

"He shall speak Peace to the Heathen."



Canadian Missionary Link



CANADA

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS
OF THE

**Baptist Foreign Missions
OF CANADA**



INDIA

MARCH, 1904.

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1904.

No. 6

THE LINK.

To bring the light of life divine
To those who in the darkness pine,
And ever deeper sink—
To bind our hearts to India's land,
That we may lend a helping hand.
It is a golden LINK.

Of those devoted souls to tell,
Who in that distant region dwell,
And toil and teach and think—
To make us partners in their cares,
And keep our hearts in touch with theirs,
It is a precious LINK.

To unify throughout this land,
All who obey our Lord's command,
Whose courage will not shrink—
To bind in one aggressive ring,
All those who serve our glorious King.
It is a living LINK.

To tell of those triumphant made,
Whose names, like wells in Palm tree's shade,
Invite our souls to drink—
To bind us to that noble throng,
Who sing with joy the victor's song,
It is a sacred LINK.

Dalesville Que., 1904.

T. WATSON.

OUR hearts were gladdened at our Board meeting when we were told of a young sister who joyfully handed in twenty-five dollars to make herself a Life-member of our Foreign Mission Society. This doubtless involved much self-denial and shewed that the work was taking hold of the young people, who are the hope of the future. May others be stimulated to follow her good example.

NOTICE TO CIRCLES.

Dr. Pearl Chute desires to express, through the LINK, her regret that she has to refuse invitations to address meetings on account of her health and home duties. We all love to have our missionaries speak, but they have come home for rest and should not be overtaxed.

"LEST WE FORGET."

The attention of our readers is called to Miss Hatch's article in the January LINK, giving us the requested information regarding the need of bungalows for our single lady missionaries. Our hearts were deeply stirred at the Convention, when it was brought before us, but very little money has come in since, for that purpose. The need is urgent and must be met, not by our contributions to the regular work, but by voluntary offerings which will necessitate self-denial on the part of many, but will furnish its own reward in the joy of knowing that we have had a share in providing our missionaries comfortable homes, thus preserving their health, and enabling them to accomplish greater service for the Master. Let the Circles see what can be done. There are not many who can give largely, but a number could spare a dollar and others less, and if given with "a willing mind," would be as acceptable to the Lord as larger sums. Above all, it is the Lord who can enable us to do this work, and He would be inquired of.

WHAT MISSIONS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED?

To the question, What have missions accomplished for humanity and for the progress of mankind? Dr. Mirbt, of Marburg, answers: "Missions have had the most essential part in the abolition of slavery, in the removal of Cannibalism and massacre; they mitigate wretchedness and poverty, sickness and famine among the heathen peoples; they protest against ruining of the heathen nations by the imports of rum and opium; by their well-ordered social and religious labor, they exalt family life and contend against polygamy and premature marriages; and, above all things, by their educational efforts they raise even the most degraded peoples into wholesome morality. It is no matter of chance that missions work everywhere for humanity, for Christian morality is the religion of perfect humanity."—*Der Missions-Freund*.

THE GOSPEL FOR TIBET.

By Mr. Claude Bald, Darjeeling.

AT the present moment, when the British Government has determined to force a way for commerce into Tibet, it is the duty of all who pray, "Thy Kingdom come," to unite specially in supplication that the messengers of the Gospel may speedily be enabled to enter through the door which is at length to be opened. Tibet is one of the countries which have been fast closed against Christian missionaries up to the present time; though many prayers have already ascended from the earnest hearts of Christians who have longed to extend the blessings of the Gospel to that spiritually dark land of Buddhism and priestcraft.

For many years Christian missionaries have been knocking at the gates of Tibet, and have been demanding admittance at all available points. Probably the first of these were the Moravians, who established themselves on the north-west confines of India, at the extreme limit of the semi-civilized country of Cashmere, in the heart of the Himalayan Mountains, where there is one of the principal passes into Tibet. Here they studied the language, translated the Scriptures, and gave the Good News to the Tibetan traders who kept coming and going through the passes. One of these missionaries, Mr. Heyde, after spending uninterruptedly upwards of forty years at that bleak spot, moved to the neighbourhood of Darjeeling, where he and his wife spent about six years revising and completing the New Testament in Tibetan.

Members of the China Inland Mission have for many years been striving to enter the country from the border next China, at a point which can be reached only after an arduous journey of five months from the sea-coast. Some of these noble and faithful men and women have passed through much tribulation, and have suffered violence at the hands of the fanatical Chinese from time to time. One of them, Miss Annie Taylor, felt that some effort should be made to enter from the border near Darjeeling; so she went to the La-Chong Valley, within the independent territory of Sikkim, and remained for some two years, studying the language and customs of the Tibetans. Then, finding that an entrance from that point was absolutely denied her, she went again to China, and, traversing the old ground,

entered the forbidden country from that side, and so made her famous journey almost to the very gates of Lhassa. After incredible hardships, she was compelled by military force to retrace her steps, although almost at the goal of her journey.

Immediately after this journey, she returned to England, and raised a band of men who proceeded to Darjeeling, with the object of preparing to enter the closed land as soon as the way might be opened. This company, after a time, became scattered, some going round to the Chinese border of Tibet; one died in harness; some joined other missions, while one or two returned home. Undismayed by the apparent hopelessness of the outlook, when the British Government subsequently arranged a commercial treaty with Tibet, and a nominal trading station was opened on the borders of that country and Sikkim, Miss Taylor applied for permission to settle as a trader at the new station, named Yatong. After much difficulty this was granted, and for the past eight or nine years she has stuck to her post in that wild and almost desolate spot, absolutely alone, being the only European there, with the exception of an official who represents Tibet. She sells a few useful things to the traders who pass to and fro, dispenses medicine to the sick, and above all, preaches the Gospel and distributes portions of Scripture to all who pass through.

Among the other bands which are preparing to enter Tibet, the strongest is that of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, which was organized some ten or twelve years ago, by certain Scandinavians who had settled in America; hence this is practically an American mission, though most of the members are from Norway and Sweden. These made their headquarters at a village near Darjeeling, named Ghoom, which is occupied almost entirely by people from Tibet. There they set up a printing press, from which was issued the revised edition of the New Testament in Tibetan, also much Gospel literature in the language. The missionaries themselves are scattered at various points along the borders of Tibet and Bhotan, many living in the most frugal manner, while teaching and preaching to the people, and at the same time helping them by introducing better systems of weaving and other industries.

