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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

EX-3

FEBRUARY, 1896

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 OF CANADA.

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# Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 6.

## Editorial.

**BACK NUMBERS OF THE LINK.**—We are trying to complete a set of THE LINK for the library of McMaster University. Can any one furnish us with March and April Nos. of '81? Also a complete set, or as nearly so as possible, from Jan. '86 to the present time?

**PRAYER UNION.**—As the present month's Treasurer's statement shows a serious falling behind in the regular income of our Society, would it not be well for each one to ask herself, am I remembering the noon hour of prayer? God is abundantly blessing the work in India, but shall we not pray that He will put it into the heart of His people to send more money into the treasury, so that the great danger of having to cripple the work which is of so much importance, may be avoided?  
MARION CLEMENTIA, *Port Hope.*

**DIVISION.**—Having noticed from time to time reports from Circles as to the division of the funds raised, and that a number report, "divided between Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Grande Ligne, and North-West Missions," it seems that a word of explanation to such Circles would be timely. Our Circles were originally organized by the late Rev. A. V. Timpany to aid the Foreign Missionary Society by providing for the work among the women and children of India. After about eight years, Home Mission work was added. The Woman's Home Missionary Society embraces Home (Ontario), Grande Ligne, and North West Missions. If the Circles divide the money as stated above, they give twice, and more than a due proportion to the last two, leaving Foreign Missions the sufferer.

Let us not by our puny efforts towards a world's redemption, prove that we are ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but let us who have been so abundantly enriched by our Saviour's blessings, see to it, before God, that we, up to the full measure of our ability, discharge our obligations. The King who came "to give deliverance to the captives," commands us, saying: "Deliver them that are carried away unto death. And those that are ready to be slain see that thou hold not back. If thou sayest, Behold we know not this; doth not He that weigheth the hearts consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul doth He not know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his work?" Prov. xxiv: 11-12 (R.V.).  
—*Rev. J. Goforth, of China.*

In New York City this year, over, 85,000 Bibles have been distributed.

THE first newspaper issued in Congo Free State was published by two educated negro women.

It is said Victoria, as Empress of India, has more Mohammedan subjects than has the Sultan himself.

"Thou shalt not steal." The Gospel does not belong to you. It belongs to God and to the world, and if you do not spread it you are stealing.—*Rev. Ed. M. Noyes.*

MR. BARING-GOULD on a recent tour was impressed by three things in the China missions: The great influence of medical work, the heroism of the ladies, and the devotion of many of the converts.

When the day of systematic giving comes, the millennium will be near at hand. In the mean time we could, as Auxiliaries, hasten that day by simply paying what we owe quarterly. We have yet to learn that in giving, as in everything else, it is steadiness, regularity and promptness that makes easy what would otherwise be hard work.—*Miss Herald.*

WHEN Dr. Duff began work in Calcutta, he found that a cow had more rights and higher rank than a woman, and he said that to try to educate women in India was as vain as to attempt to "scale a wall five hundred yards high." To-day, in the province of Bengal alone, one hundred thousand women and girls are under instruction, and India's most gifted daughters are laying hold of the treasures of the higher education. Zenana doors have been unlocked by the gentle hand of Christian womanhood, and a transformation is already accomplished which centuries of merely human wisdom and power could not even have begun.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

"I am in circumstances to give so little to the missionary work of any kind, and it is so painful to read of the great needs of the work throughout the world and not be able to respond, that sometimes I feel like dropping the missionary papers altogether. But I feel that I can least of all afford to lose that enlargement of heart which comes from deep sympathy with the Master in the work of drawing a sinful world unto Himself."—*Extract from a subscriber's letter.*  
—*Ex.*

A Hindu woman wrote to Victoria, Empress of India, recounting the many terrible wrongs under which the women of India labored and pleading with her to have them righted. With the recounting, the burden of their wrongs came to her afresh, and in bitterness of soul she cried: "O God, I pray thee, let no more women be born in this land."—*Missionary Review.*

## THE MISSIONARY CONCERT.

BY REV. HOWARD S. BLISS, UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.

1. *The cause of missions needs it.*—Missionary fervor must be fed with missionary facts. Ideal enthusiasm springs from personal knowledge of actual conditions. Men and moneys, prayers and petitions will not be offered for a cause when people are ignorant of its claims and its needs. Impulse must be preceded by instruction. Let Christ's soldiers at home receive regular bulletins from the front telling of their comrades' dangers, perplexities, and needs, and they will be inspired to send forward reinforcements and supplies.

2. *The pastor needs it.*—His own interest in missions needs spur and stimulus. A regular missionary meeting in his church will compel him to keep in touch with progress of his Master's kingdom outside his own parish. Often the most devoted pastor needs this incentive to systematic study of the great field. He needs it as an unequaled opportunity for securing the co-operation of his people in church work. In the Monthly Concert meeting he can draw out many a hidden talent. To one he can entrust the drawing of a map; to another, a general description of the country under consideration. A merchant can tell something about its commercial importance. A physician can speak of its climate, its diseases, its medical needs. A farmer can describe its agricultural products. A teacher can point out its system of education. The form of government can be assigned to a lawyer. Someone interested in natural history can speak of its flora and fauna. Its legends, its history, its religions can be allotted to others chosen by the pastor, according to their different tastes, while the work already accomplished by the missionaries can be presented by those who have made themselves especially familiar with the facts. The papers of any who have not sufficient confidence to read them in public may be read by others assigned for the purpose. In this way the pastor can guide his people in their reading, directing their steps into a most fascinating department of Christian literature. There will be many who cannot at first undertake such work. To these, verses to be read, or paragraphs from the missionary magazines, may be assigned; others can draw pictures of interesting objects connected with the subject, or may collect photographs and curiosities for exhibition at the meeting. The preparation of slides and the operation of lanterns and stereopticons will be in the charge of others. "A work for everybody, and everybody at work" can be more neatly realized at a Monthly Concert than anywhere else.

3. *The people need it.* The occasional missionary sermon by the pastor, valuable and indispensable as it is, is received by his people as a matter of course. It cannot deal with details. It offers no opportunity for personal participation in the study of missions. But the Missionary Concert stimulates the people to study for themselves this fascinating subject. It throws upon them an individual responsibility to become intelligent students of missionary facts, principles, and problems. It gives them a new joy as they thus participate in the work of the church. It supplies a definite point toward which they can direct their reading. It gives them a new sense of fellowship with their far-distant missionary comrades.

4. *The missionaries need it.*—They need it as much as the soldier away from home, alone on the solitary sentinel post, needs the reassurance that he is not forgotten by his comrades in camp—not forgotten in the prayers

and thoughts of his dear ones at home. The missionary will work hopefully, courageously, persistently so long as he knows that his heavenly Father is not forgetting him; but he will work still more hopefully, still more persistently if, in addition to this mighty assurance, he knows he is not forgotten by his brothers-in-Christ at home. To return to his native land and find so many churches in almost total ignorance of the field where he has been working, and of the grave issues that are confronting his station, to find hopeless confusion in the minds of many as to the most general geographical location of his adopted home,—all this is discouraging enough. But, in addition, to enter church after church and to find the allusions to the great and holy missionary enterprise confined to a single phrase of the "long prayer," brings a sense of loneliness and homesickness that makes him sometimes long to return to his solitary post before his furlough had expired.

## II. THERE WAS NEVER A BETTER TIME FOR ADOPTING THE MISSIONARY CONCERT THAN THE PRESENT.

1. *The missionary enterprise was never in so interesting a stage as at present.* Its aspects were never so varied, its problems never so complex. It is to-day a part of the world's history, secular as well as religious. Its relation to recent events in China, in Japan, in Turkey offers most interesting themes for study. Its relations to commerce, science, politics, civilization repay the most careful inquiry. Acquaintance with its history, its motives, its achievements, its methods, is a part of a liberal education.

2. *The literature of missions was never so rich and varied.* The various missionary magazines were never more ably edited. Books of discovery, travel, biography, relating directly to the missionary enterprise in foreign, home, and city work, abound, while the works that touch indirectly the general subject are very numerous. The magazines and daily papers give an increasingly large space to subjects bearing upon the topics of the Monthly Concert, and most valuable and timely information may be secured from these sources from month to month. Postal facilities have made it possible to hear the freshest news from the foreign field, while the various Mission Boards are always ready to send speakers or the latest information relative to the topic under consideration. *The Missionary Herald.*

## THE MISSION WORK OF OUR CHURCHES THE HEART OF OUR CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Some extracts from an address by Pres. Merrill E. Gates, LL. D.

