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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA. In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada. INDIA.

Vol. XIII, No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. LX. 3. [JAN., 1891.]

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Miss Baskerville passed her final examination in Telugu early last summer, but unfortunately the fact was not mentioned in the LINK, as was that of Miss Stovel and Miss Simpson. We regret the oversight, as Miss Baskerville has been remarkably successful both in accuracy and accent.

MAPS of our Telugu missions may be had by sending to Baptist Book Room, 9 Richmond St. West, Toronto; maps mounted on cloth, varnished, with neat rollers, \$1.00, unmounted, 25c.

ZENANA WORKERS.—Mr. E. Poole, P. O. Drawer 70, St. Catharines, has a number of photographs of our first zenana workers for sale. The group comprises: Miss Frith, Miss Folsom, Mrs. DeBeaux, Misses Gibson and Lottie Gibson, Rachel and Priscilla Beggs, and Ellen the Bible woman. Price 35c. each, or \$3.50 a dozen.

OUR sisters of Ontario are reminded that besides the extra work which we have taken for this year, in connection with Samuloota Seminary, etc., we are still hoping to secure a medical lady, and when she comes to us we must be ready to send her.

GIVING.—A sister writes: I saw in the LINK that we must deny ourselves in order to give. I denied myself a trip to Sarنيا, and send you the money. My husband belongs to the Salvation Army and I don't see much money. Still I belong to the Circle and take the LINK.

LOOK AT YOUR LABEL, and if it bears any date previous to Dec. 1890, please either hand your subscription to the agent (you can help her in her arduous task by not waiting for her to call), or send it direct to the editor. If any mistakes have been made in your name or address, or in not crediting subscription sent, please inform us, as this is the only means we have of detecting mistakes.

GREETINGS to all of our readers. A happy New Year to you, and may it be to each a year of great usefulness in the service of the Master. We wish to thank our friends for the many kind words of appreciation that have come to us during the past year. They have been to us a source of cheer and encouragement. They show also, that many of our sisters are wide-awake, appreciative students of missions. We wish especially to thank those servants in the cause of missions,

of whom we hear so little at our meetings; they do not figure in the reports, they are the quiet, patient agents for the LINK. We believe that there are no officers connected with the Society, who have it in their power to accomplish more for the cause, than those who have to do with spreading missionary information. No one, more than the editor, knows how to appreciate an agent who is prompt, painstaking and energetic. We frequently notice in looking over our list, a great disproportion in the length of lists for different post offices. Some churches that are not by any means the largest or strongest, have long lists, and some that are quite small have much longer lists than some large churches. Will not all of the agents in churches where few LINKS are taken try with the beginning of this year, to get a number of new subscribers? There are some Circles in which no agent has been appointed. This is a great mistake, an agent being almost as necessary an officer as a president. Will not some of our readers, who belong to Circles where no agent has been appointed, volunteer to take up this work? There is no way in which you can add more to the life and interest of your Circle. We will aid all we can, by way of sending sample copies or a list of the present subscribers.

## The Cry of the Perishing.

We die, we die, for whom One died in anguish;  
 Yet thousands, called His children, sit at ease  
 In palace-homes, unhooding that we languish  
 In hopeless night beyond their broad, blue seas.  
 They know the way to us, they broat our waters,  
 They climb our mountains, and o'erawep our plains,  
 Know all earth's pathways—they, their sons and daughters,  
 But leave us still in anguish and in chains!

We ask not gold—'tis bread for which we're crying—  
 The Bread of Life, for which we toil in vain,  
 In dire self-sacrifice, in pangs, in dying,  
 In horrid orgies, and in hopeless pain.  
 They know the rest of faith in its completeness,—  
 They stand on heights toward which we vainly yearn,—  
 They drink from founts of unimagined sweetness,—  
 And we—we die, and to the dead return!

O death—oh death!—were't but the body's dying,  
 Its direst pang—we'd face them undismayed;  
 But, oh, this endless, hopeless, weary crying  
 For light on the beyond, for some sure aid  
 To bridge the awful gulf that seemeth ever  
 To yawn before us in the unpierced gloom,—  
 To show us in that dim, unknown forever,  
 For us and ours, some resting place, some room!

Do they believe, indeed, that strange, sweet story  
 Of which faint echoes reach us now and then,  
 Of One who left His home in highest glory,  
 A MAN to be, and live and die for men?  
 And could we hear it, should not we believe it?  
 And, in believing, should not we obey it?  
 His proffered grace, should we too not receive it,  
 And rest in His great love, as well as they?

O Christian, Christian!—is it true—that story?  
 And has its music thrilled your listening ears?—  
 Yet time rolls on, and earth grows old and hoary:  
 And we still die in hopelessness and tears.  
 Why come ye not, that we with you may gather  
 In mutual brotherhood around His feet?  
 With you may I sip that sweetest name, "Our Father,"  
 And share with you the hopes you find so sweet?

Our doors stand open wide, our children  
 Watch for you long with eager heart and eye,  
 Watch for your coming and await your message,  
 And, while they watch and wait, how many die!  
 Our gods, foredoomed to ruin, totter  
 Upon their stony thrones in slow decay.  
 Oh come, and o'er the hideous ruin scatter  
 The beams that cheer and gladden you always!

PAMELA S. V. YELL

Brautford, December, 1890.

### A Talk with Dr. Emma Brainerd-Ryder.

Woman is beginning to play a chief part in the movements of Indian social and religious life. It is essential she should. She brings to the country a spring and velocity which are not generally present when men are working alone. It is safe to predict that the coming decade will be for India pre-eminently woman's decade. Woman's questions will be the first and most exciting, and woman's tact and enthusiasm will be, probably, the chief factors in bringing about a right answer to them. India is beginning to attract the most capable women. They see here a condition of things weirdly fascinating and challenging all their power. So they come, and coming, stay. And they will come in numbers soon, for the puzzle and pain of Indian female life are destined to work themselves inextricably into the brain and heart of western women. In the divine enterprises to which India invites the West, America is already doing an almost equal share with Britain. Could anything be more admirable? Divided there, and disposed sometimes to emphasise division, the two nations join here. In presence of the social woe and religious darkness of this land they feel but one heart-beat and in philanthropic union forget political separation. In its demand for emancipation and evangelization, India is really doing the work of empire-making—pushing forward the federation of the English-speaking races. Both American and British, as they touch these shores, forget to be merely national and grow distinctly imperial, and it may well be that hereafter the difficulties between the two nations there may find a determining influence in the federation here.

All this is suggested by a visit which we have just had from Mrs. Brainerd-Ryder, M. D. She is an American lady who has received her medical training largely in Vienna and London, and after ten years of exhausting practice in New York, started two years ago on a twelve months' trip to India for change and rest. She came as

the hearty friend of Pundita Ramabai, and was her companion in a journey through Japan and China. On her arrival in Bombay she at once saw an immense sphere waiting for her, alike for her medical skill and social gifts. Dr. Ryder belongs to the best American type. There is nothing noisy or fussy about her, but she seems to tingle with energy, and about her speech there is occasionally something electric. She is wholly a woman, but a woman with ideas and utterance, promptness and courage. Our conversation lighted on many topics; experiences of travel, medical work, literature and social questions; but for the readers of this magazine it will be enough that we touch on two.