These different agencies are now prepared to enter the "Great Closed Land." They are furnished with the Scriptures in the language

of the people, and they are already acquainted with the manners and customs of the country, so that there is nothing to hinder them in carrying the message of peace and salvation, unless it be the opposition of officials.

It may seem strange that there should be any prospect of British opposition, but past experience has shown that our administration is not without men who suppose that the presence of the missionary must necessarily mean disturbance. If the official does not himself understand the power and purpose of the Gospel, he naturally thinks that it will only raise resentment among the natives.

This is a time for earnest believing prayer that the Lord of the whole earth may disarm every opposition to the peaceful conquests of the Gospel in Tibet and Bhotan.—*The Christian*.

THE FIRST TELUGU BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

OUR readers can refer to the May and September LINKS for an account of the commencement of our Telugu mission in Africa, and will be glad to read these extracts of a letter from John Rangia, to Mrs. Cole, of Montreal.

"Some of my Telugu Baptist Christians immigrated to this colony about three years ago to earn their livelihood instead of suffering with hunger, during the past great famine in India. Since then they were asking for a pastor for themselves, saying that they have abundance for their body, but their souls were starving. The Lord has very wonderfully led me to accept His call to go to Natal. It is perhaps a common thing for an English or American man to leave his country and go to a foreign land. But it is quite difficult with a Telugu. Yet the Lord has wonderfully gave me encouragement to leave my country, and much more so dealt with my wife whom he gave free willingness to follow me, after her objection to do so, for more than one-and-a-half year.

"At present we are at Kearsy where most of the Christian people are residing. They are working on the tea estates of Sir Liege Hulett. This gentleman is one of the richest farmers in this colony. He is, as well, a member of parliament, yet a great God-fearing man, humble like

a child, having a sympathetic spirit even toward the lowest of his servants.

"Every Sunday from sixty to eighty church members are attending to the service. We have not yet formed our church, but intend to do so on the coming Christmas Sunday. Perhaps fifteen candidates will receive baptism on that day, and then we hope to have communion service, the first one we are going to have in the Telugu Baptist church.

"The greatest joy up to this time the Lord has given me to go happily in the work, is that my wife is so much happier here, and rejoicing very much in the ministry, having forgotten her home land.

"Early in July when I first arrived in this country the Lord had given me a condemned man to be led to the Lord Jesus Christ. I had never before met a condemned man in my life, but the Lord had given me courage, and words, and wisdom, to speak to the man about the blessed Saviour. At last while I was holding his shoulders on the gallows he uttered, to the admiration of all the people around, 'I am going to Lord Jesus Christ. I am going to the refuge at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ,' and then he breathed for the last time. Dear Madam there is a great deal for you in this letter to take up in prayer to our Saviour."—*Canadian Baptist*.

WHAT A TRACT DID.

Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on missions, which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. As a result they set out for Ceylon, and later India, as foreign missionaries. For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six years the husband, labored among the heathen; and then went to their reward. Apart from what they did directly as missionaries, they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives, and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus far thirty of that family, the Scudders, have given five hundred and twenty-nine years to India missions.—*The Indian Witness*.

Our Work Abroad.

LETTER FROM K. S. McLAURIN.

S.S. Arratoon Açcar.

DEAR READERS OF THE LINK.

IT was my most praiseworthy intention when leaving Canada to write you a letter *en route*. Now there are only two days of our sea voyage left, for the captain promises that we shall arrive in Calcutta day after to-morrow, Dec. 13th. So there are not many days left wherein to fulfill my intentions, still I shall try to send you some account of our way-farings. Hitherto hath the Lord led us in safety and in comfort, and now we are very near the land which is the scene of our work.

On looking back, our long journey falls naturally into three divisions, first, from Toronto to the Coast, secondly, from the Coast to Hong Kong, and last from Hong Kong to Calcutta. True we are not at our destination when we arrive at Calcutta, we have still a railway journey of about 30 hours before us. But that seems nothing after all these weeks. And we find ourselves quite over-looking in our considerations what would otherwise seem quite a trip in itself.

Our trip to the Coast was very enjoyable. Miss Hatch preceded me by a week to Brandon, but we met in Winnipeg and travelled in company henceforth. We enjoyed our stop over in Winnipeg, where we found many warm hearts, and had a most enthusiastic meeting in the First Church. I had had a day in Fort William on my way to Winnipeg and spent it pleasantly with friends and relatives. A very friendly informal "At Home" had been planned for at the home of Mrs. Matthews and there I had the opportunity of meeting the ladies of the Circles of these sister towns, Fort William and Port Arthur. Our stay at Brandon was longer than at any other place and was most helpful and enjoyable.

I had the great pleasure of staying with Dr. and Mrs. McDiarmid, who have many dear friends and true in Ontario, and of seeing something of their work in Brandon College. It was a pleasure to meet the teachers of this institution and to feel their sympathy with us in our work. It was good to meet the students and to feel their enthusiasm and true Western alertness. The foreign missionary education of the students of Brandon College is by no means being neglected. In the midst of the needs of the "great

and growing North-West," they still remember the remoter regions of the East.

We met there many whose names are known and loved in Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. Wolverton, Professor and Mrs. McKee, Rev. R. R. McKay and Mrs. McKay, besides many others who became our friends for Jesus' sake. Never can we forget the real help and inspiration the people of Brandon gave us. The splendid audiences at service on Sunday, their most generous offerings, their hearty welcome, their personal interest, their bounty in providing us with a Pullman straight through to the Coast, not to mention the homelier but all the more appreciated donations toward our lunch-basket. All these testify to the open-hearted generosity and hospitality of our people of the North-West. When leaving Brandon, Wednesday night, the College turned out *en masse* to speed the parting guests and give us one more evidence of their ever-to-be-remembered interest and sympathy. Other friends also came to the station to cheer our departure. I would certainly advise all our missionaries returning to India to return *via* Winnipeg and Brandon. The warmth of our welcome there kept us warm all through the cold sea-voyage to Japan!

