajah that he was a missionary, and that unless he were allowed to carry on missionary work without let or hindrance, however high the position, he could not possibly accept it. The condition was accepted by his Highness, and Dr. Valentine remained at Jeypore for fourteen years; and thus, by the Divine blessing on the medical mission agency, the native state and city of Jeypore were opened up to the Gospel of Christ.

Another striking illustration of the influence of the missionary physician is the successful work carried on at Urambo, Central Africa, by the late lamented Dr. Southon, of the London Missionary Society. Dr. Southon, on his way to join the missionaries at Ujiji, had to pass through Urambo. Mirambo, the king, hearing that the new missionary was a doctor, sent messengers with the request that he would visit him, and relieve him of a painful tumour on his arm. Dr. Southon proceeded to Urambo, saw the king, and at once proposed to remove the tumour. Chloroform was administered, and the operation successfully performed. The king very grateful for the relief afforded, earnestly requested Dr. Southon to remain at Urambo, and establish a mission at the capital, promised to build him a house and hospital, to provide every thing necessary for his comfort as well as for the work, and to give him as much land as he needed. "The country is before you," he said; "choose where you will, it is all yours." Dr. Southon selected a very luxuriant hill near by, where a good spring of water and plenty of trees made it a very desirable station, and henceforth his letters were dated from "Calton Hill," Urambo. He succeeded in establishing a most hopeful mission; his relations with Mirambo continued friendly till the last, and he won for himself the confidence of the people. The seeds of Divine truth were sown broadcast, and when he was so suddenly and mysteriously cut down in the midst of his usefulness, there was bitter mourning among the Wanyamyezi, and none manifested more profound grief than did King Mirambo.—*Illus. Miss. News.*

Personal Efforts in India.

BY REV. JOHN S. CHANDLER, OF MADURA.

In India the common people always sit on the floor in their own houses or on the ground outside, with mats or without them, as it happens. Frequently they call upon the missionary at his house. They may come from curiosity to see some of his strange American things, or to see his white face and hear him talk; or they may come from an undefined desire to see what advantage may accrue to them if they accept the Christian religion which he represents; or they may have interested motives, as the hope of borrowing money, the securing of his influence in some dispute, protection from prosecution, etc. But whatever the motive, the missionary is glad to have them come, and, giving them a seat upon the mat, takes down his Bible and reads and talks to them about the heavenly Father, the only Saviour, the importance of seeking first the kingdom of God, and

kindred subjects. As their object in coming is not often a serious one (for when a man is seriously seeking salvation he is very apt to make it known first to some native Christian acquaintance, and through him to the missionary), they may look around at the strange things in the room, or simply wait in courtesy until the missionary finishes, and then ask him questions utterly irrelevant to the thoughts and desires of his heart. If they have an interested motive they will most carefully endeavor to conceal it by apparent interest and attention and by adulation until they see that the missionary is about ready to give them permission to "go, and come again," and then will launch out into the subject that burdens their minds, using all possible persuasion to induce him to use his influence or money on their behalf.

Much good is done even by such personal interviews, but often it does not appear until years afterward. It is just so with occasional interviews on the street or in the villages. A young man once took a load of fowls to the mountains to sell, and as he stood in the path a missionary stepped out of the house and read to him a portion of the Bible. The youth returned to his home on the plains and probably was never seen again by the missionary who met him upon the mountains, for the latter returned to the United States and died before anything was heard of that young Hindu. He lived for thirty years in his heathen home and was as much of a heathen as any of his neighbors. At last he expressed his desire to become a Christian to a catechist who had been sent to labor in that village, and they with others went to the nearest missionary to secure his admission to the church. Upon being asked what had turned his mind to Christ, he said it was the influence of that former missionary on the mountains more than thirty years before. He was baptized by one who was an infant when the little incident occurred that first arrested his attention.

