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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

APRIL, 1894.

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CHRIST A MISSIONARY.

Paper read by Mrs. L. D. Morse at Vizlanagram Conference, January, 1894.

(Published by request.)

This paper consists mainly of thoughts suggested by reading Stalker's "*Imago Christi*." This work I have found exceedingly helpful and inspiring. One cannot read it without receiving a new insight into the character of Jesus and feeling a fresh desire to walk in His footsteps. Nearly every sentiment expressed in this paper may be found much better and more fully expressed by any one who will take the time to read this book.

The greatness of Jesus has magnified to our imagination the small country in which he lived, so that we hardly realize how small was that spot of earth over which walked His blessed feet and upon which were displayed such wondrous works. The Kingdom of Herod the Great was equal to an area of 12,000 square miles. Therefore, Palestine in the time of Christ, was only about two-thirds the size of Nova Scotia or one-half the size of New Brunswick. What a small territory and yet Christ's influence spread over all the world! The missionary of to-day may do work in only a few hundred villages, but if he be wholly consecrated to God's work and faithful, his influence will not be confined to those few villages, but extend over the whole country even through all the world and down through all the centuries. Although the name of Carey is wedded to that of Bengal and the name of Judson to Burmah, yet their influence has thrilled the whole world and moved the hearts of millions. There is an illustration of this which is very old and its very oldness gives witness to its truth. A stone dropped into the centre of a lake sends its ripples to the farthest shore, and the work that a true missionary does will send waves of sacred influence around the whole world. An editorial in a recent issue of the *Messenger and Visitor* gives much encouragement to the missionary and much inspiration to be faithful, viz., "Our own missionaries in India are touching and influencing our churches at home more widely and in some respects more powerfully than they could have done if they had remained here among us, and in proportion as their lives are heroic and Christ-like will they have power to inspire such qualities in those whom their influence reaches."

If the greatness of Jesus has magnified to our minds the small country in which he lived, how much more has the greatness of His work magnified to us the short period in which it was done. His public ministry lasted but three years. How much work have we done since New Year's Day, 1891? There is nothing influencing the world to-day for righteousness so much as those three years in Palestine. It is possible though the days of our life be short for us to live through succeeding ages. If we are faithful our Christian influence throughout this mission field will be felt long after we have passed to the home beyond. We cannot

make our short life full of years, but we can make it full of work for the Master.

"We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count life by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most,
Feels the noblest
Acts the best."

Although the public work of Christ lasted but three years, yet the preparation for this work took thirty years. He could not have put so much work in so short a time if He had not been fully prepared by earnest study of the Scriptures and unceasing communion with God. At the age of twelve years He conversed upon the Scriptures with the most learned men of His time and "all who heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers." Ever after in times of temptation and of controversy, in public preaching, in private communion with His Father, the Bible lay before Him an open book. The Bible was His chart and His life was the great fulfilment of the Scriptures which He loved. If Christ felt the importance of studying the Word of God how much more should the missionary. A missionary is surrounded by the heathen, his heart grows faint and he is perplexed as to what he shall do. He is continually giving out. How can he do this unless he be filled? How can he be filled but by that which God gives? Everyone must necessarily be an assiduous student of the Scriptures. In times when despair lays hold of one how changed the aspect will be after we have read several chapters of those sacred and blessed books of our Lord. If we are filled with the Scriptures any perplexing question can be settled by something which we have learned there. Christ had only the Old Testament. We have the Old and New and if we neglect these nothing else can supply their place.

"Thyself the truth must know,
If thou the truth wouldst teach,
It takes the God-instructed soul
To give the lips full speech."

The life of Christ was one continual prayer. His last words on the cross were a prayer. Before taking any important step in life He would spend much time alone with God. After curing so many in Capernaum tired with the day's work He "departed into a solitary place to pray." Mountains seemed His favorite haunts upon which to commune with His Father.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer."

If Christ needed to pray, can we do without prayer? A missionary is away from the Christian companionship which he had in his own land. His spirit often longs for the heart-stirring prayer meetings of old which were food for his soul. He must pray even more here than at home. His temptations and trials

are greater. The heathen are hard to be won. The climate tells upon his body and his nerves and he often lacks that physical energy, which he had in his native land. The strain is more than he can bear, he must seek strength from God.

"Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

Then in order to do the Master's work effectually we must live very near to Him and be filled with His spirit. Can we touch the hearts of the perishing heathen by telling of God's love, if we do not know that love in our own hearts? If we would be successful in this great work we must imbibe the praying spirit of Christ.

Another fact we notice in Christ's life is that He worked hard. He lived in a country where men loved idleness, but He was ever busy. There is no doubt but that whether in Joseph's carpenter shop, or in the study of the Scriptures, the days of His youth were spent in toil, but the real hard work of His life began when He entered the ministry. We see Him weary, thirsty and hungry, sitting down upon Jacob's well at noon. We see Him asleep in the boat upon the stormy sea, resting His exhausted frame after a day of incessant labors. He never lost an opportunity. He never turned away one person who needed help. He was strengthened to-day by the thought that He had done yesterday's work well. If possible, as time wore away. He seemed to be more and more zealous. He said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work." If the missionary would be Christlike he too must make the most of every opportunity. Satan is busy. The heathen are dying. The laborers are few. Our lives are short. We must realize that every moment is precious.

Another striking feature in the life of this great missionary is that He was in the habit of dealing with individuals. He talked with the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, unfolded the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven to the ruler of the Jews by night, and taught Mary of Bethany sitting at His feet. The secret of this careful attention to individuals is the value He set upon a single soul. We are apt when telling of Jesus to want a crowd rather than spend our time talking with one. A story is told of a Sabbath School teacher who left her class one Sunday morning and failed to provide a substitute. When asked about it she replied, "Oh, they are only five little boys!" Another story is told of a deacon, who, with sad face, came to the pastor and said, "Why is it that during the past year there has been only one person baptized and that a boy?" That boy was Robert Moffatt. The missionary needs the spirit of Christ to enable him to discover in the most degraded outcast, an immortal soul, worthy of his highest efforts and over whose repentance there would be "joy in the presence of the angels of God." As he stands before the most ignorant heathen let him realize that here is a being capable of being transformed into the image of Christ. Jesus was conscious of doing the work God had chosen for Him. He said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." "As the Father has sent me, so

send I you." The thought that Christ has sent us gives encouragement in the darkest hour.

He was the best preacher in the world. In His preaching His authority and love were so mingled that one in no way destroyed the other, but each by the other was heightened and strengthened. In His denunciation of the Pharisees He pronounced upon them, "Woe! Woe!" and closed by saying, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, * * * * how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not." "Woe unto thee Chorazin! Woe unto thee Bethsaida! * * * * and thou, Capernaum, * * * shalt be thrust down to hell." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." While laboring especially for the good of the soul He did all in His power for the good of the body. Perhaps there is no way in which we can get nearer the perishing heathen than in relieving bodily distress. We cannot do all Christ did, but like him we can do all in our power. We must let them know we feel for them in their suffering.

In the use of illustrations Jesus is the model for the world. The pictures which He presented are the most common of the day. The people could understand them. He knew His fellowmen and used their habits and customs for illustrations. When He wished to illuminate a divine truth He took an example from their everyday life. The person whom we love to hear talk to-day is the one who tells us of familiar scenes and presents them in a new light. Here is a lesson for us. If the missionary would make his words attractive and forcible to those around him he must learn their habits and customs and use these habits and customs for illustrations in his preaching. Christ intended to reach the multitudes of the world through chosen men. Before He chose them we read "He continued all night in prayer to God." He realized what an important step it was. If the infallible One felt prayer so necessary when He chose His disciples, how much more should the fallible missionary pray over the selection and training of native workers. A preacher can do more harm by living an inconsistent life than he can do good by preaching. Christ understood His disciples. He studied their nature. He knew their thoughts, their weaknesses, and accordingly was ever able to speak to them the right word. Like his Master, the missionary must have wisdom in the training of those who are his helpers in this great work. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

"Work is but one-half of life; suffering is the other." Stalker says. Christ was a suffering missionary. His was "acquainted with grief, a man of sorrows." His great work was to bear the sins of the world. He came into the world to suffer and He expects those who follow Him to suffer also. "The disciple is not above his Master." "If any man will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me." Everyone who has the Spirit of Christ must suffer. Christ wept over the unbelief of the people around Him, and so will the missionary who is thoroughly in earnest in his work. His heart will break over the indifference and hardness of the multitude. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's suffering."

CONDUCT OF MEETINGS.

MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

[Read at the World's Congress of Missions, Chicago.]

A returned missionary once said in my hearing that she thought the home workers had a more difficult task on their hands than those in foreign fields; for the missionary has a well-defined duty to do, and does it to the best of her ability, while those in the home land, interested in missions, are constantly cudgeling their brains to arouse and deepen interest in a subject which, with a large proportion of professed-Christian women, is out of sight and never in mind.

