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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

OCTOBER, 1896.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1896.

| No. 27

Editorial.

A SUGGESTION.—Do you use mite boxes? If not try them this year and see if an extra amount cannot be raised for Foreign Missions. A good suggestion comes from the Beverly St. Circle, Toronto. Many object to the paper mite boxes as being easily destroyed. This circle uses tin baking powder boxes. They are pasted up around the top with paper and a slit is cut in the end through which the money is put. This makes a durable box without expense.

ITEMS FOR THE LINK.—We should be glad to have items of news, or suggestions as to better methods in our work. Send us the manuscript *early*. We should have it by the middle of the month before it is to be published.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.—Please notice the change of address. Miss Stark is married and is now Mrs. C. W. King, 318 Earl St., Kingston.

We copy the following from the *Bombay Guardian*. Vuyyuru, Mr. Brown's field, is in this district:—A telegram from Madras, dated August 10th, states that the floods in the Kistna are causing great damage. They are the largest since records began to be kept nearly fifty years ago. The Collector of the District is now at Kollur, on the south bank of the river, and has rescued about 500 people by boats. The Sub-Collector and the Executive Engineer rescued about 2000 by means of the D. P. W. steamer. One hundred square miles are reported to be flooded to such a depth that the steamer could go over fields. The Nizam's railway is under water near Bezwada, and the East Coast Line is breached. No lives are believed to have been lost.

The Band Secretary writes:—I have thoroughly enjoyed reading the September LINK. It is full of inspiration and encouragement, and makes me feel as if I want to go to work at once. I hope many will read the article on Band work, by Mrs. Foster, and will mark, learn and digest it.

The names of the Samulcotta and Cocanada students will hereafter not appear in the LINK. Those desiring to support students in these schools, will apply for names to Mrs. C. T. Stark, 108 Park Road, Toronto.

AT THE BOARD ROOMS.

The quarterly meetings of the W. B. F. M. Society of Ontario West was held Friday Sep. 11th, at 2 p.m. Twenty members and some visitors were present.

A very interesting and instructive paper on the Women of India, has been prepared by Mr. Laflamme for the use of this Society. It was hoped that this might be printed as a leaflet and widely distributed. The committee appointed to see to this matter reported that the expense would be greater than the funds will allow.

This paper has been placed in the exchange drawer, and any circle may have the use of it by applying to the Bureau. Address Mrs. C. W. King, Kingston, Ont.

A resolution was passed expressing deep regret that Mrs. J. C. Yule has felt obliged to resign her position on the Board. Mrs. Yule has been one of the most faithful workers for the Society from the beginning. Her wise counsel was invaluable, her deep spirituality has been an inspiration. The resolution expressed the hope that Mrs. Yule will when possible still favor the Board with her presence and advice.

The Treasurer's report was encouraging.

It was decided to ask the Circles and Bands for the thankoffering again, and suggest that it be made in November if convenient. Further notice will appear in LINK and Baptist. Our stock of mite-boxes having been exhausted this Board will unite with the general Board in getting a new supply. Circles and Bands are reminded that these boxes are for *Foreign Missions only* as this society will be at considerable expense in securing them. They will be sent out free for this purpose on application.

Very interesting letters were read from Misses Hatch, Baskerville and McLaurin.

A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

NOTICE TO CIRCLES.

Again as the harvest season approaches its close, the Women's Mission Circles are asked to make their annual thankofferings for Home and Foreign Missions. It is suggested that each Circle set apart its regular monthly meeting in November (or if more convenient, in October) for a service of praise, thanksgiving and gifts to Him who has so richly given us all things.

Will not each Circle prepare for such a meeting both in heart and purse, that the result may be one of blessing

to our work in every way. As both Home and Foreign Societies unite in this request, it is expected that the offerings of Circles will be divided between Home and foreign Missions.

J. T. BOOKER,

Pres. W. H. Foreign M. S. of Ont.

CARRIE H. HOLMAN,

Pres. W. B. Home M. S. of Ont.

TO THE CIRCLES AND BANDS OF EASTERN ONTARIO.

DEAR SISTERS,—It is not often that the Foreign Mission Board finds it necessary to remind the Circles of their duty to our work in India. But all may not know that last year the receipts from Foreign Mission Circles was one thousand dollars less than the previous year, thus necessitating a reduction of the work. This we know was deeply regretted by every Circle, and we hope you have been praying and planning about it in such a way as not to allow such an event to occur again. We believe it was at Christ's command this work was undertaken years ago, when we were few in number and with but a small income; while now the Baptist women of Ontario have 193 Circles contributing to its funds, also 100 Bands, in all sending last year to the Treasurer \$6244.10. At the same time have we not grown in spiritual power and strength at home, as well as being enabled to send to India and sustain nine young ladies? Hundreds of Telugu women have been brought to Christ, while as many of their daughters have been gathered into schools, where they have learned to love Jesus while being taught to read and write. All that has been done has had God's blessing upon it.

Are we now growing tired of giving to this object? I do not believe one will answer "Yes." Our love is the same, though our interest may have grown cold. I would like to ask each Circle, What have you done about it since receiving the Annual Report at Convention? The months are flying by so fast, and we feel that now, at the close of such a bountiful harvest, we should come with a "Thank-offering" to the Lord for His wonderful gifts to us. Will not every Circle make a special effort to hold a "Thank-offering" meeting in October or November, as suits them best? It may be many of us have lost the blessing we might have had, by withdrawing what we should have given to this object.

"Give and it shall be given unto you," says Christ. Some Christians seem to think all the giving should be from Christ. He says: "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." In Exodus xxxv. 5, we read: "This is the thing which the Lord commanded, saying, Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord; whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord's, gold and silver and brass."

We want the willing hearts in our Circles, those to whom this work is dear, to make a long and a strong pull together, so the Board may be able to resume the work they were obliged to give up at the beginning of the year. If we do this, our experience will be that of the children of Israel at the building and furnishing of the Tabernacle, when their liberality had to be restrained, for "the people bring more than enough for the work which the Lord commanded to be made."

Many of the women in our Circles think all they can do is simply to give the ten cents a month, which entitles them to membership; but there are many well able to give more and should not make that the limit. This is our Father's business, He has entrusted it to our care; if we are true and faithful, we will do all we can to extend His kingdom and to send His message of salvation to all parts of the earth. Could we but realize that we are only stewards of God's bounties and that we must render an account of our stewardship, we would try, I think, to make a better use of what He gives us. Now when our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for an abundant harvest, let us make our thank-offering to the Giver, both for "His sake" and the needs of the work He has entrusted to us. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

In behalf of the W. F. M. Board of Ontario.

Sept. 16, 1896.

J. T. BOOKER, Pres.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ORIENT.

BY JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D., OF MADANAPALE, INDIA.

The religions of the Orient, many of them, do distinctly point to the gulf that exists between sinful man and sinless God—the gulf that cannot be crossed until man is in some way freed from sin. They bring the longing soul of man up to the brink of the yawning chasm; they point to the Delectable Mountains on the other side, to the God of holiness there regnant; they leave the sinner standing there, yearning to cross, but unable to bridge the chasm.

Buddha whispers: "Right belief; right judgment; right utterance; right motives; right occupation; right obedience; right memory; right meditation—these are the eight infallible steps." But they bridge not the chasm.

Brahminism whispers: "Religious rites; ceremonial bathings; prescribed penances; continued austerities; meritorious works"; and yet the soul, oppressed with guilt, stands shivering on the brink, knowing that those can never lift him over.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," whispers Jesus; "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The chasm is bridged. The God-man has spanned its else impassable depths. Yon heights of glory are now accessible to the feet of every believer. Eternal compan-

jonship with holy God, the loving Father, can now be attained; for Christ our High Priest, Jesus, our Elder Brother, awaits us there, and introduces us as his brethren.