Often we speak of a particular church, or of a group of churches, as "not taking any interest in home missions," or "not taking any interest in foreign missions," as though it were quite possible for a church to be a living Church of Christ, yet to have as an immaterial idiosyncrasy, as a trifling peculiarity, this entire absence of all interest in mission work! As if a Church of Christ might choose quite at its own caprice between having an aesthetic interest in fine music for its own service, and paying hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to secure such music, and having an interest in home and foreign missions! We speak as though it were a matter of comparative indifference which of these two forms of interest should characterize a church. But the truth is, that a

church cannot be a living church without a living interest in the spread of the gospel, in mission work. An interest in missions is not something which may or may not characterize a church; it is the very test of the life of the church. The first duty of the Christian Church is to make conquests over the world of the kingdom of God. Interest in missions, work for missions, giving to missions, is not an immaterial feature of church life, a sporadic duty, which may be overlooked in the life of a church, and for long periods of time be held in abeyance while the church nevertheless lives and thrives. On the contrary, the spirit of missions is the very life of the church. Without an interest in missions no Christian Church has the true life of Christ. To say that such or such a church "is a strong church, but takes no interest in missions," is like saying that so and so is a strong man but has only one lung and a weak heart! Such a statement involves a contradiction in terms. If a church is the Church of Christ it has life eternal. It knows Him whom we know is life eternal. If we know Him, if we know how He blesses and enriches life, we cannot rest content and inactive while so many of our fellow-men are without this precious and enriching knowledge. In proportion as a Church of Christ knows the Saviour of men and has His Spirit, it uses every means He has given it to make Him known to others. If our churches do not fully use their means for this most Christian end, they are not giving evidence that they have in them the life of Christ. No other form of activity can be substituted for this, the essential work of the Church. So to hold up Christ before the world that the presentation of Christ's life and teachings through the life and deeds of Christians shall perpetually draw men to Christ, is the first great duty of the Church.

It is true that the work of Christian education, the work of building up Christians on their most holy faith, must go forward through the ministry of the gospel to Christians. Pastors do well to emphasize this upbuilding power of the preaching of the Word. But woe to the minister of the gospel who is content without a constant harvest of souls, and without teaching his people to give freely to missions. So subtle is the insidious tendency to trust to other agencies than the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and the enlightening power of the Spirit breaking out of the Bible in answer to prayer, so dangerously easy is the temptation to rely upon other sources of strength for the life of a church, that David Livingstone was led to say of Christianity that it is like a vine, "it requires perpetual propagation to attest its life and its genuineness." You can know that it is alive only by its power to propagate itself. If a man is a Christian he will bring others to Christ. Unless a church is bringing others to Christ the presumption is that its members are not Christians. For we cannot be Christians unless we abide in Christ; and we have his word for it, that if we abide in him and his words abide in us, we shall bear much fruit. The danger of too many Christians, the weakness of too many churches, lies in their forgetting that the chief business of Christians is to be in their home life and through their missionaries in foreign fields, such witnesses for Christ as shall continually turn souls to Him. If a Church member's life or a minister's preaching is not full of Christ it will not be blessed, however full of culture or of money-making for its own uses it may be. And preaching and Christian living that is full of Christ abound in the presentation of Jesus as the Saviour of men—the Saviour from sin, the Saviour from death. It is this divine saving power that

makes Christ what he is. It is this that is the essence of Jesus Christ, as the old scholastic defined essence, "that by virtue of which a thing or a person is, and is what he is." It is his Saviourhood that is the central doctrine as to Christ; and it is this revelation of God's saving love in Christ that makes Jesus the Saviour, the express image of His Father's glory. We are learning that for a minister to say, "My church is my field of labor," is a narrow half truth. The ringing words, "the world is the field, the church is the force, the minister is the leader," are the expressions of a true aggressive Christian spirit. "To seek and to save that which was lost" was our Saviour's mission from heaven to earth, and is our Saviour's commission now, given to every believer, given from heaven to be carried out on earth.

Whatever other work our Christian Churches may leave undone, we cannot truly be Christian and suffer our mission work to languish. There are not two classes of Christians in the Church—one the class of missionaries who have been sent by their Master to win souls, and the other class all other Christians who are not missionaries, and so have not been sent, not commissioned to win souls for Christ. All Christians are sent of God to win men to him through Christ. "Ye are my witnesses," says Christ to His disciples. Every Christian is under obligation to be a missionary, one sent from God to win men to God.

A church that generously supports missions will support everything else which it ought to support. Who has ever known a church which was weakened spiritually, morally, or financially by giving too much to missions? On the other hand, who has not known church after church which has been deafened, dwarfed, ruined, because it had no interest in missions, because of the small, self-centred spirit which limited the giving of the church to the "maintenance of its own ordinances?" There is no fear for the other financial interests of the church which gives generously to missions.

## NOTABLE EVENTS IN CHINA.

BY M<sup>RS.</sup> CHAUNCEY GOODRICH.

As soon as the Emperor of China saw that the war with Japan could not be averted, a request was made through the Foreign office to the diplomats of various countries, that all foreigners throughout China remain at their several posts and pursue their various callings, promising protection.

In some cities, notably Peking, the people, not distinguishing between the Japanese and other nationalities, became exceedingly insolent, and even violent. The emperor at once issued a proclamation threatening the severest punishment upon those who ill treated anyone belonging to a friendly nation. This is the first instance in modern times of a Chinese emperor personally issuing a proclamation in favor of foreigners.

In the interior many officials began personally to make the acquaintance of missionaries, and in some instances giving receptions in their honor, thus wonderfully increasing the prestige of the missionaries among the common people. The viceroy of one province, after personally examining their work, publicly proclaimed, what other officials for the first time discovered, that the missionaries' work was only for the "good of the people," and that they only sought to "save men."

The Dowager Empress of China, regent of the empire

for nearly a score of years, by the sacred rights of a virtual parent (she is aunt by marriage), which rights Confucius proclaimed, and which she by the force of her masterful will proudly asserts, still practically rules a fifth of the world.

The New Testament, beautifully printed, bound in silver, wrought in the bamboo pattern, with doves (the Messengers of Peace) among the branches, the volume lying on old gold plush cushions, being encased in an exquisite silver casket, was presented to her for the first time by the Christian women of China when she reached her sixtieth birthday, having lived a "cycle of Cathay." "This Holy Classic for the Salvation of the World," freighted with the prayers of ten thousand women, went to her when she was to have the grandest fête China ever knew. Instead of which the very throne seemed menaced, and the wisest foreign diplomats told us the Japanese would be at the city gates in twenty days, and that it looked as if the proud Manchu dynasty was about to crumble into dust.

The women told the empress that the "Bible was the classic of the only religion which aims at the salvation of the whole world from sin and suffering, and that the truths in that volume had brought peace of heart, purity of life, with hope of everlasting happiness, to countless millions. It had given Christian nations the just laws and stable government which are at the root of their temporal prosperity and power."

Some said: "A foolish expenditure of money." "Why this waste?" "Among so many gifts which it would take months to see, the women's gift would be lost; but the king's heart is in the hands of the Lord as the water courses. He turneth it whithersoever He will.

The emperor himself sent a eunuch the next day for the entire Bible and some books explaining Christianity, saying he had seen the New Testament given to the Dowager Empress. Did ever in the history of modern missions a royal gift meet a royal need like that? And when the women saw the royal gift of twenty rolls of silk and satin given by the Empress in return, it but sent them to their knees.

The year has given special opportunity to teach what real patriotism is, and both by pen and by voice to show in what ways China is behind other nations. Heretofore such words have been listened to by dull ears or scanned by blind eyes.

One of the most impressive days in my memory of the year was the day of fasting and prayer when Li Hung Chang was negotiating the Treaty of Peace. With strong pleadings, and with many tears, prayers for mercy upon China were made, but not one prayed for peace if it meant that China was to go back in her old millennial ruts. A theological student at Tung-cho seminary composed a hymn, "China for Christ." Again and again it brought tears to many eyes as they sang, "God pity our glorious China land."