We all agree that this deplorable lack of interest in foreign missions has its deepest root in an equally deplorable ignorance of the whole topic. And the indifference which comes from this ignorance is so profound, that those possessed of it are not ashamed to confess that they "care for none of these things." Therefore they will not read the illuminating missionary literature that is furnished in leaflets and in our monthly publications, but they may be induced to come to a meeting, either by personal solicitation or by an attractive programme.

To arouse the indifferent, to fan the spark that has been kindled until it becomes a flame which shall shed its beams far and wide, to see that the pressure of home needs does not smother the interest in far-distant fields,—these considerations make frequent meetings necessary; and how to conduct these meetings so that they shall be spiritually stimulating, and productive of large and lasting results, is a question of deep interest to us all.

Whether in city or country let the meeting be thoroughly advertised, both by pulpit, press and parlor. Accompany the notice to be read from the pulpit with a private note to the minister, asking him to add a word of endorsement or entreaty to show his own sympathy with the purpose for which the meeting is called.

Send brief, type-written notices to the daily papers, with a polite request to the local editor to put the same in his summary of city news. If there is to be a specially attractive speaker write a "personal," to appear under the department of Personals. Editors are usually glad to receive pithy points which require no editing, and the forgotten pulpit notice is thus adequately brought to mind. Post cards are an effective weapon in persuading the doubting and indifferent who "don't know whether they will go or not." Get the approaching meeting talked about. Ask your friends to mention it to their friends. Let the impression get abroad that it would be a pity to miss the

It is important that the meeting be held in an attractive place. In the country, private parlors are usually large enough, and are more inviting than the church vestry; but wherever we assemble let there be in the atmosphere of the place the evidence of loving preparation, as for an honored guest.

Our audience gathered in a pleasant place, let the meeting begin promptly. I know of few circumstances more depressing than the silent, vague delay in beginning a small auxiliary meeting held in the committee room of a large city church,

when the President and Secretary exchange inaudible whispers and the faithful few wait.

Let the devotional exercises be spirited as well as spiritual, fervent and full of courage, never unmindful of the colossal "therefore" on which the Great Commission is based: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore."

Variety in the opening exercises is desirable. One often hears an entire chapter of Scripture read for the sake of two or three verses pertinent to the occasion. At times half a dozen verses with brief comment is better than a longer selection. Occasionally, in a parlor meeting, such a responsive reading of missionary texts as that issued by the Woman's Home Missionary Society, whose headquarters are in the Congregational House, Boston, is very effective.

We all need the spiritual uplift that music gives, and some who would take no other part in the meeting would join in the tribute of song.

Let the business details be transacted in a dignified, orderly manner, according to parliamentary rules as far as practicable. Too many leaders, through ignorance and inexperience rush over this part of the meeting in defiance of the command, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Guard against the gift of continuance. Do not satiate even with good things.

Be sure that your speakers can be heard, and then be inexorable in keeping them to the time limit. At the Mohonk Indian Conference the presiding officer raises a book on end when the speaker has occupied his allotted time. I myself do not object to the warning bell just long enough before the time expires for the speaker to finish his sentence, and to swallow his discomfiture without choking!

In a parlor meeting induce as many as possible to take some personal part. Ask all to bring some missionary item; but let the leader be prepared with extras, to distribute to those who have found nothing. For variety these items can be pinned to leaves of green tissue paper, and made in the form of a salad. If some special mission field is to be the topic of the meeting, a map of the country will give definiteness and reality to our study. Photographs of missionaries, native helpers, mission scholars; pictures of buildings, scenery; curios from the far East—anything that will bring those distant lands vividly before one helps immensely to deepen interest.

A collection is always in order, for our treasury is never full and no one need be omitted from this part of the service.

In summer meetings held in country towns a social hour following the missionary hour is often an attractive feature. I know of one meeting held last summer which was addressed by a young Japanese lady who is studying at Mt. Holyoke College, and in the social hour she received the ladies in a Japanese booth, extemporized with screens, and rugs, and curios, and here she made tea and showed some of the customs of her country, to the intense interest of those who had never before seen a native of Japan. All this means work, you say. Yes; but it is a thousand times more remunerative than a mere social affair, which is often expensive, wearying and unsatisfying.—*Heavenly Woman's Friend.*

THE REVOLT IN THE HALL CLOSET.

BY HELEN A. BUTLER

Mrs. Nutter had just returned from making a call at the farther end of her street. She seldom got so far, but the beauty of the day had tempted her out, so now she rather wearily removed her wrappings and sat down to rest.

A member of the family where she had called had politely asked her to make one of a club of subscribers to a bright little paper called *The Home Mission Echo*. As Mrs. Nutter was a member of the church represented by the paper, the request was altogether reasonable and proper, but it was met by a prompt and decided no.

"I am not interested in missions," said Mrs. Nutter. "There's a pile of foreign missionary papers on my closet shelf now that I've never read and probably never shall. I don't know what I took 'em for I'm sure."

The petitioner had remarked very earnestly: "That is just the reason of your lack of interest, Mrs. Nutter. If you would only read you couldn't help being interested."

There were whole volumes of expostulation in the speaker's eyes which Mrs. Nutter was not too obtuse to see, but was not moved to reconsider her decision. Nevertheless, she could not quite rid herself of the remembrance, and conscience, which had become callous on the subject, stirred uneasily. Some papers had been scattered about during her absence, and as she laid them carefully away in the hall closet, she suddenly recalled a remark overheard on the street not long before that, "there was enough discarded literature in well-to-do families in town to provide a hundred poor people with reading for the entire winter."

Sitting there in her easy chair, Mrs. Nutter presently seemed to hear strange sounds from her closet off the hall.

"Discarded literature! I never thought I should come to be so classed," snapped a paper devoted to agriculture. "I was made to be useful, I am crammed full of practical ideas which would bless the world if read and carried out, and here I'm doomed to lie in a dark closet with the life nearly pressed out of me."

"It is too dreadful," chorused a large pile of funny papers. "Oh, the ribs we might be tickling if we only had a chance! I should think Mr. Nutter might remember how we entertained him when he was confined to the house that week, and send us out to cheer up some poor gloomy soul."

"And our beautiful pictures!" groaned another pile. "That little invalid over the way would be so happy to have us. We would fly out of this if we could. Can't we do anything to help ourselves?"

Here an enormous pile of religious papers—Mrs. Nutter thought "it didn't look well" not to take one such paper in the house—nearly lurched off the shelf in righteous indignation. They fairly startled their neighbors by the vigorous wish that they "might spontaneously combust, or something; it would be better to be utterly destroyed than to lie here forever idle," said they.

But it was left to the small and unassuming missionary sheets to sting Mrs. Nutter to a keen sense of her short-comings.

Said they in low, clear tones while all the others kept silence to listen:

"We are plain witnesses to her indifference to the coming of the kingdom. Not to be interested in and work for missions is to ignore one of our Lord's plainest commands. If she would but heed us! We are full of information and pleas for help from across the seas. Our urgent voice echoes from Maine to California. Christians need missions as much as missions need them and their money. Their heaven-born sympathies and charity will shrivel away if not exercised. They mock the Lord when they pray 'Thy kingdom come,' and then do absolutely nothing to help it come. Service is the key-note to happiness, and is love's opportunity always. Oh! how is she going to sing the song of the redeemed if she has only sought to save her own poor little soul!"

"She can't! she can't!" burst forth every publication in the closet, moved to utterance by the little paper's touching remarks.

Crash! clatter-bang!

"Of course I cannot!" shrieked Mrs. Nutter, suddenly awaking to find herself standing with clasped hands in the middle of her sitting-room, while her husband was hastening to put a reassuring arm about her.

"Why Julia! Were you asleep and dreaming?" said he.

"As I opened the outside door I heard a tremendous crash. Was that what woke you?" he hurriedly asked.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Nutter confusedly. "The noise was in the hall closet, or I think it was," she hastened to add, noticing her husband's look of astonishment.

They went up the stairs together to investigate; and, sure enough, when they opened the door a small avalanche of books and papers fell out into the hall. The braces of a shelf had given away, and the shelf falling had carried two more with it.

"My shutting the outer door so heavily was undoubtedly the one touch needed to send it down," said Mr. Nutter.

"But what on earth have you hoarded up all these papers for, Julia?" he queried. "If they weren't all tied up so neatly you would have a pretty job to sort them out. A regular revolt of reading matter, I declare," he said laughingly.

"It shan't happen again," said Mrs. Nutter, with quite uncalculated decision.

"Of course not," promptly replied her husband looking at her somewhat curiously, as she started off after hammer and nails.

