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The Canadian Missionary Link

AMERICA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

February, 1893.

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ILLUSTRATION

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 6

PETERBORO ASSOCIATION.—Mrs. Dr. Tracy of Peterboro will attend to all associational matters in Miss Caswell's absence.

W.B.F.M. SOC. OF ONTARIO.—At the Board meeting January 13th, the usual routine of business was transacted. The Board wish to call special attention to the treasurer's quarterly statement, which shows a decrease in the receipts in comparison with the corresponding quarter of last year, as follows: Receipts for 1st. quarter of this year, \$758.10; receipts for 1st. quarter of last year, \$974.80; receipts for 1st quarter year before last \$1,051.17. Amount available for general expenses on January 11. \$819.84. Amount needed for the ensuing quarter \$1,563.00. We need about \$500 a month to keep our work going from this time on to the end of the year. Miss Elliott says that the 2nd and the 4th quarters are like the Egyptian years of plenty in that they are expected to provide more than one quarter's funds, to tide over the lack in the first and third quarters; but this year's 1st. has been so very lean that it will take a very large surplus in the next quarter to make up the deficiency.

AS WE go to press we are again called to mourn the loss of a sister in whose heart Foreign Missions had a very warm place. Mrs. Hatch of Woodstock, mother of our esteemed Missionary, was called home on the 24th. She will be greatly missed both by her family and in the work of the church. Shall we not all pray the God of comfort to sustain the stricken family?

THE NATIVE Christian girls of India are many of them taking responsible positions. One graduate of a mission school has charge of one of the Lady Dufferin hospitals, some are clerks in dispensaries, another has been appointed to the charge of a post-office,—a thing before unknown in India,—and some are in charge of waiting rooms at railway stations.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—*As My Father hath sent Me into the World, even so send I you.*"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.—For Mrs. Churchill, that she may be speedily restored to health, and her heart made glad because of showers of blessing on the Bobbilli field.

When Mrs. Archibald was leaving for India, she gave to the W.B.M.U. a number of photographs such as, "The servants at Chicacole," "Burmese women," "Colporteurs and teachers at Chicacole," &c., These will be mounted, and then any Aid Society or M. Band wishing to borrow them may do so, provided that the postage is paid, and the photographs carefully returned. Mrs. Archibald also gave us several costumes and curios which are to be used in the same way. But with all these care must be taken, to return at once, or some one else is kept waiting. The Ex. of the Union knowing that Mrs. Archibald had these articles decided to purchase them, but Mrs. Archibald refused to sell, saying she gave them for the work. That they are a help

anyone who has used them will acknowledge and we are sure that leaders of M. Bands will feel specially grateful to our sister. In a few weeks we will publish a list of these articles, they will be in charge of whoever has the Bureau of Missionary Literature. At present Miss Johnstone, Dartmouth N. S.

Among the good things we need to forward our work, is a circulating library. Aid Societies and Bands would often be greatly benefited by reading one or two of the many books on missions. Of course we must be content to begin small. From the library of Mrs. Selden we have "Missionary Sketches" by S. F. Smith, "Pagoda Shadows," "The Vintons and the Karens," and "The Macedonian Cry." Also in monthly parts the "Miss. Review of the World." These last will be useful to many. The Reviews take in the whole field. If any of our sisters are inclined to help in this work either by donations of money or books please write Miss Johnstone, Dartmouth.

Orders are coming in every day for the New Game, "Missionary Pioneers," and we hope soon to be able to announce all sold. Mission Band leaders are working hard to familiarize our young people with our Indian work and workers but the short time allowed to the Band meeting renders the work a difficult one. "How to interest in and at the same time teach about the Mission is solved in a pleasant way by these games. Frances Willard in a recent article in the "Union Signal," entitled "Around the Evening Lamp," urges the committing to memory of at least one verse an evening from the best poets, and says she shall never be thankful enough herself for the habit thus formed during her school life. The object of M. Band leaders is so to train the young people that in years to come they will be thankful that this last command of Christ was urged upon them, that the obeying of it became a fixed habit of their lives. With this object in view these games have been set out. One of our Ministers in urging them upon his young people said: Here is something you can play with and derive profit and amusement from at the same time. When you meet together for a social evening here is something to give your friends, that will lead them to know our Mission Stations, and the names of our missionaries, past and present. This will soon lead to a desire to hear these missionaries when they return, to know more of the manners and customs of the people among whom they labour, and thus, the desire will be awakened, to help in sending them the Gospel.

MONEY.

In a letter received from our Treasurer the last of December, she says, "Do you know I need to receive \$800, between now and the end of the present quarter to enable me to meet the installments?" Last year between December 29th, and the end of the quarter \$900 was sent in. Let us remember my sisters that at our annual meeting in August, we pledged ourselves to the Lord to raise \$7,000 this year: "Do not let any quarter find us with a deficit. 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Let us not keep back His own from the Lord,

EXTRACTS FROM DR. PENTECOST'S ADDRESS AT NORTHFIELD.

BY REV. H. B. BARTZLER.

Dr. George F. Pentecost is always a welcome presence at Northfield. Years ago he was drawn into the town, as were also the Gospel singers, Mr. Sankey and Mr. Towney, by the charms and associations of the place, to seek a home under its stately elms and maples; but Providence has not permitted him long to remain in his chosen home. The great cities of America, England, Scotland, and India have claimed him for special service in the interests of the kingdom of God. After an absence of nearly two years in India, Dr. Pentecost once more appeared before a Northfield audience on Sunday, August 23th. It was the closing day of the Northfield "season," which had begun with the World's Student Conference in July. The Congregational church was crowded to hear the words of their favorite speaker. In the morning and afternoon he preached with all his wonted energy and power, and in the evening he gave a remarkable account of his experiences and observations in India.

"Well, friends, I do not think if you should take a journey to another planet, that you would find yourself in the midst of more surprises than if you were to be suddenly transported from Northfield to India. I have the feeling, after having been in India only a little over seventeen months, that I have been in another planet. If I should speak to you of the geographical wonders of India; its billowy mountains, its magnificent forests and jungles, its wide, cultivated plains, it would require the whole evening to do so. Think of the vast snow ranges with mountains thirty thousand feet high, as if the Matterhorn were piled on the top of Mt. Blanc and then the two capped with the Rigi, and you still fail of the conception. Think of travelling through forests of oak an hundred miles, through which you could scarcely creep because of the dense undergrowth, and millions of orchids peeping and twinkling at you like myriads of fairy spirits, of forests of rhododendrons, towering from an hundred to an hundred and fifty feet in height and covered with one mass of brilliant flowers. Another evening might be spent on the architecture of India. Take the one outstanding, illustrious example from the ten thousand of beautiful buildings in India: the celebrated Taj Mahal, the most symmetrical, the most restful and beautiful building the world has every seen. I have looked at it in all lights; quivering in the first throbbing light of the day, and under the soft light of the setting sun; under the peaceful light of the full moon, and thrilling under the light of a million stars, when the whole structure had such a fairy look, that it seemed as though it might take wings and fly up into the heaven, from whence it seems it must have come. The architecture of India, as wonderful and more spiritual than that of ancient Egypt, goes to prove that when we speak of the people of India as heathen, we are not to think of them as barbarians or savages or as untutored black men. Perhaps India holds a people the most cultured of any in the world. They have a religious literature the most massive, and written in a language more musical than the Greek, more prolific than the Latin, and more exact than either of them—a people who have a religious cult that antedates every religion of the earth, with a philosophical system from which both the ancient

and modern western world have borrowed their most subtle thoughts.