Leaving Brandon then, we journeyed on towards the Coast. I had imagined we would find the trip very tedious, but to the contrary, I did not find time to read even. First we passed through solitary prairies, where for miles and miles we would see no trace of human life, and where the scenery though novel became slightly monotonous. After Calgary was passed we got into the mountains—the wonderful, indescribable mountains. I never saw snow peaks before, but I saw miles and miles of them then, towering so white and cold, so high and still, so far, far away above the surrounding slopes. The Fraser river canyon was beautiful, grand, *gorgeous* even. But to my mind nothing can compare with the cold, serene beauty of the snow-peaks cutting into the blue sky, or the snow-peaks under the pale silver light of the young moon as we saw them at Golden, B.C. Their beauty was unearthly, and their solemn grandeur most impressive.

But we must hasten on. We arrived in Vancouver Saturday afternoon in a pouring rain. It was nice to be met there by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLeod who had come from Ladner to see us.

But we were sorry that our time was so short, for I had to rush for my boat for Victoria where I was to spend Sunday, while Miss Hatch was to stay in Vancouver. Missionary services were held in both cities on the Sunday, sight-seeing under the care of kind friends was indulged in on Monday, and on Tuesday our *Empress of Japan* sailed from Victoria, having come from Vancouver, her home port, where Miss Hatch joined her. Victoria is as far west, geographically, as one can get in Canada. But neither the climate nor the people struck me as being of such a true western flavor as one would find further east—in Manitoba, for instance. The climate was mild and damp, the people seemed of a more conservative stamp than one is prone to expect of the "wild and woolly west." However, east or west hearts were warm and interest and sympathy unfailing and many pleasant acquaintances were made.

Our accommodations on the *Empress* were of the very best in every way, and we found many congenial spirits amongst the passengers, several being missionaries to Japan and China. Our passage was cold, and storm after storm assailed us. We took a very northerly course, coming within three or four miles of the Aleutian islands. When the storm raged outside, we made ourselves comfortable in one of the "cosy corners" of the warm, luxurious library, and read or wrote.

One day we saw a burning ship away ahead of us. Our course was changed and the *Empress* hastened to the relief of the vessel, but before we reached her she sank, and only a mass of wreckage floated by us and a long oily trail on the ocean told us all we could know of her identity. Not a living soul of her crew could be seen, all was silence and desolation. Had they escaped in boats? Had they perished? Who could say? Wind and waves were silent.

We called at three ports in Japan, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki. We enjoyed very much our glimpses of this beautiful little country. We roamed about in the shops, wondering at their exquisite embroideries, lacquer cloisonne, and china wares. The Japanese have nothing whatever to learn from us in artistic modelling, designing or coloring. They seem to be naturally most artistic, even the commonest, coarsest articles of daily use being shapely and artistically decorated. We took jinrickshaws and had little jaunts outside the cities to see the scenery which we thought beautiful. The foliage was very fine, the Japanese maples and sumachs, in

autumn tints and the pines richly green. The people seem very much more enterprising and up-to-date, much better fed and better clad, much happier in their peculiar customs and habits than our poor Hindus. They are small of stature, live in pretty little wooden houses, all panelled and latticed, with sliding doors and partitions, looking more like dolls' houses than human habitations. Indeed, all that we saw of Japan and its small smiling people gave us the impression that it was an exquisite, toy-like, *bijou* little country along the coast. Between Yokohama and Kobe we saw Fuji-yama, the idol of the Japanese heart. She rose, white with snow, stately and queenly, high above her maids of honor, looking so truly aerial and even mysterious in her pale beauty that one could not wonder that her presence inspired the worship of that beauty-loving people. The clouds seem ever about her feet separating her from earth, the sunshine is often on her head—a loving touch from heaven.

After leaving Japan, our next port was Shanghai, but we anchored away out in the mouth of the muddy Yangtse Kiang, for only a few hours, so we saw nothing of shore or city. Next came Hong Kong, where we left our dainty *Empress* and the pleasant acquaintances of our voyage, and found passage in this vessel sailing next day for Calcutta. We do not find ourselves so beautifully accommodated here, this ship being a cargo vessel with only very limited room and that not of the cleanest, for passengers. However, we were glad to get away from Hong Kong so soon, for board is very high there. We found Hong Kong, whose port is the third largest in the world, a large, well-built city, with splendid public buildings and fine residences, situated on the slope of a hill which rises to a height of 1,800 odd feet, behind the city, and from whose summit we got a splendid view of the harbour, city, islands, mainland, straits and ocean. We were much aided in securing our passages by a missionary of the London Missionary Society, to whom we had applied for information. Not only did he give us important information, but he went with us and helped us to buy our tickets. For our trip up "The Peak," as the hill I referred to is called, we were indebted to one of the officers of the *Empress*, who had become our very good friend *en voyage*, and who came ashore to see if he could "do anything for us." Every where we go we meet with unexpected kindness and

most hearty kindness from all. The worthy Captain of the ship, which is our present home, has been unremitting in his kindness to Miss Hatch and me. At the two ports at which we have called since leaving Hong Kong, he has taken us ashore for drives and to see the sights, and we owe to him our pleasant memories of Singapore and Penang. Both these places were a surprise to me. I had vaguely imagined a collection of sun-dried brick or mud huts. I find well laid out, well-ordered cities, with fine residences, beautiful private gardens, good streets, busy markets and every sign of prosperity. The vegetation in both places is wonderful to see. Though so near the equator, frequent, almost daily rains keep everything green, and the two cities are like two great gardens. Wide-spreading trees, ferns, palms of various kinds and variegated plants abound everywhere, and the Government Botanical Gardens are among the best in the world. In both places there are many foreigners, but the Chinese predominate. They are thrifty and industrious and enterprising, and are growing rich and influential in these parts. While the poor Malays—the natives—seem nowhere. They lack enterprise, push, energy, and evidently have no native culture of their own, such as is the boast of India and China. Indeed, I have learned one thing more than another by this trip, and that is, that the Chinese are more worthy of our respect and admiration than I had thought. I find that Europeans who know both people, invariably prefer the Chinese to the Japanese, who, though in many ways are more attractive, are crafty, unreliable in business dealings and deceitful; while the general verdict is that a Chinaman is true to his word in business transactions and pays his debts, and the way they have taken hold in the Malay peninsula to carry on trade and make money, commands our admiration. I had thought, in the past, that I could never like the Chinese, but after having them as servants on the steamers, seeing them in their native environment and hearing this testimony, I have learned to like them more.