If Mr. Nutter had chanced to look into the hall closet a month later, he would have been considerably surprised to have seen mostly empty shelves. The Y.M.C.A. rooms, the lonely quarters of the Life Saving Crew, and the homes of several poor families received most welcome accessions of suitable literature about that time. The little invalid was made too happy for words by a great bundle of picture papers; and a package of religious papers, carefully selected, were carried to some dear old ladies who had a mania for scrap-books. These papers, rich in the best thought of the times, were soon converted into neat volumes to be read and loaned as long as they held together.

The missionary papers were piled on a stand in Mrs. Nutter's own room. "I cannot give these away until I've read them myself," she said softly.

But no sooner had she read them than the young friend at the farther end of the street was made glad by a note from Mrs. Nutter, saying she now wished to subscribe for the *Echo*.

Before many weeks had passed, the missionary societies had a new member; and one day this new member got courage to make a few remarks. Said she, "Too much cannot be said in favor of systematic giving and collecting, in mission work; but I want to emphasize another thought, *systematic reading*, also.

"We simply cannot feel interested in what we know nothing about. Faithful and regular reading will surely awaken our interest and move our hearts to action; it cannot be otherwise, if there is a spark of love left in the heart for the Master. It is my profound conviction and experience that missionary literature is the right kind of kindling to apply to that spark."

—*Home Mission Echo*.

WAYSIDE STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

"Better raise her or not? What do you think?" The questioner was a Chinese farmer; we had been preaching in his village and he followed us away from the crowd to make this important query. The creature whose fate was undecided had been recently born with an extra toe on each foot, hence his dilemma. Farmers at home are sometimes in doubt in regard to animals a trifle deformed, whether or not to raise them, but did you ever know a farmer in America to go about asking advice whether to rear his little baby girl or to take a fan and fan away the breath that God had breathed into her nostrils so that she had become a living soul? The explanation that fell upon our ears was, "I have a female child and she has six toes on a foot; many of the neighbors tell me I better not raise her; her feet can never be made to look well. What do you say?" I said, of course, that this child was given him by the God of heaven; to kill her was murder, a great sin, and one for which he must give account at the judgment Day. The Chinese, most of them, believe in a judgment. This seemed so unexpected that he turned to Elder Khong, hopelessly puzzled, and asked, "What does the teacher say?" "The teacher says it would be wrong for you to kill your child; our religion teaches that." "O-o-h, that's it." And he turned away with the air of a man who had heard some new thing.

The "neighbors" were many of them Buddhists, who were earning merit by vegetarianism, thus not causing the death of any animal; but their merciful creed had not included girl babies in the list of animals to be spared. I noticed a similar contrast a few days ago. The body of an infant floated by the boat and some of the men thought it a huge joke, poked it with a bamboo pole and indulged in heart-sickening merriment. A little later one of them appeared leading by a small straw rope a turtle which he had found in a rice field. Turtles here are caught and sold, not to men who can afford turtle soup, but to men who can afford to earn merit by "releasing life," as taught by Buddhist priests. This one had been thus a savor of blessing to some purchaser, and was wandering back to

his home; the men consulted as to what disposal they should make of the prize, when the one, who before had seemed the most abandoned of them all, with a look of real solemnity on his face insisted on the creature's being let go; down he plunged, his fate watched with genuine interest by those who had only heartless jests for the human body in the same place a brief hour before.

The denunciation of the Chicago stock-yards as a blot on the nineteenth century, by a visitor from India, amuses us in the Far East; we wonder if any one asked the man what his attitude had been in the past toward hook-swinging (now being revived) and other pleasant features of the Suttee and Juggernaut variety, pertaining to the worship practiced in the land of his birth. Now that so many are studying Buddhism, we shall be glad to know from them why it is the religion that deceives men with the promise that they can get merit for their immortal souls by sparing animal life, in the lower orders, has done so little for human life, and why its votaries are so callous respecting human suffering and the taking of human life.

Work Abroad.

COCANADA, India, January 29, 1894

Dear Link.

To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of conveying to our many fellow laborers in the home land an account of our Annual Conference in Vizianagram. It will be impossible in the short space allowed to give you more than a very brief account of that pleasant, and we trust very profitable week spent together. It was the largest Conference that has met on our field numbering thirty-three missionaries and their children. Our reason for this may be found in the fact that the railway has greatly facilitated travelling in India, and another, that of the six new workers, five were present. Instead of a long tedious journey by steamer, ox cart, etc., we started from Cocanada on the train and picked up our party at the different stations along the route until we numbered twenty-three. It would be hard to find a happier party, and part of the way our joy found expression in hymns of praise. We can indeed sing the songs of Zion in this strange land and there are depths of meaning in some of them not realized before. Our brethren and sisters of the north met us at the station at Vizianagram about 7.30 p. m. After a good night's rest, the programme was commenced sharp at 8 a. m. Mr. Craig was elected President, Mr. Higgins Vice-President and Mr. Lafamme, Sec'y. There were three sessions a day. The first half hour of each morning session was a prayer and praise service. This part always seemed too short. Can you imagine the feelings of this company of workers, as we knelt before the Master knowing that to us 3,000,000 of souls were looking for the Bread of Life. Such a sense of entire dependence upon Him, whose we are and whom we serve, and who alone is able to break down these hoary superstitions that are so strong. Gladness and courage also, as we remember that nothing is too hard for our God to do, and that this work is only ours, as it is His. That He loves these people and is infinitely more interested in their salvation than we can possibly

be. Humbling of our hearts before Him, too, that during the coming year there might be more of Christ and less of self, that each worker might be filled with might by His Spirit in the inner man. Each morning was given to hearing the report from the fields. This was very interesting specially to some of us who were attending Conference for the first time, and who have so much to learn. Some had much of encouragement to report while to others it seemed to have been given to sow the seed and wait in patience for the fruit yet a little longer. But from one and all came the same cry; more helpers needed. Will not our fellow workers at home join us in special prayer that many native helpers may be raised up. The need is so great. The fields are so large. An item in the *Bombay Guardian* of this week reminds me once again of the power of united prayer, that God *does* hear and answer prayer. As many of you know, a prayer union was formed in connection with the China Inland Mission, praying definitely and regularly that many native Christian workers might be raised up. The item referred to, tells of a decided forward movement amongst the native Christians in China. It is in my heart to ask that our native Christians may be very often remembered in your prayers. There are so many villages yet untouched, and it is impossible for the missionary, who has so many to look after to visit them all, just think of it, Mr. Brown has 250,000. I cannot recall all the figures, but you will see them in the reports that are to be sent home. Do you wonder that *one* man finds it impossible to get over all the territory assigned him, when you remember also, that some parts of the year, travelling is out of the question. But to our brethren in the north there are yet heavier burdens. Mr. Archibald reported 650,000 population on his field and Mr. Higgins 430,000. These figures are quickly said, but oh, to be in the midst of all these souls and to have one's utter inability to do more than touch the outer rim constantly before the mind, only those who have had similar experience can understand. It will be interesting to some to hear, that amongst the questions discussed, was the advisability of introducing the Blakeslee course of Bible study. Mrs. Archibald has translated the First quarter of the Primary and Progressive grades. On some of the fields it hardly seems practicable yet, but others are going to give it a trial. The opium and hemp drug question received a share of attention. The Sunday spent there was one to be remembered. In the morning, Mr. Davis preached from the text, "I am among you as he that serveth," Luke XXII. 27, and spoke of the ambition of men to be *serv'd* and of the means resorted to often to bring this about. But nothing about our Lord Jesus that makes us wonder much, is, that he combined such sublime humility with such power. And He is our pattern.

Mr. Brown's sermon in the afternoon was one to lead us all to deeper consecration. He spoke from Romans XII. 1-2. I only wish you all might have heard the message God gave to us through His servant. To some of us, at least, those words of exhortation will be more full of meaning than ever before. In the evening arrangements had been made to hold a service in the Rajah's college. It being some distance from the mission compound, the ladies were taken thither in jinrickshaws, push-pushes, etc., while the gentlemen walked. On our arrival, the outlook, as regarded a congregation, was far from inspiring. We made quite a com-

pany ourselves and after the building was opened and the lanterns we had brought, put up, a few gathered. The service was very interesting. Mr. Lafamme and Higgins spoke, and after singing and prayers, several testimonies were given by others. I could not help thinking of the companies of two or three that our Master spoke to, and who can tell the result of that meeting though so much smaller than we had hoped to see. Vizianagram is quite a pretty place. Amongst other features of interest, is that of the palace of the Maharajah of that district. Through Mr. Shaw's kindness, permission to visit it was granted to us. So one evening, between dinner and the evening service, quite a procession wended its way along the road leading to the palace. There was a variety of vehicles, conveying a merry looking party. As we came into the palace yard the band was playing and there were men to open up the building and conduct us through. It is very beautiful, and when lit up and all the fountains playing would be an imaginary fairy land. There is a fine library; books on all subjects line the walls, and on a stand is a fine large Bible. But of what avail is this, when its teaching is all unheeded? Sad to say, this Maharajah, a fine specimen of humanity physically, is heavily in debt, and is drinking himself to death. He does not live in the main part of the palace, but both himself and his mother, have rooms built within the enclosure, which is a very strongly fortified one. The Catholics have much influence here. Our Conference lasted a week. All were not able to stay till its close, but those of us who did felt that the week had been profitably spent. As you are to get some of the papers in the LINK, I have not taken time to tell you of them. Some of them were very helpful ones. We began the week with praise and prayer, and we closed with the same. Those of us who are new to the work here, feel that it is a great privilege to join such a band of workers, and look forward to the time when the language will be ours, and we shall be able to share the burdens and responsibilities that some are having to lay down. We were entertained most nobly by our friends in the north. That this year may be a very fruitful one, one in which the name of our King shall be abundantly glorified in the home land, as well as here, is the prayer of yours in His service.