"After two years of intimate intercourse with the educated men of India, my love for them has increased. The better I came to know this people, the more I talked with them, and the oftener I got on my knees with them, the more tenderly and sympathetically I came to love them: and when I turned away from the last meeting held with them, I turned away with my heart filled with emotions of tenderest love for those splendid men who for nights and weeks together came to hear the story of Christ.

"It has been said of the Hindu religion that it is eternal and unchangeable. They claim that their religion is based upon an eternal revelation and that it is unchangeable. The critics of Christianity, who have discussed the question whether it is possible for Christianity to pervade India, have said that in India we have to contend with an unchangeable religious system, bound and linked together by an indissoluble caste system which renders it an impregnable religious fortress. If I had time I might show you, through well certified facts, that, while it is the boast of the Hindu that his religion is unchanging and unchangeable, no religion in the world has given so many evidences of erosion and decay as theirs has under the influence and impact of Christianity for the last hundred years. Of course when we think of the 300,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans, and our little force of Christians in India, it looks to the superficial observer like a hopeless undertaking to Christianize these millions. It seems as though the means were entirely inadequate to reach the desired end, and that the task could never be accomplished. So the passing stranger, the cold-hearted friend, and the hot-hearted enemy are constantly saying that the conquest of India by forces that are there is an impossibility. There are those who take delight in counting up the number of Christian converts and then counting up all the money that has been appropriated and spent for carrying on the work; comparing the number won over for Christ with the number of dollars spent for that purpose, and by this commercial test declaring that modern missions are a wasteful extravagance and that practically the work is a failure; but just here, in passing, I would like to say that in my judgement the result of Christian work in India is any way from fifty to five hundred times greater than the result of Christian labor in Christian America when you compare the number and cost of instrumentalities in that country with those in this. The most hopeful field of missionary labor to-day is India. If I had money to invest in religious work and were seeking the most profitable investment for it to-day, I would invest in India rather than in the Connecticut valley.

"To-day there are in India three million native Christians. I suppose the number of real Christians among the gross number of nominal adherents to Christ is much less than this; but suppose we should say that we have no more than one million, we have demonstrated the power of the religion of Christ over their religion. The great mass of native Christians are from the low castes, but there are enough high-caste men

among them to demonstrate the power of Christ; that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is adapted to reach the heart and the conscience and the will of all the inhabitants of that land, the high as well as the low.

"Let me give you a bird's-eye view of the results of the work of missions for the last hundred years. The missionaries in India during the last hundred years have accomplished more for Christ than the first Christians under the leadership of the apostles accomplished in all Western Asia and Europe during the first century of Christianity. This demonstrates that the cry for apostolic days and apostolic power is based upon a misconception of facts. If you should go to India for a year, you would see that it is a time of apostolic men and apostolic power now. The power of the Holy Ghost is being felt in that land to-day as mightily as in the days of the apostles in Western Asia and Europe.

"It has been said that the great mass of converts in India are low-caste men. This is certainly true, and it is well that it is so. There are the three great castes, the Brahmin, or priest caste, the soldier and the farmer castes, supposed to have sprung respectively from the head, the arms and the legs of Brahma; but there are innumerable other castes that have grown out of these. The Brahmins are the first caste. A Brahmin considers himself a god and exacts worship from the low-caste men. It is among the low caste men that the greatest number of converts have been made to Jesus Christ, and this is sometimes spoken of as an illustration of the lack of power of the Gospel to subdue India. But can you call to mind any country where the great bulk of its converts have not been among the low-caste people? In America, for instance, how many of the noble, how many of the rich, are included in the living body of Jesus Christ? Let us admit that the great bulk of Christians are from the common people. Would we have it otherwise? We lay foundations not in the top soil, but in the sub-soil. When they laid the piers of Brooklyn Bridge, they did not plant them in the top soil, but dug deep down. Christianity has always rooted itself in the low castes. Read the story of the Corinthian and the Roman churches, and you will see that the great mass of these churches were made up of low-caste men; the driftwood of the nations, in Corinth, and slaves and freedmen in Rome. Why, friends, if I wanted to take a city by pulling down its walls, do you suppose that I would rig a derrick to take hold of the coping stones and pull them off? No, I would set my sappers and miners to dig out the stones at the bottom of the wall and then the whole would fall. Practically that is what is going on in India. Indian society and Hinduism rests on its castes. The top caste flourishes on the support which it gets from the lower and the lowest castes. If we pull out the lower castes, the top caste must come down in fragments. The bitter cry of the Brahmins to-day is that Christianity is alienating the low castes. Some time ago a high caste man, the head master of the Maharaja of Daypoor's College, complained to me because, as he said, we are lifting up the low caste men and withdrawing their respect forever from the Brahmins and making

them equals, and this is so. Whereas a few years ago, if a low-caste man met a Brahmin on the street, he would prostrate himself and allow the proud Brahmin to walk over him; now he merely makes a salaam to him, and contends with him for the best places in the gift of the government, and, withdrawing his offering, he compels the Brahmin to labor for his bread as though he were a man and not a god.

"Is it possible to elevate the low-caste man? The Hindu worship caste." Here Dr. Pontecost gave an illustration of the daughter of a sweeper who has graduated from the University of Calcutta and taken the degree of B. A., also of a lady, the daughter of a low-caste man, who is teaching the children of the *elite* in a private school in Poona; and several other illustrations of the same order.

"In the Punjab forty years ago there was not a known Christian; then Messrs. Newton and Forman, of the American Presbyterian Church, went into the country and built their missionary bungalow there. To-day the baptized communicants are numbered by tens of thousands. We sometimes pray that God would open doors for us, that He would pour out His Spirit upon the land. It is not a question of that, it is only a question of our going through the doors that are opened and gathering up the ripe fruit that is lying there. Dr. Forman said to me some time ago that he could not baptize a tenth of the converts, who are waiting to be baptized, because they had not the teachers to take care of them. Only recently returning from a missionary tour of the village, out of two hundred converts he had selected twenty for baptism. The rest he had to leave till his working force should be enlarged. That practically is the problem of India to-day, not to get converts but to take care of those they have, and the thousands who are knocking for entrance into the Christian Church. The rate of progress among the Christians during the last ten years has been 23 per cent. While that of the population is only about 17 per cent. So great and rapid is the increase that some of the English secular papers have been compelled to confess that in the last ten years they have been utterly blind to the great strides of the Gospel.

"We are told that the high-caste men are not being converted. I have been in about a hundred cities and villages, and in none where there are Christian missionaries do you find less than five or ten high-caste Christian men. There are enough of these high-caste Christians to stand as monuments of the power of God.

"In every government office in the land, among the men who are holding high and honorable positions are high-caste Christians. In the colleges the men who are taking high stand as scholars are the native Christians. There is something in the power of the Gospel that sets the minds of these men at liberty, and sends them over the dead point of intellectual power.