Yes, Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; Jesus the Dayman betwixt us and God, who himself suffered, being tempted, and so is able to succour them that are tempted; Jesus the Christ, reaching down to help us sinful men; this is the crowning glory of Christianity. It is this that differentiates it from all the religions of the world; it is this that makes Christianity the growing, all pervading, all conquering power, that it is proving itself to be; it is this that makes it completely satisfy the highest desires of the soul of man.

From the Christian system strike out Jesus, the atoning Saviour, the sympathizing High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and you blot the sun out of day, the moon out of night, the stars out of the firmament; you leave the disabled steamer floating in mid-ocean with no motive power to bring it to the shore.

Jesus the incarnate God, with His divine finger, touches each human soul that cries to Him, enkindles in it a spark of His own love, implants a desire for holiness never felt before, and infuses strength to resist the evil and follow the good.

This is the new birth that came to Paul and changed his life, that comes to all his true disciples, and changes their lives. It is rightly called a new creation: "Old things are passed away, all things are become new."

This new motive power in the lives of the disciples of Jesus is noticed, and keenly noted by many who have not as yet embraced Him as their personal Saviour.

"Sir," said a Brahmin to me—the chief priest of a temple near one of my villages, the people of which had become Christians only a year before—"air, what is it that makes your Vêda have such an uplifting power over the daily lives of those who embrace it as I have witnessed in the people of this village? Our Vêdas have no such power to uplift men. What is the secret of your Vêda's power?"

Some years ago I was out on a Gospel preaching tour in the Telugu country, in regions away from any of our Christian congregations. I had my travelling dispensary with me. There came to my tent one day an educated Hindu gentleman, high in office, in caste and in social position. He had previously sent, asking if I would see him privately in my tent, and prescribe for him for a physical ailment. I found that that was a simple matter, dispatched with a few words. He had merely used that as a cover to secure a conversation with me privately, Nicodemus like, on religious matters. He, himself, introduced the subject. We talked for some time on the character and the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world. At length, in a very earnest, feeling manner he spoke substantially as follows: "Sir, I am not a Christian, I am still regarded as a devout Hindu, but in my heart, I dare not deny the claims of the Bible. *I see the power of Jesus Christ in the lives of His followers so distinctly, that I cannot deny His divinity.* He must be divine, or He could not work such a change as I see in the lives of those who become His disciples. He is not yet my Saviour. Caste, wealth, position, family, all hold me back; but even now I never allow Him to be spoken against in my presence. I have long been reading the Bible in secret. The more I read of Christ, and ponder over His life and teachings, and the

power to conquer sin that comes from embracing His religion, the more do I feel that in the end I shall have to accept Him, at any cost, as my personal Saviour."

As compared with this in what a night of darkness does Hinduism leave even its most earnest devotees.

Never shall I forget an interview that I had over thirty years ago, with a venerable, Brahmin pilgrim, an earnest seeker after relief from the burden of sin.

It was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore Kingdom, a region in which the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had so far never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under a spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise, and gone out several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered gospels and tracts in their own tongue to the people who had listened; but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they at that time of everything new.

We returned to our tent weary with our morning work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near we saw a venerable, gray-haired Brahmin engaged in his devotions on a large stone platform around the central trunk of an adjacent banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face toward the shrine, reciting his *mantras*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *Sashtangam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanor and evident earnestness, we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window; and when he had finished his devotions, and had sat down to rest, we went out and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"Oh, sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it; but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances for sixty years have all been in vain. Alas! I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him an only child, sole heir of their wealth; that the priests whom he consulted told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple, the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property, all of it. He endowed a temple; but the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counsellors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the long way to Benares, the holy city. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years in bathing in the holy Ganges.

"But," said he, "the Ganges water washed the foulness from my skin, not the foulness: from my soul, and still the old burden was there, un eased." He told us how he had gone from thence, on foot, all the way to Kamés-waram; begging his food all the two thousand miles; for he had given all his money to the temple, and thence again to Srirangam, and thence to other holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles, in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now, sirs," said he, "my life is almost gone: my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted; I am an old, old man; and yet, sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. Oh, sirs, does your Vêda tell how I can get rid of this burden and be at peace? Our Vêdas have not shown me how.

How gladly did we tell him of our gracious "burden bearer," and of His loving call, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How eagerly did he listen as we told him of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the Saviour of the world, and told him what He had done for our salvation. How gladly did he pore over the gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask during the day as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the gospels with him, and we never saw him again.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photographed on my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed; for I believe that he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin; in vain, indeed, as he said, through Hinduism; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yes, the great religions all agree in the main as to man's having fallen into the pit of sin, but all except Christianity leave man in the pit, in vain struggling to help himself out.

Christianity alone pictures the Lord of Life, clothed in human form, coming by and looking down into that pit with eyes of compassion, and bending over and reaching a hand far down for each repentant sinner to clasp and be drawn out, that his feet may be fixed on heavenly ground.

But more; it is not sufficient that there should be simply an Almighty being coming to the rescue, but to reach our needs, it must be one endowed with our natures, suffering with us. It must be one "who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that He Himself also [in the days of His flesh] was compassed with infirmity."

And such is this our Jesus, for "Being made perfect, He became the Author of Eternal Salvation unto all them that obey Him."

Yes, the magnetic love of Jesus Christ does make an impact on that soul that cries to Him. That impact imparts power to spring out of Satan's thralldom into God's liberty. It makes us sons of God. It seals us for the kingdom of heaven.

In this truth lies our power; not in the fierce denunciation of the errors of those systems which we are seeking to supplant, but, acknowledging whatever of truth they do contain, and using it as a help, our power lies in presenting in the most vivid light this higher

truth, higher than they ever conceived of, even in their most rapturous dreams, Jesus the divine, the sympathizing, the all-sufficient help-giver and burden-bearer, come to our aid.

Yes, in this truth lies our power; our power for work in the home land; our power for work at the ends of the earth. How it challenges us to obedience; how it energizes us for the conflict in the carrying out of that Saviour's ascending behest: "Go, evangelize all the nations."

The key is furnished us. The incentive, the constraining love of Christ, is limitless; the leverage is adequate: "Come on, Immanuel's followers! Let us lift the world for Christ, through Christ, to Christ.—*The Independent.*

A MITE-BOX MEDLEY.

LILLIAN M. QUINBY.

Wasn't it splendid, Kate Burtwell? Arn't you glad Bertha May coaxed us to come?"

The question proceeded from the lips of one of two young girls, as they tripped lightly down the steps of a large church in one of our leading cities.

"Yes," responded the other, more slowly, "it was much more interesting than I had supposed a missionary meeting could be, and I'm glad I came. And yet," she added somewhat impatiently, "I don't see any use in such a promiscuous distribution of mite-boxes; it's all very well for those who belong to the societies to have them; I suppose they are all so interested that it is an easy matter for them to get their mite-boxes filled; but what can be the use of giving them to all of us who are not interested in missionary work?"

"But Kate, are you willing to be counted among the non-interested ones any longer? After the stirring address to which we have just listened, and a talk which I had with Bertha the other day, I feel as though I would rather be among the missionary workers. And why should not these small boxes serve to help awaken a missionary zeal in those of us who have therefore been indifferent?"

"Well, Ethel Lawrence, I believe you will develop into just such a missionary enthusiast as Bertha is, if you keep on, and then I shall be 'left out in the cold.' I'll have to think this matter over, but I don't believe I ever shall remember to put anything into this box. Good-by," she added smilingly, as their way separated.