But I must draw my already too long letter to a close. As I write, we are steaming along on the broad blue bosom of the bay of Bengal. Quiet seas, bright skies, cool breezes, pleasant company, all combine to make our trip pleasant in spite of whatever is lacking in accommodation. We spend all the long, bright days on

deck, reading, writing, chatting, playing ship games, and sometimes—oh, very often—thinking of the dear ones in Canada, fair Canada. How can I thank you all, dear, dear friends, for my pleasant and helpful furlough, for I feel that you made it so. Memories of you all and of your many loving-kindnesses, your helpful sympathy, your cheerful words, crowd now into my mind. I think of you all often, one by one, by name. My fancy loves to call up, one by one, your remembered forms. My furlough strengthened me. It did not enervate, nor give me distaste for my work. You have girded me afresh and sent me out with loving courageous words again to the battles. May the Lord reward you for all you did for the "least of one of these."

Soon we shall be greeting dear ones and fellow-workers and fellow-disciples in India. Will you not pray faithfully for your missionaries in India, that they may in all their work do His will, "whom we are and whom we serve." Dec. 11th, 1903. (Posted at Calcutta).

AN EXTRACT FROM MISS MORROW'S LETTER (TO MRS. CHUTE.)

MISS SELMAN spent Christmas on tour and I spent mine here with the children. Quite a number of the Fourth-class went home after their examination so our school is small at present. Those who remained and the Christians and I had a happy Christmas, at least I think they had. I know I did, although there was no Christmas dinner, such as roast goose, plum pudding, mince pie, etc., (you know how dreadfully I would miss anything like that?) I am sure the cause of my pleasure was that I had to be busy trying to make others happy because I had to do it all myself. I did not say anything to the teachers until Christmas Eve, waiting to see if they would offer to do anything, but they did not. At last I called Samuel and asked if he were going to make any decorations, etc. He said he was waiting for orders, because you always had told them what to do. I said that it was all right when there was you and Mr. Chute, and Nurse and I to plan, but when I was all alone I would be glad for them to offer to help plan. But they had not thought of that. However, we got the church very prettily decorated with cocoanut palms and marigolds.

We had a Christmas sermon at 8.30 and the school club (*i.e.* literary society) in the afternoon. The children did splendidly for Third, Second and First-class children. I enjoyed the singing.

It was nearly all Christmas hymns. After the club, instead of having games as I at first planned, we all formed a procession and marched down to the Madivada Malapilly and there we sang our hymns over again. Quite a crowd collected, all who were at home, I think, and a number of Kapus also, and when the singing was over Davidu explained why we keep Christmas.

Going and coming from the village we sang hymns. When we reached home I gave the children their first treat of ursala (native cakes) plantains (banannas) and wood apples. In the evening the teachers took some of the boys to different villages to sing for them, thus Kalasapoody, Cherkada and the Akidu Malapilly also had a Christmas service.

My time between these services was filled by receiving callers as you can well imagine for you have been through enough Christmases in India to know what that means.

The Christians all send very hearty salaams to you all. They remember you in prayer very often.

NEWS FROM INDIA.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

THE ingatherings on Bro. Davis' field continues unabated. In his report for the last quarter of 1903 he writes: "The total number of baptisms for the year is one hundred and twenty-seven—sixty eight for the last quarter. You will see my field is growing. I have baptized in six new villages this year. I am weak in body, and sometimes fear I shall have to take furlough suddenly. So you must not be surprised if I ask for it, but I hope to hold on till 1905. I hear there have been over four hundred and fifty baptisms on our fields this year. To God be the praise.

YELLAMANCHILI.

Dr. Woodburne, who has had charge during the absence of Dr. Smith on furlough, writes of blessing on his hitherto somewhat unresponsive field; "Three were baptized in one village and others are waiting for the ordinance, though we felt it would be wiser to wait a while. We are encouraged and believe there are signs of a real movement on that part of the Yellamanchili field.

TUNI.

On the Tuni field, of which Dr. Woodburne has been in charge, three converts have been baptized and several others await the ordinance.

The presence of Miss Priest at the station makes the burden much lighter for the missionary. The Boys' Boarding School under her direction is doing a good work, and several of the young boys profess conversion. The attendance at the church in Tuni is a very encouraging feature of the work. It is filled every Sunday, and the pastor, Rev. T. Cornelius, is the missionary's right hand man.—*Canadian Baptist.*

LETTER FROM MISS ROBINSON IN THE NORTHWEST BAPTIST.

We arrived in Cocanada the evening of the 2nd inst., and were quite glad to be at the end of our long journey. We met with a most hearty welcome from all the missionaries about. When we came to the Davies Compound here, a burst of song announced to us that the girls of Miss Baskerville's school had planned to do us honor. They were standing in two lines along the drive to the bungalow. As we were driven between the rows, the white clothing of the girls in the brief twilight, together with the sweet notes of their native welcome song, made a most pleasing impression upon us. Such was my first coming to the Harris Bungalow. For ten days I have been at my new work, the study of the Telugu language. It is quite unlike any I have ever attempted hitherto, and rather more difficult, but I presume on better acquaintance it will prove more agreeable. On Saturday last I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Davis as they passed through town. The north-westerners, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Cross and myself, are to spend Christmas day with them at Ramachandrapuram. It seems difficult to believe that Christmas comes next week, when we are wearing summer garments and have doors and windows open day and night. The outer world is beautifully green. As I sit here and look out at the open door nothing but brightness and summer glory greets me. Grass, tropical fruit trees, blue sky and bright sunlight—how different it all is to December in Alberta!

We expect Miss Hatch and Miss McLaurin to-morrow. Dr. and Mrs. Smith were expected in Camalkot to-day. Soon all the missionary "family" will be settled down at "home" and at work again.

You are perhaps wondering what are my impressions of the people, etc., here. Well, the subject is so great that I do not feel equal to its treatment. A walk down through the main bazaar street gives one at first mingled feelings of pleasure in the real oriental picturequeness of the scene, and a sort of tendency to nightmare, the sights and sounds are all so unusual to a sober Canadian.

Cocanada, Dec. 15, 1903.

Our Work at Home.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETING.

THE quarterly meeting of the Board was held at the residence of Mrs. T. M. Harris, Friday, Feb. 12th, at 2 o'clock, Mrs. Freeland presiding. Nineteen were present, including Dr. Pearl Chute, and Mrs. Priest.