"These are some of the encouraging features. But is this all? Why, my friends, we count our Christians at three millions. There is not a city or a town or a village where a Christian missionary lives and has preached the Gospel, but there are besides

the open converts great numbers of secret Christians. I speak from experience that among the high-caste men there are more secret Christians than among the low-caste men. In Calcutta I found a great many Christians among the high-caste men. They did not come out from their caste, but they openly confessed Jesus-Christ.

"The Brahmin gurus or pastors have finally consented that they may confess Jesus Christ and retain their caste, if they will not be baptized. Thus they acknowledge that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has taken a great hold upon the people, and they are afraid of losing their hold upon them.

"We do not need to hurry. The fabric of their religion is being undermined and will eventually fall of itself. All over India great cleavages are taking place—mighty cleavages from the Hindu rock, under the impact of Christianity. The Brahmos, the Aryas, the Devas, and the Sadharans, and theistic sects acknowledge the Bible, especially the Gospel, to contain the best ethical system and Jesus Christ to be the most perfect human example. These various Somajes or churches have thousands of adherents in the Northwest, in the Panjab, in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies. I was recently shown the confession of faith of one of these societies or Somajes, drawn up by its living founder. In it there was not a single sentence the substance of which was not plagiarized from the Gospel, and they acknowledge it. Here are thousands and thousands of men who have been brought out of Hinduism under the influence of Christianity. True, they are not Christians, but they are on the way to Christ. There must be destruction before we can have reconstruction. These things are not given in the translated reports of the missionaries. A man said to me, 'You will not make many more converts from among the Brahmins, but you are Christianizing all Hinduism.'

"There is one other thing in regard to results. There is a Christian atmosphere. There is a passage in the Bible which says that the devil is the Prince of the Power of the Air, and I never knew what that meant until I went to India. There is a strangely hell-impregnated atmosphere in that land. It is almost impossible to resist it. I have seen Americans and Englishmen, not Christians themselves, living there, who have become Brahminized by the very atmosphere; but wherever there is a Christian bungalow, wherever there is a Christian song sung, or a Gospel testimony given, the air becomes purer; the devil is exorcised. The Spirit of God is pervading the very atmosphere where before the devil reigned without a rival, and this is doing more to destroy Hinduism than the direct preaching of the Gospel. Hinduism cannot live in this new heavenly air. You cannot tabulate this. The results of the Christian missions that cannot be tabulated are ten times as great as those which can be.

"I have not told you anything of what God has done among the women. I can only give you the most meagre outline of the most visible results. The Christian women of the missionary force in India are beginning to work a revolution in the Indian homes, where Hinduism is anchored more firmly than in its temples." Several striking illustrations

were here given. Of his own work Dr. Pentecost had time only to speak a little. He was seventeen months in India, and had the joy of seeing nearly two thousand Englishmen and Eurasians converted to Christ. In Calcutta for eight weeks every night, he addressed audiences of educated native men. They listened with attention and courtesy, and oftentimes with tears in their eyes. He has now nearly a hundred covenant cards, which are signed by as many native gentlemen in that city alone, in which they declared their acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord. Similar meetings of educated native gentlemen were held in Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Lahore, Poona, and other places, in all of which most gratifying results followed.

"Some of these young men before I left India were baptized. Others said as soon as they could manage it they would be baptized. These men are not seen upon the missionary reports, but the power of the Gospel is being felt, and is working in their lives: The Hindus are a very peculiar people. In the great college halls of Calcutta I preached to thousands of these Hindus. They are very excitable, and when excited have a habit of grasping one foot and swaying back and forth. I told one night there the story of the Saviour's nativity. After I had finished, I said, 'Perhaps some of you have not had the opportunity of reading this story. I have a New Testament here, and if any one cares for it, he may have it.' Now the Hindus have never learned to act independently. They are entirely bound by caste. When I offered that Testament, a wave of feeling rolled over the audience. The excitable men began to sway back and forth and shake their feet with great rapidity. Finally one man raised his band. Instantly every foot was still. He rose and came forward for the Testament, but the cold perspiration stood out on his face, and he was trembling in every joint of his body. The cause of the excitement was that he had dared to act independently, without the precedent or consent of his caste followers. Once a vast audience was thrown into a state of volcanic excitement by a Brahmin rising to his feet and openly coming Christ, and on other occasions when one and another rose to ask the prayers of God's people for his soul and that his sins might be forgiven. After he had taken the Testament I offered a number of others; but when I held up my last Testament and offered it to whoever wished it, the ice was broken and the audience rushed forward as one man for that Testament. There was a perfect mob.

"I have given you only a bird's-eye view of what God is doing in India; what He is doing through these men and women who have taken their lives in their hands and gone there to work for Him.

"I come back from India with a profound respect, almost veneration, for the noble men and women who have gone out to that land to spend their lives in missionary work. We should give them every support of sympathy, of love, and of money to carry on their work.

The native Christian girls of India are many of them taking responsible positions. One graduate of a mission school has charge of one of the Lady Dufferin hospitals, some are clerks in dispensaries, another has been appointed to the charge of a post-office—a thing unknown before in India—and some are in charge of waiting rooms at railway stations."—*Miss. Rev. the World.*

EXTRACTS FROM MISS GRENFIELD'S ADDRESS

Enlightened sympathy, the sympathy that is born of knowledge, is the first requisite for all helpful work for others. You must know the need before you can feel with the sufferer ; and, in proportion as your knowledge is accurate, your appreciation of the whole need will increase.

I am persuaded that the greatest want of the churches and of individual Christians, in regard to foreign missions, is accurate information concerning the state of the heathen world. That, if you could see and know (you, who have the mind of Christ), your pity, and love and heart's deepest sympathy would all spring into zealous activity.

But is there not ample information given—reports of work from the field, speeches from missionaries, letters, &c. &c. ? Oh, yes, but where are the people that read them ? Where, above all, are the Christians that pray over them ? Nothing has given me more encouragement than to find some friends at home who know all about our work, our helpers, and our schools ; and the secret of this accurate knowledge is simply this—that every item of our reports has been made the occasion of earnest prayer. But I fear such friends are not common.

I am simply appalled at the profound ignorance of those who say they are very interested ! Ladies on committees, *leaders of missionary bands* and working parties make remarks that show pitiful want of real light on the subject—light that can be had for the seeking. If you would take your missionaries and individualise their needs, you would find your sympathy inevitably expanded.

The world, with its millions, is simply inconceivable. You array and manipulate your figures before the audience in vain. The naked eye, gazing into the stagnant tank in which rots all manner of pollution, knows nothing but its blackness, and sees nothing but the surface scum and filth ; but, take a drop from that water and magnify it under high power, and you will see it peopled with multitudinous life, and the beauty and grace of the Creator's hand even upon the denizens of this foul pool.

If you want to deepen your interest, to have an intelligent grasp of all that is meant by mission work (which is nothing more nor less than the whole errand of Jesus to our sin-stricken world), you must fix your eye and your thought upon it ; not that you may concentrate on it alone all your help and love, but that that drop may be to you a sample of the dark ocean.