The three girls, Kate, Ethel and Bertha were familiarly known among their schoolmates as "the triplets," as much on account of the life-long and intimate friendship which existed between them as from the singular circumstance that their birthdays were coincident.

They represented three different stations in life, although to them, as schoolmates, this fact had as yet made little difference.

Kate Burtwell was the only daughter of a wealthy banker, and had never known the lack of anything money could secure. Money however could not save the fair young mother, whose life had gone out when that of her little one began, and therefore Kate had never known a mother's love. The kind father, realizing to some extent his daughter's great loss, had devoted himself, with more than unusual tenderness, to his motherless child, especially since the dear grandmother, who had at first cared for her, had left them, and Kate frequently declared that he had been "father and mother both" to her.

Ethel Lawrence was the eldest of a large family of children, the daughter of a mechanic, and had learned from her prudent mother the necessity, in her family, of careful management of its slender funds. She was an earnest, thoughtful girl, the exact opposite, in many respects, of the vivacious Kate, although the two had, heretofore, been alike in their indifference to missionary work.

The third member of the trio, Bertha May, was a marked contrast to the other two, not only in station and manner of life, but also in her religious experience. She was the only child of a widowed mother, who supported herself and daughter by the use of her needle.

Schoolmates, classmates in Sunday school, and fast friends from their earliest recollection, the three girls had joined the church together at a time of religious awakening. Bertha had been an earnest, devout Christian from that time forth; the other two had undoubtedly experienced a change of heart, and Ethel, at least, was trying to live a Christian life; but Kate lacking the Christian home influence which pervaded the lives of the others, seemed to be drifting, and her religion was more a matter of form than a real heart experience.

Kate and Ethel, at the beginning of our story, had left the missionary meeting without the trio, since she, always foremost in any missionary enterprise, had duties which just then demanded her attention; therefore Bertha had not known the effort upon her two friends of the meeting to which she had strongly urged them to accompany her, in the hope that they might become interested in missionary work.

Left to herself, Kate wandered her way home in a thoughtful mood, and after a brief conversation with her father, repaired at last to her own apartment.

Glancing at the luxurious surroundings she thought as she set her mite-box down amid the pretty and costly bric-a-brac of her room—

"My mite-box ought to be made of silver, to correspond with my other pretty things." Then suddenly a thought flashed across her mind: "It might be lined with silver, even if the outside is plain."

When Kate's attention was again called to missions and missionary work she found herself in a strange place; how she came there seemed to her a mystery, but there she was, right in the midst of innumerable small mite-boxes, ranged tier upon tier all around her. Near her side was a table, and arrayed upon it a number of these boxes similar to the one she had placed among her pretty treasures with a smile at its incongruity there.

Suddenly a mite-box appeared to move toward the side of the table nearest Kate, and a voice, seeming to proceed from the box itself, told the following story:—

"Some time ago, together with a number of my companions, I was purchased from a missionary depot of supplies by the president of a certain Auxiliary. We were distributed among the lady members of a church, the president of the missionary society saying, 'If every one will only take a mite-box and try to fill it, who knows but that it may arouse more zeal for the missionary cause?'

"I fell into the hands of a peculiar individual, Miss Priscilla Parmelia Perkins. She lived all alone, and at first seemed greatly dissatisfied at my intrusion into her home. She placed me by the side of an old-fashioned clock which stood upon her mantle-shelf, saying as she did so:—

"What an unheard of thing—Priscilla Perkins with a

mite-box! and Priscilla Perkins without a mite to give away to any such outlandish scheme as that of trying to convert a set of heathen on the other side of the globe, when there's heathen enough on this side, the land knows! Why don't they convert some of these rascally heathen boys who tear up my flowers, and set our miserable dogs on my hens, and torment the life out of me from one week's end to the other? If they ain't heathenish enough with their pranks, then I ain't smart enough to know a heathen when I see him!"

"She sat me down rather forcibly upon the shelf, and I think she thought no more of me for some time. I grew very jealous of the clock, which never was forgotten; regularly every night at just such an hour Miss Priscilla wound her clock, but never bestowed so much as a glance upon me. Since the highest ambition of a mite-box is to be filled with silver and gold, I found myself growing more and more dissatisfied at receiving no attention. At last, one day Miss Priscilla seemed to think of me, and I had the satisfaction of receiving from her hand six pennies, which the groceryman had given her in making change; he gave her also a crisp, new five-dollar bill, which she placed carefully in her wallet.

"That very night something happened. No one ever knew how it came about, but the room was full of smoke; the kitchen floor was smoking in front of the stove, and about to blaze out into a flame, while Miss Priscilla was shut up in an adjoining bedroom fast asleep, and no one but the clock, myself, and a tiny mouse which had crawled from its hole in search of crumbs, and sat upon the mantel near me, was a witness of the situation.

"Suddenly the clock began to strike. This startled the mouse, which in its hasty flight ran against me so forcibly as to throw me from my position on the shelf to the floor; the fall and the six pennies produced such an unusual noise in the quiet house that Miss Priscilla was awakened, and, hastily opening the door leading from her room to the kitchen, she saw at a glance the situation, the floor being now in a blaze. With a slight scream she quickly snatched blankets from her bed, and soon smothered the fire, without further damage. She then lighted her lamp, and talked to herself in her usual manner:—

"Well, Priscilla Perkins, where would you and your money be if you hadn't waked up just then? What waked you up, do you s'pose?" she said, glancing around.

"I lay upon the floor, rolling back and forth in the excitement produced by my fall. Soon Miss Priscilla's black eyes spied me, and she exclaimed: 'Why! how'd my mite-box come to be on the floor? It must have made quite a noise when it fell! There, Priscilla Perkins don't you see through the hull thing? Your mite-box has saved your life! Its fall waked you at just the right moment, and to think that you begrudged even those six cents you put in the box yesterday! Where would you be now if you hadn't done it, and those six pennies rattling hadn't waked you? You go this minute and put that five dollars in your-box, and be thankful that you have a chance to help save the heathen, and ain't burnt to death—house and barn and hens and all!'

"The five-dollar bill was immediately transferred to me, and I find myself able to report eight dollars and forty-six cents, as Miss Priscilla from time to time has kept adding more mites to her box."

At this point another box took the place occupied by No. 1 during its story, and spoke as follows:—

"I represent the Baby Band. I was given to a dear little boy of three years; only a baby, but yet very

anxious to get his box full of pennies. He could hardly bear me out of his sight, and toddled about with me tightly clasped in his chubby hand as the days went by; sometimes he would hold me up to callers, saying, 'We wants some pennies,' and often he got them. His father, a young physician, was a busy man, and although he loved his little boy he deprived himself of much happiness by a too close application to books, and not enough attention to his child.

"One evening Roy ran to his father's side, and, holding me up to him, said, 'Please div baby some pennies'; but the father, busily engaged in looking up some medical information, said abruptly, 'Run away to mamma; papa hasn't any pennies for you now'; and disappointed, the little fellow went away.

"A few hours later the anxious young father and terrified mother were working with all their combined energies to conquer that dreaded enemy of childhood, the croup. For a time all efforts seemed unavailing, but at length the baby lay back exhausted in his father's arms, but breathing easily, and looking up into a face which was now all attention to his wants, Roy said: 'has you dot pennies now?' 'Yes,' responded the father, 'your box shall be filled with pennies—you shall have five hundred of them in it'; and turning to his wife, he said, 'We will give five dollars to the missionary cause as a thank-offering to God for giving us back our darling'; and they did so. Thus ends my tale."