The wave of opposition in the Yang-tse Valley and in Southern China is but a part of a deep, strong current, not only against foreigners but against the Central Government—the Manchu dynasty. The end is not yet. The murderous assault, which may cost him his life, upon our Dr. Sheffield, the beloved and honored president of our Tung-cho College, brought out the dark shades of heathenism, and the wonderfully beautiful light of Christianity as revealed in the self-sacrificing love and devotion of our Christian men.

Anti-footbinding seems to be having a new impetus. The society ladies of Shanghai are holding drawing-room

meetings, and are starting a petition to the emperor, asking him to enforce the edict of a former emperor abolishing the custom. (It never was enforced, as it met too great opposition.) As none of the Manchus have ever bound their feet, as no Manchu can marry a bound-footed Chinese woman, it is doubtful whether at this time His Majesty will venture further to antagonize the Chinese. However, agitation is good, but the reign of Christ in the heart is worth more than an emperor's edict, for the sentiment against foot-binding among Christians grows stronger each year. Our helpers and pastors are now growing ashamed of having a wife with bound feet, and in Tung-cho no Christian mother would think of binding her child's feet. The most noteworthy struggle of the year has been at Kalgan, where Miss Etta Williams has fought Satan in his stronghold of pride (for the Kalgan feet are "so dainty and pretty"), and convinced some of the Christian mothers of the sin. It was a battle such as you in America cannot dream of.

"China for Christ;" this is our motto. His Kingdom is coming,—has begun, and well begun. Mission work there is a success, but God grant that the nations of China may not become equipped for modern warfare until the revenge and cruel heathen hate now harbored in Southern and Central China towards the nations who have cruelly wronged and maltreated them, has been changed. If it is not, Winchester rifles and Gatling guns may sometime be turned against America. —*Life and Light.*

#### TIMOTHY MASON'S GROWING SON. A PARABLE.

BY J. P. GLESTONE.

"I'm feeling fair beat with that growing lad of ours," said Dorothy Mason to her quiet husband, as she turned over the lad's stockings, which had been darned so often that the original worsted in them was hard to find. "He grows like a willow by the side of our stream. I do believe you might see him grow, if you made him stand against a telegraph pole. He grows night and day, when he walks and when he sits. But his clothes don't grow—except his stockings; and they grow rather shorter with washing."

Timothy heard all this, and more, in silence; for he was a cobbler, and cobblers are not a talkative race. He only said in a restless tone, "Yes, our Paul does grow; it's his nature, body and soul. God made him that he might grow, and we musn't grumble at his doing it. I like to see him getting taller and broader, wiser and better. He'll make a fine man, will Paul. The world will be glad of him some day."

"But your way of talking, Tim, won't give him some more new things, and he badly wants them from top to toe. Just look at his cap, the bit of a thing can hardly stick on the crown of his big head; he has long been out at the elbows, his bones come clean through, and I sometimes think he'll burst the middle seam of his coat right down the back and go about in two parts. Oh, this clothing and feeding a growing lad, it's enough to make a mother silly! Feeding—yes, that's something terrible. Not as I begrudge him a bit, but if he didn't take so much to eat I could clothe him, or if he didn't want so many clothes I could feed him better. And then there's his school. He gets through his work like play, they say, and so he wants higher fees. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Timothy just said again, "Paul was made to grow, and we must keep up with him. We can't put him into a straight waistcoat. 'Twould be a sin to try. We shall get some more things for him please God."

The cobbler's mind, always tenacious of mercies had been going back upon the past, recalling the time when Paul was born, and when, although the house had no superfluity, it had enough for them all. His earnings were small, but they sufficed. Then he thought of how he got a house with a garden when they required a little more to live upon. Next he remembered the increase in his trade, just when they had come to a hard pinch. At every stage of the boy's growth, when more was wanted more had come. And this meant much to him. It meant that God, who had blessed their boy with a vigorous constitution and a most promising mind and a kindly heart, would somehow enable him to provide him all that he needed at the right time. Dorothy got so immersed in present cares that she received small help from the past, and had more fears than hopes for the future.

Timothy was sure they ought to offer special prayer in this "time of need." So he and his wife got the Bible, and read its sweet promises again—its strong promises, its exceeding great and precious promises—and thought that they were large enough to cover their wants and to take in their boy. Then, with the Divine warranty in their hands, they made their requests to God, giving Him thanks for past mercies. They were refreshed in spirit, and though they did not see how or where the money was to come from to get Paul some new and larger clothes, they were sure it would come.

Just then a neighbor, Brutus Naylor, came in; a long-faced, doleful, down-looking man—not a bad sort of a man, but deficient in trust and hope. Paul, too, came in. Somehow—very likely the sight of the lad did it—the conversation turned on feeding and clothing growing boys. Brutus was strong on one point: "Cut your coat according to your cloth." Things became animated, for Dorothy was resolved that Paul should have what he wanted, and Paul, feeling things too personal for himself, slipped out again.

Timothy quietly maintained that the boy must grow, and that his modest income must also grow. "Cut your coat according to your cloth. Yes," he said, "but you must buy your cloth according to the boy's size. God has made the boy to grow, and he is growing, and my little business must grow too. God doesn't bring us into tight places to leave us in them, but to let us see how He can get us out of them. I shall buy clothing according to the boy's size. There's a few things, Dolly, you and I can deny ourselves of."

Brutus Naylor slunk out, leaving behind him two "obstinate people." As his footfall died away, Dorothy remarked what a "heatheny name" for a Christian name his father and mother had given him.

"Yes," said Timothy, "his father was fond of reading about what he called 'brave old pagans,' but for my part I like Christians best."

"What a deal he talked about honesty," said Dolly; "it did make me feel hot."

"If we are honest to God, and honest to the boy, we sha'n't be dishonest to anybody else," was Timothy's observation.

That night there was a committee of ways and means, and some progress was made towards one or two minor economies—only minor economies were possible in that household. But in the morning a servant brought a bag

full of boots and shoes from the "Hall" for Timothy to mend, and news that he was to have "the work regular"—quite a windfall for him. As he sat down on his stool and got his tools he might have been heard saying, "God made the boy to grow, and the coat will grow to fit him, and the money will grow to buy the cloth. We can't stop the boy, but we can stretch the earnings."—*The Chronicle*.

### A WORTHLESS ARGUMENT.

You know the venerable argument, which was never very strong, and which halts and stumbles now from age and long dishonorable service. "The heathen in Boston!" we are told. "Look how poor a thing our home religion is! Shall we not make our own religion strong, convert our own masses, conquer our own sins, before we go around the world to preach our yet unappropriated gospel for the heathen?"

It is not always those who are most earnest and active to complete our home religion who use such an argument. Where, with such an argument in force, would have been the richness of Christian history? If every land must for itself have made the very best and fullest use of the gospel before it could offer it to any other land, how the great work would have halted and stayed in its first littleness! Still on the desolate fields of Galilee, or amid the ruins of Jerusalem, a few disconsolate and hopeless Jews would be telling to-day to one another the unbelieving and unused story of the Cross. The earnest heart and manly intellect of Paul, full of the spirit of his Master, soon broke the spell of such sophistry as that, and Europe saw the light through the dim medium of a Judaism which was itself still more than half darkness.

It is the sincere and deep conviction of my soul, that if the Christian faith does not culminate and complete itself in the effort to make Christ known to all the world, it is a thoroughly unreal and insignificant thing, destitute of power for the single life, and incapable of being convincingly proved to be true.

The opened world—the simplified faith! Surely this of all times is not the time to disbelieve in foreign missions; surely he who despairs of the power of the gospel to convert the world to-day, despairs of the noon-tide just when the sunrise is breaking out of twilight on the earth. Distance has ceased to be a hindrance. Language no longer makes men total strangers. A universal commerce is creating common bases and forms of thought. For the first time in the history of the world there is a manifest, almost an immediate possibility, of a universal religion. No wonder that at such a time the missionary spirit, which had slumbered for centuries, should have been one of the very greatest epochs in missionary labor in the whole history of the world.—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

When the native Christians at Benito, West Africa, were dismissing their three missionaries, they prayed: "May they be preserved from storms at sea, be kept in health, have moonlight on their journey, may their friends be willing to let them return."

CHINA.—A missionary asserts that some of the Chinese have such wonderful memories that they can recite chapter after chapter, and some of them most of the new Testament.

## Work Abroad.

KOLAIR LAKE,  
Boat "Glad Tidings."  
Nov. 21st, 1895.