#### THE SOROSIS CLUB.

Dr. Ryder's name is particularly associated in Bombay with the founding of a club with a queer name. To the world at large the title is anything but self-explanatory; indeed no other name could have been more hopelessly unintelligible; and even to those who know Greek, it is not at once evident what *sosis* = *cimulus* is an aggregation, has to do with a club. Our visitor smiled as we expounded our perplexity, and intimated that the complete uniqueness of the name, its power to catch the ear and stick in the memory, is one important justification of it. Dr. Ryder, however, is not the author of the name; she borrowed it from a woman's literary club in New York of which she has been made an honorary member. This club was started for purely literary purposes, but was not intended to be confined to the city where it was born. It rather aimed to promote a confederation, a *cimulus*, of many similar clubs, and so took to itself the ambitious name of Sorosis. Its aim is being steadily fulfilled. Its branches have spread into other countries, and corresponding members of various nationalities have enrolled themselves. In a true sense, Dr. Ryder's Bombay club is a daughter of the New York Sorosis.

It came about in this way. Nothing impressed Dr. Ryder more, on her arrival in India, than the small lives lived by even the best and most favored of Indian women. Their interests are so few and trivial, their outlook is so narrow, the impulses that reach them from the great stirring world without are so occasional and feeble, that they cannot, in any but a pitifully limited sense, be said to belong to their age at all. Jewels and cloths, family weddings and births and deaths, household festivals with sweets and special cooking, and for the rest—a blank! The inspiration of the best history, the excitement of hearing of high deeds now being done, the impulse that is born of contemplating present day ideals—these are all absent. To Dr. Ryder, having herself lived a vivid life in touch with all that is best in her age, it was appalling to be suddenly confronted with this, and she at once saw a special duty before her. Her first move was to insert a modest notice in the Bombay papers, stating that on a certain Saturday afternoon she would be glad to receive all women who would come to her, with a view to forming a woman's club. The notice was without qualification, and friends seemed divided between ridicule of her dream and pity that she should be courting certain failure. It was urged that in the present condition of things, none but doubtful women would respond to her notice, and she was urged to send a supplementary notice to the papers, either announcing the abandonment of the project or defining the classes of women who would be admitted. This Dr. Ryder firmly refused to do, saying that her motto would be "Whosoever will." Apprehensions were speedily dissolved when the day appointed came. Forty ladies answered the invitation—of the most varied creeds

and nationalities; a club was formed which by acclamation was christened Sorosis, and all arrangements were made for fairly beginning work.

## WHAT THE CLUB DOES.

But our readers will wonder, as we did, what the club does. Well, first of all it represents to a large number of women the one point of outside interest in their lives. There is a well-appointed reading-room, which forms, as it were, the center of the Association. The best magazines and papers published for women, whether in England or America, are laid on the table, and the members who most of them, had never before known any place which they could with propriety frequent alone, devote here regularly with a strange sense of freedom and find something attractive awaiting them. But that is not all. The reading-room is also a real cosmopolitan club, where the women of one race meet with those of another, form friendships and discuss what is going on in the world. It is a new thing for India that the Hindu lady should go and fraternize with the Parsi, and both with the Christian—whether European, Eurasian or Native; and stranger of all that the long secluded Muslimani should steal in shrouded, and then instantly unveiling, take her share in the new comradeship.

The most characteristic thing in the Sorosis is the general meeting, held every fortnight on a Saturday, between four and six. The meeting is the outcome always of the most thoughtful pre-arrangement and it is sought to ensure every member's taking a proper part in it. Quite a number of committees have been formed, so that all may be conscious of responsibility the programme committee, the music committee, the essay committee, the reading-room committee, etc. These committees are frequently re-constituted, so that no one can long escape a period of service. New vice-presidents are chosen every quarter, and during their term of office must always conduct the business of the meetings. At first the neophyte in office take her place with dreadful self-consciousness, only half sits on her chair, covers her face with her cloth and mumbles out her calls half inaudibly. But all this is soon changed and before the end of her term of office, she usually commands the situation with calmness and sometimes with evident enjoyment. At every meeting a lecture of 20 minutes is given in which the life of some worthily distinguished woman is described. It is felt that no lesson can be more powerful than a great example, and it is hoped by this means to start impulses that will not die quickly or fruitlessly. In this way the members have been made acquainted with Elizabeth Fry, Miss Carpenter, Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Ormiston Chant and many others. At each meeting, too, three or four members read essays on various sides of a carefully chosen subject. One week, for instance, the subject was "The Ideal Home," and one read a paper on "The Hygiene of the Ideal Home," another on the "Music" and another on the "Manners" of such a home. This feature has been particularly interesting for the freest expression of opinion is encouraged. Music is another feature, and in this there is a great variety, Persian and English succeeding Arabic and Marathi songs; recitations, too, are much enjoyed. Opportunity is made for introducing the members to new and rational amusements and Kindergarten employments; indeed whatever can give variety and breadth and stimulus to the life of these women is gladly brought into the programme.

"TELL THEM THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR WOMAN, TOO."

The Sorosis now has about 200 members. It has created a good deal of interest among members of the older clubs in the western world, and drawn forth some practical encouragements. One of these was a long and exquisite letter from the New York Sorosis President. After sundry advices she concluded by saying, "Tell them the world was made for woman, too." That sentence at once laid hold and was adopted, very properly and beautifully, as the motto of the Bombay club. It contains a doctrine which India is only just beginning to understand, and the progress of the land in the near future depends largely on the heartiness with which it is accepted. Let it be repeated everywhere—"The world was made for woman, too." The club is in no sense a missionary institution. It is literary and social. Religion is not suppressed; each one may, if occasion calls for it, speak out her conviction or experience without hindrance; but the discussion of religion is not included in the plans of the Club.

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

When Dr. Ryder was resting for a while at a missionary institution in Poona sometime ago, a young mother belonging to the church and recently widowed came to ask alms. She was absolutely penniless and helpless, and the visitor inquired if nothing had been done before her marriage to teach her an industry. The answer was "nothing." Dr. Ryder here saw a necessity and began to ask how she could meet it. On her return to Bombay she got together ten young women, some Eurasians, but some also Hindus, and had them taught book-keeping in her veranda. The Pandita Ramabai herself joined this class. After six months' training the girls were ready for employment. Two are earning Rs. 50 per month in this way, and others receive very comfortable salaries. Her next effort was to have some girls taught cutting and dressmaking. This also is proving successful, though not equally with the other. Now at last Dr. Ryder has formulated the articles of an Association which, she hopes, may become national. We quote them here in full, as our readers have probably not seen them before.

ARTICLE I.—The object of this Association shall be the advancement of technical and industrial education for women by forming classes, when possible, for those wishing immediate instruction, and by obtaining thoroughly competent instructors and a Board of Examiners.

ARTICLE II.—1st.—The Association shall endeavor to interest the people in this cause by lectures, showing what has already been accomplished for women in Europe and America by this kind of education.

2d.—By publishing articles favorable to technical education in circulars, magazines and papers, with appeals to philanthropic men and women to aid in establishing and endorsing this work.