As Kate waited with interest for the next, three mite-boxes moved forward, two slowly, but one with a light movement which betokened little weight. The first bowed before her, saying: "We three belong to the triplets, Bertha, Ethel and Kate, and I have been filled very full of money by Bertha, who has sacrificed much for my good cause." Just at this moment the other box followed this one out of its place, and said, "And Ethel, too, has done her part, and has given me many moments of happiness when she dropped into my depths the money she had saved by denying herself." The remaining mite-box made no haste forward, and when the other two turned toward it and moved so as to give it the spokesman's position on the table it came to its place with that same light movement that was quite different from anything that Kate had seen in the other mite-boxes. Its voice, when it spoke, sounded rather sheepish and very sorrowful, quite as if it was its own fanit that it had so little weight. "I belong to Kate," it said, "and behold, I have no solid form or happy corpulency such as all well regulated mite-boxes long for. Kate has forgotten me, and the people I came to help, and the Master to whom I and the poor heathen belong."

"Oh, no," Kate cried suddenly, "I will give you all you want now, indeed I will."

The mite-box sighed. "It is too late now," he said sadly, "you and I have had our opportunity, and it is gone."

Kate uttered a little scream and—awoke, to find herself safe in her own beautiful home, the innocent mite-box standing quietly where she had placed it the night before, and the early dawn revealing everything just as it had always been. Everything but Kate herself; she was not the same; her dream had aroused in her a sudden interest in missionary work, inasmuch that she astonished both of her girl friends, to whom for the present she chose not to reveal the cause of the change which had come over her.

One day Kate came into the home of Bertha May, her eyes sparkling from some hidden joy. "Oh Bertha,"

she exclaimed, "now I can tell you, for it has all turned out as I expected. Papa has given me for my Christmas present three hundred dollars to buy a new sealskin jacket, which I thought I must have this winter, as my old one is shabby. He said he would just give me the money beforehand, and I could make the purchase myself. But I wouldn't have the garment now for anything, after a dream I had, and oh dear!" she said, laughing and crying together, "I am so happy to think that it isn't too late, and that my opportunity is not gone. And you, darling girl," she cried, drawing from Bertha's lap a well-worn dress which she had been ripping, "you shall not go without a new dress this winter in order to give to the missionary cause, for I know that is what you were contemplating, now isn't it?"

Bertha laughed, and said that Kate must be a mind-reader. But Kate was very serious as she continued: "Now listen to my plan; when I told papa that I would rather the money should go to the missionary cause he looked a little surprised at first, and said I was becoming quite an enthusiast on that subject; then he laughed and said, 'I guess you'll get over that notion, but if you really think that a missionary coat would be more comfortable this winter than the real and genuine and much-talked-of sealskin, I am sure I have no objection.' Then, when I told him that I wanted to make it possible for you and Ethel and myself each to give one hundred dollars, he said,—well, never mind what he said, but just those things the dearest father in all the world would say. And now, Bertha, I choose this," she said producing three folded one-hundred-dollar bills, and taking from the table near her Bertha's mite-box, she quickly slipped therein one of the bills, and silenced Bertha's protestation:—

"Oh, I'm not to be opposed at all; I'm not to be thwarted this time in the only real good thing I ever thought of doing. And it's nothing, either, after that awful dream which I had—a regular mite-box medley?" she added soberly, proceeding to toll the dream to her friend, who was deeply interested.

At the conclusion of the story Kate said, "Now I must go up to Ethel's I'm going to do the same thing there; her box shall have a hundred dollars too; I could not fully enjoy the blessedness of this giving unless I shared it with you two girls. And I want to tell you," she added, with slightly heightening color, "that within the past few weeks I have learned to love with all my heart the One who has commanded us to go and teach all nations; and I am sure that neither of you two girls will be so cruel as to say no to my plan of dividing the money"; and with a good-by kiss to Bertha, Kate was gone.

Arriving at the home of Ethel a similar scene occurred there, and after persuading Ethel and her mother to consent to her proposition, provided she was sure her father would not be offended, Kate placed the second hundred dollars in Ethel's box, and then hastened home with a heart more full of joy than she remembered having experienced during her life hitherto, and feeling that in her case, at least, the words were literally true:—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

In twenty-five years' experience in this country, in Europe, India and Africa, I never yet saw a smoking, theatre-going, card-playing, dancing Christian that ever amounted to anything in the Lord's service.—*Amanda Smith.*

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM LADY MISSIONARIES.

Miss HATCH writes—"There are some days, feast days, when I have native visitors all day, and it may be, and it may not be, that I will speak the Gospel to them; but still I will receive them and be friendly toward them and thus pave the way for the Gospel."

"I have built houses for my Bible women. . . . There are four women attending the Bible Women's School; they have been learning to read and sew and to recite Scripture. I hope to teach them washing when I begin again after vacation, and I hope to have a number of new ones in, widows, etc. My idea is to teach them all these things, then if any show special talent for Bible work and I feel that they have the right spirit, I hope to send them on to Miss Baskerville for further training—but if not, I hope they will be ready to earn their own living by sewing or washing."

July 23rd—"Was very glad of your letter and of the news that the needed sum had been made up by that noble gift. I was sorry that the \$200 I received from Mr. — was put in by the Treasurer as for Caste Girls School. I think I wrote that I *might* use it for that, but there seems to be no opening for that just now. I have used a little of it in putting up houses for Bible women. . . . I would not of course like people to think I had a Caste Girls School in R—, when I have not. On the other hand there is a prospect of its being used to start work of that kind."

Miss BANKERVILLE writes, July 14th—"So far the rains this year have been a comparative failure. The people began to talk of famine, and the price of paddy went up. How strange it seems, and yet not strange either, that one year we have flood, another year famine. Flood, and fire, and pestilence seem to scourge the land, and when one thinks of it, it would be stranger still if it were not so, for God will not give his glory to graven images, and it cannot be otherwise than that His anger must rest upon an idolatrous nation. I began to make special prayer that He would send rain, and Sunday night and yesterday it came, a gentle, steady, penetrating drip (just the right kind) increasing at times to a good heavy down pour. To-day we have had cloud and sunshine by turns, with a few nice showers. A week or ten days later would have been too late to save the crops; but this is not enough, it must keep on for a month or so before we can feel free from the dread of famine. . . . There is a lull in the building work at present. The row of dormitories I have so often spoken of is roofed in, and this was as much as I had hoped to accomplish during vacation. We are now laying in a fresh stock of materials, scurrying round to get them as cheap as possible. I was disap-

pointed that mud had to be used for mortar, but it is not as bad as people at home might think. It has a peculiar stickiness of its own and is quite strong and substantial so long as no rain gets at it. The walls must therefore be plastered with lime on the outside. A good many of the buildings on this compound are built with brick and partly mud for mortar. Pillars for the roof beams to rest on, and the parts round the doors and windows must be built with lime, in some of the buildings the rest of the walls are built with mud. Lime is altogether better if we could afford it of course. I hope by using rough stone to make up the difference, but we need to make the \$2000 do so much that I had to give up the hope."

Miss MCLAURIN writes, July 18th—"I am endeavouring to have all the Christian women under my care taught by the Bible-women or school teachers in their vicinity, lessons from Scripture such as commandments, Lord's prayer, beatitudes, a short catechism and hymns which I hope will be a great help to them in giving them something good to think about and also in furnishing them with some idea of their duty towards God and man, as Christians. There are very few Christian women on this field (Yellamanchili) and they are so sadly uneducated, not able to read or write, and they need this teaching badly, and I shall endeavor to see that they get it. . . . The caste women both here and in Narsapatnam have awakened, and I hope much. You must pray that the work will be blessed. The way to the hearts of the high caste women is being opened up, I believe, to the message of truth. This phase of the work is just now in an early, and consequently an unestablished condition. I am not sure of my ground here, nor of my place in the houses. I have to be very "canny" and cautious, and prayerful. The caste women need our help—we are here to help them, and will not the Lord see that the work goes on if it be His will? And can we doubt that it is? May He always be with us to prompt our every word and deed. My helpers and I need your prayers."

