

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA INDIA

The Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light
And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

MARCH, 1901.

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1901.

| No. 7

MISS BASKERVILLE.—It is very necessary that Miss Baskerville have a complete rest from public speaking from this time till May or June, so will Circles, Bands and churches not ask her to speak.

J. BUCHAN.

CIRCLES AND BANDS IN EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.—The first Thursday in April (the 4th inst.) was appointed a day of prayer for our missions at home and in the foreign field. It is very desirable that all Circles in this society make a point of keeping the day in some manner. Where it is practicable, let the President call the members of the Circle together and spend an hour asking for renewed blessing on our work, remembering that "all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive."

E. C. A.

BOARD MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board was held in the Board room, Friday, Feb. 15th, at 2 p. m., Mrs. Booker presiding. Seventeen members were present.

Mrs. Newman reported for the Prayer Circle, a large number of copies had been printed at considerable expense. It was impossible to have photographs of the missionaries owing to the increased expense. Will not the Presidents of the Circles do their utmost to have these on hand at the monthly meetings until each member is provided with one. As repeated, urgent requests had come from India for two young ladies to be sent out this fall, one a fully qualified teacher to take charge of the Timpany Memorial School, while Miss Folsom is home on furlough, members of the Board had been making it a matter of special prayer, that the right one would be led to offer herself for this important position, that it might be God's choice not ours. This prayer was abundantly answered, when Miss A. Grace Iler, B. A., of Ridgeway, Ont., wrote to the Board asking to be sent to India as our missionary. Miss Iler took her Arts course at McMaster, graduating in 1898, one of

the most brilliant students of her year. She then spent a year at the Normal College, Hamilton, Ont., and out of one hundred and fifty students was one of two to take honors. She possesses character, scholarship, and zeal. Miss Iler is filling the important position of mathematical teacher at Moulton College.

The Board esteems it a great privilege to send Miss Iler to join our band of consecrated workers in India. The money for her passage out (\$350) has been provided by a member of the Board.

An application has been received from another young lady, also well fitted, who has been preparing herself for mission work at Mrs. Osborne's Training School for Missionaries. The Board is exceedingly anxious to make the second appointment but cannot do so owing to lack of funds.

An invitation was received from the Jarvis Street Circle for the next Convention to meet there this fall. Twenty-five years ago the Woman's Baptist Foreign Mission Society was organized in Jarvis Street Church. It is fitting that the twenty-fifth annual meeting should be held there.

A very cordial invitation was also received from the Hamilton Circles, this we hope to accept in 1902.

A. MOYLE, *Rec.-Sec.*

UNITED STUDY OF MISSIONS

SECOND LESSON.

THE CENTURY IN INDIA.

- I. A five-minute paper on the condition of India at the close of the eighteenth century.
 - (a) Religious and political situation.
 - (b) Later changes and reforms. (Reference book, No. 1.)
- II. The entrance of various British and American societies into India.
 - (a) The early missionaries. Some notable names: The Serampore Trio, The Judsons in Burma, Heber and Cotton, Souder, Lowrie and Newton, Gordon Hall and Harriet Newell. (Reference, Nos. 4, 5, and 9.)
 - (b) The location and growth of these societies.
- III. The mutiny, 1857, and its effect on missionary efforts. (Reference, No. 7.)

- IV. Missionary methods generally used in India, with five-minute talks on (a) Educational missions as introduced by Duff, Anderson and Wilson, and as conducted at present. (Reference books, Nos. 2, 12.)
- (b) Medical missions. (Reference, No. 2, 10, 13.)
- (c) The development of Christian literature. (Reference, No. 2.)
- (d) Evangelistic missions. (Reference, No. 2.)
- (e) Beginning of woman's work in India. (Reference, No. 2, 6, 10.)
- V. Summary of the results of the century of missionary effort. This may be given on a chart or blackboard in the form of a comparison.

1800.

1900.

(Reference book, No. 2.) Statistical tables.

Books of Reference.

1. "The Conversion of India," by George Smith. Published by Revell. This contains all that is really necessary for the programme, with the exception of latest statistics, which may be found in
2. "Report of the Ecumenical Conference."
3. Thoburn's "India and Malaysia." Eaton and Mains.
4. "The Lives of Carey." Marshman and Ward.
5. "The Life of Judson." Baptist Society Publication.
6. "The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," by Mrs. Marcus Fuller. Revell.
7. Butler's "Land of the Vedas." Eaton and Mains.
8. "Indika," by Hurst. Harper.
9. "The Cross in the Land of the Trident," by Beach.
10. "Within the Purdah," Armstrong. Eaton and Mains.
11. "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by Dennis. Revell.
12. "Life of Duff."
13. "Medical Missions," by John Lowe.

NOTE.—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 12 can be borrowed from the "Circulating Library" in care of Mrs. C. W. King, 80 Amelia Street, Toronto. Any book loaned two months for 6c.; also "Murdered Millions," (Mid.), "Serampore Letters," "Our Eastern Sisters," "Hindu Women," "What India can Teach us," "India" by Gracey. The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions," "Historical Sketches of Woman's Missionary Societies," "History of Telugu Mission."

ANTI-FOREIGN CRUSADES IN CHINA.

Extracts from an article in the *Missionary Review*.

THE EXCITING CAUSES OF THE OUTBREAK IN CHINA.

I have spoken of the long-cherished idea of casting the hated white man out of China as the cause of the present outbreak. In conclusion I should like to refer to the causes which have given life and motion to the idea in the present instance. Many years ago Prince Kung attributed "all causes of serious international disagreement to missionary propagandism ;"

and the officials of to day are doing the same thing. It is an official convenience to do so. It is convenient for them, for instance, to say that the Boxer movement sprang from missionary troubles, and thus shift the blame from their own shoulders to the shoulders of the missionaries and their converts. Superficial observers among foreigners also find in this hypothesis a very easy solution of the problem, while our enemies are only too ready to welcome it as a proof of the soundness of their views on missions. And yet nothing can be further from the truth. What had missionary propagandism to do with bringing about the Opium war of 1839-1842. What had missionary propagandism to do with bringing about the Arrow war in 1858? Absolutely nothing.

This is our third war with China (we do not call it so, but it is so, nevertheless), and I am prepared to maintain that among the exciting causes missionary propagandism stands last and least. Missions were attacked by the Boxers in Shantung in 1899. The converts were persecuted in many places, and one missionary was actually put to death. But the movement was a feeble one at the time, and might have been easily stamped out, had the governor, the infamous Yu Hsein, been so minded. He, however, saw in the "Patriotic Volunteer Trained Bands," as the Boxers are otherwise called, the very instrument which the reactionary party needed in order to start an anti-foreign crusade. Hence his tender care of the Boxers, and the undisguised heartiness with which he encouraged them in their evil designs on the missionaries and native Christians in the Shantung province. The Boxer movement had for its aim the extermination of everything foreign, and the casting out of all foreigners, and hence its attraction to Yu Hsien and to every member of there actionary party, not excluding the Empress Dowager herself.

As to the real exciting causes, we have not to go far in order to find them. They are :

1. The annexation of Formosa by the Japanese.
2. The seizure of Kiou-Chou by Germany.
3. The acquisition of Port Arthur and Taliénwan by Russia, of Wei-Hai-Wei by England, and of Kwang-Chou by France.
4. The claims to "spheres of influence," leading to protectorates, and ultimately to absorption.
5. The construction of railways and the opening of mines by foreign syndicates.
6. The reform movement, which strikes at the very foundations of the existing order of things.