The Treasurer reported \$289 less than for the corresponding quarter last year. This may be accounted for by the state of the roads, making it difficult for the treasurers of the country Circles to get their money in.

Mrs. Lloyd was instructed to send a circular letter to the Directors regarding the Bungalow Fund, only \$88 having been received. Dr. Pearl Chute gave some interesting information regarding the mission stations in India.

At the close of the meeting we were joined by the members of the Home Mission Board and an hour or two of very delightful social intercourse enjoyed.

A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

TORONTO—COLLEGE ST.—A large congregation assembled in the parlors of College Street Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, December 8th, 1903, to celebrate the Annual Thank-offering of the Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Circle. Instead of an afternoon meeting and voluntary offerings the members of the Church were presented with dainty programmes to which were attached small silk bags, for their offerings. These were given out a week or so previous and were brought to the meeting. The happy result was the sum of \$70.36, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions, \$35.18 going to each.

An excellent programme was provided. We had with us Mrs. Mimms, who pleaded very earnestly for the work among the North-West Indians; and Dr. Pearl Chute, who gave a most delightful talk on her work in India. Miss Sowerby, Miss Booth and Mrs. Beal, who sang for us, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The meeting closed with short addresses from Drs. Sowerby and Bates.

PAULINE OVENS, *Sec.*

WALKERTON.—The Mission Circle held its Annual Thank-offering meeting in the Church, on the evening of Nov. 16th, the Pastor, Rev. G. A. Brownlee, presiding. The principal feature of the programme was a lecture by the Rev. C. J. Cameron on "Home Missions." The lecture, which was very fully illustrated by

stereopticon views, was very interesting and much appreciated. In bringing out most vividly the hardships of pioneer missionary work, it was well adapted to develop missionary interest.

The attendance was not large but we are pleased to report that the offering was much larger than in any previous year, amounting to \$29.90, from which after expenses were deducted, there was left for missions \$23.

L. K. MORGAN, *Sec.*

MT. FOREST.—Our Mission Circle met on Wednesday, 15th January, at the home of our Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Book. This being our first meeting in the New Year, we made a special effort, and had a "round table." Each member was asked to bring a friend or two, also our husbands' to tea. Held our meeting from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. A lady from the Methodist Church told us some of their work, and one from the Presbyterian gave a short account of their work, also one from the English Church spoke about the work up north among the Esquimaux. Our President, (Rev.) Mrs. Emerson, gave a splendid triple reading on "The Women of the Bible," each of the sisters taking part. We had our usual business. The collection was very good. A few of the gentlemen came in and had tea with us around the table.

ALICE ALLEN, *Sec.*

PAISLEY.—Another year has passed since giving our last report, and as we review the work done, we feel like expressing our thankfulness to God for what He has enabled us to accomplish. Our Circle fees have far exceeded last year. On account of the severe cold weather and sickness among our members we were unable to hold our usual Thank-offering meeting, but we took up our yearly Thanksgiving offering on Sunday, Nov. 22nd, in envelopes. Amount received \$18.40, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. We feel thankful for what we have been permitted to do and trust that more may be accomplished in the year we have entered on.

(MRS.) JESSIE BUCHANAN, *Sec.*

SCOTLAND.—Our Annual Thank-offering meeting was held on November 5th, 1903. It was an open meeting. Mrs. B. Smith, our faithful President, occupied the chair. An interesting programme was given, after which the envelopes containing the offering and a suitable text of Scripture was read. The offering amounted to nearly \$25. We take 14 numbers of the *Visitor* and several copies of the LINK. Our Circle has had its drawback, but still we have made some progress. We do pray that more of our sisters may become interested in our meetings, which are really an inspiration to live more devoted lives.

(MRS.) W. M. MILES.

KENILWORTH AVE., KEW BEACH.—The Circle held their annual Thank-offering meeting on January 28th, which was well attended and full of interest. A Bible reading was given by Mrs. Russell, also Dr. Pearl Chute, so well-known to many, gave a very interesting and stirring address on her "Medical Missionary Work," in Akidu, India. For over an hour she held the rapt attention of the audience as she told of the many cases that come under her care and attention as medical missionary. She urged in eloquent words, the need of a deeper sense of responsibility towards the heathen, and for more money to send those who were ready to go, if only the funds were provided. The Thank-offering amounted to \$12.16. Refreshments were served, and the annual election of officers took place.

ELIZABETH T. SMITH, *Sec.*

NEWS FROM BANDS.

CHATHAM.—(Feb 12th)—The William Street Baptist Church Mission Band has re-organized and held three very successful meetings. Last Saturday we served tea and had forty-two present. A short programme was given and a very social and pleasant time enjoyed at our meeting. The officers are: Mrs. Walters, Pres.; Miss McGuire, 1st Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Burr, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Miss Grenger, Treas. We hope to do a good work in teaching the children about missions and God's love for all people in our own and foreign lands.

MISS TEMISBURG, *Sec.*

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO (WEST).

Receipts from Jan. 16th, 1903, to Feb. 15th, 1904, inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Toronto, Jarvis St., (including \$5 for Bungalow Fund, and \$4.50 for lepers), \$42.18; Warton, \$4; Hamilton, James St., \$10.00; Brantford, Park Ch., \$16.08; Mount Forest, \$7; Ailsa Craig, \$3.75; Brantford, Calvary, \$12; Petrolia, \$7.28; Arkona, \$3.15; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$6.55; Toronto, Ossington Avenue., \$4; Kings, Bethel Church. (\$5.65, Thank-offering), \$9.80; Delhi, \$4.50; St. Catharines, Queen St., (\$12.38 Thank-offering) \$20.33; Ingersol, \$5.35; Toronto, Kenilworth Ave., \$5.53; Wilkesport, \$3.65; Woodstock, Oxford St., (\$6.10 Thank-offering), \$7.75; Collingwood, \$2; Palmerston, \$3; Salford, \$7.95; Meaford, \$1.55; Brantford, First Ch., (for Miss McLeod) \$100; Toronto, Walmer Rd. (\$25 from Miss Mary Craig for Life-membership), \$43.50; York Mills, \$3; Bothwell, \$3; Aylmer (\$10.75, towards Life-membership), \$19.75; Toronto, Beverley

St., (\$17 for Pendurji John), \$28.48; Toronto, Olivet, \$4.55; Selkirk, \$4; Wingham, \$2.40; Toronto, College St., \$27.95; Wallaceburg, \$3.10; Malahide & Bayham, \$10. Total, \$437.13.