ARTICLE III.—The Association shall urge that technical education be introduced into ALL GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

ARTICLE IV.—This Association will not recognize, as technically educated, any girl who has not been sufficiently trained to be able to be SELF-SUPPORTING.

ARTICLE V.—1st.—The class of this Association shall be open to ALL WOMEN.

2d.—All instruction shall be given on the principle of NON-INTERFERENCE WITH RELIGION OR CASTE.

The President of the Association is the Hon. Justice K. T. Telang, C. I. E. The Vice-Presidents are Khan

Bahadur, M.C., Murzban, a Parsi, and Pandita Ramabai, and on the Advisory Board are the Bishop of Bombay, Bishop Thoburn and the Vicar-General of the Jesuits. Any attempt to make this a merely missionary movement would at once disastrously limit the influence of the Association, and its benefits are universally needed in this land. At the same time, missions, if they are wise, will seek to make technical or industrial education a part of all they are trying to do for native Christians. We were glad to hear the other day that the Arcot missionaries have started a scheme by means of which no Christian, however well educated, will be allowed to begin life without having learnt some industry well. This is as essential for girls every bit as for boys, and if Dr. Ryder's new movement impresses this on all missions it will so far have accomplished a great success. Dr. Ryder very properly claims that, without including direct teaching on temperance or social purity, her scheme will be an essential help to those causes. *Harvest Field.*

## How are We to Secure Wide-awake Leaders for Our Mission Circles?

BY MRS. J. T. FERRY

Reports sometimes come of circles disbanded for lack of a leader; circles having no meetings because nobody is willing to take the place of the leader just married, etc. What arguments shall we use?

This is a hard question to answer. It is one not so much of methods as of motive.

Do not our older auxiliaries languish for want of wide-awake leaders, wide-awake members?

When all the women of our churches are alive to the work to be done, realize that this work of spreading the gospel news in the home and in the world, even to the ends of the earth, is the one supreme business of a Christian life,—that they are called to be co-workers with Christ in accomplishing that for which He gave His life,—then I am sure there will be one woman, young or old, found to lead a mission circle. Are we not all too much inclined to consider our monthly meetings as something outside of our ordinary engagements, to be attended if so be it is convenient when the day comes? And how often it is not convenient. It is picking time; it is preserving time; it is spring cleaning; it is the dressmaker; somebody calls, we forgot it was the afternoon of the meeting—we didn't hear the notice. What shall we say to the Master when He reviews the work. His work committed to us?

A short time since, a friend, a Christian woman, said to me: "O, I want to pay you that money; it is time isn't it? How much is it?" I said "I don't remember what you have generally paid. Some give one dollar, some more, five one or two more than that." She said "I think it is two or three; I know it is more than one. Tell me, what it is for?" "Why, for foreign missions, you know. Why don't you come to the meetings? Come to the next one. We expect Mrs. Newell. She is supported by the New Hampshire women." "Well, I have meant to come sometime; perhaps I will. I'll try to." "Do." But she didn't.

To lead a mission circle seems to require special gifts, and a woman who is willing-hearted may hesitate about taking up this particular branch of work. But if the lively, enthusiastic, "lovely" young woman is not to be

found, a plain person, with no gifts but that greatest of all gifts, the aid of the Holy Spirit, may undertake such an office, and succeed.

A church fully equipped for service in the Woman's Board has an auxiliary, a junior auxiliary, and a mission circle. In such a case the circle will be confined to children,—little tots of seven or eight years old or younger, up to those of thirteen or fourteen.

To a certain degree the same conditions exist as with the older societies. They must become interested. The meetings must be made interesting. If by "interesting" we mean that there must be a constant succession of surprises for the children, fairs, picnics, candy-pulling, etc., then certainly the ingenuity of a bright woman is taxed. But if the children can be led to take the larger view, and keep always before them the end, perhaps their own ingenuity will carry along the leader. How early can they be taught what the money they earn and give is "for," as my friend asks?

Perhaps the large proportion of children in the circles, the Raindrops, the Sunbeams, the Mustard Seeds, are not members of the church, are not recognized as Christians. Some preliminary work should be done. As they are trained to know of Jesus and to love him, so they can be taught to show this love, to try to please Him, and then come all the methods by which they may do this.

Education is a complicated thing for us all, our bodies, our minds, and our hearts all being developed and trained by life. The processes all go along together. So I suppose, a little child may be won to a mission circle by the gifts of seeds to plant, a talent to occupy without having an idea of any other land or of any other people than the neighbors and the town in which she lives, unaware that there is any need of missions anywhere, or that Christ has put this work upon anyone. And by gradual development, this child may come to the measure of the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, eager to work for Him, perhaps herself a missionary.

The possibility of such results ought to be sufficient stimulus to some one woman in each church.

To return to the question: how can we secure wide-awake leaders for our mission circles, not how conduct them. It must be left to each leader to find out the method best suited to her own circle. We are concerned now to know how we may secure the managers. And to this there seems to be but one answer: by putting before some one who seems the most suitable, this one motive, "The love of Christ constraineth" me,—as with no gifts; me with my musical talent; me with my skill in fancy work; me with my good health; me with my leisure; me with my love for children; me whom my friends think fitted; me whom Christ calls.

When all our churches are wide-awake,—realize that to them is committed the faith once delivered to the saints,—when every woman and all the children are in the ranks, in auxiliary, junior auxiliary, or mission circle, and all have this high ideal of Paul, we shall not need to ask, How shall we secure leaders? What arguments shall we use? but every one will find her appointed place, and fill it gladly.

"One holy aim, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent;  
One working band, one harvest song,  
One King, Omnipotent."

## The Aged Brahman Pilgrim.

A SIXTY YEARS' QUEST FOR RELIEF FROM SIN.

BY THE REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, D.D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins—that his parents had both died when he was 17 years of age, leaving him, an only child, sole heir of their wealth—that the priests, whom he consulted, told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple the burden of sin would be removed.

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

still the old burden was there, un eased." He told us how he had gone from thence on foot, all the way to Rameshworam, begging his food all the two thousand miles, for he had given all his money to the temple, and thence again to Srirangam, and thence to the other holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles, in vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

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

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

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photographed in my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed, for I believe he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin, in vain indeed, as he said, through Hinduism; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For that is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." *Harvest Field.*

## Living and Giving for Christ.

"Is Mr. Grant in?" said a young German, of about twenty-five years, as he entered my office the other day.

"He is," said the clerk addressed. "Walk in."

"Well, young man, what can I do for you to-day?"

"I want to give some money for Bishop Taylor's work."

"I am always glad to receive money for Bishop Taylor's work, how much do you wish to give?"

"Seven fifty."

I began writing. Received of \_\_\_\_\_ seven dollars and

Here the young man laid down a hundred dollar bill, and then another, when I asked him "How much did I understand you to say?"

"Seven fifty," he replied, laying down another hundred-dollar bill.

"Do you mean seven dollars and fifty cents?"

"O no," he said, "seven hundred and fifty dollars."

I was amazed.

"Can you afford to do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, brother," I said, "Jesus has done a great deal for you."

"Yes He has."