These are the things which have raised the Chinese idea into activity. To the Conservative party, both at Peking and in the provinces, it seemed as if the European nations had made up their minds to parcel out the empire among themselves, not leaving to the Chinese a square mile which they could call their own. "What shall we do to deliver our country from the hands of the enemy, and to preserve our

national existence?" That seems to have been the all-absorbing question with these men, a question forced upon them not by the missionary, but by foreign governments, not by missionary propagandism, but by earth-hunger which has taken possession of the nations.

That is, I sincerely believe, the true explanation of this uprising, in so far as the *exciting* causes are concerned. The fact that more missionaries have suffered than any other class of foreigners, is to be put down to the obvious fact that they were more numerous, more exposed, and more defenseless. Other foreigners, placed in similar circumstances, have suffered in the same way, and even our ministers, at Peking, and all the members of the legations, would have perished, had the Empress Dowager and her party succeeded in their intentions. The fact that mission property had been extensively destroyed counts for nothing. Even legations have been destroyed, railways torn up, and railway stations burned to the ground. In this movement no distinction has been made between the missionary and any other foreigner, between missionary property and any other property. The aim has been to drive out the *foreigner*, no matter who he may be, and to destroy his belongings, no matter what they may be.

THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

One word about the missionaries in China. I do not think it necessary to defend the missionaries at length against the many false and vulgar charges brought against them these days. But there is one question which I have often put to myself, namely, "What would have been the Chinese impression of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of the West, had the Chinese people never seen a Christian missionary, never heard a Christian sermon, and never read a Christian book?" The missionaries in China represent all that is highest and best in the religious and social life of Christendom, and as such they are respected more highly by the people than any other class of foreigners. They have among the people tens of thousands of genuine *friends*, among whom there are multitudes who would lay down their lives in their defense. Of what other class of foreigners in China could this be said? Other foreigners are here solely for their own ends—their own selfish purposes; and the Chinese know it only too well. The missionaries are here for the good of China, and the Chinese are not altogether ignorant of the fact. Speaking of the Protestant missionary, I can say emphatically that the masses of the people do not hate the missionary, and the longer he lives among them the more friendly do they become. After having lived at this centre nearly forty years, and having traveled extensively over the provinces, I find that the people become more and more friendly every day.

The fact is, the missionaries are emphatically the friends of the people, and the people are becoming more and more convinced of the fact every day. The missionaries are more than religious teachers; they are benefactors in every sense of the term. The poor are taught in their schools, the sick are healed in their hospitals, and the helpless are helped by them in manifold ways. The Chinese are indebted to them, not only for their knowledge of Christianity, but also for nearly all the scientific knowledge of which they can boast. They are earnest, hard-working men, who are trying in every possible way to pour into this dark land the light of truth. Taking the Protestant missionaries all in all, it would be impossible to find a class of men more earnest, more circumspect, more hard-working, and more devoted to their life purpose. They are not perfect, but they are true men, and they love China. They love China for Christ's sake, and their one ambition is to promote the well-being of her people. Of what other class of foreigners in China could this be said? Where are the foreigners in China, outside the missionary circle, who even profess to love the Chinese, or whose business it is to promote their good? Take the missionary out of China, and you rob the people of their one true disinterested friend. The Chinese as a people may not recognize the fact to day, but it is a fact nevertheless, and the day is coming when they will recognize it gladly and thankfully.

THE OUTLOOK.

I do not take a depressing view of the present situation in China, but the very reverse. I believe that there is to be a new China, and that the agonies through which China is now passing are mere throes preceding a new birth. The new China will be a different one from the old one in many respects. It will be all athirst for Western lore, Western methods, and Western improvements of every kind. The empire will be open as never before to commerce and civilization. Mines will be opened, and the land will be covered with railways and public roads. Above all, the hitherto closed doors will be thrown wide open to the Gospel, and the hearts of the people will be better prepared than ever for the reception of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. We are on the eve of a brighter day in China than the people have ever known. This has been a dark hour; but the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

One of the secretaries of one of the oldest of our missionary societies writes that a gentleman has just called to ask him, if it was not his opinion that these troubles would not effectually prevent the resumption of mission work in China for a very long time; my friend adds that it really seems as if many people have the idea that the government should step in and forbid missionaries to enter China again. The "many people" spoken of by my friend are, I

imagine, Christian people, friends of missions. They feel, I suppose, that the sacrifice of so many lives in the cause of Christ in behalf of China, is too great a waste—is an extravagant demand on the resources of the Christian Church. What a strange conception of the Church, of its place and mission in the world! What about the tens of thousands of lives that have been sacrificed in South Africa, within one year, on behalf of the British empire! What would the Christian Church in Europe have been without her confessors and martyrs! Was it to be expected that the conquest of China would be achieved without the Cross and the Crown of Thorns? Was there not a need for this terrible baptism of fire and blood with which the native Church in China is being baptized?

Missionaries resume their work! Of course they will, and with as little delay as possible. I am hoping that within a short time *most* of the mission stations will be reoccupied, and that before long *all* will be in full working order. There is not a merchant in China who talks about these troubles as likely to prevent the resumption of trade, but the reverse. Men of business are looking into the future with new hope, and are laying plans with the expectation of good developments in every direction. Shall the missionary fall behind the merchants? Shall he be less daring, less ambitious? Think of the government stepping in and forbidding merchants entering China again on account of these troubles! The thing is too absurd to be thinkable. We, the missionaries, have no intention of backing out of China, and there is not a government in the world that can keep us out, or that dares to make the attempt.

Moreover, the societies can not abandon China without condemning China to sin and perdition.

The great need of China to-day is vital religion. What the Chinese need, above all else, is a heavenly principle that shall infuse a new moral and spiritual life into the nation, a mighty power that shall transform them in their inmost being, a Divine inspiration that shall create within their breast aspirations after holiness and eternal life. In other words, what they need is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Apart from Christianity I can see no hope for China. There is no power in the religious systems of the country to develop a holy character, a true manhood. China can not advance in the path of true progress without a complete change in the religious life of the nation. It is Christ alone who can lead in the glorious dawn of the Chinese renaissance; the new birth of a mighty nation to liberty and righteousness, and ever-expanding civilization. Feeling this to be true, in our heart of hearts, we, the missionaries, have come to China to preach Christ, unto one a stumbling-block and unto another foolishness, but unto them that are called, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. This is our work, and woe to us if we turn our backs on it.

There is one fact that cheers my heart greatly as I

think of the future, namely that we shall have in China as a result of this terrible trial, a purer, stronger, a nobler Church than we had before. We shall have also a Church wonderfully qualified for witness bearing. The Chinese have been looking upon the Christians as "rice converts." It will be more difficult for them to look upon the Christians in that light after the splendid proofs they have given of their perfect sincerity during these four months of testing. The Church in China has passed through one of the severest persecutions with which the Christian Church has ever been tried, and we know that thousands of converts have faced suffering and death in their most appalling forms, rather than deny their faith in the Lord who brought them. Yes, the Church in China can stand to-day before the whole world, Christian and heathen, as a witness-bearing church, and say: "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear branded on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Let the people of God in Christian lands be of good courage. These troubles in China will soon be over, and the demand for missionaries will be greater than ever. China will soon be prepared for the churches; *will the churches be prepared for China?* May God so move the Christians at home that they shall be prepared to joyfully undertake the new duties and responsibilities which the new China shall devolve upon them.

A CENTURY'S DAWN.

Far flames abroad a century's dawn;
Its sapphire depths may nothing mar;
Let earthly mists be all withdrawn,
And Christ the new sky's Morning Star.