Another missionary, while touring, presented a copy of one of the Gospels to a middle-aged man, and for twenty-five years nothing was heard from him. One day a catechist moving about in the same region came to the house of this man and noticed that same little book thrust into the thatch of the roof over the low door. Taking it down and asking about it, he learned the fact stated and immediately requested permission to read out of it and offer prayer. This led to the conversion of this man, now advanced in years, and he was baptized by the son of the missionary who first gave him the book.

Sometimes the missionary is invited to go and read the Bible in the house of a native friend. A Brahmin gave such an invitation, and the missionary used to go two or three times a month for two or three years. Separate portions were taken up at different times and copies of the same left in the house to be read by any who might chance to come in. In this way many of the books of the Bible were read and discussed in the privacy of the Brahmin home to little circles of from five to fifteen men and boys. In this case the missionary and the Brahmins would be seated in chairs, or on a bench, while the boys and all men of other castes would sit on the floor. Occasionally a long discussion would arise on some subject like the eating of flesh, or the bearing of the sixth commandment on the destruction of animal life; but generally courteous attention without discussion would be given to the reading and explanation.

But the most interesting seasons are those in which the listeners are Christians, or seekers after truth. I remember with pleasure the weekly visits of a small band of native friends. They lived four miles away, and the weekly fair held near my home was the occasion of a

visit from each week. They had learned about Christ and had committed to memory some Christian songs, and loved to come and hear the Bible read and sing the songs they had learned, and have the missionary pray with them. The leader among them always wept when the story of Christ's sufferings and death was read, and was very apt in explaining to the others both the songs and the Scripture. Under the influence of his previous life and all the customs of his people he was strongly tempted to take a young woman as his wife in addition to the one he already had. I read to him the New Testament teachings on the subject, and he went away, not to return for six months. At the end of that time he came again, saying he had decided to do as the Bible said and had refrained from taking that young woman.

The Christian people are accustomed to see under their own roof almost no one outside of their own particular caste relatives, and therefore they highly appreciate the visit of a missionary. But he has such a large territory left to his care that it is impossible for him to see the people often in their own homes, and has to leave this most interesting form of labor largely to the native pastors and catechists.

But in one way or another, in season and out of season, he is continually exerting his own personal influence upon many individuals, and feels the need of the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to keep him pure as a channel of grace and active in winning souls, that he may be able to say as the Saviour said: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in truth."--*Miss. Herald.*

Burman Sabbath Observance.

"There is another traveller waiting at this house for the steamer to take him to . . . Last evening I had a chat with him, about the work the Baptist Mission is doing here, and he gave me some information which I know you will be glad to hear.

He told me that in a few stations near Prome, the people were almost all Baptists, and such good ones, that they will, on no account, work on the Sabbath. He said that only a short time ago, his brother and the Superintendent of the Telegraph Department were travelling, and they came to one of these Christian villages. It was Sunday, and they wanted much to cross the river, and go on to some other place. They asked the boatmen to take them over, but not one would consent to do so, all saying they could not work on the Sabbath. Seeing that it was of no use asking for a boat, they requested that an elephant or a cart should be given them. The men, however, were not to be moved; said no, their beasts also, must have rest on the Sabbath. The two travellers, consequently had to stay where they were till the next day. I hope they learned a lesson from that, and told the adventure to all they afterwards met. What an example these Burmans are to European Christians!"

THE WORK AT HOME.

WOMEN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES OF ONTARIO.

The annual meeting of the above societies will be held in Hamilton, October 13th and 14th; the opening meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, October 13th.

Arrangements have been made for reduced rates to delegates with the following railway companies: Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, and the Canada Southern Division of the Michigan Central. On returning only one-third fare will be charged.

Delegates please remember to be at their respective stations fully one-quarter of an hour before the train is due to start, and to bring their railway certificates to me for signature at the meetings on Thursday.

Names and addresses of delegates should be sent to me before the 9th October. Address

MISS V. ELLIOT,
99 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

All circles sending delegates to the annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario, to be held at Hamilton, October 13 and 14, 1886, are requested to send names and addresses as soon as possible to the billeting committee. Address

MRS. G. A. BLACK,
No. 9 Bold Street, Hamilton.

PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, 13th.—3 p. m., Quarterly Meeting of Board; 7.30 p. m., Address of Welcome by Mrs. J. W. A. Stewart, of Hamilton, and response by Mrs. Powley, of Brantford, after which the evening will be devoted to Mission Bands. There will be able addresses by several ladies.

Thursday, 14th.—Foreign Missions—9 a. m., Prayer meeting; 9.30, Regular session, consisting of President's remarks, reports, a paper by Mrs. Timpany, and conversation; 2 p. m.—Home Missions—President's address and reports, a poem will be read by Mrs. Newman, an address made by Mrs. Barker, of Whitby, and greetings from sister societies; Evening—Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, will preside. Addresses will be delivered on Home Missions, by Rev. J. Denovan, and on Foreign Missions by Rev. Mr. Boggs, returned missionary. This is but a brief of a good full programme. It is earnestly hoped that as an interest in missions is increasing, this meeting will be the largest and most enthusiastic ever held by the Baptist women of the province.

M. A. CASTLE.

New Circles.

MENIE.—Home and Foreign Circle organized in June, Mrs. J. Mather, *President.*

DRESDEN.—Home and Foreign Circle organized in July by the pastor. Officers, Mrs. Rudd, *President*; *Vice-President*, Mrs. A. Dowsal; *Treasurer*, Mrs. B. F. Hillis; *Secretary*, Mrs. J. A. Baldwin.

WINGHAM.—Home and Foreign Circle, *Secretary*, Miss J. Baxter.

GORRIE.—Home Circle, *President*, Mrs. Nash; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Walker; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Miss E. M. Grath.

NORTH BRUCE.—Home and Foreign Circle, *President*, Mrs. Bannerman; *Vice-Presidents*, Miss N. C. Mints and Miss R. Cameron; *Secretary*, Miss J. Lawton; *Treasurer*, Mrs. H. Menzies.

TIVERTON.—Home and Foreign Circle, *President*, Miss Mary McEwen; *Vice-Presidents*, Miss M. McPhail and Mrs. P. Cameron; *Secretary*, Miss Flora McFadyen; *Treasurer*, Mrs. P. McPhail.

CORRECTIONS.—Of new circles in last LINK, The Grange, should be Belfountain, Band, Port Rowan, should be Houghton, Thorold should be Virgil.

LINDSAY.—Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized Sept. 27th by Mrs. Dryden. Officers: *President*, Miss. W. K. Anderson; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Alex. Mitchell; *Secretary*, Miss Frances Matthews; *Treasurer*, Miss Mary Bothwell.

YORK MILLS.—Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized by Mrs. Newman. *President*, Mrs. Gray; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Bathgate; *Secretary*, Miss Forsythe; *Treasurer*, Miss Brock.

DEAR LINK.—Peter, in his second Epistle, writes that he would stir up the pure minds of his readers by way of remembrance; in following his example. I want to speak to you this month of a worker in the Foreign field with whom many of your readers are probably not very well acquainted. I refer to one of our pioneer-missionaries, Miss Sarah Davis, who went out to India with her husband in 1834. Two years before this, she had offered herself to the Board of Missions, without knowing where she was to go; probably intending to labor with some missionary family already in the field. Before starting, however, she met with the Rev. Mr. Comstock, who had also been appointed to foreign service, to him she was married on 24th of June, 1834, and sailed for her eastern home a month later.

The mission they established was in Arracan, one of worst provinces for foreigners to settle in. But there were souls to be saved, and these young soldiers of the cross "counted not their lives dear unto themselves."

Life at home had held out for her perhaps greater hopes of sunshine than it does for many, but converted at the age of sixteen, her life was wholly given up to her King; so that we are not surprised to find that in addition to her family cares, she translated a "Scripture Catechism," and wrote a manual entitled the "Mother's Book." Her knowledge of the language, and her "easy and correct use of it," was often spoken of by the natives with admiration.