And his tears began to drop, and mine too. Silence was the only outlet to two hearts that had been so mysteriously and unexpectedly brought together. At length I said in choked utterances:

"You love the Lord, brother, but can you afford to do this for Jesus?"

"Yes, I can afford to do anything for Jesus."

By this time the money was counted, and we both felt very tender. How I was made ashamed of the little I had done for Christ and the outside world, during all these years of my professed Christian life. I gave him a receipt and was anxious to know more about him.

"How long have you been a Christian?" said I.

"If I mistake not," he answered, "four years."

"What is your occupation?"

"I drive a truck."

"What wages do you receive?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

"And have you saved this out of your earnings?"

"Yes; I have some left."

"But how do you do it?"

"I lay away a little every week."

A gentleman present said, "I guess you don't go to the theatre?"

"Never was in one in my life."

I said, "I take it you do not drink beer or smoke?"

"Never smoke, and do not know the taste of liquors."

We parted; but I did not get over the effect of that meeting for days; and when I think of it now I am led to say with the poet:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my love, my life, my all.

Here is a practical lesson of living and giving for Christ—of giving our life to the Lord's work, though, in body, we are not in the foreign field. This young man is a real missionary, an example of self-sacrifice as bright as though teaching the heathen in their wigwams. While some are called to the front, and heroically give up all, others are needed on this end of the line, both as examples of holy living and holy giving; of earning for Christ, and giving it cheerfully for His service. — *Medical Missionary.*

### Thank-Offerings.

SAID a lady not long ago, speaking of a thank-offering box on her friend's table:—

"I do not believe in these thank-offerings. It seems to me belittling that every time I receive any good thing from my Heavenly Father, I should try to pay him for it by dropping a dime or a quarter or a dollar—according to my valuation of the gift and the amount of change I have on hand—into a box, for thanks. If I have anything to give I want to give it, and not dole it out as payment to the Lord for his gifts to me."

Was the lady right? Her friend pondered the matter long and thoughtfully, and by and by light came. She knew another lady who, having both the wealth and the inclination, was accustomed to give beautiful gifts to her less fortunate friends, who, of course, were not able to make acknowledgment in kind.

One of the recipients of her bounty, on a Christmas day, sent to her a single rose, begging her to accept it as a very small token of her appreciation of her friend's love and kindness. Speaking of it afterwards, the lady said:—

"Among all my gifts that day—and they were many and beautiful—I think nothing pleased me so much as that single rose. I love to give gifts, especially to those who have few of the good things of life, and all I want

to know is that they are pleased; still I must confess, a card or a flower or some little token in return does gratify me."

It seems to me that we may apply this same principle to the Friend who is the Giver of every gift to us. Though our small offerings can in no sense measure the value of the good things He is constantly showering upon us, still they may serve as a small expression of a great gratitude, and so be well pleasing in his sight.

The grace of thankfulness can be cultivated in no better way than by its frequent exercise in some tangible shape, and by some self-denial, if need be.—*Mission Studies.*

### THE MASTER'S CALL.

[The following verses are from the pen of an aged lady, whose eyes are nearly blind, but whose heart is buoyed up with the prospect of the triumphs of the Church.]

Our poor heathen sisters, with crush'd hearts and bleeding,  
Are stretching their hands and imploring our aid;  
Across the blue ocean comes mute interceding;  
Come over and help us, in darkness' deep shade!"

The door is now open to every nation,  
The harvest is plenteous, the laborers few;  
O, send forth the glorious news of salvation,  
The Master is calling; He's calling for you!

Go forth in His strength, and show forth His glory;  
Go! Labor where darkness and cruelty reign,  
Or give of your substance to spread the glad story,  
And pray that our Father, His blessing may doign!

There is work for each one, dearest sisters in Jesus;  
No one need be idle at home or abroad.  
Abroad, there is labor; at home it is precious  
To work, wait, and pray, for the Kingdom of God!

### THE WORK ABROAD.

#### Peyreee.

*Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.*

My dear Miss Buchan,—Yes, we were disappointed, very much disappointed, that no medical lady was found for us this year; but He doeth all things well and He knoweth best and we trust Him in this as in all else.

You may be sure the Brantford meetings were not forgotten before a Throne of Grace by us here, and while you were assembled there, discussing ways and means and plans for the coming year (Mr. and Mrs. Craig and I) were with the Church at Gunnanapudi. The first week of the month (October) Mr. Craig and his workers, my workers, and I met for four days study of the Word; and we were blessed indeed—don't know when I ever attended or took part in meetings that were so really helpful to me as were those, and, judging from expressions, both public and private of Bible women and preachers, I was not the only one thus enriched. Then the good Lord put it into our hearts to go to Gunnanapudi, and there hold special meetings with the church. The membership numbers something over 400 and what might not be, if only they were thoroughly roused. We came, and for eight days we met morning and afternoon, sometimes we had women's meetings—while Mr. Craig met with the men only—but more often the meetings were general. Good meetings they were and cannot but result in the upbuilding and strengthening of the

church there. Would write you of this fine, new chapel, and of the grand efforts at self-support they are making, but must pass on to my tour. The meetings closed, Mr. and Mrs. Craig and children returned to Akidu, leaving Krupavati and me alone.

India's women have been trodden under foot for so long, that 'tis hard for the men, even Christian men, to realize that women has any need of a knowledge of God's Word, and need to grow in grace as anything else save that which pertains to cooking and household duties generally. And as it happens that the women receive little or no encouragement to arrange their work so as not to miss evening prayers or Sunday services, with this in mind I planned to devote this tour to work among the women of our churches; making Gunnanapudi head quarters, we went out to the Christian villages, spending one or two days in each. In one village we visited in every Christian home, gathering the women about us for prayer, reading of the Word and little talk. It would do your heart good to find that with but two or three exceptions, in every house in a village the name of Jesus is loved and honored. In another village we found it answer our purpose better to meet the women all together and again we could find time for both visiting and meeting.

Rev. Karro Peter, the pastor at Gunnanapudi accompanied us to Moturu, where we spent last Sunday and Monday. Before the morning service (Sunday) we had an immense children's meeting. The chapel was full to overflowing with children of all ages and sizes, naked and dirty, (this last does not apply to children of Christian parents) and we had a real good time together.

After breakfast we went on to a village a mile distant; about half the way was under water, which offered a barrier to my going, but this was surmounted by one Samuel, who brought a cot, sat me thereon, four men raised the four corners to their shoulders, and away we went—my first experience of travelling after that fashion. After the service, which was attended by the whole village, one woman and four men were buried with Christ in baptism. Wish you could have heard that woman tell of how the Lord had dealt with her and brought her to Himself. It was refreshing.

Monday was a day I shall not soon forget: the early morning was spent in the Kapu part of the village, where we met with a wonderful reception—everywhere willing listeners, on every street open doors and invitations to enter and tell the story. We had appointed a women's meeting for 2 p.m., so hastened to the chapel and by the time our noonday meal was over they began to arrive. Such a meeting, 125 or 140 women, many of them Christians, all earnest listeners and some, I believe, honest seekers after the truth.