We treasure gems from all the past,
All heroes' souls of light and fire;
We breathe their inspiration vast,
To concord with their Lord aspire.

Now upward, onward, Heavenward run,
And into Christ's full stature grow;
The Morning Star becomes a sun;
Beatitudes from worship flow.

The day-dawn sings. The noon-tide comes.
Our God Himself our dwelling place,
In His High House are many homes
For all who, contrite, seek His face.

With cherubim and seraphim,
Hosannas lift to God on high;
Let all our accents echo Him
Whose Right Hand is our panoply

—Joseph Cook.

NORTH CHINA MISSION.

THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Ament, of the American Board of Commissioners, wrote from Peking, August 28, speaking especially of the character and condition of the native Christians who have passed through the siege. The

testimony which he gives as to their steadfastness and courage, even unto death, is very striking. He writes:—

"We have now a martyr church in North China. Of our 700 Christians, over half of them have been chopped to pieces by Boxers, and of them all, we know of the whereabouts of less than two hundred. Daily our poor shivering refugees are coming in with their tales of woe. They have been scattered on the mountain-sides, hiding in the caves or in the high grain, where they were burned by the sun and wet with the rains. It has been a terrible experience. From June 20 to August 14 we were penned in the British Legation, 800 foreigners and nearly 3,000 Chinese, Catholic and Protestant Christians in houses near by. Of over 400 soldiers, sixty-two were killed and 132 wounded. So you see our losses of fighting men were about 25 per cent. We all came out of the legation with scurvey in our mouths, owing to our insufficient food supply. No missionary was injured, except Rev. Gilbert Reid, who received a flesh wound.

"Outside of the legation during these two months, our poor Christians were being harried in a way unexampled in church history. In some way the house of one of our deacons was left unburned. That is the only house of 700 Christians that I know which is not burned. To-day one little boy turned up, the last of a family of seven children: father and mother being killed also. Many of our people went to their death like heroes. Our Brother Hsieh of the North Church requested that he might put on his best clothes as he was going to the palace of the King. They dug out his heart to find the secret of his courage. Our farmer Christians were obliged to give up the deeds of their land before they were killed. It was the aim of the Boxers literally to extirpate the Church.

"We have with us about 160 Christians, nearly all who are left of our five churches. We have gathered in grain from abandoned shops and houses, and our people will have enough to eat and wear for the winter, if we are left alone. The Boxer rage has spent its force, but it means that one must start practically *de novo* in North China. In the division of the city for police purposes, we come under Russian jurisdiction, for which I am sorry, as the Russian soldiers are lawless and lustful. I have almost daily encounters to protect our Christian women from wandering Russian soldiers.

"August 28 will be a great day in Chinese history, as for the first time foreign troops entered and passed through the Forbidden City. We had an advantageous position on the Coal-hill and saw the soldiers of Russia, Japan, England, France, Germany, United States, Austria and Italy march through those precincts never before trodden by western men. The city was not looted and will be kept locked up. It was saddening to see an old empire thus humiliated,

but China deserves her fate and we cannot mourn that her glories are departed."—*Missionary Herald*.

A MISSIONARY ROUND TABLE.

S. W. Hitherington.

"You must attend our Missionary Round Table while you are here" said my hostess, the enthusiastic president of the Middleton W. F. M. S.

"Round Table!" I exclaimed. "What is that? I have heard of societies, circles, bands, etc., but this is the first time I have heard of a Round Table in connection with missionaries."

"We'll go to one this coming Friday," was the reply, "and you'll see it in working order."

I must say my curiosity was excited, and on the day appointed I gladly went with my friend to a distant part of the city where the Round Table met.

"When we first organized," said Mrs. Price, "we met in the parlor of the Church, but for the last year we have had our meetings in the parlors of the different members."

After a somewhat long walk we arrived at a pleasant home, and were ushered by the smiling maid into a parlor half filled with sweet-faced, earnest-looking ladies. Some others came, and promptly at three o'clock, the president rose to open the meeting. The reading of an appropriate selection from scripture was followed by several short fervent prayers, and then the president called for letters from our workers abroad. This Round Table was favored in having among its regular attendants the Conference secretary of the W. F. M. S., and letters sent to her from the foreign field, were retained and read to the ladies before being sent to other places. On this occasion two letters were read full of interesting facts that thrilled the hearts of all present.

Each member then contributed an item or a story gathered from her reading the previous week.

This gave the timid an opportunity to use their voices, and also furnished appropriate topics for conversation, which I noticed was bright and lively, and certainly much higher toned than the talk usually indulged in by women in their social gatherings.

The president held in her hand the latest number of the *Missionary Friend*, and gave a running comment on the contents of the new number, stimulating the interest of subscribers and arousing the curiosity of those who were not regular subscribers. A few chapters of a book were then read, the reader first giving an abstract of the story to the point where she began for the benefit of those who had been absent previously.

At the conclusion of the reading, the pleasant-faced maid entered the parlor bearing a waiter containing cups of fragrant tea, followed by her mistress with a plate of wafers. We ate, drank, and were refreshed,

while the tide of conversation ebbed and flowed in different parts of the room.

"I was so sorry I could not come to the Round Table last week, I heard my neighbor say. It is my one recreation. I look forward to it with so much pleasure and am always sorry to miss it. Meeting at the hour it does, I can get home in ample time to prepare supper for my family. This I cannot do when I go to the monthly meetings, unless I leave before tea is served."

"I have become intensely interested in missionary work since you began these Round Table meetings," said a pretty young woman to my friend. In fact I knew little or nothing about missionaries before, but since I have listened to their letters I can sympathize with them in their trials, and understand to some extent, how much they have to endure."

"That lady," whispered my friend, "helps to support a Bible-woman in India. Indeed," she added earnestly, "this Round Table has added a hundred dollars a year to the offerings of this Auxiliary, given for special work."

"I want the Round Table to meet at my house next week," came a clear voice from the far end of the parlor. "I know its a long distance but you can all come in the street car. One of the pleasures I looked forward to when we bought our home was the opportunity of entertaining you."

"Where's the mite box, Mrs. Trueman?" inquired the president of an energetic looking lady who was busy talking opposite.

"You may be sure I shall not forget that," said Mrs. Trueman, drawing a little red box from her satchel, and placing it on the table. I noticed each lady slipped in a coin, whether large or small no one knew but the giver.

"How much did we have the last time we opened the box?" inquired one.

"Seven dollars," replied the treasurer. "That was a good sum for the number of meetings held, and will help in many ways."

It was now five o'clock. We bade our hostess adieu, and as we walked home, my friend gave me further information about the Round Table.

"Something had to be done," she said. "Our monthly meetings for various reasons did not serve the purpose as they should of informing the women in regard to the work, and the interest was steadily declining. This our treasurer found out when she called for the yearly dues. No interest, no money; no interest, no prayers. In the first place our meetings are too far apart, and now that we alternate with the Home society, a still greater lapse of time intervenes. No literary society could sustain its interest, meeting at such long intervals. Then the same ladies did not come to every meeting, and there was no opportunity for systematic reading and study. I noticed, too, that some came only in time for tea and the social hour afterward, and missed the program altogether."

"Some good angel, I think, suggested this plan to me. I talked it over with the officers and the result you see. At first we met every two weeks, but the ladies became so interested they pleaded for more frequent gatherings, so now we come together whenever there is a Friday not otherwise taken up with church work. We have read several books, besides many leaflets, and letters without number. We hope to interest our members in the reading course noticed in the *Missionary Friend*. A library of missionary literature is fast assuming large proportions, and the addition of other periodicals is among the pleasant possibilities of the future."