I appeal to any of you here who has not actually visited a heathen land. Take the mission that you know best, and ask yourself what do you know about it ? The country, the mission stations, the cities, the villages, the various peoples, their language—do you know them ? Have you any idea of their religions—of the practical outcome of them, that is to say ? Does your heart ever bleed for the Mohammedan woman crushed under the awful curse of polygamy ? And do you know that she writhes under it even as you would—that every young girl hopes she may hold her husband's love, and remain Queen of his affections, alas, in vain ? (In one of the reviews of the day, a Mohammedan wrote a long description of the happy and influential sphere of the Mohammedan wife and mother, her control of her husband's finances, &c. ; but he omitted to state whether it was wife number one, two, three, or four who enjoyed the privilege ; and it was a fatal omission.) Do you know the Hindu mother's religion of fear, passing her life in bondage to an end-

less routine of religious practices, lest some evil should befall her husband or child ? Do you know the groans, the agony of the sick and dying, unrelieved by any of the merciful ministrations of nurse or doctor ? Has it entered into your thoughts that in every city and village hundreds of sweet, innocent, child-souls are yearly being polluted and destroyed by the foul upbringing in heathen homes ?

Look, again, at that mission that you know best. What is being done there ? What other societies are at work, and what are you doing ? How many of the possible female agencies are at work ? Have your schools in the city ? How many, and what proportion do your scholars bear to the population ? Your *zenana* work—what does it amount to ? Is medical work being carried on by you or others ? What about the villages around ? How many native agents have you, and what European or Eurasian aid is available on the spot ? What open doors are yet unentered ? These all should be matters of vital concern to you, and every one of these points furnish matter for definite prayer. The native converts of that mission—what are their special needs, what is their moral condition, how much do you expect from them, are they rising socially, are their children being wisely educated, is there a little church formed, and how far is it self supporting, what dangers threaten it, what special need is there for your intercession at the throne of grace ?

As the vision clears before your eye, sympathy will be touched at many points, and your loving hearts will devise many new channels of usefulness. Books of reference (cumbering your library shelves) for eager students and pastors, many of whom know enough of English to profit by them ; Scripture pictures for the children, good story books for elder ones, Christmas gifts for the orphans whose only home is your boarding school, a print dress for each of the Bible-women, bundles of old clean rags for the dispensary—all these will find their way out, and give immense pleasure. Have your own bit of work there. Take an orphan child yourself and support it, not forgetting your subscription to the general funds of the mission, for your Committee have many such stations to think of. Or pay for one bed in the hospital, and remember in your prayers the sick one tossing wearily there. Have your own native worker in the field, and see that she has the books and all she needs for her work.

How are you to get all this information ? You may get it in many ways, but the way I should recommend, and by far the best way, is to know your missionaries. The Apostle Paul, in commending certain brethren to a church where they were unknown, says : " If our brethren be enquired of, they are the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ." Strong language and yet how true ! At all events, your missionaries are your accredited representatives of the glory of the Master to the heathen. " Wherefore," adds Paul, shew ye to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love."

I have often heard it remarked that whilst dismissal meetings are apt to be very impressive, and everyone is glad to shake hands with the outgoing ambassador, one does not hear so much of welcoming meetings when the missionary returns with his or her tale of what God has wrought amongst the heathen.

Why this should be so is, to me, a perfectly inscrutable mystery. I cannot fathom it. If you send a servant round the corner with a message to Mrs. Jones, you are apt to want to know what Mrs. Jones said in reply. And yet, when missionaries return from the

Committee's errand, or the church's errand—your errand, my brothers and sisters, who have commended them to the grace of God for this ministry—oh! how few there are who care to ask, "What is the answer? What response?" And how chilling is this indifference to the heart of your returned missionary—Paul had a very high idea of the kind of treatment due from stay-at-home saints to the messengers of the churches. "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, that ye receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you." I envy Phœbe with that letter in her pocket! The great Apostle's chivalrous nature must have been of infinite help to the women workers of the church, who are too often shoved on one side. "I entreat thee, true yoke-fellow, help those women" who come back, weary and faint, from the hand-to-hand fight with powers of darkness, where Satan's seat is. Help them, oh friends! with at least a loving, warm-hearted reception, and lend a ready ear to the business in which they have need of help from you.

But not only to churches and the committees, but to you individually, I would say, "know your missionaries." Show them hospitality; let them have a taste of the grace and beauty and wholesomeness of English family life, so sweet in contrast to the heathen homes they have been working in. Receive them, refresh them, let them be "somewhat filled with your company." "Coming unto you with joy by the will of God, may they with you be refreshed."

Do you know that there is a great severing of home ties and ties of friendship when your missionaries go abroad; that, coming back to the home country after ten, twelve, or fifteen years, they find homes broken up, friends scattered, their nearest and dearest living in circles where they are strangers; surely it is not too much to ask that Christian love, love for Christ's sake purely, should do all it can to make up the loss.

Do you know that, with health impaired, nerves all unstrung, and purses only too thinly lined with half-pay allowances, many a missionary passes an unrestful holiday and returns but half refreshed to the field.

If you want to know the work, ask one of these weary ones to your country house or to spend a fortnight with you at the seaside; and, if all your own missionaries are too well provided for, look out for one of some other society. Let them play with your children and live in the sunshine; and, when the evening draws in, talk to them of the land and people that they love; and you will receive even here and now a rich tide of blessing in increasing sympathy with your Divine Master in the travail of His soul. The mission field will live and move before your eyes; and while you have put to her lips the cup of cold water which shall in no wise lose its reward, you will feel that you have indeed been drinking a fresh draught of the water of life, which will be in you as a spring of water welling up and bubbling over, bringing to others as well as to yourself, everlasting life.

And when that missionary goes back to the field you will follow her, will you not? and bind with golden links of prayer (both hers and yours) that mission field to the throne of the Great Father, that she that soweth and she that watereth may, in the harvest day, rejoice together.

Aye, and your gifts will follow. "Epaphroditus boxes" things ordinary enough in themselves—a few groceries, or stationery, or housewifely odds and ends, such as will convey the assurance of your loving re-

membrance to her personally; a new book or periodical to refresh the tired mind, or some little convenience for camp life—things only things, but how ennobled, how glorified for ever, by the motive that prompted them! "I am full, having received from Epaphroditus the things, an odour of sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

And may God increase you and make you to abound in everything; "in faith and utterance, and knowledge and all diligence, and in your love to us."—*Missionary Herald*.

GIRLS BOARDING SCHOOLS.

By Miss Priest.

In dealing with this subject four points will be dealt particularly with.

(1) Their necessity. (2) How they are conducted. (3) The good accomplished. (4) What we are doing in this Department of work in India.

(1) In approaching a subject that deals with the uplifting and education of women in heathen lands, it is well for us to recognise the great power that woman necessarily wields. Glance at the home life. If the wife and mother be a Christian, how vastly different the influence going forth from the home, from what it would be if she were still heathen. The development of the young life of the home falls to a very large extent on the mother. When we consider the homes of India, apart from the influence of Christianity, surely there is no one but recognises the great need of in some way getting the girls, for a time at least, under Christian training, so that, when their time comes they may be fitted for the duties and responsibilities of home life, fitted to make their homes centres of helpfulness. If any one is doubtful about the need of boarding schools for the girls of India, let me urge her to study the homes of India, if homes they can be called, and surely no doubt will remain.