Her sufferings, when the time came that it was necessary she should send her children home, must have been terrible, and can be appreciated only by those who have passed through the same deep waters. Yet she never seems to have thought of returning with them, though the question was looked at from every point. Her life was that having spent eight, ten or twelve years on the field, she had not only learned the language, manners and customs of the people, but, had proved herself their friend, gained their confidence and affection, and thus was just prepared for usefulness. Should another come in her place, it must be the same number of years before she would be prepared to work, and in the meantime the heathen would be left with no one to tell them of "Him who came to ransom their souls from the penalty of sin." And so while she says this is the greatest cross the missionary has to bear, she makes the decision for "His sake," and with the words, "This I do for my Saviour" she sent her little ones home while she laboured on amid

darkness and pestilence. Perhaps her own words may help to comfort some one who may be similarly circumstanced. Had not my Saviour, yes, and a compassionate Saviour, added those two words 'and children' to the list of sacrifices for His sake, I must think it more than was required."

Hers was a noble resolve, a sacrifice worthy a follower of Him who laid aside his glory to save a sinful world. Her children she never met again, until the Master for whose sake she had parted with them restored them to her in one of the many mansions.

After only a week's illness the Master sent and called for her, and a few weeks afterwards, her two youngest children followed her.

The following lines, I think, have seldom appeared in print. At the time of Mrs. Comstock's death, my mother read them in one of our daily papers, and committed them to memory. It is from her I obtained them just now.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY, MRS. COMSTOCK.

There comes a cry from a foreign soil
O'er the spicy breezes sweeping,
For death has darkened a field of toil
And finished another's reaping.

Among the first of the faithful band
With her precious sheaves around her,
And the keen-edged sickle in her hand
At her Master's work, He found her.

She held it firm in her faithful grasp
Till her labours all were ended,
Then laid it down with a shout, to grasp
The crown which her Lord extended.

There comes a cry o'er the swelling wave
And a voice of bitter sighing,
For a throng have gathered around the grave
Where a stranger's dust is lying.

They tell of the deeds that stranger wrought
In her heavenly love and kindness,
They tell of the lamp of life she brought
To the heathen world of blindness.

They mourn that her kindred were not nigh
When the death-stroke came to sever,
That only one, for the dim, dark eye,
Could weep as it closed forever.

That a mother's hand which softly smooths
For the loved—the dying pillows,
And a sister's voice which sweetly soothes
Were far o'er the foaming billows.

Well may they weep—for it was for them,
Who whisper in tears her story,
She crossed the foam of the raging seas,
A herald of life and glory.

She came to tell to that dim, dark land
Of His love who had sweetly won them,
To link their souls to the Christian band
With the seal of her Lord upon them.

And now the praise of that God is sung
And His sacred rites are choriathed,
Where the chant of the senseless idol rung
And the living victim perished.

And ye whose sorrows have wrung your hearts,
And your tears like the rain are falling,
Know ye! when a child of the Cross departs
It is at her Saviour's bidding.

Rest, loved one rest—for thy work is done;
Go dust! to thy dreamless slumber;
Mount soul! for the crown and the white robe won,
And the bliss of the sainted number.

The author's name was not given, but the lines are well worth repeating. Mrs. Comstock went "home" at the early age of thirty years. Being dead, may she yet speak to workers at home and abroad, and even as she followed Christ, so may we.

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

DEAR LINK.—Very often the summer vacation is the time for idleness even on the part of Christ's workers, but one our sisters, Mrs. E. T. Miller, has proved an exception. During her vacation in Jeddore she organized two W. M. A. Societies, one on each side of the harbor. On the west side the society numbers 20, and many more have promised to join. Its officers are: Mrs. David Blackeney, Jr., *President*; Miss Lillie Harpell, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Lemuel Blackeney, *Sec. Treasurer*. On the east side the membership is already 35, with many more promises to join. Their officers are: *President*, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell; *Vice-President*, Mrs. John Baker; *Secretary* Miss Adenia Jennise; Mrs. Josephine Arnold, *Treasurer*.