"Does the Round Table interfere with your monthly meetings?" I inquired.

"No indeed, not at all. On the contrary the interest in them has steadily increased. We may always count upon the presence of the members of the Round Table, and they always show so intelligent an interest in every phase of missionary work"—*Woman's Missionary Friend*.

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

In a letter dated Cocanada, Jan. 16th, Dr. Hulet gives the good news that Miss Selman is convalescing now, but slowly. She has had quite a time of it, yet without any special drawbacks. The fever seemed purely malarial at the start, but about the end of the first week typhoid symptoms set in without doubt. Mrs. Woodbourne and Dr. Hulet nursed Miss Selman until Christmas with what assistance from Misses Folsom, Murray and Simpson that they with their other duties were able to give. An English nurse was finally brought from Madras to attend her.

In writing about the Conference then meeting in Cocanada, Dr. Hulet says: "My heart is so full I do not know how best to tell you all the good things we have enjoyed. I shall always be thankful we came at this time to meet with all the workers, and so brought in touch with each one's particular field and work. The meetings have been full of spiritual help. Never have I been in any meetings of God's people where I have felt the Spirit's presence and power as at this time. I have over and over again thought if the home people as a whole knew the rich blessings in store for those who give up all for Christ, there would be more wanting to have the consecrated life. The little that is given up—for so it seems—in comparison to the much in return, is realized more and

more. Oh, I never knew what a privilege it was really going to be in giving myself up, else it should have been done long before. My prayer daily is for those who know God's will concerning them yet are hesitating through fear or any other reason from accepting the call, "If they only knew!"

My Dear Sisters.—Since my transfer from Bobbili to Kimeri I have often thought about writing you something about my new home and work; but settling up Miss Gray's affairs, putting my new rooms to rights, tourings and a hundred and one little things have run away with all my moments. However, it is not to be put off any longer.

Last August and September were spent in Otacamund with the hope of getting rid of that Deodougar fever which carried away two of our little band and seated itself in my system. The invigorating air and a good tonic had the desired effect, and I came back to the land of the Telugu looking as if I had just come from home, so some said, and feeling so well that I don't know how I could feel better. The fever has never manifested itself since my return, and it surely would have ere this had any dregs of it remained.

On my way back from Oty I went to Bobbili to pack up and move away from my first Indian home. I had a most pleasant visit, and at first I wondered if my transfer had been a mistake; but as the week wore away I saw how well Mrs. Churchill had the work under her control, and I felt that Kimeri needed me more. This made my coming away much easier than it otherwise would have been, but the Bobbili work and workers still have a larger share in my prayers than any others.

Kimeri is a picture of loveliness! My poor pen cannot do its justice, so I shall not attempt to describe the broad fields of soft rich green, guarded by bold dark hills, and dotted with ponds of water on whose surface were thousands of fragrant white and pink lilies and lotuses—as I saw them that October day when I came to my new home. Here I have my own little suite of rooms, and am keeping house on my own account. It came about in this way. Mrs. Corey has never been very strong since coming to India, and now that she has three boys to make large demands upon her strength, we all felt that she should not have the burden of a boarder whose work often makes her irregular at meals. Then too I expect to be out on tour a good deal of the time each year. Between October and April, and for that it is necessary to have a housekeeping outfit, so I might as well use it all the time. Miss Gray's equipment was available, and now I am quite fitted for work, at least as far as temporal things are concerned.

The work in the town promises to be interesting.

Some have invited me to their homes, and all whom I have met seemed inclined to be friendly. But as this is the cool season I do not want to spend these lovely days at the station, but shall wait until the hot and rainy seasons come to cultivate the acquaintance of our townspeople. Thus far I have had one good tour, during which we had many causes for joy and sorrow—joy in the Lord's work, because of the opportunity of telling many of the Saviour and because many listen attentively almost eagerly, and yet sorrow because we did not gather any sheaves. Sometimes the heart cannot stand that grief, and we break down and cry, "Lord save them, save them, save them, save them! Give us souls or we die!" Oh, for a faith that triumphs in the fact that the Lord shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

Many are turning from their idols, and are saying that caste is a lie; but Satan is not daunted. He summons his emissaries, he takes away the old garb, clothes them in some stray scrap of truth, and sends them out afresh to deceive the people. In one village where the helpers had previously received much encouragement, and had entertained hopes that one family would come out and profess faith in Christ, this time we found that family apparently under the spell of the teaching of an ascetic, and the village doing homage to him. He was a large mild looking man, wearing scarcely any clothes, and with masses of matted hair piled high up on his head. When we were called to join his group of scholars, he evidently disapproved, remained silent a few moments and then disappeared.

To-day we are to leave for a weeks visit with the Christians at Akullatampara. Miss Priest from Tuni and Miss Archibald, who are both visiting Parla Kimeri for the first time, are going out with me. Company on tour is a special pleasure, and I am so glad that our Akulatampara sisters are to share our privileges—the inspiration these friends have brought with them.

Sincerely yours,

MAUDE HARRISON.

Parla Kimeri, Dec. 11th, 1900.

—*Tidings*.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

SCOTLAND.—The Mission Circle held its annual thank-offering meeting in the afternoon of November 6th, 1900. Invitations had been given to all the ladies of the church and congregation, quite a number responding. In the programme we were assisted by Mrs. Cohoe, of Norwich, who gave a very excellent paper.

The envelopes were then opened and the texts of Scripture read. The offering amounted to \$25.35 being equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Refresh-

ments were served at the close of the meeting and a social time enjoyed.

ALICE MERRITT, *Secretary.*

NORWICH.—Our Women's Mission Circle during the past year has been doing its little toward the work. We gave our little bags to each woman in the church for mission offering and collected \$13 in this way for Home and Foreign work. We had Mrs. McLaurin last year in November address the Church on missions, and Miss Baskerville this year. We trust their words touched many hearts. We also gave an At-Home for Dr. Hulet and enjoyed the afternoon spent with her. God bless her richly. We have just sent two barrels to Mr. Sharpe for Indians, valued at \$30. At the election of officers this year, Mrs. Newton having been President for seven years, suggested Mrs. S. Marsh act as President as she felt the pressure of the work, being President of two other societies. Accordingly, Mrs. Marsh was elected President; Mrs. Newton, Vice-President; and Mrs. E. D. Nethercott, Secretary-Treasurer.

MRS. E. D. NETHERCOTT, *Secretary.*

CLARENCE.—The ladies of the Clarence Mission Circle held a "Thank-offering" meeting in December. The chair was occupied by our esteemed President, Mrs. Jas. Erskine. The programme consisted of readings, recitations, and a very interesting and instructive address by Pastor Campbell, interspersed with duets and quartets, choruses by the choir, which was much enjoyed, after which the ladies served refreshments. The pleasing feature of the evening was the offering which amounted to twenty-six dollars all of which goes to "Foreign Missions." We have a membership of seventeen, a number of them live a distance from the church so are unable to attend regularly. A Mission Band was organized last November with Miss Maggie Knox as President, the meetings are well attended and the children much interested. We pray for greater prosperity with the opening of another century.—M. G. W., *Secretary.*

Jan. 29, 1901.