Then we hied us back to the village and in the morning found ready hearers on every hand; how time did fly! The sun had set, the short twilight hour was gone and darkness was upon us ere we retraced our steps to the chapel. It is seldom that we enter a village and meet with no rebuffs or abuse of any kind, but this was an exception, even the men had not a word of objection, they even followed us pleading that we tell to them our message to the women. How good the Father is in thus giving us these little encouragements by the way.

And now we are in Peyerree, and the rain is falling in torrents, the roof (a grass one) leaks all over, can scarce find a dry spot for my chair, added to this the west wall (mud) is half washed away and the other half threatens to follow if the deluge continues.

The Christians here are very very poor, and until a month ago, they were without a teacher for a long time,

consequently Sunday services and prayer meetings were neglected, and coldness and indifference reigned. But little more than a month ago the silver lining of the cloud became visible; one of the teachers in Samulcotta seminary and the teacher of Akidu school who is just now pursuing his studies yet further in college, decided that they would support a man here; think of it *two men supporting one*. They are both Gunnanapudi men and soon found a man of that village who said "here am I, send me." Think you it was an easy thing for him to do? Not at all—these people are very strongly attached to their own villages and homes, and pressing indeed must be the need and very long the call that takes them away from it. But Mr. Krunanandam willingly left a good home in Christian Gunnanapudi and the office of village clerk, which office is not without honors, especially as he is probably the first Christian in all the Telugu county who has ever been appointed to this office. He has a hard work before him but is very brave over it. I am hoping for much from his wife, who is fairly well educated and seems willing to do all she can.

Pray for these two and their work here. Had hoped to do much to help them, but all day yesterday, the live-long night and to-day, the rain has come down in right royal fashion, and I sit writing, unable to set foot outside the door; occasionally little groups of women rush in through the rain, but the work we intend doing is as yet untouched.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, and Mr. Barrow reached Cocanada in due course just about same date as we three (Misses Simpson, Baskerville and I) arrived. By the way, we have entered upon our third year in India, how time flies! Looking back over the months, the weeks and the days, personally, I am very thankful and rejoice in a sense of my Saviour's care for me, and in all the way He has led me, and in the good hand of the Lord upon me. I wish you could realize some of my joy in bearing the light into these dark homes, giving to the inmates new visions of life and its meaning, of the future and of the great Father's house. Yes, it is a glorious work.

We are looking forward to our Quinquennial conference with hopes for great blessing during those days together, pray for us. Conference opens on the 29th December, closing January 3rd. We Akidu people will probably spend Christmas in Cocanada.

I am, ever yours,

FANNIE M. STOKEL

Nov. 6th, 1890.

### Some Extracts from Miss Rogers' Home Letters.

While driving in another part of the town, we were only a little way from the cemetery, so we went and saw

MR. TIMPANY'S AND MR. CURRIE'S GRAVES.

It is a very pretty place, much more so than I expected. In the same grounds the English Church and Catholics bury their dead, each have their separate corner divided by drives and rows of trees, the whole is surrounded by a stone wall. This week is the

TIGER FEAST.

next Wednesday will be the big day. The people get themselves up in all sorts of ways. This feast is a Mohammedan affair and they hire the Hindus to play the fantastic. It seems to be a sort of carnival. They put on tigers' faces and paint their bodies striped and spotted.

I have tried to find out what is the occasion of this feast, but it is very hard to get at the truth of anything here. You ask some one whom you think ought to know and they tell you one thing, and some one else will tell you quite a different story.

I have had a very fair week, only the red ants are on the war path again and turned me out of my bed two nights, but I have a stretcher now, so take refuge in that when I am invaded, so it is not so bad.

Miss Booker is not well, she is to start for the hills on Tuesday. I shall be glad to see her start, for I fear she will not get better here. I am looking forward with pleasure to going to Tuni, but this language is hard and I don't think that it would be wise for me to cram just for the examination. I am beginning to enjoy my class, and from this time until the first examinations, I am going to spend much time in conversation.

I wonder if I ever told you how they carry the babies here. It looked so odd when I first came. They carry them astride their hips. If you look up Isa. lxvi. 12, you will find the custom referred to. It does not seem to be a good custom, for it seems to make them bow-legged. Still it is far easier, and they like to do things in the easiest way possible. We are having a

bread famine just now. The bread is raised with the toddy that is obtained from the Palmyra tree—the same toddy that they get drunk on. Just now the tree is not yielding, but they are usually able to get it from the hills, as the season there is different, but they have failed to procure it, and the poor native bakers have no substitute. Our cook is giving us rice cakes, they do very well but one tires of them. We are hoping the famine may not last many days.

Our bread is usually very good, and so is the butter by the way, butter is made in a very peculiar way. They boil the milk very slowly till it is nearly as rich as cream, then let it sour. The longer it is boiled the better the butter is. It is just a year since I said good bye to you all. The time seems long but the months are going faster, and when I get to work, I suppose they will fly so that perhaps it will be seven years before we know it.

Miss Baskerville writes Oct. 27th. "A missionary must be hard working and accustomed to hard work, for this is a land where one's hands may be full from dawn till dark, yet where one's hands must be full. What a great blessing it is to be well! It sometimes astonishes me when I think how well we three have been, it has been really wonderful the way in which we have been blessed with health and strength. And now perhaps you will be glad to hear a little of my work. I am teaching regularly, three classes a day in; Bible lessons, and have two hours sewing, that makes five hours with the girls, then on Wednesdays and Thursdays, we visit in the two near malapillies, in the afternoon I get two hours with nunshigon Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, and one hour each on Wednesdays and Thursdays; I don't take any Telugu on Saturdays. Sunday is a very busy day—the programme is usually, first the Sunday school in J., then Telugu service, in the afternoon I go over at three to Miss Simpson's little school for caste boys, and after dinner to a school we established in the nearest malapilly. This is one of the most encouraging works I have in hand, because the attendance is so regular and uniform and the children learn so well. We have over 60 children quite often, and seldom less than 50. After this is the Telugu evening service, and then I am ready to rest. Sometimes we go down to the English service as a sort of treat, and we usually go down on Communion Sunday. When we go there we are reminded a little of home.

W. B. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, of these, ye have done it unto me."

PRAYER SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.—That the reaping time may be now in Bobbilly. That the workers there may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

#### WHEN THOU CALLEST.

O Master! when Thou callest  
No voice may say Thee nay,  
For blest are they that follow  
Where Thou dost lead the way:  
In freshest prime of morning  
Or fullest glow of noon,  
The note of heav'nly warning  
Can never come too soon.

O Master! where Thou callest  
No foot may shrink in fear,  
For they who trust Thee wholly  
Shall find Thee ever near;  
And chamber still and lonely,  
Or busy harvest field,  
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,  
Shall precious produce yield.

O Master! whom Thou callest  
No heart may dare refuse:  
'Tis honor, highest honor,  
When Thou dost deign to use:  
O'er brightest and our fairest,  
Our dearest—all are thine:  
Thou who for each one carest,  
We hail Thy love's design.