FROM BANDS.—Baker Hill, 80 cts.; East Toronto, (for Nakka Yakobu), \$10; St. Catharines, Queen St., (for Appikatta Anandario), \$5; Arkona, \$1.75; Walkerton, (for Vinakoti Mary), \$6; Port Arthur, (for Bolivia Mission), \$5; Brantford, 1st Ch., (\$4 for Bungalow Fund, \$13 for Dasyam Paradesi) \$17; Peterboro', Murray St., (\$15.75 for Tota Maryama) \$18.75; Harrow, \$2; Markham, 2nd, \$6; Toronto, Western (for student) \$17; Hamilton, Herkimer St., (for Thuluru Anamma) \$11.20. Total, \$100.50.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. Fenton, (for Mr. Chute's new boat), \$1; Miss Lida Pratt, (to make her mother Mrs. Wm. Pratt, a Life-member), \$25; Hamilton, James St., J. C. E., for Degala Chinma, \$12; Mrs. Anderson, Bobcaygeon, 75 cts. Total, \$38.75.

DISBURSEMENTS.—By cheque to General Treasurer, on account estimates, \$611.33; *Extras*—for lepers, Jarvis St. M. C., \$4.50, Waterford, M.B.; \$1.80; Mr. Chutes' new boat, Mrs. Fenton, \$1. Total, \$618.63.

Total receipts during the month - - - \$576 38
Total disbursements during the month - \$618 63

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

Total receipts since Oct. 21, 1903 - - \$3,137 20
Total disbursements since Oct. 21, 1903 \$3,704 70

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Disbursement.—By General Treasurer for Dr. Gertrude Hulet - - - - - \$41 67

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Total receipts since Oct. 21, 1903 - - \$ 7 20
Total disbursements since Oct. 21, 1903 - \$166 68

EVA NASMITH,

Treasurer pro tem.

14 Maitland St., Toronto.

GIVE AND LIVE.

"The sun is for ever pouring his gold
On a thousand worlds that buy and borrow:
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his cargoes of precious light,
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give is to live.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the needs of a human brother,
He doubles the length of his life-long ride,
Who yields his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his,
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny is to die."

Youths' Department.

GOD WILL UNDERSTAND.

They brought their flowers to the altar,

Blossoms of white and red,
Lillies and violets and roses

The sweetest of perfumes shed ;
While none of the rich and mighty

Who lavished their gifts that day,
Took heed to a child among them
That timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar
And there, 'neath a lily's crown,

With tender, reverent fingers
She laid her offering down,
And said to a curious question,
As the flowers dropped from her hand,
"It is only a little daisy,
But God will understand."

Sweet childish faith ! Oh, teach us
Our little best to give,
Though the works of others are greater
Than the humble life we live.

To offer our grateful service
Forever with loving hand,
Safe in the blest assurance
That God will understand.

—*Elizabeth Watson.*

MORE ABOUT JAPAN.

BESIDES the gods I told you of in the January LINK, the people of Japan almost worship a very high mountain named Fuji-san. Groups of pilgrims every year climb up its sides saying their prayers as they go. Each carries a staff on which more prayers are written. Then they chant words that mean "a pure heart ! a pure heart !" and wash themselves at every pool or stream to make them clean. They do not know about the precious blood of Jesus, God's Son, that cleanseth from all sin. They stay all night on this mountain watching for the rising sun to appear that they may greet it with bowed heads and clasped hands.

Prayer-wheels turned by wind-mills are on the road-side, atoning for the sins committed in some former life. A shelf may be seen in every heathen home whether the people are rich or poor. On this is put a small box formed of paper slips. These contain the words, "Ten thousand prayers." This is the family altar where prayers are daily recited for the benefit of dead relations whose photographs are the objects of worship. In former times tablets inscribed with the names of departed loved ones were used instead of their photographs. The Japanese

people believe that souls on leaving the dead bodies pass into some animal, so they eat only fruit and vegetables, for if they were to kill an animal to get meat, it might disturb the soul of some loved one.

People get drunk in Japan, the same as in Canada, with a drink called *sake* made from rice, but it does not make those who drink it quite as savage as our strong drinks do. Cats in Japan have no tails, and dogs are fierce as wolves. No sheep can live in Japan as the grass is too rough and coarse for their food. The farmers yoke oxen to their ploughs which are made of wood. The servants have their bodies tattooed with faces and figures of men and birds or of the great mountain Fuji-san. The boys and girls wear white socks with a place for the great toe like the thumb on your mitten. Over these they wear clogs or wooden shoes held on by a strap over the great toe. The boys do not count the day they were born as their birthday but all celebrate the fifth day of the fifth month, when a rod or pole containing a big fish, made of paper, flutters over each doorway. The girls keep the third day of the third month as their "feast of dolls." The baby of a home is always strapped on the back of an older brother or sister who plays in the streets while the baby's head bobs up and down in a way that would shock our careful mothers. Babies in heathen lands do not get the tender care our babies do. You know in China girl-babies are often thrown out in the streets at night and an old cart drives around each morning and takes them off. The women take a great deal of trouble in doing up their hair, but then leave it alone for a week, resting at night on a wooden pillow covered with a small cushion so their hair will not get tossed. Do you see that man with two pails of water on the ends of a bamboo pole which he carries on his shoulders? He takes the place of a water-cart for the dusty streets of a city in Japan. A little crack half way around the bottom of each pail lets out a stream of water on each side of the path as he trots along with a swinging motion. Many other strange sights, some sad and some amusing, I could tell you if we had room for a longer article. God grant that the day may soon come when the story of Jesus Christ our Saviour may be told all over Japan and save the children.

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, February, 1904.

W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. J. I. Bates, Amherst, N.S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—*Tekkali, for a manifestation of the Spirit's power upon its missionaries, and helpers, that they may be used in the conversion of souls. For the officers of the W. M. A. Societies.*

EVENING PRAYER.

Take unto Thyself, O, Father!
This folded day of Thine.
This weary day of mine,
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
O, still the jar and fret!
Father! do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine.

Breathe thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine,
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved Thee
On this day of Thine!

—E. S. Phelps.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

*A meditation on Mark 10: 32, by the late Miss Amy Johnstone.