*My dear Friends who read THE LINK :-*

This cool, breezy morning Miss Stovel and I are sailing over the blue clear waters of this lake, far-famed (among us missionaries) for its fine, large, active mosquitoes, and for the splendid facilities it affords for visiting the villages of the Gunanapudi region. In this region live a great many of the Christians who make up the number of the Akidu field.

Miss Stovel is taking me to see many of these Christians, and I have so much enjoyed my trip and meeting with those who have become disciples of Christ. Especially did I enjoy visiting places where almost the whole village was Christian; and I saw one village where there is not one heathen household. Think of it! In this heathen land, where on all sides one sees the most ignorant, degrading and disheartening idol-worship, to come upon a village where there is no idol, where no heathen rites or ceremonies are performed, where no heathen feasts are held, where no man wears the *juttu*, and where no woman wears the mark, the *bothu*, on her forehead, but where there is a good Government school, taught by Christian teachers, where the inhabitants appear to be the self-respecting, God-fearing beings their Maker intended them to be, where in every house Jesus is installed as King, and where all gather at the sound of the bell for prayers, for a meeting or for school, as the case may be. You who live in an enlightened land, can hardly understand how I felt as I walked through the streets of that village acknowledging the salams of Abraham, of Isaac, Jacob, John, Samuel, and so on. For further north, on the Yellamanchili and Narsapatnam fields for instance, one sees no such village as this Kommalamudi, which I have been describing. There one is surrounded by deepest darkness, and the Christians are so few and scattered that the strength of numbers is not felt as it is here. It seemed a great encouragement to me, and the hope sprang anew and stronger in my heart that in days to come we shall have Christian villages in the hardest and most discouraging of our fields. Nay, I believe it.

We have seen many other villages, and are on our way to see still more. There is a fine opportunity for work on this field among Christian women and children alone, not to mention the work among the heathen women.

One morning as we sailed, how I wished that you might have been here, as I do so often, this time to see some of the beauties of Nature. We went sailing through acres and acres of water lilies, whitening all the surface of the water, and stretching away in crowds on all sides

in patches of snowy whiteness until far away, as far as eye could see, a field of white stretched to the horizon, reminding me of the fields of new fallen snow in our own dear Canada. How beautiful they were in their purity! Rocking and swaying on the little wind-blown wavelets of the lake, with their snowy petals and golden perfumed hearts! We leaned over the side of the boat and gathered armfuls of the lovely things, and still they invited us from the wave. It seemed to me I had seen nothing so pure and beautiful since I came to this land.

Our weather is quite cool now, and the Kolair breezes decidedly cold. The "hot season" is over, much to our joy, life seems worth the living once more, and already our housekeepers are planning for Christmas.

It is a long time since I reported myself to you, dear friends. I have already understood from old missionaries in India that toward the end of October or the first of November there came up a great monsoon, when it rained so hard that all you could do was to stay home and write home letters. I was waiting for that time to come and give me a chance to write to you and a host of other people whose letters are fast piling up to discouraging dimensions. But come it did not, we had no rain to speak of, and almost every day saw me at my usual work in the village of Yellamanchili, where I live when I am at home, and so the chance to write you the good, long letter has just now made its appearance.

Since last August I have been at work on the Yellamanchili field, with one trip into Narsapatnam to look after the Bible women's work there. I began immediately with the village work with three Bible women to help me. I cannot tell you of any special encouragement in the work. The women usually gather first very well to hear us sing—they are so fond of singing—but their interest very often flags when we begin speaking, and one by one they drop off. When we remonstrate and ask them why they can't stay, they begin to make their excuses, as women and men of all lands know very well how to do.

I have made some friends among the women, and these are usually glad to listen to what we have to say, and I have had several good conversations with them. Altogether, although I cannot say our work is very encouraging, I cannot say it is positively discouraging. Some days we go out, but can hardly get any one to listen quietly. And then again sometimes we will find some women who listen, respond and make friends, asking us to come again. These are the women we get a hold on, and there are some such whom we like to visit, who seem to think it worth to sit quietly for an hour or two, and listen to the "wonderful words of life."

When I first came to Yellamanchili, there were no Brahmin houses on the women's visiting lists. However, soon after, the way was opened into a Brahmin house through Dr. Smith's ministrations. We are



always welcome there, and are always sure of a quiet, respectful and attentive hearing. Since then four more houses have called us, and in three out of these five we have good times. Our best hearings are among the weavers. The women sit all day long at their spinning, and we have a good chance for uninterrupted conversation with them.

For some time before I came the Bible women had been interested in a widow of the weaver caste, who had listened very attentively to their teaching, was coming quite often to church, had told them she believed, and said she would be baptized. We went often to her house to see her, and made her a special subject of prayer. At first she seemed to listen well, and came to church once or twice after I came, but soon it became apparent to me that she was becoming disaffected. When we would call at her home she would not appear, or she would be "too busy to hear," and gradually she seemed to go back, ceased coming to church, and now only once in a while do we see her. We fear she has gotten into bad company, and I was discouraged over her, but I was rejoiced to find that my Bible women had not lost their interest in her, and at our last prayer-meeting, Ruth, the wife of the school teacher, asked us to remember her in prayer. I have always found the Mala women ready to listen, and I enjoy a visit to the Malapilly.

I spent the first part of September in and about Narsapatnam. We have two Bible women in that field, Sarah, the wife of David a preacher in Narsapatnam, and Annamma, who lives in Dharmasagram, four miles from Narsapatnam.

While at Narsapatnam I had a splendid time visiting some of the near villages with Sarah. She is a good speaker, not afraid of hard work, zealous and strong of faith. She seizes every opportunity to say a word for Jesus, and both in private conversation and public speaking is bright, forceful and clear. I think I can hear her yet as I heard her many times on that tour, giving John the Baptist's message, "Repent and be baptized"; that seemed to be her theme.

In some of the villages we visited I met some of the most ignorant people! Remember, dear friends, that I am new in the work, and while such ignorance and darkness is an old story to the older missionaries, it came with all the force of a terrible, new discovery to me. In one village, as I was pointing the women to the Saviour, as One who was able to save, and asking them what profit there is in serving Ammatully, the goddess of their village, one young fellow standing near broke out: "But if we don't worship her, she will send cholera!" It seemed absurd to think that anyone would believe that an ugly piece of stone could send them anything, but here it was before my eyes, what I had often read of in books, and heard of in missionary meetings. It was my custom to take out tracts with me, and offer them to

any who could read them, but one morning I offered some to a man in a small hamlet, and he shook his head, "Can't read," he said. "Well, show me some one who can," I said. "Nobody in this village reads," said he. "No one!" "No one." "Do none of your children go to school?" "No."

And this is the people we are telling the Gospel to. But they find it hard to remember what we tell them. There is ample time to forget between our visits.

In another village the people listened very well, and as we were coming away, the men accompanied us to our carriage, and then one man said, "But if we did believe, who would there be to teach us? We forget so soon. The preachers come so seldom."

We went to see Annamma and her work, and her report is that "they listen well." Everywhere, as far as I have heard on the Narsapatnam field from the workers, the report is, "They listen well." We are waiting for the people to take the next step.

I came home from Narsapatnam with a glad heart. Everywhere Sarah and I had gone we had been gladly received, and had secured good hearings. Both in the town and in the surrounding villages we had been permitted to speak to many women, and they had listened, and sometimes seemed to understand the importance of our message. In Yellamanchili the women to a large extent seem only tolerant of us, they do not seem greatly interested, but in our work in Narsapatnam we met with more real interest.

I have had some interruptions in my work there, and so feel that I have barely entered into it. I have not gotten far into it yet, and so am writing of things just as I have found them in this short space of time. If I am to stay and take charge of the work there, I shall hope to be able to write more definitely and fully about it. But just this time I felt that I wanted you to know where I was and what I was at, that you might remember me.

You have said farewell to the missionaries whom we shall soon greet with a "welcome to our shores." They will be your latest message of joy and cheer and co-partnership with us, and you may be sure the welcome is waiting for them, and by the time this reaches you will have been spoken.

May He who calls you and me to service, lead us day by day into higher and fuller service and deeper consecration.

Yours sincerely,

KATIE S. McLAURIN.