E. PRIEST.

TUNI, INDIA, Feb. 8, 1894.

Perhaps this ought to be called a school report, for now the vocal organs of the missionary on this field have been so overstrained by street preaching and weakened besides by the humid atmosphere of this tropical Bengal coast, that he is obliged to leave his work and seek recovery under the bracing conditions of our loved Canadian climate. You will like perhaps to know how, since the fifth year of this school began June 1st, 1893, till its scholars were dismissed for a few weeks holiday, February 6th, 1894, these little ones have studied and played away these long eight months.

Health and happiness have been the order of the day, no serious illness or trying naughtiness has come to cause anxiety or require discipline.

Besides the usual lessons, action song singing has been taught, and the children now sing and act very prettily several of these; so that the fair-skinned Brahmin Inspector who examined the school last Saturday

(February 3rd) exclaimed more than once "excellent, and after a four hours' examination of the scholars, promoted every child, besides most of the day pupils. It is not necessary to say that this speaks well for the teachers. But it is also true that these little Hindu children come to school with a determination to do their very best, that might even be a worthy example for some fairer children of a cooler clime.

The fourth standard girls went up to a special examination last December, held in the town—the Primary Examination, and G. Sonyasia, one of the three, passed completely, and can now be taken on as a teacher if needed. She is an exceedingly clever girl, very tall for the little women of this land, and came to us when this school was first opened, five years ago, a thin-limbed, large-headed child, whom, if you saw to-day, you would call very graceful and sometimes even pretty.

At home the mothers of many daughters have often to straighten back slowly rounding shoulders and explain that the small of the back was not made for sitting on, but here where every dark-skinned daughter in the early morning and again in the cool of the evening takes the empty pitcher upon the shoulder down to the well to return with it full to the brim, steadily poised upon her head, these very painful, motherly pokes are not required, and it is the exception to see anything but an erect and beautiful carriage.

Since November two of the little girls have been asking for baptism. After some months of waiting one of them, B. Nursama, was baptised, the morning before the children went away. And what a day that morning ushered in! From the baptisms early in the day when an Indian sun shone from a cloudless sky, making the shade of a large covered umbrella a delightful retreat, till the baptism at night by the light of a lantern, that cast its tiny ray out into the darkness, every moment seemed more than full. And then the day after, when it was bidding "good-bye," for the hour, for one little party going off in one direction was not the same as for another little party to go off in a different direction, will not soon be forgotten. Nothing need be said here of the parting with these little ones, but if after rest and regained health in the home land, steps are turned once more to the eastern shores, for one at least, it will be the voices of these little brown maidens that call and it will be their little hands that beckon.

MARGARET GARSIDE.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

The Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circles of the Aylmer Baptist Church, held a union meeting on Monday, Feb. 12, but, owing to the terrific storm of that date, the attendance was very small. Afternoon session opened at three o'clock with a short prayer meeting, led by Mrs. Reed, President of Presbyterian Circle, followed by a number of others. Mrs. Price then came forward and gave the address of welcome. Mrs. Welter, our Associational Director, responded saying that even if we were few in number the Lord was there ready and willing to bless, and she felt all would profit by meeting together. Mrs. Cohoon gave an address. Mrs. Welter gave a

very excellent paper on Grande Ligne. A reading was then given by Mrs. Sowerby, "How Miss Smith was reached." The meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Price, when all adjourned to the basement where tea was served.

Evening session opened at half past seven, when Miss Hatch, our returned missionary, addressed the meeting, telling us of her labor in the far away India. She gave a description of the manners and customs of the people, their mode of living, and what it meant for the caste people to become Christians. She sang a hymn in Telugu and showed us the male costume of the natives. Rev. Mr. Mellick, superintendent of North-West Missions, then gave us a description of his territory, showing us the great need of workers in the North West at the present time.

M. E. R.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18, TO MARCH 17, 1894
INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—Keady, \$3; Flesherton, \$1; Belleville, \$6.19; Aylmer, \$18; Glanville, \$5; Louisville, \$2.50; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$28.65; Aldborough, \$8; Toronto (Tecumseth St.), \$5; Sarnia Township, \$7; Windsor (Bruce Ave.), \$9; Toronto (Parliament St.) \$3.20; Galt \$5; 2nd Markham, \$2.50; A member of Jarvis St. M.C., Toronto, special, \$50; Hillsburgh, \$3.43; Woodstock (1st Ch.), \$10; Port Arthur, \$10.50; Oshawa, \$3; Colchester, \$2.15; Wilkesport, \$2.25; Etobicoke, \$3; Guelph (First Ch.) \$3.79; New Sarum, \$6; Peterborough (Murray St.) \$17.87; Toronto (Walmer Road), \$10; Westover, \$6.45; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$17.51; Brooke and Enniskillen, \$3.67; Bracebridge, \$2; Malahide and Bayham, \$5; Wolverton, \$5.60; Cobourg, \$2.90; Toronto (College St.), \$9.55; Toronto (Bloor St.) \$72.36, (\$11 of this amount being special offering, and \$17 from Mrs. Brown for a special little girl in India.) St. George, \$8; Brantford (1st Church) for Miss P. Beggs, \$24; Total \$375.92.

FROM BANDS.—St. George, for Thuluru Esther, \$11; Port Hope, special for deficit in Peterborough A.S.O. \$10; Barrie, \$1.77; Toronto (College St.) Y.W. for Payyala Subudramma, \$4; New Sarum, for Busi Ademma, \$4.25; London (Adelaide St.) Junior, \$9.43; Forest, \$3.75; Vittoria, \$12.75; Gables, for Edla Jonah, \$25; Total, \$81.95.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mr. I. Cockshutt, per Miss Hatch, for the "Girls' Dormitories," \$200; Collection at special meeting addressed by Miss Hatch, held in Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, \$33.10; Burch B.Y.P.U. for Gandam Mallayya, \$5; Toronto (Beverley St.) Bible classes for Todeti Philemon, \$6.25; Peterborough (Murray St.), Y.P.S.C.E., \$3.70; Total, \$248.05. Total Receipts, \$705.92.

DISBURSEMENTS, (To General Treasurer).—Regular monthly remittances, \$566.66; To Home Expenses—Collection on Brantford cheque, 25c; Total Disbursements, \$566.91.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.—Thanksgiving for the answer to our prayer in December.—Psalm LXXII: 18-19 and Psalm CXV: 1.

Also let us ask, that the work begun at Bimlipatam may extend to every one of our stations.—Mal. III: 10, Eph. III: 20.

"Go ye into *all* the world."

"Go ye out and compel them to come in."

"Caring not for wealth or pleasure

 Casting selfish ease away,

 Is not this our solemn duty,

 Christ's last precepts to obey."

We presume that all the maritime readers of the LINK will have read the good news from Miss Gray in our column of the *Messenger and Visitor* of March 14th. Six of her boarding school girls converted! Six new lives for Christ! Six new voices to praise redeeming love.

Notice that she says, "Are you not glad that you prayed for us in December?"

Sisters of our Union let us be more earnest in our remembrance of our monthly topic of prayer.

Remember Miss Gray's request, "Pray for us, that we may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and have power from on high."

One Sunday evening this winter when the Pastor rose to commence the service he said, "Brethren, I make no apology for changing the order of service this evening, and having a missionary service instead of the usual sermon. I know that it is the custom in many places to have the monthly missionary meeting in the vestry, and on a week evening. But brethren the missionary work is the great work of the church, in our best room, our largest audience, our best music, and our best thought."

Is it not true that too often the missionary meeting is left to a week evening, and with so little care given to the programme that many come to say, "Oh this is only missionary meeting, and it is always so dull, I will stay at home."

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR THE MONTHLY AID SOCIETY MEETING, APRIL, INDIA.