They who go forth to serve Thee,  
We, too, who serve at home,  
May watch and pray together  
Until Thy kingdom come:  
In thee for aye united  
Our song of hope we raise,  
Till that blest shore is sighted  
Where all shall tune to praise.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Not more than six months ago, death entered the ranks of the Executive Board of our W. B. M. U. and we mourned, as the tidings reached us that Mrs. Solden had been called away. Suddenly, in the night time she was taken, and after years of patient suffering. We bowed our hearts, to His will, and thanked God that for her there was "no more pain." But as the weeks have gone on, we have seemed to miss her at every turn, and now we seem scarcely to have turned from her grave when we are called upon to part with another of our leaders. It all seems so unreal, so impossible, that we can hardly grasp the fact, even though we write the words, "Mrs. Parsons is dead." She looked so well and strong, you would have said she had many years of service here; we needed her so much in the Union, the church needed her so much, her family needed her so much, and yet God called her. One week full of loving service, the next a little cold, and then such

agony, that even those who loved her most, prayed "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"Such sad news," we say,  
And the heart bids forth weak tears,  
Our foolish eyes through their own mists dim,  
Can not see the resting joy of Him  
Who treads with her the golden way,  
Where the star-lamps pale in the passing ray,  
And the throne uplifted nears.

We have need indeed to turn our eyes from the agony, the grave, the loss, up to where the "glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land," else how could we bear, and still live on and work.

Mrs. Parsons was one of the original members of the W. M. A. Society of the North Baptist Church, Halifax (where she resided), she was also one of the managing committee until 1873, when she was made President, which office she has held most of the time until her death.

How that Aid Society will miss her! She never let any thing but illness keep her away. To her that one hour a month of prayer was sacred to the Master. She was always in her place. She was also President of the Nova Scotia Central Board until the Union was formed. Since which time she has been Vice-President for Nova Scotia. She was also Chairman of the committee on Home Missions; so that in every thing she was closely identified with the work.

Her interest in the LINK never faltered; and she rendered invaluable service in this matter. From the time it was first published she had charge of the subscriptions; each year she added to the list, and renewed each subscription; often having to call or ask several times for the 25c. our sisters forgot so easily. It was no pleasant task, but she did it willingly and faithfully, and the result was she always had a large number of subscribers.

Another characteristic we may mention, she never refused to do anything she was asked if it was within her power. Active, earnest, devoted, cheerful and faithful, each one of these may be fitly applied to her from the beginning to the end. Even when dying she spoke of the W. M. A. Society meeting held a few days before, asking about it, and speaking of each sister with whom she had been connected in the work, adding that she had never thought of leaving them so soon, but the Lord knows best, and she hoped to meet them all.

And so we leave her. Her own words, "the Lord knows best," hushing each murmur.

Our thoughts go back to our annual meetings in Yarmouth last August. She was so bright and active, working all the time, full of zeal. How little any of us thought that she would be the next taken.

Sisters of the Union, pray earnestly that the Master will raise up other workers to fill these vacant places. And hail we not in this sorrow hear His voice, bidding us work with all our might, because the night is coming!

"Teach us to live, and, living, wait for thee  
Redeemer—making life and labor sweet.  
Watching and working till our eyes shall see  
Thy face, they long to greet.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER "ON THE FIELD."

Thursday, 30th October, found us once more taking the steamer *Evangeline* for Annapolis, and from there to New Germany, Lunenburg Co., by train. A two mile drive enabled us to reach the parsonage in time for tea

and prayer-meeting; and then for work. Our Cor. Secretary here is one who understands thoroughly, not only what it is to work herself, but how to make others work. Of this we had ample proof, as we listened to her programme for a two week's campaign.

The first meeting was held at Foster Settlement, seven miles from the church. The sisters here were anxious for a Society, and we organized with eight members, promising to return on the following Sunday evening, and have a public meeting. This the rain prevented. The people here know how to work, as is instanced from the fact, that their meeting-house—a very pretty one—was built and paid for in a year from the day the first trap was felled for it.

In the evening a large meeting was held in the church at New Germany, the pastor presiding. The secretary read the annual report of the Aid Society. Ten years ago nine sisters had met and organized, now they number 43. The first year they raised ten dollars, the last year, 843. During the ten years the Aid Society had raised 8405.

The Mission Band was formed in 1883, with 23 members. In 1887 the boys joined, and they now number 64. Since its organization the Band has raised 8235.

A recitation, "What owest thou unto my Lord?" by Miss Laura Caldwell, the teaching of "A Mite Box Opening," by Miss Vionette (Co. Secretary), an address by the Prov. Secretary, good singing and earnest words by the pastor, made up a pleasant, and we trust, a fruit-bearing evening. Next day a ten mile drive landed us in New Canada. Here the sisters had become somewhat discouraged, but better times are in store for these faithful ones. One dear old saint who walks quite a distance to reach the meeting, would not hear of the Society disbanding. She said she had not much to give, but somehow the little always came. This year she has an apple tree and two hens, all of which are employed in the mission work. A talk with "Grandma Mader," as she is familiarly called, is one to be remembered. A German, she taught herself English by comparing her German and English Bibles. In her younger days she has walked from North-West, Lunenburg Co., to Wolfville, a distance of some sixty miles, in order to attend an association. Now, in her 88th year, and nearing the better land, she realizes the truth of the promise, "Even to your old age, I am He." The sunset of her life is brightening all around her.

At Bridgewater, the next stopping place, it was good to be present with the sisters at the meeting of the Aid Society in the afternoon. The pastor presided at the evening meeting, the result of which was ten new members for the Aid Society. This Society has been some years at work, and is taking on new strength this year.

At Mahone Bay the Aid Society met in the afternoon. A large number were out, and every one took part. The sisters seemed surprised that any one should think it could be otherwise, "that was what they came for." In the evening the church was prettily decorated with flowers, and a long and interesting service was held, the pastor presiding. Good singing, capital recitations and dialogues by the little ones, could not fail to interest all. That it did, was evident, when one of the deacons remarked that he could have listened for another hour, and it was then very late.

At North-West our meeting was in the afternoon, quite a number of the sisters were present, and the presence of the Master felt in deed and in truth.

From Mahone Bay to Chester Basin, by stage. Here we met the sisters after the conference meeting on Satur

day afternoon. The Aid Society had flourished for some years, and then died out. We do hope that in a few years it may be revived again. It was in the year of Lunenburg County that our former Co. Secretary, Sister Kompton did such grand work.

Oh may the time soon come when each sister in our churches will feel that the responsibilities of this work rests upon her, and then the removal of one leader will not cause the work to flag.

At Chester they have had both Aid Society and Mission Band for some time and are doing well. The pastor being just about to inaugurate a monthly missionary meeting, the first was held on Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Aid Society. Some new members were the result here.

From Chester back to Mahone Bay by stage once more. The glory of the autumn had departed, and the cold made you long for home. Next to that was the warm welcome and good fire at Deacon Lant's. His wife being an old Sunday school scholar, made the visit one of great pleasure.

By train to Lunenburg, where our meeting was held on Wednesday evening after the prayer meeting, and what promises to be a grand Mission Band formed.

There were several places in each county which it was impossible to visit during the limited time at our disposal. They must be taken up again.

The collections in Lunenburg Co., amounted to \$23.15, leaving a balance for the treasury of \$14.70. The total amount after paying all expenses, which we sent in to our treasurer was \$23.97. This we divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

About forty names were taken for the LINK. Among them some renewals. Will our larger Aid Societies not forget the smaller ones when praying for the work?