THANK-OFFERING MEETING.—The regular business meeting of the Owen Sound Mission Circle for December took the form of a thank-offering service, and the few necessary items of business were quickly disposed of. The President, Mrs. Norton, led in the responsive reading of a Thanksgiving Psalm, the prayers and hymns which followed being deeply expressive of devout thankfulness for the many mercies of the past year. A brief outline of the work of the Circle during the year was then read by the secretary, and showed an increase in the amount raised both for Home and Foreign work, as also some additions to our numbers. The interest of the meeting naturally centred around the opening of the envelopes and reading of the various expressions of thanksgiving and praise—sacred words which speak the inmost thoughts of each heart. Though we hear them and catch the ring of heartfelt praise and gratitude we know not from

whence they come. It is like listening to a sweet song sung in the darkness, all the sweeter because the singer is unseen and unknown by any but her Lord? After the amount of the offering in money, which was upwards of \$18, had been announced, the president called Mrs. Walker, our delegate to the Brampton convention and also director of this Association, to give her report of the proceedings of the convention. As we listened to her earnest glowing words we almost felt that we too had been there, and if every delegate at that convention gave as accurate an account of what was said and done there we feel sure there will be a deepened interest all along the line. *Enthusiasm creates enthusiasm*, and thus a Board, the hearts of whose members are kindled with divine zeal, meeting with earnest, like-minded delegates, creates an enthusiastic convention, and the *live* delegate gives a *live* report, so rousing new life among all our Circles, and much we need it? A duet, "The Homeland," by Misses Irving and Morrison; a missionary reading, which was both humorous and pathetic by Miss B. McMillan; and a very suitable recitation, by Miss Ruth Clay, concluded the programme, after which all present adjourned to the next room, where refreshments were served by the committee, assisted by several of the Mission Band members. The attendance was very good and included some who have not hitherto been members of the Circle, but whose interest we hope may be now so aroused as to cause them to unite with us in this work for the Master.—ALICE P. MORRISON, *Cor.-Sec.*

BUREAU OF LITERATURE.

India.—Readings in India, 1c. (already to cut and distribute, short, 8 of them); June's Education, 2c; Medical Missions, 2c.; Woman's Rights, 1c.; The Beginning of Zenana Work in India, 2c.; The Bengala Widow, 2c.; Home Life, 2c.; Charlotte Marie Tucker (A. L. O. E.), 5c.; "Bamabai," 2c.; Wm. Carey, 3c.; Christian Village Schools, 2c.; Telugu Women, 3c.; If they Only Knew, 2c.; Native Preachers in India, 1c.; Hindu Darkness, Christian Light, 1c.; Religious Gatherings, 1c.; The Little Indian Girl and her Christian Song, 1c.; The Hindu Child Wife, 1c.; Little Mission School Girl, 2c.; Did it pay? 2c.; A Zenana Party, 1c.; A Bit of Zenana Work, 1c.; Self-Support, 1c.; Fulfilling Vows, 1c.; Telugu Mission, 2c. Address orders to Mrs. C. W. King, 80 Amelia Street, Toronto. Stamps always received, 1c. preferred.

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

Receipts from January 16th, to February, 15th, 1901, Inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$25; Blenheim, \$5; Bruce, north, \$1; Collingwood, \$2; Chesley, \$6; Denfield, \$12.25; Forest, \$2.50; Grimaby,

Mrs. Wm. Forbes, for Salome, \$25; Guelph Ch.; (\$8.75 Thank-offering) \$10; Hespeler, from meetings addressed by Rev. J. G. Brown, completing life-membership fee for Miss Euphemia Starnaman, \$11; Hillsburgh, (eighty cents Thank-offering) \$2.30; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$1; Hamilton, Wentworth St., \$4.10; Kincardine, Thank-offering, \$1; Markham, second, (\$1.78 Thank-offering) \$4.50; New Sarum, \$4; Norwood, \$2.35; Poplar Hill, Thank-offering, \$1.17; Peterboro' Park St., Thank-offering, \$6; Petrolea, \$6.12; Parry Sound, Thank-offering, \$5.15; Petrolea, from meeting addressed by Miss Baskerville, \$3.79; Sarnia, \$3.03; St. George, (\$5, Thank-offering) \$10.25; Sault Ste. Marie, \$4; St. Thomas, Centre St., (\$25 from Mrs. Elizabeth Whitwam to make herself a life-member, and \$8.10 a special balance), \$49.15; Salford, \$3.90; St. Catharines, Queen St., \$1.50; Tilsonburg, Thank-offering, \$5.50; Toronto:—Memorial Ch., \$5; College St., \$8.35; Ossington Ave, \$6; Dovercourt Rd., (\$4.71 Thank-offering) \$13.68; Beverley St., (\$17 for Garsala Abraham) \$25.12; Immanuel Ch., \$11.70; College St., \$6.20. Toronto Junction, \$3.50; Uxbridge, \$1.65; Uthoff, \$7; Waterford, (20.00 Thank-offering) \$12.95. Total, \$310.71.

FROM BANDS.—Bardsville for Karre Daniel, \$4.25; Hamilton, James St., for Martha Crabb, an extra girl, \$12; Port Arthur, for Bolivia, \$5; St. George, for Surla Kannamma, \$11; St. Catharines, Queen St., for Pennamata Venkanna, \$5. Total, \$37.25.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Hamilton, James St. Women's Bible Class, \$12.00; Toronto, Western Ch., Miss Edy's S. S. class, for a Bible woman, \$8.50; Special towards publishing "Prayer Cycle," \$25; Miss Mary Alway, Ferguson, \$5; Mrs. John Alexander, Toronto, \$5; Mrs. James Miller, Wanbuno, \$1; Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Bobcaygeon, for lepers, \$1; (Mrs.) Annie H. MacKillop, Harriston, \$2. Total, \$60.

Total receipts during the month, \$407.96.

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer, for regular work, \$993.41; special appropriation for village schools, \$18. Extras:—For lepers, Mrs. F. W. Vardon, \$10; Martha Crabb, Cocanada School, \$12; Bolivia Mission, Port Arthur, M. B., \$5; Towards mite boxes, \$39; Dudley & Burns, on account "Prayer Cycle," \$25; Miss Buchan, for postage, \$4. Total disbursements during the month, \$1,106.41.

Total receipts since October 21st, 1900, \$1,552.77.

Total disbursements since October 21st, 1900, \$2,795.26.

(Kindly notice these figures carefully.)

SPECIAL ACCOUNT.—"Medical Lady" Fund.

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer for Dr. Gertrude Hulet, \$10.23. Total disbursements since October 21st, 1900, \$139.13.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

The thank-offering of a sincere soul, means more than the money.

W. B. M. W.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:—"We are labourers together with God."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For Visianagram—that health may be given our missionaries, and many souls be saved. For our Mission Bands and their leaders.

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.

Give, as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give, as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give, as the free air and sunshine are given,

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give;
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from thy June roses blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

—Selected.

VIZIANAGRAM.

Est. 1880.

This is a large town—the largest in our mission—having a population of about 27,000.

Here a native regiment is stationed, officered by Englishmen.

The town is divided into two parts—the cantonment where all the Englishmen reside—and the native town proper.

The cantonment is like the suburbs to a city. No natives live in that part of the town.

This is the native town of the Maharajah, where he has his palace and supports a large college.

Here is one of the large railway stations.

Visianagram was formerly a London mission station but was sold to our Board in 1889.

The population of the field is 285,000.

There are four hundred villages.

The outstations are Gujapatanagram, Bhimasingi and Chipusapalli.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were the first of our missionaries stationed there.

Miss McNeil was there a lady missionary for a time, after leaving Bobbili.

Rev. R. and Mrs. Sanford and Miss Blackadar are our representatives there together with eight native helpers.