India is too fair a gem to adorn any but the brow of Christ. It was one of her own sons who, touching but the hem of Christianity's garment said; "None but Jesus; none but Jesus; none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India, and Christ shall have it."

HYMN—"Jesus shall reign."

SCRIPTURE READING—Phil. II: 9-11.

Prayer and thanksgiving (vide topic.)

READING.—Heathen Claims and Christian Duty. (In March LINK.)

SINGING.

PRAYER.

READING—Extracts from April LINK.

SINGING.

Reading of "Tidings" for the month.

Minutes of last meeting.

Question to be asked by leader and answered by the Treasurer.

QUESTION.—The quarter ends the last day of April. Is our Treasurer ready to send in our quarterly payment to the Treasurer of our Union? If not? Why not?

ANSWER.

It had been the intention to have had a Home Mission programme for April, but this glad news from Bimlipatam seemed to make a change necessary.

The above programme is partly adopted from "Woman's Work for Woman." In future it will be better to have these suggested programmes ready a month ahead. Thus, the programme for June will appear in the LINK for May. This will give the sisters more time to prepare, and if they have not the necessary material time to send for it.

As our list of leaflets is printed in the "column," in *Messenger and Visitor*, it has hardly seemed worth while to print it in the LINK also. But our sisters will remember that we have a good stock of leaflets on hand, and also books to lend, either for teaching, or to help in the preparation of your programme or papers.

Address, MISS A. E. JOHNSTONE.

Dartmouth, N.S.

We need to send out to India next autumn two missionary families and two young ladies. The young ladies will be ready. Sisters of the Union, have you faith for these? Will you pray, "Lord send forth laborers?" Will you work that these may go?

THE CLAIMS OF INDIA.

1. India is the second largest nation in the world. Her population is but little less than three hundred millions, only second to China, and her people comprise one-third of the heathen world and one-fifth of the population of the globe.

Her people speak more than twenty dialects and languages, and perhaps one hundred minor dialects, and comprise the wrecks of many mighty nations.

Her people are of the same Aryan race from which we have sprung. Their intellectual capacity is pre-eminent in many directions, and their literature has many of the most wonderful productions of the human mind.

The Mohammedan population of India alone is greater than that of any other Moslem country.

India has been the prizes of conquerors in all the ages, and the spoil of selfish tyrants. It is the richest province of the mighty British Empire, and full of glorious possibilities for the kingdom of our Lord and the evangelization of the world.

Such a land is worthy of our highest ambition and mightiest endeavors.

The need of India is very great, and the gospel alone can supply it.

Her people are crushed with poverty, which is largely

the result of heathenism. Millions of her people toil in the fields and on the roads, for a few cents a day, and seldom taste more than one meal of food within twenty-four hours.

Millions of child-wives groan and weep under oppressions and cruelties that are the result of their social and religious system. The iron barriers of caste hold all classes of her people under the restraints of a hopeless and often degrading bondage.

The unholy rites of heathenism corrupt the morals of the people and destroy all the finer senses of purity and right.

Thousands of *little girls* are dedicated every year to a priesthood more horrible than death. Millions go through every privation of torture to satisfy the demands of their conscience and propitiate their cruel deities.

Could we see the procession of perishing souls that pass from India every year, one would go by us every three seconds, and the procession would never end.

For sixty generations since Jesus was crucified, this mighty multitude has been drifting past us, crying as they disappear into the darkness, "No man cared for my soul."

In one of the largest cities of southern India, which is often visited by hundreds of thousands of pilgrims in a single day, there is no settled missionary, and nothing more than an occasional visit of an itinerant preacher. You can ride for hundreds of miles on railway trains, through a thoroughly cultivated country, past towns and cities of 10,000 and 20,000 inhabitants with European residents, factories, and commercial houses, and be told at almost every station that there is no missionary there. The country looks almost as civilized as our own, and yet the religious destitution is heart-breaking. And all this without any cause or excuse. Every one of these cities is open and can be easily occupied, and one might command the surrounding country with a parish of from one hundred thousand to a million people to minister to.

The heart of Christ is yearning over India. The love and compassion of God are brooding over the sorrow and shame of her poor suffering women and children, and her degraded and perishing men.

Could you but see the noble faces of thousands of her men, the oppressed and toiling forms of her poor women, and the beautiful faces of her lovely children who are growing up in vice and degradation your hearts would bleed for them, and all that is within you would lead you to either give or go, to bring to them the hope and gladness that Christ has so freely given to you.

ED. CH. ALL.

MISSION WORK IN INDIA DURING 1893.

BY M. HELENA BLACKADAR, ACADIA UNIVERSITY
WOLFVILLE, N.S.

A year of the new century of missions has glided by. Let us consider for a few minutes the progress that has

been made along missionary lines during the year, directing our attention especially towards India.

Complaints of Hindu degeneracy are becoming louder and louder! For a time it appeared as if spiritism, under its proud title Theosophy bid fair to inflame the Hindus with new energy, but the belief seems now on the point of extinction. But the heathen are apathetic; they care not for the efforts that are being put forth for their evangelization. There is a recoil from heathenism but unless guided by Christian thought and effort they will but turn to the denser darkness of infidelity. The missionaries on this field recognize this and are appealing most earnestly for more workers and more money! At the Decennial Conference held in Bombay in the opening days of 1893, a spirit of prayer prevailed. The key note of the Conference was: "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory." The importance of avoiding overlapping in missionary work was strongly dwelt upon. They sent an appeal to the church of Christ in Europe, America, Australia and Asia, the purport of which is as follows: "We re-echo to you the cry of the unsatisfied heart of India, with it we pass on the Master's word for the perishing multitude, "Give ye them to eat. The work among the educated and English speaking classes has reached a crisis. The faithful labors of golly men in the class room need to be followed up by men of consecrated culture free to devote their whole time to aggressive work among India's thinking men. Who will come and help to bring young India to the feet of Christ?"

"Medical missionaries of both sexes are urgently required.

"India has 50,000,000 of Mohammedans, a larger number than is found in the Turkish Empire and far more free to embrace Christianity. Sunday schools into which thousands of India's children can readily be brought and moulded for Christ furnish one of the greatest opportunities for yet more workers.

"Industrial schools are urgently needed. The population of India is largely rural. In hundreds and thousands of villages there is a distinct mass movement towards Christianity. There are millions who would speedily become Christians if messengers of Christ would reach them, take them by the hand and not only baptize them but lead them into all Christian living. In the name of Christ and of these unevangelized masses for whom he died we appeal to you to send more laborers at once!

One more clause in that stirring appeal yet remains unnoted, viz: "The women of India must be evangelized by women. Ten times the present number of such workers could not overtake the work. Can our sisters in Protestant Christendom permit this to continue? A newspaper of Calcutta says, that something serious is the matter with the womankind of India. At length it has been able to locate the trouble. It is the woman of the Zenana mission, inoffensive in appearance, who introduces herself into the inner apartments of the Hindu women. The mistresses of the Zenanas receive them with eagerness. If these missionaries succeed it is all over with Hinduism. This seems to be the opinion that is held all over India. An educated Brahmin was asked recently, What in modern missionary effort he feared most for the stability of his religion? He

replied: "We do not greatly fear your schools, we need not send our children; we do not fear your books, we need not read them; we do not much fear your preaching we need not listen, but we dread your women and we dread your doctors, for the latter are winning our hearts and the former are winning our homes. And when our hearts and our homes are won what is there left for us? This seems to be the conviction of the missionaries as well. It is admirably referred to by Mrs. Armstrong of Burma in a paper entitled "Caste Women of India," in the February *Review*. She says, "We hear much of Hindu women's degradation, seclusion, and ignorance, of her sufferings, helplessness and hopelessness, and the half of it all has never been told or known. She is a reproach, an outcast accursed. In all God's heaven no star casts a ray of hope. And yet with all this the women of India exercise greater power than any others in the world. They hold the destiny of the country more completely in their hands, than any others in the world. They are the ruling power of India although they assert this power so quietly and out of sight. Repressed power is always most dangerous."

"A Hindu woman's life has but one direction in which to grow, and that is out through her husband and sons to the world beyond. To keep her husband and sons loyal to her is her one ambition.

"Again every Hindu woman is bound to keep her husband and sons in the good old paths of Hinduism. She is generally far more religious than he is. Woe to the recreant to his faith. His wife may not say much but his mother will. There is neither rest nor peace for him henceforward. When you urge a Hindu to give his reason for not accepting Christ of whose claim he is intellectually convinced, he will be slow to give it but it is almost invariably one of three reasons. I cannot break my poor old mother's heart.' 'I am afraid of my mother's curse.' 'I cannot give up my wife and children.' It is a woman's influence that holds him back. These are not pictures, sentences written for effect but the heartfelt convictions of one who has observed closely the life of the heathen. These truths should make us deeply conscious of the need of working more earnestly: of doing all that we do heartily as unto the Lord. If this is true Christian sisters, what a weight of responsibility rests upon you and me! For know that none but a woman can reach the 21,000,000 widows or the 20,000,000 Zenana prisoners of India. Shall we not each one say "I am only one but I am one." "I cannot do everything but I can do something. What I can do I ought to do, and what I ought to do by the grace of God I will do."