The difficulties of keeping up the isolated districts is very great.

"Arise and work! arise and pray  
That He would haste the dawning day,  
And let the silver trumpet sound  
Wherever Satan's slaves are found."

"The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,  
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,  
His crown, His royal diadem."

#### MARRIAGE BELLS—BIMLIPTAM.

I have just returned to the station after one month's absence. A week at Vizianagram, one at Bobbili, and two on the field, gave us quite a change; and an opportunity of speaking with many different classes of people.

My visit to Bobbili was especially to attend a Conference of the missionaries, and to be present at the marriage of Miss Fitch with the Rev. H. F. Lafamme, of the Ontario Board.

The marriage took place on Sept. 18th, at 5 p. m. in the Mission House. Six missionaries, three Europeans, the Rajah of Bobbili, and twelve native gentlemen were present to witness the ceremony. At the appointed time, the groom attended by Rev. W. V. Higgins entered the room, and stood facing the company. The bride, escorted by Rev. R. Sanford, came in and took her place beside the groom. Mrs. Churchill stood on the left, the rest of us in front, while the marriage ceremony was solemnized by Rev. G. Churchill, assisted by Rev. R. Sanford.

The bride was dressed in black silk, with a tasteful arrangement of white lace, tulle and orange blossoms about the neck.

The bridal bouquet, composed of tuberose, jessamines,

and rosebuds, was from the Rajah's garden. The room was prettily decorated with greens and flowers.

After the happy couple had received congratulations, and many good wishes for their future happiness, light refreshments were served. The National Anthem was sung, and the friends from town took leave, expressing themselves as being well pleased with the hour spent at the mission house. The bride and groom received presents from the missionaries at each station, which were appropriate and useful.

The dinner table which was bountifully supplied with good things, prepared by the skill and efforts of the hostess, was at 7.30 surrounded by a happy company.

One course finished, our attention was called to the pleasing fact, that not only were we enjoying the wedding dinner, but also celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of the marriage of our host and hostess. The reading of an original poem by Mr. Sanford, entitled "Anniversary Day," and the crowning of Mrs. Churchill with a wreath of roses added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Later on, the bride and groom prepared to start for Vizianagram, on their way to Yellamanchilli, but were prevented by rain. Next morning at 9.30 the carriage drawn by eight coolies, came up to the door, and our friends drove off amid showers of rice, and showers of rain, followed by our best wishes and our prayers.

A. C. GRAY.

#### NEWS FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

With great pleasure I report some progress in our work. The efforts of Miss Annie Fisher, County Secretary for Carleton, have not been without success. A Society has lately been organized by her at Union Corner. The Society at Benton has been visited and encouraged, and in several other churches the matter of organization is under consideration. Thus the blessing of God ever goes with the followers of Jesus who work in "His Name."

In Westmoreland and Albert Counties the Secretaries have not entirely failed. In September we had union meetings at Sackville and Point de Bute with good results. At the latter place a number from Sackville were present, among whom were returned delegates from our annual meeting at Yarmouth, who, in the most enthusiastic way, rehearsed what was there said and done, much to the pleasure and profit of those present. The meeting was unusually large, the weather fine and driving pleasant. We visitors returned at a late hour feeling much inclined to go on a like excursion should the opportunity offer.

The Sackville meeting was very largely attended by young ladies as well as more elderly workers, and eleven new names were added; but we could not but think the addresses and reports would have profited and interested even a much larger and more general audience. Almost every phase of our work was discussed. Grande Ligne Mission lies near the hearts of our Sackville sisters, if one may judge from the generous contributions brought in that day towards the filling of a box for that institution. Certainly the comforts of the students will be enhanced therefrom and the matron's heart made glad.

"The Missionary Week" of October was devoted to Albert County.

I was glad to be able to meet a large number of sisters in Salem and Geymuntown. At both places the earnestness and sympathy expressed for the cause was food for thought as we journeyed over the long miles from Geymuntown, the gathering darkness hiding from view the grandness of mountain and bay, or over the shorter drive from Salem, too late to enjoy the sublime scenery of hill and valley.

At Hillsboro, too, we had a reunion with old acquaintances at their regular meeting.

Later in the month we attended a public meeting in Riverside Hall, Albert Society joining in the meeting. Readings were given on missionary topics, music, reports of annual meeting and address in behalf of our work.

Similar meetings and reunions of co-workers would add vigor and strength to Societies, especially in country districts. Cannot the trial be made in other counties?

A. R. EMMERSON.

*Pres. Soc., N.B.*

Dec. 2nd, Mrs. W. Saunders and I went to Union Corner for the purpose of organizing a Missionary Aid Society. Owing to the severity of the weather and long distances many had to drive, only a few of the sisters met with us. After reading of the Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Rev. J. Porter and singing, then several sisters followed in prayer. Mrs. Saunders gave a sketch of our work on the foreign field; after showing them the need of united missionary work, a small Society was formed, with Mrs. Cypher, President; Mrs. J. Barton, Treasurer; Miss J. Porter, Secretary. With the interest manifested, we hope that soon they will have a good society. Received two subscriptions for the LINK. The following afternoon we met with the Benton society. After the Bible reading, several sisters engaged in prayer. Mrs. Saunders gave an interesting paper on missionary work. I gave them a few notes concerning this year's work, and after some talk on ways and means of making meetings interesting, they decided to begin their monthly meetings again next Tuesday. They have not been meeting for several months, although contributing to the Union. Two subscriptions received for the LINK.

ANNIE J. FISHER,

*Serv. Carleton Co.*

Westport writes: Our Sunday school is organized into a Mission Band. Have chosen Grande Ligne for our first study. About 70 barrels have been distributed.

The president of the new Society at Foster Settlement, Lunenburg Co., says: Please send me one and a half dozen mite boxes. Our Society now numbers fourteen. We meet to-morrow, when we will have more.

A letter from Mrs. Churchill we are obliged to reserve for want of space.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### News from the Circles.

GLAMMIS—We are still in existence and have a membership of about twenty, quite a number live in the country, therefore, do not attend regularly. We have not taken up any special work this year; last year we supported one of the students in Cocanada school. We also have a Mission Band in connection with our Circle, it was organized a year ago last June, with a membership of twenty four, which has since increased to more than twice that number. The children seem to take quite an interest in mission work; they work on the free will offering system; they are called the "busy bees." We had a visit from Miss Frith in July; she spoke to us of her work in India; gave us a good deal of information about the Telegram which was very interesting indeed.