How long will it be ere this force will be enlarged so that all these four hundred villages may be reached? How many women must suffer physically, and drag out weary, comfortless days, bearing life's heavy burden without a helper? How many must pass into eternity without Christ before our Church puts on her "beautiful garments, before she rouses her from sleep and sends them the Comforter, the

Light for the valley of the shadow and the Christ for their daily life?"

He who faithfully prays at home does as much for foreign missions as the man on the field, for the nearest way to the heart of a Hindu or a Chinaman is by the way of the throne of God.—*Eugene Stock.*

In a private note received from Mrs. Churchill this week she says: "We had an interesting time at Murdapilli two weeks ago, nine were baptized on Sunday morning, which makes thirty two baptized from that village; and in the evening, out under the stars we celebrated the Lord's Supper. Mr. Churchill went from there to Tekkalis and is working very hard helping on the Mission House there, he would not even take time to come home for Christmas.

Mrs. Sanford writes that Mr. Sanford baptized two last Sunday at Visianagram, and they were very happy."

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the Cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man."—*Dying words of old Simeon Calhoun.*

Last year was a good year for the W. B. M. U. Sixteen Mission Band life members were made, and forty-nine in the Aid Societies, twelve Aid Societies were organized, and eleven Bands. The receipts from our societies and Bands for Home Missions showed \$2,022.10. For foreign work we raised \$7,858.51, of this amount \$1,289.00 came from the Bands. The sum total raised for all purposes was \$9,882.61. And yet there is room for an advance on every one of these lines.

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST.

Paper prepared by Miss E. H. Jackson for the Mass Missionary meeting held at Paradise, Annapolis Co.

[In looking over some papers the other day, the following was found. It was intended for the LINK long ago. In view of the pressing needs just now, it must have a message]:

These words were spoken a long time ago by our Saviour as He looked upon the world around Him dead in trespasses and sin with no knowledge of the plan of salvation and blind to the fact that in their midst stood one, who, though He wore the garb of fallen humanity, and spoke the language of the people around Him, was yet not man alone but God as well—perfect in His humanity, without guile, neither was sin found in His mouth; perfect in His Divinity, one with the Father; from heaven, and yet a dweller among men.

How wonderful the history of the God-man, and how strange that with the light of revelation shining upon us, that to day there are in this world men and women who are so blind, so wilfully ignorant as to say, "He was a very good man, nothing more!" instead of what He declared Himself to be, a fulfilment of the long line of prophecy, the long-promised Messiah, the world's Saviour, Redeemer and Friend, the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, through whose name alone the vast number of Adam's race can be saved and gathered as ripened grain into the heavenly garner.

How must the heart of our blessed Saviour have throbbled with pitying tenderness and love as He looked upon the multitudes thronging Him with their burden of sin and care, hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of eternal life, with no one to tell them that in their midst was One mighty to save, one able and willing to bear their burdens, carry their sorrows and give the bread of heaven. Well might He cry as He looked upon them in their great need, "the fields are white already to the harvest, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His vineyard, for the harvest truly is great but the laborers are few."

Then the whole world was enveloped in darkness and idolatry. True, the light was in the world but the world knew it not. Even the chosen twelve were in the dark in reference to His true mission. They believed Him to be the long promised Messiah, but their thoughts were of a temporal kingdom—while He came to set up a spiritual kingdom to raise up laborers to go forth to reap the world's whitening fields and gather sheaves from every nation, kindred and clime as trophies of His mighty power to save. And even after His resurrection when with clearer vision they looked upon their risen Lord, and listened to the proclamation, "Go ye into all the world and

Financial Statement of the W. B. M. U. or Quarter ending Jan. 31st, 1901.

	F. M.	H. M.	Total.
Received from Nova Scotia W. M. A. S.	\$804 77	\$192 07	\$997 44
" " New Brunswick W. M. A. S.	443 42	102 74	546 16
" " P. E. Island W. M. A. S.	145 27	41 62	186 79
" " Annual Reports			80 00
" " Tidings			9 15
			9 80
		\$1929 34	
Dr.			
Paid J. W. Manning, Treasurer F. M. B.			\$1449 50
" A. Coburn, Treasurer, H. M. N. S. and P. E. I.			82 40
" R. Haley, Treasurer, H. M. N. S.			40 86
" H. E. Sharpe, Treasurer, North-West and Indian Missions.			131 00
" J. Richards, Treasurer, Grand Ligne Mission.			81 90
" Japanese Mission, British Columbia.			17 40
" Provincial Secretary, N. S. Postage			12 00
" Mission Band, Superintendent, N. B.			3 00
" Drafts, Discounts, Postage			1 00
			6 59
		\$1824 05	

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

preach the Gospel to every creature," they still believed the "world" meant the Jews, that from amongst them only were sheaves to be gathered for the Master's heavenly store-house. Very slow were they to believe that the kingdoms of this world were to become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, but when God's purpose to the Gentile world was clearly made known unto them they rejoiced that salvation was for the Gentiles and pardon was purchased for them as well, and many sheaves were gathered from amongst them, a glorious harvest for the store-house above. And when, later on, persecution arose and they were scattered far and wide they went everywhere proclaiming the glad news of the kingdom, gathering in the grain for the Lord of the harvest or scattering seed for others to reap. Cheerfully they faced persecution, bonds, yea even death, for love to the Lord; and to seek for the lost they counted not their lives dear unto themselves but rejoiced in the thought that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ. The torture of rack and fire they calmly met and from amid the flames they scattered precious seed which in after years bore a glorious harvest for the Lord they loved, precious sheaves to be gathered by other reapers, so that by and by sowers and reapers will rejoice together.

As we look at the world to-day, listen to the calls that come to us from all lands, all nations, see how everywhere long-closed doors have been opened for the Gospel to enter and the cry comes to us on every breeze—"More laborers wanted," we feel that those words uttered so long ago are true of the world to-day, "The harvest truly is great, the laborers few," and the earnest, heartfelt prayer of every child of God should be, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth more laborers into His vineyard."

At the present Jesus is saying unto all His sons and daughters in this land of Gospel privileges and so bountifully supplied with the good things of this world, "Behold, I say unto you lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to the harvest; and our Home and Foreign missionaries are echoing and re-echoing the cry, the fields are white already to the harvest, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send more laborers into His vineyard."

When we think of the countless multitudes in heathen lands who know not their right hand from their left as concerns their soul's eternal salvation, no Bible with its precious promises on which to lean in the hour of suffering and anguish, daily, hourly dying with no knowledge of the true God, no hope of heaven to lighten the gloom of the dark valley of the shadow of death, and then think of the few missionaries on that vast field earnestly, faithfully toiling on in the service of their Lord that the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness may penetrate the dense

darkness around them and gild with the rainbow o' hope its shades of death—we may well exclaim "the harvest truly is great but the laborers are few."

While many of us feel that we cannot be missionaries and therefore must be excused, (let us be sure we cannot before we settle the matter) but none who love Jesus can excuse themselves from supporting the work of missions. If we love Him we must love His cause and loving it must desire to pray "Thy kingdom come." But our responsibility does not end in praying. It is true, our Heavenly Father has said, "The gold and the silver are mine and the cattle on a thousand hills are mine," but He has entrusted these earthly treasures to us His children. We are to be the stewards of His bounty, let us see to it, my sisters, that we are faithful stewards, giving as God has prospered us, doing our part cheerfully, faithfully, gladly.

The Lord may raise up missionaries, many of them in answer to prayer, men and women who will gladly go to distant lands to carry the news of pardon through the blood of the Lamb, but He calls upon us His children to provide the means; while they willingly go down into the dark wells of heathenism and idolatry He bids us hold the rope. Together we labor for the Lord and together we'll reap a sure golden harvest for the heavenly store-house.