It is rather late, perhaps, to call attention to this working vacation, but some prefer taking their rest in Autumn. Should this meet the eye of any such, let them please "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

TRURO, N.S.—Our Women's Meeting at the N. S. E. Association was a most encouraging one. Many sisters took part in speaking and prayer, and some from churches where no W. M. A. Society existed. From four different churches the sisters requested us to make them a visit on our way home, which we did, and after the public missionary meeting in the evening, we remained and formed a society in each. These were in Port Greville and Diligent River Church, Spring Hill Church, Five Islands and Lower Economy Church, Upper Economy and Portapigne Church; and at Great Village eleven new members were added to the society by one visit. This is the last tour we expect to make among the churches while at home, for our faces must soon be turned eastward again, if God will. We expect to sail from Halifax about the middle of October, the date is not yet fixed. May we each and all be faithful in whatever department of work the Master has placed us, till we are called up higher.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Photograph No. 2.

Time, 3 p.m.—A patient woman sits alone with her Bible in her hand in a class-room of a church in S—. Ten minutes pass; then two ladies enter, who, having exchanged greetings with the president, resume their conversation, the subject of which is revealed by the words, "ruffles," "flounces," "tucks," etc. At intervals one or two others arrive, until a half-dozen ladies are scattered throughout the room.

Half an hour later the president, looking more wearied than when she came to the meeting, says: "Ladies, I suppose it is needless to wait any longer. We will begin our devotional exercises with singing. Mrs. A. is not here to lead; will some one start a familiar hymn?"

The silence grows oppressive; then the president turns to the secretary with an imploring look and whispers,

"Do sing something." When once begun, all join heartily, and the hymn is well sung. The president offers prayer, a scripture lesson, is read, then—"Mrs. B. will pray?" is timidly asked. "Please excuse me to-day," is the prompt reply.

The secretary remarks, "it is hardly worth while to call the roll, so many are absent."

When the minutes are called for, "There was no meeting last month; only two or three of us were here, and it was not worth while to do anything," is the reply.

"The treasurer is absent to-day, and has not sent her book," is the next announcement.

"Do you know how much I owe, I have not been here for several meetings, and I do not remember when I paid any dues." "Nor I," echo one or two voices. "Well I suppose we cannot collect the dues to-day, as the treasurer's book is not here. You will have to hand your dues to her some other time."

"Mrs. G. promised to prepare a paper on 'Our Relations with the Indians, and our Duty to their Daughters,' but she is absent. Has any one present an item of interest to contribute?" asked the president.

Dead silence is the sole reply.

"I have brought a fine article which I would like to have read. Miss C., you will surely favor us," again asks the president in a tone of appeal.

"Really you must excuse me, I could not read anything without having practised."

[And yet she had acquired some reputation as an elocutionist.]

The obliging secretary reads the article. The long metre doxology is sung, and the meeting adjourns. The president heaves a long-drawn sigh; and one member remarks audibly on going out, "What stupid meetings we have! I do wonder why they are not more interesting."

Wanted—The baptism of enthusiasm in missionary work! The pictures presented are in sharp contrast. What constitutes the difference?

W. M. SOCIETY, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
A. E. J.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Hu King Eng's Experience.

Nothing was more interesting in connection with the meeting at Niagara Falls, in August last year, than the relation of the native Christian girls from Burma, Siam, and China, of their personal religious experience. Miss Hu King Eng is a young Chinese lady now about eighteen years old, the daughter of one of the most efficient and eloquent native ministers of the Foochow Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her mother belongs to the small footed class of Chinese women. Hu King Eng was truly converted, and became desirous of pursuing a useful life amongst the women of China. Mrs. Mary Sparks Wheeler writes of her in the *Christian Advocate*—

"Hu King Eng also embraced the Christian religion. Inspired with an ardent desire to be useful, she determined to prepare herself to the utmost of her ability to be an efficient worker in Christ's vineyard. She longed for a medical education, but had not the means adequate to secure it; so, she says, she 'prayed God,' and He prepared the way for her to go to America.