I had been a long weary journey from the North, down by the Jordan, stopping every now and then where the crowd gathered, bringing their sick for one touch of His all-healing hand; or, while He preached to them of things pertaining to the Kingdom; sermons, that, as He neared His journey's end, seemed to grow more and more solemn, laden as it were with the air of eternity.

We can almost see the company, the Master in the midst, the disciples as close as possible, and the great crowd following behind. As they near the holy city we lose sight of the multitude. Christ seems to be alone with the twelve, and then, somehow, from being in the midst, He suddenly takes the lead, and even Peter, awed, follows in silence. "Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed they were afraid." It could not have been the first time that they were amazed. All along His

wondrous works and words must have excited their wonder, but now it is different. He speaks no word, apparently, at first. There must have been something in His manner or face which separated them from Him. They could not enter into the anguish of His soul.

We have seen people in great sorrow, whose grief was so great that it seemed impossible to come near them—a grief without tears or words. The Master was enduring agony such as never had been nor shall be. Was He not as man, realizing more and more the awfulness of the trial before Him? Did He not feel a terrible loneliness coming over Him? He had tried to tell His disciples what should happen; but they understood not. He had not the comfort we have of telling our sorrows to sympathizing ears. Often the very telling of them brings relief, and He was man. What strange and incommunicable thoughts must have filled Him, as the weight of a world's guilt was pressing Him down, with the shadows of Calvary and Death deepening at every step! And then the physical agony. Death by crucifixion was attended with unspeakable suffering. We shudder at pain, even with every appliance for relief. He knew that His pain must last till death, that He must tread "the winepress alone." And then the withdrawing of His Father's face from Him; no words can express the horror and anguish that must have filled His soul. Perhaps there would come the thoughts of a redeemed people, bought by all this agony. No wonder that seeing this agony depicted on His face—an agony blended with a holy, awful joy—the disciples were amazed and afraid.

The more we think of it, the more it seems that we must "take our shoes from off our feet; for the place whereon we stand is holy ground." Then He took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen to Him? Only for a little while the terrible dread and loneliness overpowered Him. He was in sight of

* The above was written by Miss Johnstone, when comparatively a young girl, and was sent to the LINK by one to whom she was very dear, with the hope that it may comfort and help others, so that she being dead, may yet speak.

Jerusalem. "They were in the way going up." There is comfort for us here. We too, are "in the way going up," with this difference: He was going to a cross, we to a crown. But as we journey upward, I do not think He goes so much "before," as at our side. He tells us of His love for us—His suffering and death on our behalf. Have we not sometimes felt, "Well, if others have borne, we can bear?" With *Him* we can. He holds us by the hand; and seems only to look sad when we relax our hold. We are often amazed; but it is at the love and tender patience seen in every line of His face. He often says no word. But do we need it?

Have we not sometimes held the hand of an earthly friend, whom we loved very much, and in whom we placed the fullest confidence, and felt that the silence between us was more than any words? But hush! the thoughts this verse suggests are too holy, too awful to write or speak. Let each soul meditate on it, and take all the comfort the Master meant for it to bring. He has nothing to tell us now of what "things shall happen unto Him." When He speaks it is of the "Jerusalem above;" the city where there is no more loneliness, or sorrow. When He looks upon us, His very look will say, "Fear not, my child, I have loved you." He will hold us with the right hand of His righteousness, and point across the river to where we may catch a glimpse of the city with its jewelled walls, one blaze of light, although no sun is there. Let us hold tight this loving hand a little longer; no harm can come to either guide or guided. He will never lose His grasp of us. Soon very soon He will present us to His Father. Let us be still and wait.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

There comes a call to me for a message from Palcondah the field that was last set apart from this one. So, suppose we all turn back the pages of life's book till we come to 1887, and then you all join Mr. Archibald and myself in a trip to that part of the world. There is a very good road from this station; but we will go in bullock carts, which mode of transit is still in vogue. We must be off by six p.m., so will have an early dinner and get on board. These night journeys always remind me of a sentence in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "On, on, on, they travel; up hills and down valleys, through long, dark

stretches of woodland," but here, there is no cooling woodland, and in this part of the country, few hills and valleys.

But here is the daylight, and we will all have a walk in the cool of the morning, and add, an extra touch to the dust that already covers us.

The town is quite near, and over yonder are some real hills where the Savaras live. The travellers' bungalow is vacant, so we will take possession at once, get cleaned up, and have some breakfast. While at our bread and butter, I may as well tell you that this field contains 490 square miles, 212,000 people, and 470 villages, while this town of Palcondah has about 10,000 of a population. It has had a few visits from missionaries, but to our eyes there is no ray of Gospel light among these villages, and darkness prevails over the land. We will go out and tell the people of the Light of the World, and over and over again, the same story is told. Within the next two or three years, you will come here several times with us, and now we find a man, in whose heart the Spirit has done a work, through a portion of Scripture, the Psalms, which has come into his hands. After much trial, he is baptized, and look at him now with the shackles off, God's free man, with his tongue loosed, and a new song in his mouth. We repeat our visit, and the son of the man, with some others have come over to the Lord's side, and after much hard work, here is a small Mission House waiting for the coming man.

One disappointment follows another, and the man does not come, and we are obliged to repeat our visits for some years. But don't you remember, that we made our last visit to Palcondah last February, and now the missionary has been here long enough, to have his work well in hand, has spent many a hard lonely day among the villages, and has seen a church of thirty members grow into some measure of active life. Mr. Hardy, for he is the man, is physically strong, and is full of earnestness and devotion, so spares not himself in any way.

After his first two years out here, a dear helper came to him, who soon passed on to the glory land. But her hand is still upon him, and her memory enthuses him, and the unseen and eternal, seem to be the living and abiding.

I hope Mr. Hardy has many friends among you, and that you often talk of him to bring him near, and take his name, and his work in prayer to the Father.

He has recently been down visiting some fields of the American Mission, of which you may hear more later, but he saw one field double the size of his own, where there was only half as many people, as are in his.