M. A. McIntyre, Sec.

MONTREAL.—The last meeting held by the "Olivet" Women's Foreign Mission Circle, assumed the form of a "Thank-offering Service," such a one, as was recommended by the Western Board in Nov. LINK. Our effort proved interesting as a matter of programme, profitable also, and certainly the financial result was not unsatisfactory. During the week previous, little reminders with an explanation of the contemplated character of the meeting, was sent to infrequent attenders and others, thereby augmenting our numbers. Each one entering our pretty Church parlor on the afternoon of the meeting, dropped a sealed envelope into a tastefully draped basket, that stood invitingly near the door. "No signature attached," being one of the restrictions, added grace to the gifts. The opening devotional and business part of the service ended; the President invited one of the younger ladies to carry the basket and its contents to the platform, where the envelopes were unsealed; the texts and verses found therein being read aloud alternately by three of the sisters, while the sum of \$22.80, found its way into the treasurer's hands. Appropriate hymns were sung, and special earnest prayer made over the offering. The hour thus spent was a refreshing one. Could each individual member of each Circle have a clear perception of the fact, that God's gift to them involve proportionate requisitions, our tribute of a free will offering would assuredly be, according as He hath blessed us.

I. W. WHITHAM, Sec.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### A Christmas Dream.

Marion was fast asleep. Christmas shopping had tired her out. She had planned and worked for days, and her closet was full of pretty gifts, designed to give a pleasant surprise to many friends. She thought her work was done. But as she slept she dreamed.

One stood by her side, he called her by name, he took her by the hand. She could not fail to know him. It was her Saviour.

"You have made gifts for many," he said, "have you provided aught for me?"

Marion's heart sank before this question. It was true! She had forgotten the Lord. Yet she took courage, and asked the old, old question,

"How, Lord, could I give anything to Thee?"

"Ariee," he answered, "walk with me and behold gifts for which I long—gifts within the power of every child to give."

In her dream Marion stood in a dark, foul court-yard. A girl no older than herself, with her head shaved and marks of many bruises on her half naked body, crouched in a corner. Miserable, abused, tormented, she was on the point of taking her own life. She had no friend in earth or heaven; why should she live? She had committed the unpardonable sin; she was the widow of a man she had never seen. Her wretched soul yet shrank from the dark abyss awaiting it, should it quit the shuddering body! Ah! what would she gain if she should venture all and die?

As Marion looked, she trembled. A sigh of ineffable sorrow and tenderness from him, upon whom she did not dare to look, rent her heart.

Again in her dream, Marion saw passing, one by one, the daughters of many countries. Savage, untaught, unclean, some filled with pity, some with terror. Each one in passing turned and looked her in the face.

"Who hath made us to differ?"

"Why, why have you all things and we nothing?"

"Let us eat even the crumbs that fall from your table of peace."

These, and cries like these, rang in her ears and assuaged her heart.

She turned and looked at her Guide. He had forgotten her. His eyes full of pity and longing, were fixed upon the passing throng.

Even as she gazed, he was gone, vanished from her sight. She could ask nothing, but she knew in her soul that if she would offer gifts to the Lord, she must bring him souls.

When she awoke, she wept over her empty purse. Never again did her Christmas money flow only in the accustomed channel. She gave to her friends, but she gave first to her Lord. She made first for him her little cake, no matter how small her handful of meal.—*Helping Hand.*

### Mrs. Dale's Mission Vine.

Mrs. Dale was unmistakably poor. She lived in a little humble cottage, and took in washing to pay the taxes on it. It seemed sometimes as if she could not make both ends meet, and I must confess that it was hard work for her to keep out of debt. She belonged to the little mission band of the village church, and wanted to do her part. But how? In the little garden back of the cottage she raised vegetables for the use of her own family—herself and her two young daughters. There were potatoes and corn and tomatoes, and back of these, over an old trellis, grew a grape-vine.

"What can I spare for missions?" This was the question that was troubling her. The vegetables were a necessity to herself and her children; she could not spare them. Suddenly a light broke upon her mind, "I know," she said, clapping her hands, "I can give my grape-vine; I will give it to missions."

And so in one sense the grape-vine was consecrated. The vine hung full of great stems of luscious grapes, slowly but surely purpling in the September sunshine. Irene and Laura Dale often looked longingly at the graceful vine, and felt very strongly tempted to pick "just a grape or two." But their mother said quite decidedly, "No, my dears, you can go without grapes for Christ's sake. I must make my harvest-offering a worthy one."

Towards the last of September the grapes were all ripe. Mrs. Dale bought twenty small baskets of the grocer, and with the help of her little daughters filled them with grapes to be sold; and the result was ten dollars for missions. Mrs. R—, a wealthy member of the society, had contributed five dollars, but after Mrs. Dale's offering had been received, she added twenty dollars to her own gift.

A few days passed, and there came one which brought great joy to the Dale's.

"There," said a ruddy-faced farmer, rolling a great barrel of beautiful apples into the widow's home, "I heard from my wife how you wouldn't touch one of the Lord's grapes; God bless you! But here's your apples. And I've got some pears for you, too. I'm a farmer, Mrs. Dale, and my wife's a mighty good woman, if she has been a little stingy on the mission question. She'll never be stingy any more, Mrs. Dale, neither to missions nor to you; may God bless you!"—*Missionary Reporter.*

**HUMAN SACRIFICES.**—Three men in Travancere, southern India, called an old man and woman and their granddaughter, in order to procure their heads as an offering to the guardian demon of their fields, which were suffer-

ing from want of rain. When they were arrested, they frankly confessed the crime and their reasons for committing it. This statement is taken from *Progress*, a Madras periodical.

### WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Received from Nov. 18th, to Dec. 17th, 1890, inclusive.

Dundas M. C., \$5, for the support of Rebecca, Bible-woman; Dundas M. B., \$15; Uxbridge M. C., \$5; Port Colborne M. C., \$12; Palmerston M. C., \$5; Mrs. Cooper, Kelso, Scotland, \$1.64; St. George M. C., \$5; Collection at Annual Meeting, held in Brantford Park Church, \$41.15; Toronto, (Tecumseh St.) M. C., \$5; Bank Interest, \$23.20; Bethel M. C., \$3; Ballileboro' M. C., \$10.25; Zone M. C., \$5, towards the support of Katuri Satyanandam; Zone M. C., Thank-offering, \$3; Cramahe M. C., \$3.25; Peterboro' M. B., \$2.91; Petroica M. B., \$0 towards the support of a student; Union Meeting of Toronto Circles, \$18.72; Toronto, (Parliament St.) M. C., \$5.35; Toronto, (Beverly St.) M. C., \$1.7, for the support of V. Venketazu, overseer at Akidu; \$25, the result of two "Thank-offering Services," to make Mrs. Ira D. Smith, a life-member; total, \$42; Sarnia M. B., \$6, towards the support of Talle Lazarus; Claremont M. B., \$10 to support Sarase Leah; Oshawa M. C., \$1; Listowel M. C., \$7.45; Second Markham M. C., \$3; Wolverton M. C., \$3; Westover M. C., \$7; Alisa Craig M. C., \$10; Belleville M. C., \$9.34; Lakefield M. B., \$20, towards the support of Parasa John, a native preacher; Total, \$510.32.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

Dec. 17th, 1890.

NOTE.—Omitted from last "LINK," received from Dunmer M. C., \$1.

### ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres., Mrs. W. D. Booker, Hamilton; Sec., Miss Buchan, 105 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Miss Hattie West, 51 Hantley St., Toronto.

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Lower Provinces. Pres., Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie St., Halifax, N. S.; Sec., Mrs. John March, St. John, N. B.; Treas., Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.

Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N. S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

### TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent to her quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

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