"Since she entered the school here she has won her way into all hearts. Her artless manner, her simple

faith in God, and her constancy in the performance of what she considers to be her Christian duties, have not failed to make a deep impression on the others. She is very industrious and bright, makes rapid progress in her studies, and is said to have a remarkably retentive memory."

We will let her tell her own story as she told it at Niagara Falls. She said:—

"I came to America to learn English and study medicine, then I go back to my China, make people well, and talk about Jesus. When I was a little girl—I like to study very much—I think I like to study medicine. One day my father preach in church—he said everybody sin—when I heard—I was so sorry—I asked my father have I sinned? My father say—yes! I say—Why, I never kill anybody—then my father told me O! many things and—say—yes! you sin. Then I say I sorry—I cry. My father say—You better not sorry—you pray God—and He take away my sin and make me so happy. Then my father say, God take away your sin, make you have peace and joy, do you want to do something for God? I say, O, father, so long a time I want to study medicine, and help sick people, then he say—You go pray God. He will help you know. In three months I went to Foochow Hospital and learn some—then Miss Trask (medical missionary in China) want me come here and I so glad; but I leave father, mother, brother, sister, friend, that so hard, say good-bye, but God come with me, and help me every day—help me study and learn, I work hard, then I go back my China make everybody well, and help their bodies; then I talk to them about Jesus. I hope you pray for me, I learn soon—so I go back to my China."

Jug Breaking—Amherst, N.S.

DEAR LINK.—Thinking that a few words in regard to the work of 'The Fishers' may be encouraging to other Bands, as well as interesting to your readers, I send you a sketch of one day's work done in behalf of our benighted brothers and sisters and for the furtherance of God's kingdom upon earth. Members of our Band having had jugs for something over a year, in which they were collecting pennies of their own saving and gifts of friends, we thought it time to have our 'Jug Breaking' so long talked of, when we received word from Mr. and Mrs. Churchill offering their presence and help at our entertainment, which we accepted with much pleasure.

We met in the afternoon having Mrs. Churchill and our pastor present. Opened by singing and prayer after which our President, Mrs. G. B. Smith, took charge, and called for several recitations and readings from members of the Band, interspersed with music. Then came the 'Jug Breaking.' As the names of those having jugs were called; each own came forward, placed their jug upon the table, took a small wooden mallet and broke it, when the contents was at once counted by those in attendance. After the debris was thrown aside, we had the pleasure of listening to a very pleasant and encouraging address from Mrs. Churchill. There was a large number present and we believe all went away well pleased.

Proceeds from Jug Breaking and collection \$52.00.

In the evening Mr. Churchill gave a very interesting lecture on the "Telugus and their Customs," showing many Indian curiosities. Admission 10c. from which was realized \$12. Total \$64.00.

I have much pleasure in saying, we have just closed a very successful year in which we have made about \$90,

and trust that if it be God's will, the coming year may be still more successful.

LOTTIE HOWARD, Sec.

Aug. 28th.

How Some Missionaries Travel.

It was the rainy season; she was going to visit a sick missionary thirty-eight miles away, and she had a servant with her who could speak English. She says:

"The bullocks were so frisky that I seemed in danger of losing my life. How they *did* behave! One was especially unwilling to be tied. More than once the bandy bumped down with me, and one bullock ran away up the road, leaving the other beside himself with fear.

"The river, which in the dry season is simply a bed of sand, in the rainy season is sometimes so high that bandies cannot cross, except on rafts, and sometimes not at all, because of the very swift current. On our return trip, the river was nearly its full width, and was rushing along with tremendous sweep. It was not very deep, however, and I decided not to wait the river's pleasure, but to risk crossing it. It took twenty-one men to get us across that river! Pulchi, my servant, piled all my boxes on the board, which on a bandy is the bed, and he and I perched ourselves on them, balancing as best we could. One man went ahead to sound the river, two guided the bullocks' heads, two drove, eight took the wheels, five pushed, and the others steadied us; for more than once it seemed as if the current would sweep us over. However, after the first scare, I felt safe, and rather enjoyed my ride. Landed on the other side of the river, the water was emptied out of the bandy, and we went on for hours through the palm tree forests and the banyan-lined avenues.