Mention was made of mass movements in the appeal read a few moments ago, we naturally enquire what it means. It means that light is breaking among the darkened minds of India; that there are numbers of the people, chiefly among the poor, who are turning to Christ. It is a matter for rejoicing. Oh can you not sing for joy, as you read of the thousands who have turned from their idols to worship Jehovah at Travancore, Tinnevely, Chota Nagpore, the Baptist Mission at Ongole, the Methodist and Presbyterian Missions of Northwestern India. Only a year or two ago Pentecostal showers, descended upon all these vineyards of our Master. Nor is this all. Many are secret disciples. Let us pray that their faith may be

strengthened so that they will be willing to leave all for His sake.

In India to-day there are 40 societies supporting 1,000 ordained and 71 medical missionaries and 763 women, besides the wives of the missionaries whose work is so little spoken of but whose persistent faithful service goes up before the throne as sweet incense. The number of converts in 1893 was 24,000 and the value of one soul no man can estimate. Isn't it worth infinitely more than it costs?

Our own mission among the Telugus has had tokens of harvest. The faithful toilers have had to meet discouragements, undergo loss and disappointments and have no re-inforcement to stimulate and bring fresh hope to the work.

Longer than our mission has been established did the lone star shine on without any additions to gladden the hearts of the workers. But oh their faith was rewarded in the thousands that have since turned to our God. Let us not weary in well-doing. He is faithful who promised. Probably no year has witnessed such a re-inforcement to the mission staff as was sent out in 1893. To almost every corner of the globe God's messengers have gone. India has received many of these ambassadors.

The Baptists of the U.S. sent out in 1893, 37 missionaries to the Telugu field alone, two of these were daughters of Rev. Dr. Clough the veteran apostle of the Telugus. Also Mr. and Mrs. Timpany, the latter a volunteer of Acadia in 1891 and known to many of you as Miss Nellie Harvey, of Freeport, N.S. The American Free Christian Baptists have sent out 7 missionaries among them Lizzie Gannce, a volunteer of Acadia in 1892. We thus have three members of the Student Volunteer Movement already in the field. Others expect to sail next fall, while still others are under appointment ready to go as soon as the way opens. The Ontario Board has also sent out a large contingent to their work in India. Kate McLaurin goes to join her father and mother in their work for the heathen.

The outlook for 1894 on the whole would be hopeful but for the lack of funds in the treasury! Watchman what of the day? Shall we still turn a deaf ear to the cries that are borne to us on the wings of the morning? Is there naught that can stimulate us to greater activity in this forward movement of Christ's army? The Master says: "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Will you not heed? Will you not go or send?

[With one exception all who took part in the meeting at which the above paper was read were volunteers for foreign work.] A. E. J.

TIME.

BY MRS. C. TAYLOR.

It may be well to ask ourselves or give the subject of time some meditation as the seasons come and go and as each day and week and month passes, when all combined make a year. How important, another year garnered into the past.

We only live in the present, the past cannot be recalled, and we cannot draw aside the veil that hides the future. If the past is spent in the neglect of the great duties of this life and that which is to come, how much

is it to be regretted.

It is only in this life, made up of passing, fleeting moments, that we have to prepare for that which is to come. One year past. Have we benefited ourselves and how much have we benefited others? We have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for being placed in a land of gospel privileges, and where there is none to make us afraid.

How important to us who are nearing the horizon to employ it more usefully than in the past.

“Passing away, so whispers the wind,
As it treads in its trackless course;
And passing away doth the bright rill say,
As it leaps from its crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time,
To oblivious vale in a far off clime;
-Matter and man, we make no delay
To eternity's gulf we are passing away.”

To the young, time will be to them of the use they make of it. Milton calls it the “subtle thief of youth.” It seems to them to pass slowly, but as maturer years advance we wish to clog the wheel, but still it goes on in its ceaseless course. What time is to them that know no future!

And as Alexander Selkirk puts it: “Ne'er sighs at the sound of knell, nor smiles when a Sabbath appears.” We do not know whether it passes lightly or heavily with them that has never been taught that the spirit of man goeth upward; nor of Him who brought life and immortality to light, who talked to Moses and Elias, who died over a thousand years before, and who said, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.”

“For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself, that formed the earth and made it; He who established it created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord, there is none else. Assemble yourselves together and come; draw near together ye that are escaped of the nations, they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven images and pray to a god who cannot save.” When we think of the great truths of the Bible, should we not think it a pleasure to contribute one dollar a year and a few hours each month as far as possibly convenient for our own edification and also to remind us of the heathen?

“Earth's empires rise and fall, oh, Time,
Like breakers on thy shore
They rush upon their rocks of doom,
Are seen and seen no more.”

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

A WAT-BOY.

His name was Koo Yah, he was a Wat-boy, and he was very miserable. It was in the afternoon and the sun was pouring down hotly on the Wat (or temple) grounds, where there was neither a blade of grass nor weed, so cleanly had it been swept—for the dead God

Buddha, the priests said, liked it that way. Yah's master, the priest under whom he studied, was fast asleep, for at noon-day he had had the last meal he dared eat until the next morning, and he had nothing to do but smoke, chew betel, drink tea and duze. None of the other priests either were about, and the twenty or thirty Wat-boys who lived and were educated at this temple, were at some mischief—gambling perhaps, or with their fighting-cocks out of the reach of the priest hearing.

Now you may not know that a Wat-boy, besides meaning one who is taught to read and write in a Buddhist temple in Siam, means also almost anything that is naughty; but Yah was not naughty, and there was a very good reason for it. He had a Christian mother who loved him very much, and who had taught him not to gamble, or swear, or fight crickets and cocks, and better than anything else in the world—to be a Christian himself. And that was just why Yah was miserable, because he had a good, loving heart, and he was in a very wicked, unlovely place. He had not been so very long in the Wat, but the boys had soon discovered that he did not like their evil ways; so they left him alone, and this hot afternoon he was very lonely and homesick.

As he had nothing to do, he lay down under the thick shade of an old tree by the lily-pond, and cried softly to himself, wishing, O, so much that he was with his dear mother, or even with his grandmother, of whose shaved head, wrinkled skin, and toothless mouth, but still worse—swearing tongue, he was usually dreadfully afraid. Indeed, it was this very old woman who had persuaded his father against his mother's will to send him to the Wat. She wanted him to make *Tam boon* (merit) for their family, and to pray to the idols for his poor old wicked soul.

He cried as though his heart would break, every minute expecting to hear his master call to him, and maybe, whip him for being there, for he had become so used to whippings that he did not know any more when he deserved one and when he was innocent. He was lying with his arm over his eyes to shut out the glare of the sun on the snowwhite temple, trying bravely, poor fellow! to forget his loneliness—when something wet and cool touched his face. It was an old blind dog which wandered about the place. No one ever killed animals there, lest some departed soul, so they thought, might be in them. A Wat, you know, is a sort of refuge for all hurt and feeble and homeless cats and kittens, dogs, pigs, monkeys, or any other animal that no one else will have. Yah had always been very gentle and kind to this old dog, because it hurt him so to see it walk about and strike its head against things it could not see. Then, too, the boys teased it sometimes, so that he had often hid it out of the way of their cruelty. And now, the old animal had come to comfort the boy who sometimes comforted it. It was almost as sweet in that lonely place to hold Pome Jik (curly-head) close to him, and let his tears fall on the sightless eyes, as it would have been if he had had his sister Tuan to cry over his troubles with him.

Yah felt much happier with his arms wrapped around the dog's small body, and the wet tongue against his face or hand was like a tender pat from some one who loved him, and when Pome Jik whined, it did seem ex-

actly as though he said,—“I am so sorry for you.”

In this position Yah began soon to feel sleepy, and to dream pictures of his home. That very morning, as he rowed his master about among the other boats on the water-streets of the city on the *prote saht* (morning tour), they had stopped longer than usual at his father's house, so that while the priest was waiting for the cooked rice to carry away in his brass basin, Yah's mother had come close to the boat, and told him not to forget all the good things she had taught him, and not to get discouraged, for Jesus would take care of him, even if he did have to live in a heathen temple. Then she told him to come as close to her as he could, for she wanted to whisper something to him. So he caught the sweet-smelling vines hanging from a banyan tree that swayed over the river, and steadied himself on the very edge of the boat. When his ear was right near his mother's mouth, she said very softly, so the priest could not hear, “Grandmother has been to the Christians. She is going again.”