Buddhists have been forming a large association for the propagation of their faith in India, China, Siam, and Tibet. A large monastery is to be attached to a university, and facilities for printing Buddhist literature are to be increased.

## "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

Although I have been in India so many years I do not remember seeing bread cast upon the waters till this year. Perhaps you know that rice is sown in seed-beds first and then transplanted. Usually the sowing in seed-beds takes place while the weather is very hot, so that one might easily fail to notice it. The beds themselves are conspicuous enough after the seed sprouts, as they furnish lovely green spots for the eye to feast on while all around is burnt up. Imagine large beds in a garden with the walks between them very much higher than the beds, and the latter covered with water. The sower stands with his seed-basket on the walk, and throws the seed over the water. I think they told me that the water would be let off after a day, but it would be let on again after the sprouts came up. The seed is soaked until it sprouts a little before it is sown.

I suppose the seed sown that day produced a nice bed of young shoots that were duly transplanted, and now the harvest is near. Sometimes the harvest comes soon in our mission work and sometimes it is after many days, but the harvest is sure if we are faithful. Lately a good many have been baptized in three new villages on the Godavari side of Akidu. Although this station is in the Godavari District, it is just on the borders, and a large part of our field and the great majority of our members are in the Kistna District. The Gospel has been preached for very many years more or less regularly in all the three villages, where at least some have yielded to its claims. The converts seem to be thoroughly sincere. One of them is blind, and because he is young, I am having him taught to read. He is living at Ganapavaram where the pastor, Mr. Gudavalli Satyanandam and his wife have undertaken to teach him. Pray for this blind man. We expect great good to result, if he learns to read well, because very many will stop and listen to him reading the Scriptures. It will be such a strange sight to see a blind man reading.

"Thou shalt find it after many days." In some cases where the seed produces a harvest, the sower does not find it till long afterwards. Some months ago a gentleman who is a very earnest worker, told me by letter that God had used a sermon of mine for his conversion. That was sixteen years ago. Perhaps some of the greatest surprises awaiting us will be in regard to those who have been blest by our very imperfect service. This is all of God's grace; but it seems easy enough to adopt the Lord's words and say as He told us to do: We are unprofitable servants; at the best we have only done what it was our duty to do. Oh! for grace to do better still in the coming year!

JOHN CRAIG.

Akidu, India.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO MISS BUCHAN,  
FROM MISS STOVEL.

*Akidu, Oct. 20th.*—The N. E. monsoon is upon us to-day, and I seize my pen and the opportunity to write to you. . . . Early this month I took a little holiday, spent a day with Miss Hatch, who had expressed a wish to see the *Glad Tidings* before beginning on her own boat; and at the same time gratified a long-standing wish of my own to see the Ramchandrapuram station. Then I went on to Cocanada, for a few days with Misses Simpson and Baskerville, whom I had not seen since March. By the way, to-day rounds out seven years since we three (Misses Simpson, Baskerville and I) landed in Cocanada. Thinking of it this morning, "under His shadow" seemed to sum up the history of the years. I could fill pages detailing His wonderful goodness, His wonderful kindness, wonderful patience with me all these years. Truly He has not failed of any good thing that He promised, but I like those three words: "Under His shadow," they tell it all.

But to return to the work, with exception of that week spent on the Cocanada side, I have been since the middle of September, working among the Christian women and children.

This is the time of the year when there is little or no field work, and one can safely count on Christian women for a meeting, or on good hearings among the laboring class any time between 10 or 10.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

That is one of the drawbacks, or shall I say hardships of the work on this field, it calls for our best effort during the hottest part of the day, and this at all seasons; and an Indian noonday sun can be very hot indeed, even in October.

Well, to come back to the Christian women, there were two methods of work among them—one is visiting them in their homes and the other is holding meetings. The former has many advantages, in my opinion, for, as they tell of their joys, sorrows, hardships or difficulties, one has opportunity to read an appropriate portion or teach a helpful verse, and often heathen women (neighbors,) who could not be persuaded to attend a meeting in chapel or schoolhouse, will gather in and listen attentively to reading and prayer, and frequently learn the verse taught, too. I don't know but that I enjoy this personal work best.

However, this month past the meeting plan has prevailed, due largely to the fact that I have been trying to have the Christian women memorize portions of Scripture. Yesterday, in Javalapalein the women gathered at 11 a.m. My lesson was on obedience; prompt, implicit obedience; Gen. xxii: 1-10, after which came recitation of the story of the Prodigal Son, from Luke xv. For perfect recitation I gave by way of reward small books, and after dwelling upon the precious truths in the

portion learned, I set a new lesson to be memorized before I came back in December.

To understand what this memorizing means you must remember that in this village there is no resident teacher or preacher, and only one man who can read! and he with difficulty spells out the words. To him these women go and get him to teach them a verse at a time till they know the whole portion, and oh! the time and patience required on the part of both teacher and scholar, when said scholar is a woman who never really set out to learn anything before. The tiniest tot in our own primary S. S. classes at home learns much more readily.

After the women's meeting a children's meeting, at the close of which I am called to see a sick woman in our home, an ailing child in another, and a new baby in a third, and it is 5.30 by the time I reach the boat. This is a fair sample of the days spent in this kind of work.

Last month I re-employed Lizzie as Bible-woman, and this week spent two days in the village where she and her husband are stationed. One morning was spent in the school. The schools are not my charge, but sometimes both teachers and scholars seem to expect me to examine and note progress. I examine the boys and girls in reading, writing and arithmetic, then in the Ten Commandments, after which I give a Bible lesson. That afternoon Lizzie and I visited together in the caste part of the village, and next morning went into a near fisher's village at an early hour when the men would be away with their nets. All the noon hour, and most of the afternoon was spent with the Christian women. I had assigned lessons for Lizzie to teach them, and I wish you could have heard them recite the Catechism, Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and answer questions on the first five lessons in a book of Old Testament stories. Four heathen girls had learned with the Christian women and recited with them. The great point is to get the Christian women taught in the Word.

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FROM MISS BARKERVILLE.

Cocanada, Oct. 28th.—Your card of Sept. 17th brought good news. Even though all the money is not ready we can begin. As the buildings are in separate parts we can put up as much as the money will pay for, by that time, perhaps, the rest will be forthcoming.

At present there are 68 or 69 boarders. It may be considered that the need is not so great when I can accommodate them, but I would never have received so many had I not considered that the crowding would be temporary. Every foot of space is occupied for sleeping room; the children sleep on mats and carpets on the floor, and at nights the ~~beds~~ <sup>beds</sup> of all the dormitories are ~~con-~~ <sup>rolled</sup> ~~rolled~~ <sup>rolled</sup> up. The raised part of the floor that was always used for sleeping, while the rest was unoccupied,

is as full as it can hold, and the rest of the floor is fitted up too. The kitchen belonging to this room accommodates eleven at present, but as it is not within the girl's enclosure at all, it would not do for a permanent sleeping room. The utmost limit of the regular dormitories is sixty; if any more come I shall put them to sleep in my pantry; the kitchen and pantry are not used because I take meals at the other house. I did not like to refuse to take in those who were applied for by their missionaries while there was an unoccupied corner to stow them away. It is not healthy for the children, however, to be so much crowded, and it makes my work harder. We have had several cases of measles, and the only spot I could find to isolate the children was in a part of the room where the grain is stored. I hope to have a little separate room for a sickroom when the new buildings are put up.

Nov. 2nd.—All day yesterday was spent in a village where, for months, many have been asking for baptism. Mr. Craig had asked me to examine the women candidates; so the morning was spent with them in their several homes. There were nineteen of them, five of whom I was obliged to advise to wait a bit. The fourteen who were received, and who will be baptized on Sunday, are exceptionally well taught. They each gave an outline of the life of Christ, touching on the main points, and especially on His death and the atonement. When questioned as to how they learned all this, they pointed to a young woman who had come to Akidu for a few days' cooly work. Then, some one in the compound had taught her and she returned home and taught all these women.

Then, when they offered to write the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, I asked them who taught them, and they called two little boys of about ten years old, who had learned them, and in return had taught the women. After examination of candidates we had a woman's meeting, later, a children's meeting.

At another village on Thursday I was greatly encouraged. After the opening hymn at our meeting, I asked how many remembered my last lesson there, and a goodly number began to tell. Then one woman spoke up, "I can tell the lesson before that," and she did; then another proudly announced that she could remember the first lesson I ever gave in that village. It was very encouraging to find the lessons thus remembered.