God's promise cannot fail. He has said, "My word shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that which I please and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. And again, "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bearing his sheaves with him."

If it were possible for us to exchange places with our loved missionaries for a few short weeks only, see the misery, degradation and helplessness that fall to the lot of our dark-browed sisters in heathen lands, we would come back to our happy homes in this gospel land wiser, better women with more love to Christ and His cause and with more pity for our poor, down-trodden heathen sisters. Methinks we would not only be willing but glad to be permitted to make some sacrifice to give not the dollar per year but dollars to the cause. What we do need is not more silver and gold, but the Spirit of Christ within our hearts, a deeper realization of the fact that we belong to Christ, not our own but His, bought with His precious blood—therefore called upon to glorify Him in our bodies and spirits which are His—His claims occupying the first and best place in our hearts and lives.

Then, and not till then, will we be fitted to go forth as reapers, forth to the fields white already to harvest. Then will we not only pray the Lord of the vineyard to send forth more reapers but will help to hasten the answer to our prayers. If we cannot go ourselves let us give all we can to send those whom God has raised up to go to needy fields at home and abroad, to

scatter the seed, to reap the precious grain, a grand and glorious harvest, till at length sowers and reapers, a glad rejoicing throng from every kindred, every clime, shall chant a glad triumphant harvest home.

Young People's Department.

WORKERS WITH GOD.

Sometimes the leaders of our Mission Bands are feeling discouraged. Their work seems to them to be of no avail. Harvest time does not quickly follow their careful seed-sowing, and they grow weary in the service which had been so sweet to them. "The Band no longer needs me," such a President cries, and forthwith resigns her office, leaving the members to begin over again with a new leader.

Is this not one reason why so many of our Mission Bands drop out of line, and the members lose interest in the cause? If these faithful leaders would only think of their great Captain who "goeth before" them, and trust Him for the harvest which seems to them so long in coming, they would be encouraged to try a little longer. May I copy a poem for such Presidents given to me by Dr. Chapman, of New York City, the dear friend and fellow-laborer of D. L. Moody? It has been ringing with such glad echoes in my own heart during the past month.

MY LORD AND I.

"I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully ;
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh ;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

"Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak ;
And, as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek ;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky ;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

"He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
The loving word to him ;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die ;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

"I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear ;
In the burden which He carries
I gladly take a share ;
For then it is my happiness
To have Him always nigh,—
To bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

"I tell Him all my sorrows ;
I tell Him all my joys ;
I tell Him all that pleases me
I tell Him what annoys ;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try ;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

"He knows how much I love Him,
He knows I love Him well ;
But with what love He loveth me,
My tongue can never tell ;
It is an everlasting love ;
An ever rich supply ;
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I."

Will all who read and enjoy this little poem "pass it on" to somebody else ?

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, Feb. 1901.

THE LORD'S WORK.

FOR SIX LITTLE CHILDREN.

First Child.

The Lord hath work for little hands.
For they may do His wise commands.

Second Child.

And He marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway, straight and sweet.

Third Child.

One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night.

Fourth Child.

And there are words for little eyes,
To make them earnest, true, and wise.

Fifth Child.

One little voice may lead above,
By singing songs of Jesus' love.

Sixth Child.

One little heart may be the place
Where God shall manifest His grace.

All (joining hands).

Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring
To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.

—Selected.

RUTH, THE GIRL GRADUATE.

BY MISS LURELLA MINER.

It was twenty years ago that Ruth came into the home where she was to be a sweet joy and blessing. It was a humble home, with a frail mother, and a regular procession of little brothers followed Ruth, so almost before the little hands had learned childish plays, they were busy with ministrations for others.

For years Ruth was care taker and burden bearer, the stay of her mother's hand and heart. It was to Ruth that the brothers went with their wants and woes, and we used to wonder that her back did not bend with the burden of baby after baby which she carried about lovingly while her girl friends were having a good time.

Naturally fond of study, we never heard an impatient word when the sickness of the mother or a multiplicity of babies kept her out of school week after week. She was thankful when she could sit three hours each day in the school room just across the street and rest the tired arms and feed the hungry brain. Here she was the same unselfish, loving-hearted maiden as in the home circle, the one to pick slivers out of dirty little hands, to witch away frowns from cross little brows, to change angry voices to the accents of love.

We all rejoiced with Ruth when her mother decided to send her to the Bridgman School in Peking, fourteen miles from her Tungchow home. "Will Ruth know how to study without one baby in her arms and another beside her snatching at her book?" we asked. She soon showed she did know how to study, and though not a brilliant student, by her faithfulness and diligence she was ranked as the first scholar in her class. To know her was to love her, and she had a warm place in the hearts of both teachers and schoolmates. She could not have told you the time when she became a Christian, for the growth of her heart-life and spirit-life was just as natural a process to her simple faith as the growth of the body. For she was born in the midst of Christian surroundings, and knew little more of heathenism than you do.

It was always a happy day when Ruth came home to spend two weeks at the Chinese New Year, and for the long summer vacation. "Ruth is the sweetest of our Tungchow girls," we said one Sunday when we stood looking at the fifteen or twenty maidens who had just come back from Peking. Her face was not noticeably pretty, like that of some of her school mates, but the beautiful soul shone through it, a timid modesty tinged her cheeks with a faint blush when she spoke, and the dark eyes kindled with varying expressions.

Last January came a proud day for Ruth's friends when with sweet dignity she stood on the platform and delivered her class valedictory. With her affectionate disposition, farewells were not easy to say, and only the discipline of long years of self-control enabled her to quiet the waves of emotion which trembled in her voice and filled her eyes with tears. Had the girl graduates been able to look into the future, well might the significance of the farewells have overwhelmed her. Of the three teachers who sat that day on the platform, Miss Chapin is now in America, Miss Haven is now Mrs. Mateer, with her home in

the province of Shantung, and only Miss Sheffield remains in Peking. Of the schoolmates gathered in the chapel that day, some are numbered with "the noble company of martyrs." The chapel which was so prettily decorated in honor of the occasion is now an unsightly mass of charred ruins.

Ruth had not many weeks of rest in her Tungchow home before she started on the long journey to the scene of her martyrdom. Far away in Shansi were girls who had not enjoyed Ruth's privileges. There was no boarding school for girls in our Mission there, and could not be until some well-educated Chinese woman could be found to assist the missionaries. To find such an assistant they turned to the Bridgman School, and the call came to Ruth to leave home and kindred, to take the long journey of two or three weeks over the mountains into Shansi, and there to assume a burden which might prove a heavy weight to the young shoulders. When we heard that home-loving, timid Ruth had consented to take up this new work among strangers, we knew that the call had come to her as one from the Master whom she loved.

In the early spring days Miss Partridge came to escort Ruth to her new home in Li Man, a village eight miles from our large mission station of Tai-ku. Soon over twenty girls were gathered in the boarding school, and Miss Partridge's heart was filled with joy over the new work and the new worker. For Ruth won her scholars' hearts at once, and as teacher, friend and planner proved her rare worth. The school was close by a mountain, and Ruth often climbed it with her scholars. So passed two happy months, then storm clouds gathered. Encouraged by the Governor of the province, the Boxer society spread like wild fire. One after another of the school girls were taken to their homes by frightened parents, and soon Ruth found a refuge with the Tai-ku missionaries. There she heard of the slaughter of scores of missionaries and numberless native Christians in the capital city of Tai-yuan-fu, while from north, east, south and west came sad tidings of the wiping out of mission stations.