"Would you like to know the cost of getting over that river? It cost two cents a man! The roads are so muddy that we had occasionally to get help to push the bandy along. Once, in getting out of a hole, the wheel was thrown over the bank of a tank. The driver did not dare try going on with me inside, so I crawled out over the wheel. We were thirteen hours in making the thirty-eight miles."—*The Pansy*.

How to Move the Wheels.

Dr. John Scudder tells us that on his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there he went one day with his family to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first "world's fair" was held, and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since. Among the curious things which pleased the children very much was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a wind-mill with its sails all set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now the children might have stood about there forever, wishing, hoping and even praying for this end, but it would do no good. But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and, behold! the mason began to work, the windmill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes, and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Dr. Scudder said, it was with this mission work. The church had been praying a great while for the Lord to "open the way" for His Gospel. He had opened it so wide that the laborers did not know what to do. They could not occupy a tenth of the ground.

The church now needed to drop in the money if they would see the works move. Isn't it a blessed thing that the children's pennies can help start the wheels?

Chrysostom advised to keep an offering-box in the place where one usually prays, and to begin every act of devotion with a gift. I am sure we should all pray better for it, and I know the Lord will add His blessing to such gifts.—*Home Missionary*.

A Mohammedan Zenana.

BY MISS A. J. MARRIS, BENARES.

This morning I went to a Mohammedan house where one of the daughters is learning to read the Hindi character. I went along a narrow passage where two people could not walk abreast, turned in at the open door, lifted a heavy curtain of dirty matting, and passing through a tiny room, found myself in the zenana courtyard. The women were all sitting in the middle in the sun and did not see me, so I called out: "May I come in"; and then they all jumped up and salaamed. I went across the courtyard to the opposite verandah, and my pupil brought me a chair. At first I was very uncomfortable, because an old man, who seemed to be the head of the family, was lying on a bed under this same verandah, and waking up as I came in, began to put on his turban and wrap his shawl round his shoulders. Then he wanted me to sit down on his bed, which he seemed to think more comfortable than the chair; but I refused, and in a few minutes my pupil and I were working away at the first Hindi reading book; she could just do a little more than A, B, ab. She sat beside me on another bedstead, and her little brother came and looked over. Every now and then we were interrupted by some of the women coming up to ask all sorts of questions; such as: Where is your sister? are you married? Then some one wanted to know the time, and I took out my watch to tell them; and when I told them my father gave it to me, they began to ask if I had any brothers or a mother. There was a constant going and coming; the *bhisti*, or water-carrier, came in with a skinfull of water on his back, and filled up some great red earthenware jars that stood on a low tressel; one of the boys came by with ghee in an iron ladle and an egg he was going to fry; the old man went up on to the roof of the building opposite me and began to clean his teeth.

At last, when we were half-way through the writing lesson they ask me to show them the pictures, as one of the women had to go away for some reason, and she wanted to see them first. I had taken with me two large coloured pictures of the series published by the Religious Tract Society, and had carefully kept them covered till the reading and writing were over. When I uncovered them and began to read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and then the story of the Prodigal Son, all the women came round to listen, to ask questions, and to make remarks. I do not know enough of the language to explain much, but I could read the story in St. Luke's Gospel, and it was beautiful to see how they listened and seemed to take it in. Their own family love is so strong that it appealed to all their best feelings. After that I tried to teach them the first two verses of "Around the throne of God in heaven," and having sung it through to them, it was time for me to come away. For a minute or two I could not see which room I had come through, so one of them showed me the way out. At the door I asked her if she could tell me which was Manqui's house, as I was not sure; but she smiled and shook her head, saying: "We people do not go out of our house."—*Juvenile Miss. Mag.*

About China.