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An exchange says, a decrease in the number of subscribers to our official organ does not speak well for either our intelligence or loyalty. A secretary who frequently calls attention to some special feature of this excellent paper and occasionally reviews a copy at the monthly meeting and really believes in it and promptly solicits subscribers for it, is a veritable blessing to any Auxiliary

**Work at Home.****NEWS FROM CIRCLES.**

**DELTA.**—This is the seventh anniversary that we have been permitted to keep, and God has not called us to labor in vain nor spend our strength for naught. Our present membership is twenty-five, two have moved away from our midst and one of our oldest and best members God has taken to Himself.

We have held ten meetings during the year and have had an average attendance of ten. We have received and paid out \$52.84, this being an increase of \$8.71 from last year. I trust that this report will encourage us, and that we will give a large share in our thoughts and prayers to this most important missionary work, and may the beauty of the Lord Jehovah be upon us and may the work of our hands be established.

I. E. K., *Sec.*

**WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.**

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 20TH 1895, TO JAN. 20TH, 1896.

Olivet M. B., \$23; Olivet Circle, \$15.75; Rockland Circle, \$20; Lanark, \$4; Osgoode Circle, \$2.80; Metcalfe Circle, \$5.92; Grace Ch. M. B., \$4.22; Grace Ch. Circle, \$2.85; Beebe Plain, \$5; Dixville, \$10; First Baptist (Montreal), \$10.65; Kingston Circle, \$3; Brockville Circle, \$28; McPhail Memorial, Ottawa M. B., \$17; Delta, \$5; Drummond, \$7; Osnabruck Centre, \$5; Perth Circle, \$20; Perth M. B., \$17; Philipsville Circle, \$6; Vankleek Hill Circle, \$2.60; Ottawa, First Ch. Circle, and special for Bible Women, \$87.25. Total, \$302.04.

MARY A. SMITH,

8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

*Treasurer.*

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

RECEIPTS FROM DEC. 18TH, 1895, TO JAN. 17TH, 1896, INCLUSIVE.

**FROM CIRCLES.**—Listowel, \$3.50; Forest, \$2.67; Chatham, for Veeramma, \$29; Peterboro', \$11.37; Brantford, Calvary Ch. (\$7.85 thank-offering), \$16; Euphemia, \$4; Paisley, \$4.28; Bobcaygeon (thank-offering), \$1; Hespeler, \$7.81; Brantford, North Star, \$6; Brantford, First Ch. (for Miss MacLeod, in two remittances, \$59; Barrie, \$8.30; Brampton (special), \$3.50; Woodstock, Oxford St., \$1.50; Wingham, \$3.20; Port Berry (75c. thank-offering), \$3.30; Woodstock, First Ch., \$11; Aylmer (\$9.50 towards life-membership), \$11.50; Bethel, \$.95; Collingwood, \$2; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd. (\$3.82 thank-offering), \$11.32; Toronto, Bloor St., \$5.12; Thedford, \$2.75; London, Adelaide St. (\$7 thank-offering), \$18; Brooklin (\$10.20 thank-offering), \$12.50; Gilmour, Memorial Ch. (\$4.90 thank-offering), \$7; Hamilton, James St., \$17.95; Walkerton (\$5.81 thank-offering), \$6.96; York Mills, \$3.40; Uxbridge, \$3; Sullivan, \$2; Canahe, \$3; Mount Forest, (\$5.75 thank-offering), \$9.73; Sarnia, \$9.75; St. Thomas, \$15.03; Hamilton, Wentworth St., \$3.35; Ingersoll, \$12.85.

Pickering (special), \$2.25; Daywood, \$7; Calvary (\$1.25 for Miss McLeod, and \$3 special), \$6.25; Salford, \$7.20; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., \$17.15. Total, \$358.44.

**FROM BANDS.**—Lindsay, for Bonu Krupavnti, \$17; Hamilton, James St., for Chinnamma, \$10; Gilmour Memoria Ch., for Lydia, \$6; 1st Houghton, \$5; London, Grosvenor St., \$2; London, Talbot St., for Bellum Nukayya, \$10; Port Perry, 86c.; Brantford, Calvary Ch., \$3.25; Teeswater, for D. Peramma, \$1.40; Wingham (Senior), \$1.25; Wingham (Junior), \$3.02; Hagersville, per a friend, for Boddu Santanilamma, \$17; Wolverton, \$2.27; Walkertcn. \$3.04; Maple Grove, \$8; East Oxford, for Gudavilli John, \$5.36; Wheatley, \$3.75; Dixie, for Darise Yesudasu, \$8, Total, \$107.20.

**FROM SUNDRIES.**—"A Friend of Missions," Galt, \$1; Misses Isabel and Hartie Edwards. Peterboro', \$2.08; Hamilton, James St., Women's Bible Class for Ventacotta Martha, \$12.50. Total, \$15.58. Total receipts for the month, \$481.22.

**DISBURSEMENTS.**—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$552; Special from Preston M. C., 50c. Total disbursements for the month, \$552.50.

Total receipts since May 1st, 1895, \$4,843.98. Total disbursements since May 1st, 1895, \$7,294.44.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treasurer.*

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

**W. B. M. U.**

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

**PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.**—For Miss Clark, that her physical health may be strong, and that she may have souls given her now.

**CHRIST'S DOMINION.**

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

From sea to sea  
Shall His dominion be,  
According to the promise written;  
And He, in scorn and insult smitten,  
Shall hear the welcome salutations  
Of long-oppressed and weary nations:  
And He shall rule,  
Star-crowned and beautiful.

And He shall live;  
And men to Him shall give  
Their treasures, as they tell the story  
Of His renown and rising glory;  
And it shall be a rich oblation  
To Him, the Lord of our salvation,  
Who from His pain  
Went up henceforth to reign.

He shall not fail;  
His kingdom shall prevail;  
His armies come with royal banners,  
Oppressions die 'mid their hosannas:  
His chariot is onward speeding,  
The cry of all His poor ones heeding,  
Great Prince! ride on  
Till Thou all lands hast won.

—*Bible Society Record.*

The above is taken from an old, old number of the LINK. It is good to read and remember.

## SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY MEETING.

Opening Prayer.—Praise for the baptisms in Bobbili.  
Hymn.

Reading.—Isaiah xlix : 1-13.

Hymn.

Reading.—*Tidings* for the month.

Prayer.—By two or three sisters.

Hymn.

Report of Treasurer for quarter just ended.

Prayer.—For the uninterested ones in our churches.

Closing hymn.

“The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.” All round about you there is a world of sin and sorrow, and the devil is there. But remember Christ is on the throne, Christ is stronger, Christ has conquered, and Christ will conquer. Workers, go to your work more humble and empty, broken and helpless, and impotent than ever before. Let us praise God that He can work that in every one of us. But wait on Him. My text casts us down : “The things which are impossible with men,” but it ultimately lifts us up high—“are possible with God.” Get linked with God to-night. Adore and trust God as the Omnipotent One, not only for your own life, but for all the souls that are entrusted to you. Never pray without adoring His omnipotence ; and say : “Mighty God, I claim Thine Almightyness” ; and the answer to the prayer will come, and like Abraham, you will become strong in faith, giving glory to God, because you account Him who hath promised, able to perform.”—REV. ANDREW McRRAY.

Now that the Provincial Secretaries take turns in sending notes of work among the Societies to *Tidings*, there is not so much for the LINK ; still “News from our Aid Societies and Mission Bands” are always welcome.

The last “Notes” from N. S. were omitted from *Tidings* because we needed the space for the letter from our missionary. We had hoped to have had these Notes for this No. of the LINK, but they cannot now reach us in time.

I am very anxious to have the name and P. O. address of every President of our Aid Societies in Nova Scotia. Please send them to

MISS JOHNTONE, Prov. Sec.

Dartmouth, N. S.

### THAT LOST FIVE DOLLARS.

(Read at Twenty-fifth Assembly in Philadelphia.)

A Treasurer sat with haggard mein,  
Two great, deep lines her eyes between,  
And there she sat and searched all day  
For one little figure—gone astray.  
And the shades of night found her searching still—  
For, tho' weary of brain, she was strong of will—  
And when about to give up the fight,  
That figure appeared, just before daylight,  
And stood on its one little curled-up leg,  
As tho' it had never moved a peg,  
But had been standing round in the Treasurer's view,  
Just where she ought to have seen it, too !  
Why didn't she make a sudden dive  
And bring up that saucy curled-up little 5 ?