Many of the girls in these schools are from native Christian families, who feel the necessity of such an institution for their daughters. It will be interesting here perhaps to note the methods of conducting these schools.

When a girl comes into the school, she brings what clothes she has. She is supplied by the school with clothes, books, food, lodging and everything she needs except the dish she eats from, which must be her own. The Cocanada school teaches up to the 5th Standard. There are also training classes for Bible women, 1st and 2nd year. The school is under government inspection and receives a grant in proportion to the success of its pupils at the annual examinations. The girls receive instruction in Bible knowledge also. From Miss Blaskerville's report this year, the fact is pressed home upon us, that they bid fair to excel us in Scriptural knowledge.

In addition they are taught to sew, to make and mend their own clothes, and to do all the housework usually done by the women of the country. Habits of neatness and cleanliness to which many of the pupils are strangers, are insisted upon. To those accustomed to going about unwashed, uncombed and often unclothed, the life at the boarding school is entirely a new experience. The teacher who occupies the position of mother to them has no small task. Spiritual, mental and physical training are all under her charge. The work of these teachers which under God will tell so much on the future of India, demand a much larger share in our prayers than we have heretofore given it.

(2) Some one may be asking: Does it pay? Is there

any good accomplished? Readers of the LINK will have no hesitancy in answering "Yes, decidedly yes." When a native Christian desires a wife, he does not and ought not to choose one from among the heathen girls. He needs one who will be a true help-mate to him. The boarding school meets a need here. There the girls are trained both by precept and example and are thus fitted to be wives of preachers or teachers. Many girls educated in these schools have gone forth as workers, and are engaged either in teaching school or as Bible women. In the LINK of Feb., 1883, Mr. Timpany gave an instance of two girls who were committed to his care by their mother when dying. They were placed in one of these schools, both were early converted and baptized, one of them while quite young went to be with her Lord, the other became the wife of one of the native teachers. She took charge of the school, thus leaving him free to evangelize the villages around. Listen to the testimony of our beloved missionary as to the good accomplished.

So here I have in my work in the Cocanada field the little girl that the dying mother put into my hands at Raipapatam, grown to cultured womanhood. She has kept from first to last an unsullied character. We hope she will be a power for good where she is located. The Christian women and even the heathen have rejoiced at her coming. I think they will love her more and more. In a few years histories of your girls now in Cocanada school will be written as I have written this.

Mr. McLaurin, a name beloved and honored by all, says in speaking of the girls who have married and gone many of them into heathen villages. "In spite of all the temptations brought to bear upon them to indolence, slovenliness, etc., many of them are bright beacon lights in the surrounding gloom. It is seldom you cannot pick out the house of the boarding girl in the village. Her clean smiling face is an inspiration. She has conquered with love and kindness the prejudices of her neighbors and they listen to her words as to those of an apostle. She moves as a queen in her little realm, her children are known on the street, they are cleaner, better behaved, more respectful and intelligent than their companions, they are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and by his grace and Christian privileges will grow up useful men and women, we trust. The people have before them a constant example of the power of Christianity. It is wonderful the influence a wise woman can exert even in a heathen village, both upon the heathen women, and to an even greater extent in refining and elevating the Christian women. Mr. Brown now on the field tells us that in supporting these schools we are really saving missionary money. Instead of maintaining a preacher and teacher, when the wife can teach a little school up to the 2nd. or 3rd. Standard, she can do the work of the teacher. As she will receive 2 rupees per month for her services as teacher, it will not be necessary to give the preacher as large a salary as he otherwise would require to maintain his family.

(3) As to what we are doing in this line of work in India. The first boarding school for native girls in our Cocanada field was organized by Mrs McLaurin in Cocanada.

It is now, as most of you are aware, in charge of Miss Baskerville. Her report contains an interesting account of the work going on there. Among the encouragements, she tells of a prayer meeting the girls started amongst themselves, and as she heard them praying for God to make them good she says it cheered her heart so much.

This is the only school of this kind we of the Ontario Convention support. There is one at Akidu in charge of Mrs. Gray and another at Tuni cared for by Mrs. Garside. We must not forget the Timpany Memorial School. This was founded by Mr. Timpany to meet the needs of the European and Eurasian population, who would otherwise have no opportunity to receive an education except through Roman Catholic or such like agency.

Surely this ought to have a share in our sympathy and prayers, when we remember that some of those trained in the school are already developed into active earnest workers. Let me bespeak a deeper, more prayerful sympathy in this department of our work.

OBITUARY.

[The following sketch of our late Secretary of Bands by Rev. Joshua Denovan, long her pastor, appeared in the *Canadian Baptist*. We reproduce it here for the benefit of our readers.—ED]

WEST.—Died, on the 28th Dec., 1892, at the residence of her father, Mr. William West, of Toronto, Miss Hattie West, in the 31st year of her age.

When I assumed the pastorate of Alexander Street Baptist Church, one of my flock was Miss Hattie West, then a girl of some fifteen summers. She was a girl of superior presence in stature and mien, her features very well formed, her complexion bright and beautiful, her voice softly musical, her manner ladylike and attractive, yet always sedate. To me she never appeared vain or obtrusive, but always agreeable yet sober, always kind and polite and wise. And these qualities, as a member of the Body of Christ, she conscientiously used in religious worship and work. When in the city (and she was seldom absent from it), she was invariably in her place at the services of the Church. Looking over the twelve years of my first pastorate in Toronto, I cannot remember ever having once felt that either in the Church or the Sabbath-School Miss West was a hindrance or a disappointment to me, but rather always a strength and as stimulus. Without any poetical exaggeration, of her he said she was "a pillar in the house of my God." What a contrast her life and influence to those of many young people who compose the membership of our churches! Being the eldest daughter of Mr. West's family she entered her father's store early in life, and for years filled, with satisfaction to all concerned, the responsible position of book-keeper. Into this work she carried all the good qualities of methodical application, patient perseverance and obliging manners. Through the study of God's Word, she was convinced that a tenth of all she earned as salary belonged to the Lord; this amount she laid aside for Him; while all the other sums she contributed to religious or charitable objects she regarded as *her own offerings*. At the age of sixteen she became a Sabbath-School Teacher, and was gratified and rewarded by the conversion of all her class, with the exception of one member. These young ladies manifested their confidence in her by frequently asking her counsel and advice, and testified their love to her by many affectionate attentions during her period of illness. When, after a long furlough in Nova Scotia in search of health, I returned to my pastorate, I found Miss West in the Church, her old, true self; but alas! much weakened and blanched by protracted sickness—a serious, chronic, bronchial trouble—

yet still doing what she could in gentle, holy ministry. One of the most interesting and beautiful sights that greeted me was the Children's Mission Band, assembled under her presidency in the church parlor one afternoon. There I saw some thirty-five little boys and girls all deeply interested and kept in perfect order by her; although she then could barely speak above a whisper. Soon after this, so fast her health failed, this Band had to meet in her home; and a few months later it had to get another president. But although silenced in voice and unable to get out, she still clung to her sacred work; she died Secretary of the Mission Bands of Ontario. Indeed, the day before that on which she died she commenced a letter to Miss Hatch in India, a letter that lay unfinished when her body was carried to the grave. Her mother tells me, "it was always her habit to speak to those in her company for a time about their eternal interests. She considered such opportunities, as given her by God." I have been also informed that, when her strength had so failed that she was confined to her home, she got the names of individuals for whose conversion she offered special, specific prayer. One verse she dwelt much upon was Rev. vii: 15, particularly the clause, "they serve Him day and night in His temple." On Wednesday, her last day on earth, she sat at the piano and played, "Onward Christian Soldiers," the last tune of her own brave march over the field of battle to that "rest which remains for the people of God." When twelve years of age Miss West trusted in Christ and was baptised. On the last day of the year her body was laid in the Necropolis, while many stood sorrowing by.