August 6th—"Miss Smith and I have come up to Narsapatnam just for a week. . . . This is the third time I have come up and the work is most encouraging. I can't go along the street without being stopped many, many times by children of caste women who say, 'my mother says, wont you please come to our house.' These women see me passing, or hear that I am in town, and not being allowed to come out of their door yards, send their children to ask me to come in." J. B.

FROM CHICACOLE.

My dear Link,—You may remember that some time ago I asked our mutual friends for some picture papers, illustrated magazines, and rolls of S. S. lesson pictures, to aid in entertaining our high caste friends, when they come to visit us *en masse*. Now a word about the ru-

sponse. A parcel of illustrated papers, three magazines, and seven rolls of S. S. pictures have arrived, but beyond removing the wrappers, I have not had time, or perhaps I should say strength too, to really examine any of them. Some come from St. John, some from that beautiful Island, that produces so many fine young men and women. Upon others there was no sign of location or name of donor. But this will convey to you all our hearty appreciation of your prompt response. Some evening soon, we want to have in our Telugu friends, when all of these will be brought into requisition, and may they all be used in undoing the heavy burdens of caste, and in opening blind eyes to the light and truth of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Ethel has already used some of the pictures in her work at Naraynappa's house, where both he and his wife are learning to play on the accordion. She has made good progress in sewing, and is now working a pair of slippers for her son. They read the New Testament together, and one day, when they were singing "What a Friend we have in Jesus," her eyes filled with tears, and she said to Ethel, "You all have a friend in Jesus, but we have not." Then our little girl told her how Jesus would become her friend, and almost every day as she visits her they talk and sing of Him. She is very fond of "Jesus loves me this I know," and what a blessed thing it would be, if she would really learn that wonderful truth. She has become very fond of Ethel and strongly objects to her being sent away to school next year, as we have thought some of doing, which rather amuses us. We have great hope that this Naraynappa is a secret believer and his name is often in our prayers. His old mother does not like any of these things, and continually raises her voice against these innovations; but caste has crumbled considerably in that house these late years, and will you all pray, that some happy, not distant day, the gates of brass may be flung down completely, and that we may hear the Lord say, "This day has salvation come to this house!" Naraynappa pays Ethel for her work there.

I suppose you all know, that in company with some others, I spent April, May and June in Coonoor. Mr. Archibald came up for June, and we all, or those who did not come earlier, came down the last day of the month. By way of variation I had a little sick spell in Madras, and saw the inside of a hospital. Dr. Barfoot, a very skillful and kind physician, the only one who did not advise me to go home last year, and consequently I look upon him with favour, told me, that it was only a case of hanging on, but I am very glad to do even that. I am stronger than I was one year ago, but not yet strong enough to work nearly all day; and not able to read or write much, if I get nervously tired over something else. This is the reason why so many of your letters are so long in being answered, but I wrote three home letters last week and am a little proud over the achievement still.

The day after we reached home our Semi-annual Conference met here; later than usual, but as early as we could get together, and we had helpful meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Corey had gone on to Kaimidi and could not well return. Very serious attention was given to the condition of our work, the unsupplied need of men, and the causes therefor. Where are our volunteers? Brethren and sisters, where are they? If they, or any other young men, who should be here, are among you, will they bring to you a blessing? Are you not afraid to keep them, and are they not afraid to stay? Is there not something wrong in the denomination which produces so few young men, who are willing, at all costs, to obey the command of their Lord, to go and disciple the nations?

Mr. Archibald has gone to Vizagapatam to-day, to see Dr. Leepingwell about taking into the insane asylum one of our young men, who has spells of acting strangely. We think some proper treatment will fully restore him, and would like to see him cured. He hurt himself studying, but if well always could be most useful, as he has excellent ability, and is well educated.

Miss Wright is at Calerignapatam, whether she has gone for a change and sea air.

Our monsoon was very light this year, but we are now getting some delightful showers. But the showers of heavenly grace, that we long for, do not come. The unsaved crowd us on every hand, and in as far as we are able we offer them the water of Life. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, and oh my friends for His manifested power we are hungering and thirsting.

I know many of you are praying and hoping for this also. God is at work doing something, and we will wait for Him, who has promised to guide us into all truth.

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Chicacole, August 10th, 1896.

P. S.—Next January, all being well, our Telugu Association, our own Conference, and the Conference of the two Canadian Missions will meet in Chicacole. For all these gatherings will you offer special prayer? They are all important to the well being of our mission; and at this juncture, perhaps none more so, than our own Conference. We want Divine guidance, and we are all trying to seek it. Will you wait upon God for us? C. H. A.

HAS every woman in your church been asked to contribute to Foreign missions? They may not be informed of the needs, but don't defraud them of the privilege of giving because of that. Inform them. Don't ask them to read some book, on a subject of which they are absolutely ignorant. First tell them something about it, and then offer them the book.

VI. B. M. VI.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.—For our Missionaries-elect, that the words they have spoken may greatly increase the interest in missions. That they may have a prosperous journey and the presence of the Lord abiding with them as they enter upon their life-work.

SOME THINGS I NOTED IN OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

That a deeper and more intelligent interest is taken in the business than ever before. Delegates come early and remain to the close.

A larger number provide themselves with note book and pencil.

The election of officers was conducted in a more business-like way.

The half hours of prayer were much more largely attended.

Delegates were not so afraid to hear their own voices. A more earnest spirit of devotion was manifested.

That our missionaries need helpful books to read. That books by such authors as Dr. A. J. Gordon, Meyer, and Andrew Murray would prove inspiring.

(What I did not learn at the annual meeting is, that these books cost by mail to India, from one to two cents per copy, and that Christmas is near.)

That other missionaries than our own think that the time is not far distant when there will be a great turning to Christ, on our mission fields.

That a good plan in Aid Societies, was for the president to send a copy of the programme of the monthly meeting to each member.

That our sisters might have sent for more mite boxes during the year, 807 only went out.

That only eleven of our Telugu wraps had been sold during the year; 1440 leaflets had been sold, 452 sent free.

That our workers had not been jailing themselves as they should of the leading library.

That where many Links are taken, the interest in missions is increased.

That we should encourage our Mission Bands to support Mr. Morse on the Foreign field.

That our missionaries think this a much better plan, than to support children in the schools; such children may often leave school, and cause disappointment to those who are raising money for them.

That of the people on this earth, one out of every five is born in India; one in every five who die, dies in India.

There are 290 million of people in India, and 137 different nationalities.

That we average 600 villages to each of our mission fields. Six die on our fields every hour.

(If we sent more workers, so many would not go to Christless graves. Let the awful thought rouse Thy children to greater faithfulness, dear Master.)

That New Brunswick Aid Societies had gained during the year, financially and spiritually. There are 80 Aid Societies, with a membership of 1,500; 250 Links are taken.

A larger number of County Secretaries were present this year.

That our missionaries-elect won all hearts as they talked to us, and only the hope remains that they won the purses too.

That if we are to raise during this year for Foreign Missions \$7,000, and for Home Missions \$1,600, we will have to be up and doing from the very first of the year to the last.

That our women should bond all their energies to arouse a deeper interest in this work among our uninterested church members.

That what we need above everything else is the power of the Holy Spirit in our own hearts, teaching us how to pray and how to give.