And what do you think caused all this fuss—  
Got the book of accounts in such a muss ?

That five-dollar bill arrived too late,  
And had to come in at a little side gate,  
When the door was shut and the lights put out ;  
And that poor little figure wandered about,  
And never found its own little bed,  
But slipped in a cold, dark corner instead.  
And there it remained, from that sad, sad night,  
Till the spring house-cleaning brought it to light !  
And the Treasurer was almost mad to declare  
She'd give up her place at the end of the year !

Now, who was to blame that that figure was late,  
And had to squeeze in at the little side gate ?  
Was it carelessness on some Treasurer's part,  
Who failed to give it an earlier start ?  
Or, did the subscribers lag behind,  
And drive her, too, 'most out of her mind ?  
Should any one read this who ever is late,  
Please do not forget the pitiful fate  
Of the poor little figure at that side gate,  
Whose story I've had to sadly relate.  
And call to your mind your Treasurer's state,  
As she tears her hair at a terrible rate,  
Because for your money she has—to wait.

In view of this sad state of affairs the following suggestions are made to Auxiliary Treasurers :

Begin collections early, quite early in the year,  
Then of broken pledges you need never have a fear.  
And pay but once each quarter, at least one week before  
Your presbyterial meeting, then don't send any more  
Until another quarter. Send checks, whoever can ;  
If you don't know how to draw one, well, you'll have to ask some man !

If you give to several objects, send all you have for one,  
And don't take up another until with that you've done.  
This saves your Treasurer trouble and the Board Treasurer, too,

And, if I'm not mistaken, makes it easier for you.  
Please note these five suggestions, adopt them if you can,  
And help us to develop a systematic plan.

VIRGINIA C. MOORE.

Washington City, D. C.

In my former letter to THE LINK I believe I reported two baptisms and a marriage. After my return to Bobbili it is my privilege to report the same this time.

This marriage was in October, the bride, a member of our church, 19 years of age, and the groom one of Mrs. Higgins' helpers, 26 years of age. Yesterday two more of our schoolboys, children of Christian parents, were baptized, and these with three others, by letter, were received into our Bobbili church. It was indeed a joyful day for us here, and we hope and pray that these may be the drops that herald the shower, and that those received may, by God's grace, be earnest workers in this part of His vineyard.

One of the lads, about 10 years old, had been very ill for weeks, so ill at times that we, but myself, about gave him up. I held on to the Lord in prayer, and believed He would raise him up. We talked and prayed with him frequently, and in conference meeting, he told us that he believed in Christ when ill, and asked the Lord that He would spare him to get well, so that he might confess Him in baptism, and he was very anxious to fulfil this compact with the Lord. Yesterday he so eagerly and joyfully stepped forward and down into the baptism, under the shade of the mango tree, in our mission com-

pound, and Mr. Ohurohill baptized him. The other boy, perhaps 12 years of age, has been supported by the infant class in the Sabbath school of the 1st church, Halifax, for years, and was given by them the name "Herbert," in memory of a dear boy, a member of the class, who had been much interested in him, and whom the Lord took to Himself some three years ago. No doubt those who have been praying, and supporting him, will thank God for his conversion and baptism, and will pray even more earnestly for him now, that the Lord will keep him true, and make a useful worker of him when his school days are over. He is now in the sixth standard in Telugu, and has commenced the study of English, in which he is making good progress.

At our conference in October, as I felt burdened for the conversion of our boarding children, I asked the church members to make special prayer and effort for these. Many of them are old enough to be converted, and are daily taught the truths of the Bible, and I felt that we ought to see some fruit, some of their souls ought to be garnered. It was therefore a great joy to me when these two boys came forward on Saturday and asked for baptism, and I told the church that we ought not to be surprised, but joyfully thank God, and go on praying and working, expecting that He, Himself, will lead all of the others into His fold. And not only these, who are carefully taught and guarded from evil, but that many, who are within the wilds of heathenism, may the Lord also bring speedily. For this we pray, we labor and we wait.

Yours in Christ,

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Bobbili, Nov. 4th, 1895.

#### FROM THE WORLD FIELD.

The *Missionary Review* of the world says: "The broad facts of the state of the world require to be often placed before us, and they utter their pleadings as we look at them. There is about one Christian minister for every 900 persons in Great Britain, and to every 800 in the United States; one for every 200,000 in Japan; one for every 300,000 in India; one for every 400,000 in South America, and one for every 700,000 in China. Are the forces of the Christian church wisely distributed? If all Christians lived for the world's conversion, great residential changes would shortly take place.

One cannot help wondering what will be the effect upon Russia of the free circulation of the Scriptures. The living preacher of the Gospel is not allowed to preach freely, but the printed page, which may go anywhere, has a wide circulation. The circulation means readers, and many signs appear that the readers become believers and doers of the Word. The number of men who, on conscientious grounds, refuse to serve in the army is an evidence that a deep movement is going on in the minds of the multitude. It is said that the peasantry hate conscription, and that if conscientious objections to soldiering were allowed to exempt from service, millions of men would become Russian Quakers. That would not be altogether a blessing; too much chaff would come with the wheat; but the significant thing is that the Gospels have so thoroughly leavened the thought of that huge and powerful nation. May it soon take effect in a change of policy towards the best subjects the Czar rules over.—*Christian*.

How suggestive are the observations of Rev. A. P. Begg, of Calcutta, as to the change which takes place in the form, but not in the nature of evil. He says that the widows of India "have been saved literally as brands plucked from the burning; but they have not seldom been spared thus for a life that has, alas, been too often a life of physical and moral degradation." "The devil has gone out of many things in India as a barbarous demon, but he has come back as a polished and civilized fiend; and he is more difficult to fight in the latter guise." So we may say of every country; it always has been so. We are not ignorant of Satan's devices. Beaten in one form he assumes another; driven from one stronghold he betakes himself to another. But our Lord was manifest to destroy his works.

The broad international effects of mission work are beginning to make themselves felt, and will do so more and more. In Central Africa, e.g., where the German sphere embraces the work of some English missionaries, the representatives of German authority have shown themselves both considerate and just. They have had the good sense to consult the missionaries on the peculiarities of native life, and learn from them how to deal with native character. They have shown a thorough appreciation of the work done, and no doubt have sense enough to see that the missionary will make the native a kind of man whom it will be profitable to rule and trade with. At the ends of the earth the old nations touch in a way that is perhaps more promotive of kindly feeling than is their intercourse nearer home.

## Young People's Department.

### LIST OF GIRLS IN COCANADA GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, 1895.

#### V. STANDARD.

1. Nicodemus Julia.

#### IV. STANDARD.

1. Busi Ademma.
2. Ballikuri Mary.
3. Nalli Sarah (Lillie Grimsby).
4. Sampara Sundramma.
5. Netotala Dora.
6. Kolla Karunamma.
7. Mungamuri Manikyamma.
8. Sadhi Annapuramma.
9. Terapelli Achemma.

#### III. STANDARD.

1. Nakka Kate.
2. Selam Sarah.
3. Matsa Sundramma.
4. Talla Saramma.
5. Penumurti Chinnamma.
6. Murde Manikyamma.
7. Busi Sarah.
8. Aitebattula Seshamma.
9. Netala Nukamma.

## THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

10. Gulla Annamma.
11. Nicodemus Jedidah.
12. Degala Mary.
13. Tati Martha.
14. Nava Ruth.
15. Prdavaala Katakshamma.

### II. STANDARD.

1. Battula Sundramma.
2. Maddukuri Annamma.
3. Manapa Nukamma.
4. Thuluru Esther.
5. Nalli Nilavati.
6. Bura Papamma.
7. Talla Annamma.
8. Pitta Kotamma.
9. Matti Grace.
10. Edidi Sarah.
11. Vasa Annamma.

### I. STANDARD.

1. Sundarapilli Karunamma.
2. Burigi Bullemma.
3. Bonu Krupavati.
4. Bonu Jennie.
5. Sadhi Karunamma.
6. Nedimalli Subbamma.
7. Patti Suramma.
8. Surla Salome.
9. Gopichetti Ratnamma.
10. Ballari Salvamma.
11. Revu Venkamma.