Yah's heart had given a great leap, for he knew if the grandmother would change her religion, it would mean freedom for him, and then he could go to the mission school. But as he thought it all over the afternoon, he felt sad again, for he knew it would take a long while for all that to come to pass, and it seemed so dreadfully, dreadfully long, as he remembered all the obstacles in the way, and then maybe—

He had fallen fast asleep under the old tree.

The sun was going down, the air was getting a little cooler, a large pagoda made a long shadow across the pink lilies, and the ugly idols began to look very black and cross, when Yah and Pome Jik awoke. A thrill of terror shot through the boy when he thought of the long time he had been away from his master. Surely, now he would be whipped, and perhaps, his hands tied to a post, and his body lashed two or three dozen times. But—why! what was that on the ground beside him? Certainly it was not there when he and the dog had dozed off. Had it dropped down from heaven or—but you will want to know what he found.

It was only a little card, not very clean nor very pretty, but these words were printed on it in the Siamese language, so Yah could read them: “*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*” Yah knew very well who was meant by that *I*. He forgot all about thinking of how the card came to be there in the happiness of remembering that after all he was not alone. Why, he had a friend everywhere—always! And I wish you could have seen the glad light that came into the black eyes as he jumped up, the precious card in hand, and carried the dog to a safe place. Then he ran as fast as he could to his master. Fortunately, the priest had not missed the boy, and as the sun was just setting, he told Yah to come with him to the Sala, where all the priests drawled out the evening prayers in such a loud and sing-song way, that across the river they sounded like a hive of bees. Then, when the service was finished, a drum was beaten and the day was done.

Yah, still following his master, went back to the cell, which was dark and dingy, with cobwebs hanging about like soiled lace curtains, and when the priest, having taken off his sacred yellow clothes and hung them on a line, crept under the mosquito-net into bed, our Wat-boy lay down at his feet and both were soon

asleep. And if you could have taken a lantern into that dirty place, with its one window closed, so there was no fresh air at all, only that which struggled through the bamboo-wall, and looked at Koo Yah, you would have seen the card pressed close to his heart and on his face a very happy smile.

Does it seem to you like a fairy tale that that card should have found its way to Yah just as he was needing it so much? Well, fairy tales are very pretty stories and Christian boys and girls enjoy them very much, but they are only “make believe” after all. Can not you fancy to yourself two good Christian women walking together through the beautiful temple grounds, which in Siam, are the same thing as a park, and seeing Yah with the dog in his arms, and the tear-stains on his face, they would know he was neither a wicked nor a happy boy. Then fancy one woman saying to the other: “Poor dek (lad)! He cannot be happy here!” And the other would say: “How I would like to carry him away to a place where he would be happy, but perhaps this will help him.” Then she would take out the card from a fold in her dress, and place it just where he could see it the very first thing when he opened his eyes. So the Christian boy was not left alone or forsaken even in that heathen place.

M. R. M.

MISSION BAND LESSON, NO 7.

BORNEO.

We will now visit an island in our thoughts that few of us would care to see in person. Borneo is noted for robbers and pirates who gain their own living by stealing from other people. Look on the map of Asia in your geography, south of the China Sea. What a large island it is! 800 miles long and 700 broad. People do not know much about the central part of it, as large districts are still unexplored. The natives are called Dyaks, though they have been partially conquered by the Malays. Several thousand Chinese are also found here and very industrious they are in the vast diamond fields. The trees, flowers, birds and animals are various and we would find the study of them very interesting if we had time. But as we journey around among these heathen lands, we find the people are of more interest to us.

The heathen Malays are both cunning and cruel. Many of them keep large boats to go out on the sea and capture smaller ones. Then they bind the sailors with heavy chains and make them their slaves. The great rocks around Borneo have caused many a noble ship to be wrecked, but these sea-pirates are still more dangerous. They worship Mahomet, and make their boys at school learn whole chapters of the Koran, their sacred book, and though very few of them can understand a word that they learn, they are told that repeating aloud these sacred pages will keep away evil spirits from them.

Bruni, the capital city, is built on a river, or rather in it, for many of the streets are only water. The people paddle up and down in little boats, selling fruit and vegetables from door to door. A man stands near the temple or mosque of Mahomet, beating a big drum, to call the people to worship. We may also

see the chief ruler, called the Sultan, sitting on his throne, dressed in a purple robe and wearing many golden jewels. As we travel farther inland we meet savage warriors of the Dyaks with human heads dangling from their belts. These are also strung upon the roofs of their houses, and they count the man the bravest, richest, and greatest who owns the most heads. They do not worship idols, but believe in good and evil spirits. When they go out on the sea as pirates they bring home no slaves, but only their heads. Their brains are taken out and each head is dried and smoked, when it is ready for an ornament. Their war-dances are fearful to behold, the shouting, hideous singing, and fondling, caressing, and rejoicing over the new, bleeding heads.

The houses of these people are built on high posts, and have to be reached by ladders. A great many families live in each house, so they are made very large. The people are afraid to live alone for fear of the heads being stolen.

The swallows build curious white nests on the trees which the Chinese consider the choicest eatable, and willingly pay the highest price for them.

But we must now glance at the mission work done in Borneo. In 1825 (about the time the British Army released the missionary Judson from his prison in Burmah) a young soldier in this army, named James Brooke, was dangerously wounded. After he recovered he left the army and sailed for China. When passing Borneo he was impressed with its great beauty, but also with the wretched condition of the natives. He wished that he might do something to help them, and it did not end in wishing, but became the chief ambition of his life, and in 1838, as Sir James Brooke, with a devoted band of followers, at his own expense he sailed back to Borneo, and settled in the northern part of that island. He was able to make peace between the Malays and Dyaks, and afterwards was offered the rajahship, or rule, of the Province of Sarawak. In 1846 he appealed to England for help, and in 1847 Dr. McDougall and his devoted wife were sent as missionaries.

The story of their life and labors there as pioneers in this work, told by Mrs. McDougall, is a most thrilling one. We have only time to glance at it. This mission house came to be known among the natives as the "Noah's Ark," because so many helpless people found rescue and shelter in it. The sad condition of the Dyak women is pictured most vividly. Many of these have been helped and comforted. A hospital containing twenty beds was established near the mission-house. Twenty sick Chinamen occupied it at once but one of them died when the other nineteen got up and ran away! Medical work has been a prominent and successful feature with the missionaries at Borneo. Healing the bodies gave opportunity to point to Jesus, the Great Physician for sin-sick souls. In 1839 the American Board of Missions sent three men to the western coast of this island, and other societies began to work in the south. But we must remember that Borneo is still largely a heathen island, and pray that more missionaries may be sent to teach her people about the One who died for them, that they might live in heaven with him. So many heathen nations who do not know anything of their Redeemer!

STUDENTS IN SAMULCOTTA SEMINARY.

I. THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, FOURTH YEAR.

SAMULCOTTA, Feb. 6th. 1894.

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. | Epuri Joseph | M.B., Duvet |
| 2. | Kuchipudi Peter | M.B., Beamsville |
| 3. | Devarapalli Reuben | |
| 4. | Pataimalla Tirapanyam | M.B., South-London |

THIRD YEAR—No class.

SECOND YEAR.

- | | | |
|----|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. | Tarapalli Appanna | M.B., Boston |
| 2. | Kanchula John | M.C. & C., Beachville |
| 3. | Parasa John | Missionary |
| 4. | Gandham Malliah | Burich |
| 5. | Badda Nerellu | Boys M.B., Brantford, 1st Ch |
| 6. | Addipalli Reuben | M.C., Herkimer St., Hamilton |
| 7. | Chetti Samuel | S.S., Osgoode |
| 8. | Chiripurapi Pentiah | Missionary |
| 9. | Dundi Mamiab | M.B., Woodstock, 2nd Ch |

FIRST YEAR.

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | Kordah David | V.P.U., Jarvis St. Toronto |
| 2. | Tumapudi Bushnam | M.B., Owen Sound |
| 3. | Todeti Abraham | M.B., Woodstock, 1st Ch |
| 4. | Padola Mesech | Missionary |
| 5. | Uba Appalawami | M.B., Bloomsburg |
| 6. | Paga Jacob | Two sisters, Plattsville |
| 7. | Pantokan Golliah | |
| 8. | Kumuguri Philemon | |
| 9. | Kumupuri Samuel | |
| 10. | Korati Isaac | |
| 11. | Galli Reuben | Missionary |
| 12. | Sompongu Abraham | |
| 13. | Pasapulatu Narayanswami | Maritime Provinces |

WOMEN'S CLASS (student's wives).