IN A VALLEY OF BURNING.

From a Home Letter written in the Neilgherries, S. India.

BY MISS AMY WILSON-CARRMICHAEL.

Saturday Night, May 16.

After a long vain try to get to sleep with the light of that fire blazing in my eyes, I think I may as well waken up properly and try to tell you about it.

It was a Kota funeral. The Kotas are an aboriginal tribe still surviving among the Neilgherries. They live in hovels, feed on carrion, abjure soap and water, and look like animals in human shape. Not one has as yet, we hear, been brought to Christ. And yet He loves them and He died for them.

Yesterday evening we tried a little open air meeting in their hamlet. Sarah, my dear old Bible-woman (the Liverpool friends' "Own Missionary"), spoke in her simplest Tamil, which was the nearest approach she could make to their dialect. They listened noisily, often interrupting, and apparently not the least comprehending. Their wild dark faces pressed round almost threateningly sometimes. They did not want our God! But there were prayers behind us. So, though nothing seemed done, we stayed ourselves upon His word, and thanked Him for even so small an entrance to this hill-fortress of Satan's.

Just after we left them a woman died. She must have been lying in one of the huts all the time we were there, dying, but we did not know it. We woke in the night to hear the tom-tom beat, and the half-smothered death wail rose and fell like the sound of the wind at sea.

This morning it went on incessantly. We have heard since that bullocks were sacrificed, and curious ceremonies performed. And then the end came. And to this we went, hoping it might be an opportunity to be brought out of the hand of the evil one.

Five minutes from our cottage lies the little Kota village. A mile or two further on is its valley of burning. Deep down in a hollow it nestles. Far away, God's everlasting hills rise still and blue; all round, the ferns and the flowers of His planting make the dell beautiful. Close to the pyre grows a buttercup bush. When the fire rose it caught the pretty thing, and its flowers fell all singed and drooping. The mourners crouched in a group to the leeward, and they made a dark splash on the hill's fair green.

There was the thud of the tom-tom, and a wild weird wail from a sort of Indian bagpipe, pierced by a wilder

weird wail from a long curved horn. And the sound of the chopping of wood and the breaking of branches broke through the plaintive minor of death with the rude major key of life. And the silence of men and women answered back with a silence that seemed a sob.

They had the death car there, a raised affair of wicker-work hung with red flags and white scarves; within it, hidden by a brilliant yellow wrapper, lay—*it*. Yesterday it was a woman, suffering, dying. Dying by the light temporal of a fire on the floor, perhaps. Dying in pitch darkness as to the light eternal. And so close to her there was light and love! To-day it was a body lying on its funeral pyre.

They piled the faggots round it. They lighted them—and a wild, wild wail rose up to the God who looked down and saw it all. Then the horn blew loud and long, and as the fire flamed one part and then another, and the terrible sound which they call the "head-split" cracked through the crackling of the wood, they seemed to put all the dread and horror of it into one intenser yell.

* * * * *

Why do I tell it so? Why break through the pleasant scenes of home with this bit of the fiery barbaric? Why! Because it is true? *It is true!* It has gone on like that for thousands of years. It is going on so to-day. Is there nothing in it which speaks? Has it not a voice for you? A voice—yes, and a cry. The cry which God heard when He said long ago, "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.*"

To-morrow they will go and gather the poor black bones and weep over them. Then they will "work their charms," and put the bones in a pot, and hide it among the bushes. This time next year—who will remember, I wonder?—May 16, 1897, if all things last till then—they will go again, re-burn those bones, offer two buffaloes over them, and set the spirit free. For it is in trouble to-night—wandering, they say, they know not where. For a year it must wander so. And then when the bones are re-burnt and the buffaloes offered, it finds its way to the gods!

We had hoped we might speak to them. But no, there was a glow of dusky redness in their eyes, as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows." They repelled our advances, and frowned a fierce refusal. But we will go to their village again. Perhaps they will listen then.

Dear friends who read this little home letter, what will it mean to you? A terrible tale, and a sad one, but little more; or this?—another note added to the call for present speedy help; another small though true share in the fellowship of His sufferings.

Some of you are poor, and you are giving all you can, and at a cost our loving Saviour knows—you cannot give more; but you can care more, and that will mean *praying* more. Some of you are not poor, and are not much giving, not much caring, not much praying. Can it be that we are sometimes too far away from the heart of our God to know His sympathies? *For He cares. He so loved that He gave!* Oh, ask for us who are out, as we do for you in the home land, that we all may be drawn so close to Him that we shall be filled, not with mere human pity, but with Divine compassion which shall burn through all barriers, break through all selfishness, till it reach and touch and win for Him those lost for whom He died.

P.S.—This evening I went to the village in my native dress; and whereas they would not even let me cross the threshold of their huts before, much less listen qui-

etly at all, this evening they invited me in at once, and nestled round me perfectly fearlessly. "You are our friend," said one; and another wild-looking woman took my hand, and touched it gently, and said, "Our love is upon you." They know the English dress well, but I fancy it looks foreign to them, and they seem more at home with me in their own.

A STORY OF THE HYMN "MOMENT BY MOMENT."

A member of my Bible class, a widow, Mrs. A.—, had been going through great trial last year. She had a house on which she depended much for the rent; through false references it had got into the hands of an evil man, who whenever she went for the rent, simply mocked at her, jeered and laughed, and no effort that she had made could either obtain the rent due or turn him out. She had at length put her case into the hands of a magistrate, who said she must appear in court, and the case was pending when my story begins.

She was in deep waters of poverty and had a terrible dread that God had forsaken her, when she saw in some paper, "*Three Days With God,*" It was the notice of the Rev. Andrew Murray's meetings to be held in the East End Assembly Hall. "I will go and spend these days with God, and put my case into His hands," she said to herself.

On Wednesday she put on her bonnet to start forth, —a knock—a young policeman asking, "Does Mrs. A.— live here? My wife is dying.—I must be on my beat." It was a struggle for a moment, but she said, "I will go to her." The young man took her to his house, where she found his young wife fearfully ill, indeed she thought dying. She had been nursed by a drunken woman, and her agony was so great that the least touch of the bed-clothes made her scream. "No quiet days for me with God," she thought. She watched till the following morning, when she was relieved by a neighbor and went home to rest. As she entered her home, she thought, "Now is my opportunity," and forthwith started to the Assembly Hall, and reached it in time for the afternoon meeting.

Mr. Murray spoke on Love, and the Holy Spirit deeply convicted her of sin. Did she not hate the man who had wronged her? Where was the love? Mat. x. 44, 45. How could she love? When at the close Mr. Murray said, "Let each here tell their Father in heaven their need, pour out your heart before Him while we wait before Him in silence," she knelt down in silence with shame of heart, and confessed her hatred and anger and doubts of God's love to her, sought forgiveness, and asked the love of God to fill her soul. She felt it little mattered what became of the house, if only her heart was right with God. His peace filled her heart as she rose, and the hymn was given out, "*Moment by Moment.*" How it thrilled her especially the second verse,

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us the banner so white,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight:

"I'll stay for the evening now," she said; "there is no need for sleep." Though all her money was 1s. 9d. she thought, "Never mind, I'll pay for my tea, for moment by moment I'm under His care."

When she reached the sick-room at 10 p.m. her heart was overflowing with joy. She found the woman worse, moaning piteously. After a while, as she moved quietly about arranging the room for the night, Mrs. S—said, "Nurse you must have had a good sleep, how rested you look." "Oh no, my dear, I have had no sleep, I have been to the East End and have got such a blessing that all my care is gone, and I have brought you such a wonderful hymn that I'll read to you presently." "The East End,—what good can you get there, nurse?" She told her a little of the meeting, and how God had spoken to her, showing her her sin and need of Divine love. How He had met her and cleansed her heart and filled her with unspeakable joy and grace, and then she read the hymn.