"One by one love's links are broken,
One by one our friends depart."

"Depart where?" "To be with Christ, which is far better." But we shall see her again, for as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him."

J. DENOVAN.

Work Abroad.

KANIGIRI, Nellore Dist. India, Dec. 8th, 1892.

My Dear Mrs. Newman:—I feel that a few lines to my work may be acceptable; the rain having passed early I returned here a few weeks ago and broke ground for my bungalow. I have completed the excavations; put in the concrete and have most of the foundation work done. This is a most trying work especially to a new arrival. What times I have with the contractors, and with the coolies, whose ways are so entirely different to those of our people at home. I hope to begin building early in January and work as long as the heat will permit. As my station is inland it is hard to get many things. I am living in my store house which I built in October last and although the floor is mud and the wall only half-plastered I cannot say that I suffer any. My food must all be brought to this place. Bread comes once a week, carried on a man's head. By the time a fresh lot comes what is left of the old is hard or mouldy. I have been grateful for a few potatoes. A man was glad to let me have his cow and milk for feeding her, from this I get some cream. Altogether there is not a small chance to tell a tale of privation.

On Sundays I go out to the villages in an ox-cart. I must say that I have a poor opinion of this mode of conveyance and chiefly because it is so slow. The people have not yet recovered from the effects of the

famine, and cholera. Great poverty abounds. To me the people appear utterly wretched. Their ignorance is saddening. Spiritually their condition is pitiable. Many people at home think that the missionaries might almost leave here and turn their attention to unbroken ground. As I see it the work is scarcely begun yet. How I long to be free to talk to the people. As yet I am able to speak some short sentences only, but even for this I am grateful. The people seem pleased to have us try to talk. Oh what need. Don't think that you have given in vain, but give of your time, your prayers, and your money more than ever to help the fallen rise.

Later, Ramapatam, Dec. 21st, 1892.

We have just had our Conference. Our hearts were full and all were blessed.

COMING TO THE CONFERENCE.

And that is not a small job, on rude canal boats pulled by men, on ox-carts, some on carts pulled by men, one Pullman. If you saw what a pile of stuff each one brings you would conclude that they were going around the world. Bedding, tables, chairs, dishes, cutlery, tents, servants, etc., several people brought their own cows and cow-men.

AT THE CONFERENCE.

Forty-four missionaries including Mrs. Gates visiting from Boston. All were hungry for a blessing and I were not disappointed. As this is the time for commencement in the Seminary it was arranged to have the exercises during the time all were here. Eleven men and six women were graduated. Each man delivered an address in Telugu. I will only give the titles of two, "Importance of Resurrection of Christ," "Mr. Spurgeon." Every day had its time of calling upon God. The cry was for the Holy Spirit. Sixteen new missionaries were welcomed. The reports show a willingness on the part of the Sudras to listen on almost all fields.

The sermon by Dr. McLaurin from Acts, i: viii: "But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you," was an inspiration. How real it seems here. One important question discussed was, "Is it right to accept Government money for help in our school work. The education question was discussed also. The majority believe that at present there is no need of a college for our Christians, in Ongool. Eight Canadians were present. To feed the company was no light task. Five sheep were killed per day, and I don't know how many hens. Mrs. McLaurin kindly took charge of my house as I am a lonely bachelor. It was a treat to have Dr. and Mrs. McLaurin's presence. The native brethren were here in large numbers from all parts of the field. But it comes to an end, and then there was the

GOING AWAY FROM THE CONFERENCE.

It reminded me of a circus, everybody struck tent and and in a couple of hours were gone. On carts piled up with all sorts of traps, on the canal boats and in fact in the best way possible, and all was quiet again at Ramapatam. I am well and prefer this country to any other under the sun.

GEO. H. BROCK.

THREE WIDOWS—MARY MARTHA AND RUTH.

Boat "T. S. Shenston" INDIA, Dec. 6th, 1892.

Mary and Martha are sisters, the latter bowed with the weight and toil of many years. Her grand-daughter Ruth's husband died some four years ago, leaving a two year old baby boy.

The sisters were baptised long before I came to India, and I had never seen them, for they live in a village far from any of our work and in a region claimed by the Lutheran Missionaries of Rajahmandry; but while in Ganapavaram last week, Satyanandam, the teacher there, told me how these three women had walked the twenty miles to church, the Sunday before, bringing with them Rupees 2, Annas 8, collection, and how hungry they were for the word, even following him to his house after the two services of the day were over, pleading for more from the precious Book. I felt that I must see them, and we came, Annamma and I, and have spent the day with them.

One of Mr. Craig's first workers, an old man, Job, by name, used to visit them regularly and taught them much of the Bible (they cannot read,) but he died shortly after I came to Akidu and since then Mr. Craig has visited them about once a year. There are no Christians in their village or in any village near them and they have stood alone, holding themselves aloof from the heathen feasts, and though they are poor and all their lives have worked in the fields not once have they broken the Sabbath, even in the busy transplanting and harvest seasons no money would tempt them to work on Sunday. This is the testimony of their heathen neighbors.

They told me the story of their checkered lives and through it all gleamed bright and clear unwavering trust in God, and such love and faith and what memories for the things of Christ and how quick to recognise His hand and voice and what deep gratitude for the blessings that are theirs! As I listened, I marvelled greatly for never had I seen it after this fashion.

And the boy—he reminded me of Timothy and Paul's reference to the teachings of his grandmothers Lois and mother Eunice, for these women have taught the lad all they know, even the names of the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. When we have the ear of the King, shall we not remember these lonely far off ones!

F. M. STOVEL.

IN THE HINDU CITY OF SALVATION.

Dak Bungalow, BENARES, India, Dec. 7th, 1892.

In the sacred city of Benares we witnessed thousands of people bathing in the Ganges to wash away their sins.

There were old and young, rich and poor, some were so weak that they had to be helped down into the water, some poor old women shivered and trembled as they dipped themselves into the chill river. Many of these people had come hundreds of miles to bathe and pray and worship in the temples, for this city is the centre of Hinduism and is wholly given up to idolatry.

Yet God is working here and Jesus Christ is calling out his sheep as the following incident will show:

Upon walking to the Dak Bungalow a young Hindu accosted me and asked, "are you the one who preached in the Methodist Church last Sunday night?"

Upon answering in the affirmative he said "I want to ask you a question; why does not God answer prayer."

"He does," I replied.

"But he has not answered my prayer," the young man said.

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I am the son of a convert."

"But are you a convert yourself, do you rejoice in having your sins forgiven?"

"No," he said, "but I am praying that God will give

me light and reveal the Gospel to me, and He has not answered my prayer."