- | | | |
|-----|----------------------|------------|
| 1. | Patchimalla Gangamma | |
| 2. | Kanchula Lydia | |
| 3. | Parasa Martha | Missionary |
| 4. | Devarapalli Sarah | |
| 5. | Badda Appalamtha | |
| 6. | Kodah Martha | |
| 7. | Todeti Sarah | |
| 8. | Kumuguri Karanamma | |
| 9. | Kumuguri Ruth | |
| 10. | Tumapudi Rachel | |
| 11. | Uba Atchamma | |
| 12. | Padola Tamar | Missionary |
| 13. | Korati Mahalaksami | |

II. BOARDING SCHOOL.

(3RD FORM.)

- | | | |
|----|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. | Palukurti Moses | M.B., Lindsay |
| 2. | Barnabas Barnabas | S.S., Toronto |
| 3. | Martha Prakasam | M.C., Quebec |
| 4. | Talluri Solomon | Missionary |
| 5. | Chowdari John | Maritime Provinces |

(2ND FORM.)

- | | | |
|----|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. | Morampudi Michael | M.B., Barnston |
| 2. | Pulavarti Samuel | S.S., Windsor |
| 3. | David Smith | Maritime Provinces |

(1ST FORM.)

- | | | |
|----|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1. | Nicodemus Abel | M.B., St. Albanis Mills |
| 2. | Edla Jonah | M.B., Gables |

3. Muttabattula Venkiah M. B., Wallaceburg
4. Kali Sriramulu
5. Manga Venkatreddi Missionary
6. Jungam Jacob
7. Todeti Philemon S. S., Beverley St., Toronto
8. Katuri Peter M. C., Wolverton
9. Nicodemus Ishmael
10. David Leslie Maritime Provinces
11. Epuri Martha M. B. Brampton

4TH STANDARD.

1. Bellam Nukiah Jr. M. B., Talbot St., London
2. Muggam Ramaswami M. B., Victoria Ave., Hamilton
3. Vinukoti Vuggia Miss Jeanie Hendry
4. Merugumalla Luke M. B. Osnabruck
5. Kotam Samuel M. B., Orangeville
6. Sheik Alli Nathaniel M. B., Park St., Peterboro
7. Koti Nathan 1st Lot
8. Karu Tanyasi M. B., Brooklin
9. Edla Abraham Y. P. M. S., Talbot St., London
10. Sadi Praksam M. B., Schomberg
11. Talluri Cornelius Y. P. A., Tecumseth St., Toronto
12. Arla Surioh Mr. John Carswell, Plattville
13. Patfarti David M. B., Brandon, Man.
14. Nalli Petu John Missionary
15. Kodali Anandam
16. Darise Yesudasu
17. Nicodemus Gabriel
18. Pannamalla Devadasu
19. Boddu Satyanandam
20. Terapalli Mary
21. Dundi Gnana Ratnamma, S. S., E. E. Mission Woodstock
22. Pantagani Mary

3RD STANDARD.

1. Mungamuri Jacob A Friend, Canada
2. Patu Lazarus
3. Gudavalli John
4. Katari Devanandam Missionary
5. Edith Appanna
6. Mudi Appanna
7. Garikumukkula Robert
8. Mantada David
9. Chavala Daniel
10. Mudi Rajanna
11. Nunna Solomon M. B., Aylmer
12. Dukka Darmadasu
13. Gummadi Isaac
14. Sampara Devadasu

2ND STANDARD.

1. Gurrala Abraham
2. Sadi Raqhuel
3. Kolla Joseph
4. Motukuri John
5. Sanasi Jacob
6. Kodali Jacob
7. Kodali John
8. Kodali Samuel Missionary
9. Todeti Isaac
10. Tallari Uriah
11. Ejjiuni Yesudasu

‡ Married students † Wives of students.

There are 100 students from our Mission Fields, 5 students from the Maritime Provinces' Mission Fields, making a total of 105. There are also 7 day students whose names I have not given. The following names do not appear on the foregoing list: Vottupolu Venkataswami and wife. The wife

had to return home, which necessitated the husband following. The same happened in the case of Gotru Satyanandam and wife.

Chirugudi Ramaswami's wife died and he returned to his friends.

Dundi Josiah is studying in Cocanada.

Bonu Daniel is studying in Ongole.

George Mason left the Seminary irregularly—was married, and is to become a teacher, I understand.

Komuguri Samson went home on account of illness and remains out during 1894.

Talari Yesudasu and Rachapalli Appanna have been given teaching work on the Peddapurman field and Palavaiti Daniel on the Akidu field.

Pasala Ratnam and Chintala Gabriel went home on account of illness—have not returned.

Moramputi Nukatu dismissed on account of incapacity.

Hereafter the Seminary year will begin in January. To effect this some changes have been made in classification which will appear in the foregoing list. Some new students have joined us while others have gone out. Friends will please note these changes.

J. R. STILLWELL.

KING'S MESSENGERS.

When a king would send a message,

How fast the carriers ride!

Through darksome wood, through torrent,

Whether good or ill betide;

No pleasure can entice them;

No lurement in love's wiles;

On, swiftly on, by day, by night,

On, on! for weary miles.

If a messenger should tarry,

Should a servant idly wait,

For fear, or love, or pleasure,

Outside the palace gate;

If the king upon the feast-day

Should miss a well-loved one,

How think you, would he fare

Who should have bid him come.

King's messengers must hasten,

King's servants must be wise,

Then loiter not, nor dally,

When He bids you arise;

For men grow weary waiting

For the servants who should bring

Their buffeted, famished, longing souls

A message from the King.

—Golden Rule.

WHICH ARE SAD THINGS?

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society, held in Albany, N. Y., while the seven young ladies who are under appointment for the foreign field were telling of the leadings that had brought them to the happiest decision of their lives, some one in the audience was heard to say, "How sad!"

"Sad?" said a veteran now doing good work here, but

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock, Ontario; Sec. Miss Buchan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas. Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Mrs. C. T. Stark, 174 Park Road, Toronto; Bureau of Infirmary, Miss Stark, 66 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley, Cor. Sec. Miss Nan-nie E. Green, 478 St. Urbain Street, Montreal; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Smith, 8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal; Secretary of Mission Bands, Mrs. Halkett, 347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

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

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

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

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Cocanada.—Rev. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, Rev. J. E. Chute, Miss A. E. Baskerville, Miss S. A. Simpson, Miss Ellen Priest, Miss E. A. Folsom.

Narasapatnam.—Rev. G. H. Barrow and wife, *Pedapuram.*—Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife.

Ramachandrapuram.—Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife, *Sannulcolta.*—Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A. and wife,

Tuni.—Rev. R. Garside, B. A., and wife, Miss Martha Rogers.

Yuyyuru.—Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A. and wife, Miss Anna Murray.

Yellamanchili.—Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife, Dr. E. G. Smith and wife.

Bangalore.—Miss Kate McLaurin (temporarily).
At Home.—Miss S. I. Hatch.

FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

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Simplipatam.—Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Miss Gray.

Visianagram.—Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss McNeil.

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longing to go back to her dark-skinned sisters because of their greater need—"Sad! It is pure joy—the greatest joy a human being can know."

There are sad things. It is sad to see men made in the image of God, possessing the noblest attributes, capable of the grandest achievements, heirs, if they will, of the kingdom of heaven, deliberately with their eyes open turning their backs upon all these riches and glories and walking straight down to wretchedness that has no end.

It is sad to see women with all their grand possibilities expending their whole energy in the effort to obtain and hold mere social position.

It is sad to see fathers instilling into their sons the love of gold rather than the love of souls.

It is sad to see mothers preparing their daughters to shine for a day in society rather than as the stars for ever and ever.

It is sad to see our young men striving with all their God-given powers for the fleeting honors of earth, or, worse still caring for self-gratification.

It is sad to see our beautiful young women with all their nineteenth-century endowments and advantages, contenting themselves with lives of pleasure or at best making a compromise with conscience, expecting—though Christ himself said it could not be done—to serve God and mammon. O girls! our question is not, "Can I squeeze into heaven if I do this?" or "Will this thing that I like so much turn God's face entirely from me?" but, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" "How can I most serve Him who gave His life for me?"

It is sad to see sheep closely following their shepherd? Is it sad to see the heirs going forth to possess their kingdom? Will it be sad in that last day to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," or to receive from the hand of the Glorious One the star-jeweled crown? or to hear the elders say, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" and to know that you helped to show them the way?

"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."—*Helping Hand.*

A LITTLE BROTHER.

MRS. N. M. WATERBURY.

Though black the hand, red, brown, or white,

All hearts are just the same.

Each one is precious in His sight,

Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear in every land,

With loyal hearts and true,

Will grasp some little brother's hand,

And lead him onward, too.

The hearts and minds of young people are turned to Christian work to-day as never before. On every side we hear of their willingness and the devoted spirit they manifest, and how they are coming in multitudes up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."