### INFANT STANDARD.

1. Ballikuri Martha.
2. Sundarapilli Ratnavati.
3. Murde Sarah.
4. Surla Ellemma.
5. Koyya Martha.
6. Tatapudi Ramamma.
7. Tatapudi Appalamma.
8. Kakileti Santamma.
9. Kadari Subudramma.
10. Karra Sundramma.
11. Palli Viramma.
12. Palli Sundramma.
13. Kandichetti Agnes.
14. Chammiti Saubhagyamma.
15. Bokke Jemima.

### ADVANCED CLASS FOR BIBLE STUDY AND TRAINING.

Kolagani Lydia, from Akidu.  
Pendurti Satyavelamma.

Names of those who have not returned since vacation,  
but who may return—

Nalli Pulmanamma.  
Mare Mary.  
Boddu Santanilamma.  
Boddu Jivaratnamma.

Names of those who have left school—

Govardi Sanyasamma.  
Jami Rachel (formerly called Appalamma).  
Teapala Santamma.  
Jyoti Mahalakshmi.

Names of those who were married during the year—

Pitala Lydia.  
Karra Nukamma.  
Martha Achemma.  
Peeyala Subudramma.

### BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

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What Dr. Hastings Told the Boys, 2c. Sadie's Thank-  
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*Music Books.*—Happy Hints, 10c. Gems for the Little Ones, 15c. Band Hymnal, 30c. (Loaned from the Circulating Library, two months for 6c.)

A Book every Mission Worker should have is "Fuel for Missionary Fires," 55c.

Kindergarten Cards illustrating Mission Band Lessons. Three Series, Burma, The Telugus and India, 5 cards in each set. Price 1c. a card.

The above are additions made to our catalogue. The latter sent free.

Address all orders

MISS STARR,  
50 Bismarck Ave.,  
Toronto.

### I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,  
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;  
I want to help the fainting day by day:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,  
Beauty for ashes may I give away:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,  
And into angry hearts I want to pour  
The answer soft that turneth wrath away:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith:  
I want to do all that the blaster saith:  
I want to live aright from day to day:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Illustrated Missionary News.

### "A BORN GEN'LEMAN."

BY FANNY BENT SONEN.

Old auntie Pettibone was sick. She sat at the front window of the little cottage where she lived alone, looking very woe-begone indeed, with her shoulders wrapped tightly in a shabby plaid shawl and her head bundled about with an old white stocking. The portion of her poor black face which was visible seemed drawn into lines of pain.

She watched the passers-by mournfully for awhile, but though several cast quick glances at her, no one cared to stop and ask old auntie what her trouble was. But very soon Jerry Dare came spinning past on his bicycle on his way to school. Old auntie's face brightened up, losing its tense lines as she rapped loudly on the window pane and frantically motioned him to stop. But Jerry, with a brief glance in her direction, and a muttered exclamation about an "old bother," pursued his way faster than before.

His schoolmate, Clint Warren, who was walking briskly

along on the opposite side of the street, was also attracted by old auntie's rapping. He glanced back at her disappointed face in the window, wondering what she had wanted with Jerry Dare.

"Maybe she's sick, with her head tied up so funny," he soliloquized, as he slackened his pace a little: "Jerry might have stopped to see what she wanted when she motioned him to, I think. If she is black she's got some feelings."

But he did not glance back again, he was obliged to hasten on, for he had no bicycle to wheel him rapidly to school, and he was in more of a hurry than usual this morning, making up the time he had spent before leaving home in pacifying Baby Sue, who had fallen and hurt her foot.

His bright face was somewhat clouded at Jerry's misconduct and the picture of old auntie's disappointment, and at the next corner, where he had to wait for the electric car to whiz past, he delayed longer than was necessary.

"Pshaw," he said inwardly, giving the strap holding his schoolbooks a tighter tug as he crossed the street. "It's not my mix. If I went back to find out what's the matter, I'd be late, and I haven't had a black mark for tardiness this year. Neither has Jerry, and he'd come out head at the end of the year."

But old auntie's mournful face had influenced him deeply, and he couldn't shake off pity that had taken possession of him.

"Maybe she is sick and hasn't anybody with her. She looked awful lonesome," he found himself thinking, as he sighted the schoolhouse. But as he reached the gate and was about to enter the school yard, he surprised the boys congregated there by suddenly wheeling about and running back with rapid strides in the direction of home.

"You'll be late and I'll beat you," he heard Jerry yell after him. Still he did not slacken his pace until he reached old auntie's door all out of breath. She was still sitting at the window, but was holding her head in her hands. She arose in answer to his knock, and, as she opened the door, her big black eyes expressed considerable amazement at sight of the little man standing there.

"I thought maybe you were sick," he stammered. "I saw you motion to Jerry. I felt sorry 'cause he didn't stop, and came back to see if you were sick, you know."

"Bress the child!" ejaculated old auntie, her black eyes bright with tears as she dropped into her seat again.

"If you isn't a born gen'leman, then I knows nuthin' about 'em. Pore old auntie is sick, honey. Clean done up with neuralgia, an' Jerry's ma's waitin' fur me to do up all their fine linen. I wash fur 'em you know. Oh, oh!" she broke in with a moan, "it ketches me straight in my eyes sometimes," adding a moment after, "an' I wanted to ask Jerry to ride an' tell his ma I couldn't come, but he never pays no 'tention to pore old black auntie. It takes a born gen'leman to do that."

"I'll run back and tell her," put in Clint, eagerly.

"Bress you honey!" old auntie cried gratefully, wiping her eyes on the fringe of her shawl. "I wouldn't let you take your time from school no more nor nuthin', only his ma'll think I'ee foolin', and won't give me the wash no more. I isn't in no way to lose it, fur it's mos' all I has to live on, honey. There isn't enuff pervisions in the house this minute to coax a mouse around."

"Oh, I'll go right away. And I'll stop and tell my mother you're sick and need things," and before old



auntie had a chance to open her mouth again he was out of the house, speeding away up the street.

He left his message at Jerry's home, and a few minutes later was breathlessly enlisting his startled mother's sympathy in old auntie's behalf.

"You'll go, won't you, mamma? You always go to see sick folks, you know. And make John take her a great big basket of things. If there's not enough in the house," he added, as he hurried away. "you can take what I'd eat at my dinner. I can get along without it. I've got to rush now; I'm late, I guess."

But though he ran every step of the way to school the last bell had rung before he reached there, and the black mark he disliked so much was placed against his name.

Mrs. Warren made her preparations for a visit to old auntie without delay. Her heart was very tender as the "big basket of things" was being packed.

"Old auntie shall be supplied with the best the house affords," she murmured softly, "and the dear boy will not have to miss his dinner, either."

A short time after, when Auntie Pettibone had been refreshed by some warm tea and nice toast, and was resting her aching head on the bag of hops which Mrs. Warren had opportunely placed in the big basket, her gratitude found audible expression:

"That chile's a born good 'oman," she said repeatedly. And as Mrs. Warren was about to take her departure, after administering some soothing drops and making everything about her comfortable, she broke out gratefully:

"Please tell him for me, Mis' Warren, he's hoisted me out o' dark waters. Ole auntie'd done gone lonesome an' hungry an' sick all day but fur that bressed chile's white heart!"

When Mrs. Warren told Clint at noon about old auntie's gratefulness for her relief from pain and hunger, he found his last vestige of regret for the distasteful mark his manly act had brought him vanishing.

"I'm proud of it," asserted Mrs. Warren, earnestly. "I'd rather have that mark against your name to-day, and feel your heart was clean, than have Jerry's unmarred record for prompt attendance, and the black mark his heart is disfigured with because of his unkind, discourteous act."

In which Clint, after a moment's deliberation, heartily concurred.—*Observer.*

## WHEN I AM A MAN.

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

I want to be useful, and this is my plan,  
I'll go on a mission when I am a man.  
I'll learn every lesson and mind every rule,  
And make some one happy each day at my school.  
I'll read in the Bible and learn how to pray;  
If I would teach others I too must obey,  
Then, when I grow older, to India I'll sail,  
I'll ride o'er the billows and laugh at the gale.

ONE result of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union is the formation of a missionary settlement for University women at Bombay. Two sisters, the Misses Stone, have just left England as pioneers, at their own expense, of this movement, which, we trust, will prove a most successful and helpful one.

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