"But you have the Bible," I replied, "do you expect that God is going to open the heavens to your sight as he did to Saul?"

"No, I do not expect that," said this young Hindu student, "but I am not satisfied."

"Are you satisfied with Jesus, are you content with God's gift?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"Are you satisfied with the work Jesus did for you or do you want Him to come down from heaven and die again just for you?" I asked.

"Oh no," he said, "I am quite satisfied with the work Jesus has done on the Cross for me."

"Then" I replied, "God is also satisfied with that work so that you are satisfied with what God is satisfied with, is not that so?"

"Yes" he replied.

"Now listen to the promise," I said, "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life."

"Do you believe on the Son?"

"Yes I do," he replied.

"Have you eternal life?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said, "I do not feel that I have."

"But what does God say?" I persisted. "He that believeth hath eternal life." Notice the tense "hath," not "shall have."

"How shall I know?" he again enquired somewhat perplexed.

"You know by believing God's word," I replied.

"Supposing a father promised a son money if he did a certain work, how would the son know that he would get the money when the work was done?" I asked.

"By believing the father's word," this young man replied.

"Would you believe your father's word, I asked the Hindu.

"Yes," he replied.

"And when you did the work would you get the money your father promised?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"But here God makes a promise which reads, 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.'"

"What is your name," I asked.

"Kaneje," he replied.

Taking a piece of paper I wrote in English.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that Kaneje believing on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

He took the paper and read it, and with joy and brightness on his countenance exclaimed, "I see it," "by God's promise I know I have eternal life."

"Now praise God," I said to him. Thank Him for the gift. Tell Him you are satisfied with Jesus and trust in Him now and always for Salvation. Confess the name of Christ to others, tell your friends you are trusting in Jesus."

"It is very plain to me now," he said. "Thank you very much, sir."

As he walked away he turned his head several times to look back at me as I stood under the shade of a tree, and the angels rejoiced at one sinner repenting and turning to the true God.

In this town the Church Mission, the London Mission and the Wesleyan Methodist Mission with the Zenana workers and Medical workers and teachers and scholars by hundreds are hearing of the Saviour. No doubt some wish to see the fruit of their labors and are weary in the work, but there are many links in the chain

that leads up to every conversion, one soweth and another reapeth. Still we are sure that in idolatrous Benares the centre and citadel of Hinduism, God by His Spirit is working mightily in the hearts of many people.

In another letter I may tell you more of what I saw in this town.

R. GARSIDE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

MISS HATCH writes from Samulcotta: I have been so well since I wrote you last. We have just had quite a celebration here in honor of the Decennial of the Seminary and the Septennial of Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell's arrival in India. The teachers and the boys deserve credit for the way they conducted the affair. The chapel was decorated with green and festoons of bright paper, newly made mottoes adorned the walls. Our mottoes are "Truly ye have received, truly give." "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard." "Christ is all in all." and "Thy Kingdom come." The programme was partly in English and partly Telugu.

Miss Hatch tells of one of the bible women who, too ill with fever to sit up, yet so anxious to keep the school going, fearing the children might not all come back if dismissed, had her codd moved into the school room and was teaching from that.

MRS. GRIGG writes from the steamer just coasting the southernmost part of Spain. They had a pleasant voyage most of the way, if the rest of the voyage is prosperous they expected to reach Rangoon about Jan. 6th. Their own station is about five days journey from Rangoon. She says, "We are longing to be at work, seeing the time is so short and the work so great."

Work at Home.

CORRECTIONS IN THE MAP OF TELUGU COUNTRY.

The following corrections in the Map of the Telugu country came from Mr. Craig after last month's issue.

5. (a) The distance from Madras to Masulipatam, should be 194 and not 274 miles.

(b) Ragapuram, a little north-west of Bezwada, should be much further north. The dot indicating its position should be over the "n" in Nandigama.

(c) There is a dot under the first "i" in Anakapilli, west of Vizagapatam. This should be removed. The dot representing Anakapilli is at the junction of the two roads.

6. New stations of other societies.

(a) North-west of Nandigama, mentioned in 5 (b) is Kammamet printed in capitals. Underline with blue and mark N.

(b) Dowlaiswaram, where we cross the Godavari river. Underline and mark E.

(c) An inch from Dowlaiswaram, further up the river and on the other side, make a dot; write Tallapudi. Underline and mark E.

(d) Nearly opposite Dowlaiswaram and some distance from the river is Chittapetta. Underline and mark K.

(e) Between the two branches of the river is Amalapuram. Underline and mark K.

(Mr. Craig adds that if any one will take the trouble to correct the map by these directions, she will have a map, up to date.—Ed.)

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

INDIA.

India Leaflet 5c (questions and answers on country and people), Mission Band Lessons (including the following subjects: First Work in India, Country and Customs, Woman's Work and the Telugus) 3c; How the Zenana Missions Began, 3c; The Hindu Child wife, 1c; Little Men and Women of India, 2c; The Story of Aitie, 2c; The Lone Star Mission, 5c; Wm. Carey, 5; Hindu Women and Their Houses, 2c; A Hindu Widow's True History, 2c; A Heathen Woman's Story (prose) 2c; Mrs. Bartlett's Thank Offering, 2c; Story of Julia, 5c; Krishnalu, 3c; Lydia of Nellore, 3c (the last three, stories of converted Hindu women); Concert Exercise on India, 2c.

BOOKS FROM THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Children of India, Life in North India, Children's Work for Children, Children of All Nations, Wm. Carey, Serampore Letters (about Carey), From Darkness to Daylight (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough), Every Day Life in India, Hindu Women, The Unfulfilled Commission (by Stillwell), Telugu Scrap Book, India by G. T. Gracey, In Brightest Asia.

BURMAH.

Mission Band Lessons Nos. 1 and 2 at 2c each; Studies in Baptist Missions No. 1 (History of Its Missions—The Karens), 3c; No. 2 (Woman's Work), 3c; No. 3 (Different Tribes of the Country) 3; The Burmese Bible and Language, 1c; Adoniram Judson, 5c.

BOOKS IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Heroines of the Mission Field, In Brightest Asia, Our Gold Mine, Missionary Sketches.

CHINA.

China Leaflet (questions and answers on country and people), 5c; China Concert Exercise, 2c; Exercise on Chinese Missions, 5c; China by G. T. Gracey, 10c; The Chinese Kitchen God, 1c; Women in China, 1c; Mei, Mei Your Forgotten Sister, 1c; Who Will Open the Door to Lingte?, 2c.

BOOKS IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—The Crisis of Missions, Pagoda Shadows, Days of Blessing, In Brightest Asia, Children of China, Children in Chinese Homes, Children of All Nations, Children's Work for Children, Robert Morrison.

JAPAN.

Japan Leaflet (questions and answers on country and people), 5c; Some Curious Things About Japan, 2c; A Doll's Mission, 2c; Concert Exercise on Japan, 2c.

BOOKS IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Children of All Nations, Children's Work for Children, In Brightest Asia.

AFRICA.

Africa Leaflet (questions and answers on country and people), 5c; Woman on the Lower Congo, 1c; Concert Exercise on Africa, 2c.