The Tai ku official was friendly, but he could ward off the storm only for a time. The native Christians scattered like hunted deer, many fleeing to the mountains, some seeking shelter with heathen relatives. The little band of missionaries were almost forsaken. For them there was no hiding place, but they were glad when Ruth fled with seven others to a mountain cave ten miles away. Here they concealed themselves for a time, one of the men going occasionally to some neighboring village to buy food. Then the amount of food purchased aroused suspicion and under cover of darkness the poor fugitives started back to Tai-ku. They did not dare go by the direct road through villages, lest barking dogs call attention to them, so the ten-mile journey was lengthened by detours and wanderings through grain

fields. For the women and children, unaccustomed to walking, weakened by fear and lack of food, the sufferings of that night fight must have been terrible. In the east suburb of Tai-ku the family of Helper Lin, a graduate of the Tun chow Theological Seminary, and of Teacher Sung, found temporary hiding places, and Ruth, concealed in a cart, was taken again to our Mission Compound in the Tai-ku city. There with Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, Mr. Williams, Mr. Davis, Miss Bird and Miss Partridge, with the few loyal Chinese who would not leave them, she waited the fate which seemed inevitable. For two months they had received no letters, none ever reached the outside world.

Of the loved family circle Ruth knew nothing. Perhaps they had already fallen victims to Boxer knives. Could her eyes have pierced the long distance she might have seen them on the eighth of June fleeing with the missionaries from Tungchow to Peking, there to endure a weary siege until the middle of August. She might have seen a little brother and sister drooping in the pestilential air, failing day by day from lack of proper food, and finding forlorn graves amid ruined walls, near the British Legation. We do not know what thoughts filled Ruth's heart during those days of waiting. Did life seem sweeter as dangers thickened about her, or did it seem "far better" to depart, leaving the storm and suspense, to be with Jesus?

It was early in July when Ruth left Li Man for Tai-ku. It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the last day of July that the end came. When the great hordes of Boxers broke into the compound, the three missionary men were their first victims. Mrs. Clapp, Miss Bird, Miss Partridge, Ruth and a faithful man servant of Mrs. Clapp's had taken refuge in a little yard in the extreme rear of the compound. There they could only await certain death. The ladies urged the servant to climb over the wall and run for his life, as he could not help them by staying. What terrible things happened after he left we can only imagine. He lingered in Tai-Ku until he saw the heads of the missionaries being carried on a cart to Tai-Yuan-fu, to present to the modern Herod, the Governor of the province. Among them was a head with a long braid of glossy black hair, tied with red. We can only guess that it was Ruth's. Then the servant went to Fen Chow Fu to tell his sad story to the little band of missionaries who two weeks later met the same fate.

Ruth's story was told us by a Tung Chow College graduate in charge of the boy's boarding school in Fen Chow Fu, who escaped when the missionaries were killed.

To-day Ruth stands beside the great white throne with many others that have come "out of great tribulations" during these months of horror and bloodshed. We cannot mourn for her, and we will trust

God to make the sacrifice of this beautiful life work for the redemption of many of China's sin-bound, sin-cursed women.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Light;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light.

Mission Studies.

NEWS FROM BANDS.

TEETERVILLE—Friday, Feb 1st, a young people's Mission Band was organized here with a membership of 32. Mrs. W. Walker was appointed President; Miss Violet Graves, Vice-President; Miss Nettie Martin, Treasurer; and Miss Ola Green, Secretary. We expect that many more will be added to the "Band" in the near future. Begging an interest in your prayers for the prosperity of the Teeterville Mission Band.—*VERA A. GREEN, Cor. Sec.*

COBourg.—A meeting for organizing a Mission Band was held in the church on Thursday, July 26th. Mrs. Wilson, President of the Mission Circle, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises Mrs. Marshall addressed the children, stating the objects of our Mission Band. The following officers were elected: Miss Ella Tapscott, President; Mrs. Maitland, Vice-President; Miss M. Allen, Secretary; Miss Maud Allen, Treasurer. Our Band is called the "Golden Rule" Band. On the 16th August a very interesting meeting was held. Several new names have since been added to our roll. We all take a great interest in our work, and enjoy our meetings.

MOSS ALLEN, Sec'y.

GREEN RIVER.—Our "Sunshine" Mission Band was organized by Mrs. Hopkins, President of the Mission Circle. Miss Annie L. Ferrier was appointed President, and Miss Nighswander, Vice-President, the other officers being elected by the Band. We have had two meetings since we organized, and have now a membership of fourteen. The children seem to enjoy the work, and are also getting other children interested. There were twenty-seven at our last meeting, and it is wonderful the programmes they get up. Green River is only a small country village, and we cannot expect as much from our young people as from those who live in cities, and have been trained in work of this kind. But I do not think the question is, How much we do, but In what spirit are we working? If from love to Christ and our fellow men, no matter how little we do the Lord will certainly bless us. I try to teach the children that if they are willing to do small things for Jesus now, some day He may have greater work for them to do.

ANNIE L. FERRIER, President.

GEORGIE AND THE COBRA.

Doubtless many of our young people have heard of cobras and seen their pictures and read of them, but it is doubtful if any of them would care to come as near one of them as little Georgie Davis, aged five, did the other day. Georgie was playing with a rubber ball when it fell among the

ADDRESSES

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Pulcoada.—Rev. John Hardy.

IN CANADA—*On Furlough*.—Rev. I. C. Archibald and wife, Rev. L. D. Morse and wife, and Mrs. W. V. Higgins.

flower pots in front of the verandah. Running down the steps to find it, he had squeezed himself in between the pots and the edge of the verandah, when the long striped curled up thing met his eye within a foot of where he was standing. Knowing his danger, he climbed up the side of the verandah and rushed in to tell his mamma he had seen a snake. Mrs. Davis did not feel special fear at the first, the boys call almost any small worm a snake but she raised the alarm and the school boys and others rushed forward with bamboos, clubs and sticks, anything that they could lay their hands on. Hearing the noise, the snake which had been pushing its head under a pot, looking for a toad, roused itself, saw the combatants, threw up half its long body, spread out its hood, and hissed, preparatory to springing forward on the first one who ventured near. But the long bamboos did good service, and it was soon helpless, writhing on the ground. It proved to be a female cobra about four feet long and about a year old, an age in which the deadly poison is said to be the most vicious. So Georgie escaped with his life. His mamma asked him if he remembered learning the verses about no evil befalling him and about being kept in in all his ways, and he remembered. How many of the boys and girls who read this, know where these verses are? They are in what has often been called "The Missionary Psalm."

THE CHILDREN'S PLEDGE.

O dear little babies far over the sea,
In China, or India, wherever you may be,
In Africa, Burma, Korea, Japan,
We're going to help you as fast as we can.
Your little brown faces are looking this way,
Your little brown hands reach for ours to-day.
And this is the secret we'll tell far and wide—
With you our best things we are going to divide.

We'll send you our Jesus—He's your Jesus, too,
We wish all your mama's knew how He loves you.
We'll send you our Bible; then, when you are grown,
You never will worship those idols of stone.
The light that shines here you will see by and by,
If to send it in earnest we little folks try;
So we're saving our pennies and praying each night
That we may help make your lives happy and bright.

—W. F. M. S. of M. E. Church.

A NEW VERSION.

"Sing a song of six-pence,"
A pocket full of dimes;
Shall I spend them on myself
To help me have good times?

Not while so many girls and boys
In far-off heathen lands
Have no chance to hear of Christ
And learn the King's commands.

I think I'll give for missions
At least one dime in ten;
Then if, our friends, you're lacking,
Just call on me again.

—Selected

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