Dying with Jesus, His death reckoned mine,
Living with Jesus, a new life Divine,
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord I am Thine.

"Read it again," said the sufferer, and her moaning ceased, and she lay very still. About midnight footsteps came down the stairs and a gentle knock; an elderly lady entered to inquire for Mrs. S—. The sick woman answered, "I am very ill, but my nurse has been to the East End and brought me such a beautiful hymn, it will do you good, too. Read it to her, nurse." So again the hymn was read.

Never a trial that He is not near,
Never a burden that He does not bear,
Never a sorrow that He does not share,
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

"Read it again, nurse," whispered the sick woman. So for the fourth time she heard the wonderful hymn. The old lady of 76 stole back to her room. About three o'clock, when all was still, nurse heard her saying to herself,

Never a heartache and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan,
Never a danger, but there on the throne,
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.

And then she heard her pray. The night passed very quietly and she seemed a little better in the morning.

Later on the old lady of 76 came down again, and asked if nurse would go to see her mother upstairs and take her the wonderful hymn. During the day she paid the old lady of 96 a visit, and found her in bed, but such a picture of an old lady—her face so sweet and all her powers so bright! "I hear you have a wonderful hymn that has done Mrs. S— good, nurse, and I want you to read it to me. I'm very miserable." "What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. A—. "My sins," she answered. "I know I can't live long, and I am not ready to die. I stay in my bed, not because I am ill, but because I am so afraid and miserable. My daughter says that you have been to the East End—but I can't think what you have been there for. It's a dreadful place, I think, the East End. I used to go to the Conference Hall (Mildmay) when I was younger, much more respectable, my dear, and I have heard the very best preachers in London there, but for all that I am not ready to die. What's the hymn you have brought from the East End?" "It is the Lamb of God you need," said Mrs. A—. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. It was a sight of Him that took the load of sin off me." "But," said the old lady of 96, "you have a good heart,

nurse, I've a bad one, and I do not know what to do with my sins." "No, my dear, I had a very bad heart, I never knew how bad until I was at the meeting at the East End. It is the Lamb of God who has saved me. He is my righteousness."

They talked over the glorious Gospel message, until dear old 96 said, "But where is the hymn, nurse, that has done you so much good?" So, "Moment by moment" was read again. We have had all but the fifth verse, which I will write here with the chorus, in case any of my readers do not know the hymn.

Never a weakness that He does not feel,
Never a sickness that He does not heal,
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

(CHORUS.

Moment by moment I've life from above,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

One Sunday morning, when Mrs. A— was tidying up after the night's watching, about 10.30 she heard the rustling of a silk dress, and looking around, to her surprise, saw the pretty old lady of 96, with a silk dress and cap, looking fresher and younger than her daughter of 76. "Good day, my dear! I am come to see how you do, for my heart is as light as a bird, and I have come to tell Mrs. S— if she knows the hymn she will soon get well again,

For moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above.

I could not keep my bed any longer. Jesus my Saviour abides with me still."

The sick woman turned to her and smiled, "Ah, Mrs. M—, my verse is,

Never a heartache and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan,
Never a danger but there on the throne,
Moment by moment, He thinks of His own."

The dear old lady was overflowing with joy, Mrs. A— said, and it was good to hear her talking to the policeman's wife of the sins of 96 years cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb.

The daughter of 76 was the next to come into the light, and then the young policeman, and soon they could all gather in the little parlour, where the young man had a piano, and every night they sang the hymn. The neighbors noticed the change and came in to inquire what new song they were so often singing, and thus the good tidings spread of a Saviour's love. I've more details, but my story is ended.

The trial came on about the house, the dreaded day. Mrs. A—'s patient was well enough to accompany her to court. The precious hymn went too. "Be sure, my dear, you read me my verse just before I am called into the witness box." They sat together encouraging one another, and once more the favorite verse was read:

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us the banner so white,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

The magistrate soon decided matters; scarcely a question was asked Mrs. A——. He said he had rarely heard of such iniquitous dealing. The widow's house was given over to her that night, and the man given a month's imprisonment. So with a very thankful heart she thanked the Lord. She remained with her new friends in all seven weeks, and then was able to walk over to our Bible Class, Sunday, Jan 20, hungry to toll of all the way, the Lord had led her, and I need scarcely say that we rejoiced with her.

"O, taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."—*South African Pioneer.*

Young People's Department.

KING EBENEZER.

His heathen name was a rather hard one to pronounce—Thakombau. He lived on one of the Fiji Islands, and his father was a fierce old Cannibal. In the year 1849 a good missionary named James Calvert visited their home, and talked with these two men about the religion of Jesus Christ. The old father would not listen, the son was always attentive and civil, but would not become a Christian himself. The missionary prayed earnestly for years that God would convert these men. When a man died in Fiji his wives had to be strangled and buried beside him, so that they might be able to be his servants again in the spirit world. Each wife would come in her turn bathed, oiled, and robed for this awful ceremony, bid her relatives farewell, then kneel down, have a cord fastened around her neck; then a cloth would be thrown over her head, and she would be strangled in a moment. A crowd of heathen were watching and cheering, as each new victim was slain. When the old king died, the missionary tried very hard to make Thakombau stop this cruel law. But he could not prevent five wives being thus sacrificed. The new king prospered for many years, and would promise the missionary that he would consider the new religion after he had killed all his enemies. But God uses many ways to lead people to Himself. So this prosperity of the king ended. He was beaten in many a battle, and his life was in great danger. His palace was on the island of Ban, although a great many islands were in his kingdom, and their people paid him tribute every year. While feeling very badly over his losses in these wars, God sent a painful disease to his strong body, and he began to think about being a Christian. The missionary came and talked with and prayed for him, and at last he decided in 1854 to kneel to the Christian's God. The big death-drums used only ten days before to call the people of Ban to the temples for a cannibal feast, were now beaten to call them to worship the true God. For three years the king attended all the preaching services and prayer meetings, and though fifty years old, began to learn to read. His little son, seven years old, was his teacher, and was so anxious that his

father should be able to read God's word that he sat by him on the mat for hours at a time until, quite worn out, he would fall asleep beside him. The king waited patiently for the wee chap to finish his nap, then began the lesson over again. In 1857, three years later, the king was baptized in the presence of all his people, and chose the name of "Ebenezer" instead of his heathen name, saying that the Lord alone should be his helper. His people had believed him to be a god, and worshipped him, but now he said before them all "I have been a bad man, and disturbed the country. The missionaries came, but I did not heed their warnings. God saved my life from my enemies, I now want to own Him as the only true God." The queen also was baptized by the name of Lydia. From this time King Ebenezer spent all his efforts for the good of his people, and was known as a devoted, earnest, consistent Christian. He sent a message of peace to a neighboring king, but received the answer back that this king would not be at peace until he "had killed and eaten the king of Ban." But Ebenezer did not get angry or want to fight in return for this insulting message, he felt that God had the power to deliver him from all his enemies, and showed a forgiving spirit in sparing the lives of those who came in his way, who would, before his conversion, have been eaten by his cannibal people. His last act as king was to cede Fiji to Queen Victoria in 1874. He sent his war-club to her as a present with this message to the Prime Minister:—*Your Excellency.*—Before finally ceding his country to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the king desires, through your Excellency, to give Her Majesty the only thing he possesses that may interest her—his old and favorite war-club, until lately the only known law in Fiji. He thus lays by his old weapon and covers it with the emblems of peace. Whole tribes of his people died and passed away under the old law, but hundreds of thousands remain to learn and enjoy the better state of things. With this emblem of the past the king sends his love to Her Majesty saying that he fully confides in her and in her children who, succeeding, shall become kings of Fiji, to exercise a watchful control over the welfare of his children and people."