If all the boys and girls who will read this LINK could be in China for two hours this morning they would see living realities instead of the word-pictures we try to show you each month.

To-day we will visit, in our thoughts, a very rich home in China. We want to find out all we can about the foolish custom of binding feet.

We ask for the lady of the house, and are shown into a beautiful room with marble floors. As the lady is expecting us she has asked some of her friends in to see us. Each lady has come riding on the back of a large-footed female slave. As their feet are only about two inches long they are no use for walking more than a few steps at a time. Only the very rich can afford to be so helpless as such little feet make their owners.

We tell them that we are from America, and very anxious to learn all we can about the way little girls have their feet bound. The lady whose guests we are offers to show us something about it. We follow her very slowly into another room. Her feet are so tiny that she is obliged to sit down and rest after walking a few steps on her marble floor. Listen! Hear these cries of pain! "What is the matter? Is anybody sick?" we ask; but the answer comes that the little girls of the house are crying with the pain in their feet. Come into this richly furnished room. Here a little ten-year-old girl is walking about in such a queer way. She has two high stools and rests one knee on each. Then with her hands she moves one stool a step and then the other, thus walking on her knees, without letting her sore feet touch the floor. Her feet have been bound about two years, and are fast becoming dead and painless. Her little sister is lying crosswise on the bed with her feet dangling over the side, so that the edge of the bedstead presses on the nerves behind the knees in such a way as to dull the pain a little. There she lies, day and night, swinging her feet and moaning. Even in the coldest night she cannot wrap herself in a quilt or blanket, for the least return of warmth to her limbs makes them feel as if every joint was being pierced with fine needles. Here, in our homes, these little girls would be running about from morning until night, skipping their ropes, playing tag, or driving their dollies about in the pretty little carriages made for them nowadays. My eldest little daughter has one that will hold her four dollies nicely, and she delights to take them out for long drives. As she is nearly four years old, if I were a Chinese mother I would call her in,—"Come, Fanny, your feet are growing too large by playing so much; they must be bound up now." So the people that do this cruel work would come in with their bandages. Taking off her dainty little stockings and buttoned boots, they would begin their work of destroying the foot God has made for use.

The bandages are made of firm, flexible cloth, about two inches wide and ten feet long. They would lay one end on the inside of the instep, then carry it over her four small toes, drawing them down upon the sole. Now, the bandage passes under the foot, over the instep and around the heel, drawing the heel and great toe nearer together, making a big lump on the instep and a hollow place in the sole underneath. Over and over again the bandage is put on in this way until it is all used up, and the end sewn firmly down on the cloth below. After one month of pain has been endured, the bandaged feet are soaked in hot water. Then the cloths are taken off, the dead skin rubbed away, the little foot pressed still tighter into the desired shape, pulverized alum laid on, and clean

bandages quickly used instead of the old ones. If the blood is once more allowed to circulate through the foot the rebinding can hardly be endured. The child suffers least when her feet are so firmly bound as to be quite numb—by the bandages tightly pressing on them. "How can those mothers be so cruel?" some little bright-eyed girl is asking me. The only reason given by them to this question is, that women would be laughed at and despised if their feet were like those of the men. A Chinese man when asked this question replied, "it is necessary that our wives have their feet bound or they would be as strong as we are, and we could not beat them when they disobeyed us." Next month I will tell you some of the sad results to the little girls in their after lives from following this useless custom. Remember that nine-tenths of all the little girls in China are suffering in this way to-day, and then thank God that you live in a Christian land. Will you not pray for the missionaries in China who are trying to teach these mothers better?

SISTER BELLE.

480 LEWIS STREET, OTTAWA.

"The loveliest time in all the year,
When the laborer gains the reward of toil,
And the glad some song of the reapers we hear,
As they joyfully gather the spoil.
(1) Lord of the harvest! permit me to be,
In the harvest of souls, a toiler for Thee."

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

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