This means a broader responsibility, and a more determined opposition to the truth. Mr. Hardy climbs the hills to reach the Savaras and tramps the country in every direction, thinking little of weather, food or comfort, if he can only find a listening ear, and a hungry heart for the Gospel. But the same heartache, that has come to us all is laying hold of him, and by day and by night he pours out his heart in yearning inquiry to God, as to why the fruitage does not come. Both he and we are far from feeling that there is no blessing, but thirty Christians to 212,000 idolaters makes scarcely a visible impression. No loss, no trial would count, if God's power to save were only more largely manifested. Do you think about Mr. Hardy, and try to picture his long, lonely walk, and his oft-times weariness, as he comes to his empty house, and pray, that God will so manifest His power on the Palcondah field, that his soul will continuously be filled with joy and triumph? Pray that the idols may be utterly abolished, and that men's hearts may fear before the Lord, and that they may be led to cry out, "what must I do to be saved."

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Chicacole, Dec., 1903.

A word of cheer comes to us from Tekkali through the columns of the *Messenger* and *Visitor*. Seven were baptized at Tekkali the last Sunday in December, one of whom was the young son of Missionary Higgins." Let us remember our prayer topic this month as we speak to God.

From Bimlipatam comes the news that Mr. and Mrs. Gullison, by the advice of physicians, take their furlough this year, instead of next. We trust that to them, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. Corey, the absence from India may bring renewed strength for further service.

The most hopeful thing that I see in the messages from India, is the great volume of prayer that is ascending from multitudes of true hearts, for a mighty revival in that land. May the Lord speedily answer and revive His work there and here, and throughout this needy world.

F. E. BOGGS.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Amounts received during quarter ending Jan. 31, '04.

CR.		F. M.	H. M.	Total.
Received from W. M. A. S.:				
New Brunswick	\$341.54	\$120.60	\$462.14	
Nova Scotia	906.03	373.08	1279.11	
P. E. Island	54.27	51.08	105.35	
"Tidings"			9.01	
Reports			7.75	
"Leaflets"			9.47	
			\$1,872.83	
DR.				
Paid Treas. F. M. Board			\$2,168.75	
" " N. W. Missions			180.00	
" " Indian work			90.00	
" " N. S. and P. E. I., H. M.			180.00	
" " N. B., H. M.			85.00	
" Printing and postage, Annual Reports			59.38	
" " "Leaflets"			5.60	
" " "Tidings"			17.00	
" Provincial Secretary, Nova Scotia			5.00	
" " " New Brunswick			4.00	
" Co. Secretary			5.60	
" Postage M. B. "Leaflets"			5.00	
" Drafts, discounts, postage			4.10	
			\$2,809.43	

MARY SMITH,

Treas. W. B. M. U.

Amherst, Feb. 1st, 1904.

CRUSADE DAY.

THE Amherst W. M. A. S. observed Crusade Day by a house to house visitation during the afternoon. The open meeting arranged for the evening was postponed until December 10th, when an excellent programme was carried out. One helpful feature was the reading of a paper prepared by Miss Hume, for the Woodstock Convention on "Our Great Commission." A paper read by one of the members of Mrs. Smith's Mission Band, is given below. Collection \$10.54.

"BENARES."

To the Hindu Benares is the most sacred place on earth. They claim it was once gold which was turned into mud and stone.

Benares is on the northern banks of the Ganges. It is the most picturesque city in India, with its many palaces, temples and mosques. The streets in the city are narrow and winding. The houses are quite lofty a number being seven stories. The upper stories

often project so that houses on opposite sides of the street are sometimes joined by bridges. Many buildings are very beautiful, the finest being Queen's College. To this city come throngs of Hindus; old and young, rich and poor, and in all conditions, to worship.

No matter how wicked they are, or what terrible sin they have committed they believe washing in the Ganges will cleanse them. No matter what wickedness they have done, they will go to bliss if they die in Benares.

From our mission one young man was forced by his people, two or three times to travel over a thousand miles to be washed in the Ganges. They said this was the only way to be forgiven, because he had confessed his love for Christ and not to believe in idols.

Some walk, or even crawl on their hands for miles during a hot season, and thus suffer much and the sick die on the way. They think if they die on the north side of the river they will go to their heaven, if on the south, their ashes will be animals at their next birth.

Near Durgar, or as it is called the Monkey Temple, is the Well of Knowledge. The stench of this well is something dreadful. All persons are expected to have at least one drink out of this dirty well.

Benares is called the City of Temples, and is said to contain more idols than human beings. Images of all kinds appear, some small, some large, some gold or silver, mud, or stone. These may be of gods like men; or animals of all kinds; some sickening to look at.

We as a Mission Band, try to help to send the Gospel to India, so that the people will learn of Christ's blood as the purifier instead of the foul waters of the Ganges.

CARRIE M. HASTINGS,
Amherst Mission Band.

EXTRACTS.

You will live to recognize the wisdom of God's choice for you. You will one day see that the thing that you wanted was only second best. You will be surprised to remember that you once broke your heart nearly and spilt the wine of your life for what would never have satisfied you. You will meet again your beloved. You will have again your love. You will become possessed of a depth of character, a breadth of sympathy, a fund of patience, an ability to understand and help others, which as you lay them at Christ's

feet for him to use, will make you glad that you were afflicted; joy will yet come out of your sorrow.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

Under the laws of Providence, life is a probation, probation is a succession of temptations temptations are emergencies, and for emergencies we need the preparation, and the safe-guard of prayer.—*Phelps.*

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the last day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows every day as doomsday.—*Emerson.*

I am convinced that, while our work needs re-er-forcing, while we need more funds to carry it on, all these needs are secondary. There is one primary need, and that is prayer. This work is not merely that of impressing upon the Chinese the intellectual superiority of the faith that we profess; not merely showing that the morality of Christianity is higher than the morality of Confucianism and Buddhism, or any other of these faiths. We go out to fight against the great enemies of God and mankind, against the powers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places; and for that service, for that warfare, if we are to be strong, it must be you at home who will make us strong. As long as your hearts and hands are uplifted to God in earnest supplication, just so long will victory be ours.—*F. Howard Taylor.*

We remember to have heard a prominent missionary affirm that when he arrived in India less than fifty years ago there were not in his mission field of 17,000,000 people, 17 women that could read a line of any language. Now in that province there are scores of high-schools and at least one college for women, and the university is graduating young women every year. One single mission school we know of has sent out over 1,000 fairly well-educated married women into many parts of the province. The same is substantially true of nearly every province in the empire; thousands of Christian girls, and of non-Christians, too, are receiving from missionaries a good practical education saturated with instruction that is making them wise unto salvation. Omniscience alone can estimate what the fruit of this work shall be.—*Indian Witness.*