The Queen graciously received the magnificent club, and has since placed it in the British Museum where some of you may see it when you visit England. In 1883, king Ebenezer was taken ill, and only a day or two before his death he spoke often of Jesus, and called his family around his bed to pray with them once more. His last words were, "Hold me, Jesus! my faith in Thee is firm!"

If any of you want to hear more about the wonderful work done on this island, read a book called "James Calvert, or From Dark to Dawn in Fiji."

I have been reading it this week and thought you would like me to tell you this story of king Ebenezer.

May God soon lead all the heathen kings to cast their crowns at the feet of Jesus Christ, and "crown Him Lord of all!"

SISTER BELLE.

A MISSIONARY TEA.

Ruth's face was flushed and her eyes were fairly sparkling from excitement as she rushed into the sitting-room upon her return from Sabbath-school.

"O mother," she exclaimed, "do put on a great big thinking cap and help me."

"Why, my dear," said her mother, "what is the matter? Why does my little daughter want so much thinking done this lovely Sabbath morning? Did not the lesson you had this morning—that beautiful lesson of the dear Saviour who had risen from the dead that we too might have life everlasting—give you enough to think about this holy day?"

"O, yes, mother, but the superintendent told us there would be a missionary from India at our school next Sunday, and that he would give us a talk on that country, and a collection would be taken for him by classes; and to the class that, without the help of their teacher, gave the most money, he would present a banner made by the native workmen." By this time Ruth's breath was well-nigh gone; but, hurriedly gathering a fresh supply, she continued, "And you know, mother, our class is so small only seven of us. Each of us is going to think as hard as can be, and to-morrow afternoon we have a meeting here—I knew you wouldn't mind my having them come to our house—and decide what to do."

"Well, my dear, we will say no more about it to-day, but I will be at your meeting and hear what the others have thought of, and try and help you out."

Seven more earnest little girls could not be found than were grouped about Mrs. Thornton, on the pleasant piazza, next afternoon. They were quite anxious that she should immediately take charge of the meeting and suggest what should be done to raise the money. But very wisely she first heard each little girl give her plans, and when all had expressed themselves she said:

"Well, my dears, Nellie has, I believe, thought out the very thing for you to do, and that is to give a missionary tea; and I will help you by offering you the use of our lawn, house, and myself."

"O you dear, sweet mother," cried Ruth, throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

Such chattering you never heard. Even Polly in her cage took it up, and her cries of "Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants some tea," rang out shrilly above the voices of the little girls, and greatly amused them.

After a great deal of talking and appeals to Mrs. Thornton's judgment it was decided to have the tea on Friday evening, and that it should be kept a profound secret. Ruth's father, who was editor of one of the local papers, very kindly offered to do their printing free.

So, on Thursday evening, everybody was astonished and filled with curiosity when Mr. Thornton's office boy threw into their yards a handbill, reading as follows:

Seven little maidens will be pleased to receive you at seven o'clock Friday evening and make you sevenfold happy, for the small sum of seven cents. Mrs. R. Thornton's, Chestnut Street.

To say that the little girls' entertainment met with success but feebly expresses it, for the lawn and house

were filled. Scattered about under the trees were seven small tables, at each of which stood one of the little maidens, who, upon the payment of seven cents, dispensed sandwiches and coffee, also giving to each purchaser a ticket, which admitted him, so it read, to the art gallery.

This feature of the entertainment had been the suggestion of Ruth's oldest brother, and was in his charge. The large reception hall had been used for his exhibit. Here, in various forms, was made prominent the figure seven. "The Seven Sleepers" were represented by seven youths, who made sorry work of keeping still. Then off to one side stood "The Seven Wise Men," looking as grave and decorous as such noted people should. Still in another corner "The Seven Wonders of the World" were cleverly represented, and caused the visitors to remark upon Arthur's ingenuity. So on through all the legends of that mystical number, had the representation been carried out as perfectly as possible. Nor did the wonders of this entertainment cease here, for Mary Jones's sister, Florence, had organized a choir of seven maidens, who discoursed sweet music during the evening.

It is needless to say which class made the best showing the next Sunday, and not only was the banner—a piece of exquisite embroidery—given this enterprising little class, but the missionary was so pleased when he heard from the superintendent how the money had been raised that he told them he would not put it in the general fund, but would make a special contribution of it toward the education of a little girl, now in a missionary school in this country, fitting herself for a teacher, that she might some day go back and tell her own people of Jesus and the wonders his love works in the hearts of men.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Bravely to do what'er the time demands,

Whether with pen or word, and not to flinch,

This is the task that fits heroic bands:

So are Truth's boundaries widened inch by inch.

—LOWELL.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,

To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base

Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

—LOWELL.

A VILLAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

There they sit on the ground, twenty-eight of them in a curved line, around the blackboard, under a tree, just in front of the little school-house. They are "all sorts and conditions of" children; girls and boys and babies, Christians and heathen, dull-eyed and bright-eyed, plump and lean, washed and unwashed, dressed and undressed, mostly the latter. It is half past five and the teacher comes along with a large colored picture, and a small bit of chalk. The former he hangs on the tree and with the latter he will presently draw a rude sketch upon the blackboard.

It takes a moment or two to terminate a lively discussion between Ramaswamy and Muthuselah Daniel, and to stop Eunice from pulling Meanachie's hair, but "order" is restored at last and a lyric is begun by the teacher, who is instantly supported in his musical efforts by 23

out of the 28, each in his or her own time and key. However, it all means "Praise the Lord" and He accepts it as readily as He does the grand symphony at the great Cathedral. After the lyric or lyrics perhaps a prayer is made, perhaps not—it does not do to be too formal and ceremonious in the "Village School," and the teacher knows the value and power of his open eyes on that lively group. The lesson is an interesting one, that vivid word-painting, the story of the good Samaritan. In the present instance it is "rendered," like the lyric, "with variations!"

The poor wounded man is a low pariah; the priest and the Levite are the high caste heathen neighbors; the Samaritan the true Christian to whom all castes are alike; the "pence" swell to "Rupees," and thus is the story modernized or rather localized and the children appreciate and remember it. The practical "we too must help others at all times" follows, then another lyric, then all kneel, and what is that? a childish voice saying the simple little prayer which all have been taught after weeks of effort, and then all join in the prayer of prayers. This finished there is a moment of silence and then with a vociferous "Salaam Ayya" from each little urchin the school disbands.—E. C. SCUDDER, *The Indian S. S. Journal*.

MISSIONARY TEXTS.

Micah iv. 1. But in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and people shall flow into it.

Zeph. ii. 11. The Lord will be terrible unto them, for he will famish all the gods of the earth; and men shall fall worship him, . . . even all the isles of the heathen.

Haggai ii. 7. And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts.

Zech. vi. 12. The man whose name is the Branch; he shall grow up out of his place and he shall build the temple of the Lord, . . . and he shall bear the glory.

Zech. xiii. 1. In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.

Mal. i. 11. For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering, for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord.

Mal. iii. 17. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

Mal. iii. 12. And all nations shall call you blessed.

Psalm ii. 8. Ask of me, and I will give you the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions.

Psalm xlv. 6. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

Psalm xlvii. 10. I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

Ezek. xxxvi. 24, 25. I will take you from among the heathen . . . and gather you out of all countries . . . Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.

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