BOOKS FROM THE CIR. LIBRARY.—Children of all Nations, Children's Work for Children, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Samuel Crowther, James Chalmers, Thomas Comber, Mackay of Uganda, Children of Madagascar.

Dear fellow workers, I hope this manner of advertising the leaflets and books may be helpful to you in making your selections. If at any time you would prefer I should do the choosing, I will gladly, only state your needs *clearly and fully*, please. If you don't see here what you want ask for it. *Always send 6c for library books—MISS STARK, 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto.*

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RECEIPTS FROM DEC. 18 1882, TO JAN. 17, 1893.
INCLUSIVE.

Stratford M.C., \$5.75; Mrs. Richards, Castleton, thank-offering, \$2; Mf. H. J. Barber, Boston, to make his wife a life member of Bands, amount to be credited to Boston M.B., \$10; Theford M.C., \$3.50; Hillsburg M.C., \$4.08; Leamington M.C., \$1.30; Chatham M.C., (Special) \$2; Collingwood M.B., \$2.25; Toronto (Queen St.) M.C. \$3; Port Perry M.C., \$2.50; Hespeler M.C., \$7.14; Collingwood M.C., \$2; London (Talbot St.) M.C., per Mrs. Friend, Ontario, California, for Kommuguri Peter, \$20; 2nd Markham M.C., \$2; Peterboro' M.C., \$11.62; Whitevale M.C., \$2.05; Woodstock (First Ch.) M.C., \$17; Fingal M.C., \$4; Guelph (Second Ch.) M.C., \$4; Toronto (Dovercourt Rd.) M.C., \$8.50; Atwood M.C., \$5.80; Hamilton (Wentworth St.) M.C., \$3; Selkirk M.C., \$4, thank-offering, \$24 total, \$4.52; Brooklin M.C., \$3; Mrs. Laurason's S. S. Class, Drumbo, (Special), \$1.30; Toronto (Bloor Sa.) M.C., (of this \$8.84 is for Miss Rogers, support), \$32.56; Sparta M.C., \$4.28; Sarnia M.C., \$7.05; Gilmour Memorial Ch. M.B., for Lydia, Bible-woman, \$8; St. Thomas (Centre St.) M.C., \$15; Glamis M.C., \$6.42; Hamilton (Victoria Av.) M.B., for Maggam Ramasidanie, \$3.30; Port Colborne M.C., \$12; Schomberg M.B., for Saade Prakasm, \$9; Brantford (Calvary Ch.) M.C., \$10; Barntford-(North-Star) M.B., \$6; Burch Young Peoples Union for Gandam Mallaya, \$10; Burch M.B. for Ganda Mallaya, \$10; Mount Forest M.C., \$5.11; Wolverton M.C., \$6.15; Aldborough Plains M.C., \$1.45; London (Grosvenor St.) M.C., \$3.50; Rodney M.C., \$1.70; Toronto (College St.) M.C., \$17.50; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$27.72; special \$6, total, \$33.72; Whitby M.C., \$5; Brooklin M.B., for Karn Sanyasi, \$2; Westover M.C., \$8 Toronto (Beverly St.) S. S. Bible-classes for Todeti Philemon, \$6.25; Uxbridge, M.C., \$4; Peterboro' (Park St.) M.B., for Sheik-ally Nathaniel, \$13;

From Circles, \$295.20; Bands, \$63.55; Sundries, \$19.55; Total, \$378.30; Sent to India, monthly remittance, \$521.00; Home expenses, \$3.00; Transferred to special account in the Bank money contributed for "Medical lady," \$507.81; total, \$1031.81;

Corrections. The amount from Beverley St. M.C., Toronto, is not for Venkataraza, but for a student, whose name I do not yet know. The total receipts should read \$286.88; instead of \$286.83.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

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

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 2ND. to Jan. 24 1893.

Roxboro, \$5.00; Athens, \$6.00; Charlemagne, \$3.00; Montreal First-Baptist, \$28.40; Brockville girls M.B. 30, boys M.B. 13, circle 8, \$51.00; Gananoque including Life Membership Mrs. Day, \$35.00; Kenmore M.B. \$4.00; Philipsville, \$12.40; Coaticooke, \$10.00; Ottawa H. and F. Convention share of collection after payment of expenses, \$3.20; Ottawa circle, \$21.80; Kingston, \$8.00; Vankleeth Hill, \$3.55; Algonquin, \$15.00; Carleton Place M.B., \$10.00; Ottawa for Ruth and Lydia, \$34.00; Olivet, \$11.70; Glen Allan M.B., \$10.00; St. Andrews, \$6.00; Abbotts' Corners, \$7.00; Perth M.B. 17, Circle 19, \$36.00; Delta, Y.P.B.M. 4, circle 5, \$9.00; Rockland, \$15.00; Total \$345.05. M. A. Smith Treas.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

NOTES FROM ST. JOHN.

There are in connection with the Baptist Churches of this city, including Fairville, six Women's Mission Aid Societies. In October they decided, in addition to their usual monthly meetings to hold once a month a Union Service in the different churches and every three months take their tea and remain for an evening meeting, which affords a grand opportunity for social converse and drawing a little nearer together. The afternoon is principally a prayer meeting intermingled with testimonies, letters from our missionaries and short selections that tend to inspire missionary zeal. These meetings have been a success and a means of spiritual blessing. During the week of prayer a Union Meeting of all denominations was held in the Centenary Methodist Church. The day was very cold and stormy, but quite a large number braved the blasts and the spacious parlors of the Centenary Church were well filled. The storm raging without formed a striking contrast to the calm and peace within. All because the Master was there and had said, "Peace be still." To each tempest tossed soul. The subject of the meeting was, "The necessity of the Holy Spirit abiding in our hearts to prepare us for effective service."

After a short earnest address upon this topic by the leader, several prayers were offered invoking the promised "power from on high," these were followed by testimonies from a large number, and gradually the meeting fell into the line of experience in connection with this mission work and how long a time had elapsed since each had become interested in the subject of missions. The larger number testified to their interest having begun within five years, some as lately as one year ago and yet all declared that it had proved to be a great spiritual blessing to them. One sister said afterward that if she had died five years ago and at the gate of Heaven St. Paul had met her and enquired how missions were prospering on the earth and whether the heathen were being brought to Christ, she would have had to cover her face for shame and confess that I know absolutely nothing outside my own church. It is encouraging to know that the seed sown in tears is springing up. The leaven is at work and soon the whole lump will be leavened. What then my sister? Can you solve the problem that if a few interested ones can accomplish so great a work as the Christian women of to-day are doing, what would the result be should all be vigorously engaged in doing the Master's business? It makes my heart leap for joy at the very prospect of what the future will bring.

Just one incident that may rebuke the indifference of some. In an isolated country place in New Brunswick where the people are unable to keep a pastor, Mr. Archibald last winter organized a Mission Band. They have been working along and write to the Secretary of the F. M. B. for the name of some native preacher whom they can support, feeling that since they cannot have the gospel preached to them they will pay some one to tell those who never heard of Christ, the glad news of salvation. It seems to me they do not need a pastor as much as most churches, for already they have caught the true missionary spirit.

We are glad to welcome among us Mrs. J. J. Baker, and her sister Mrs. York, from Ontario.

They are intelligent, consecrated mission workers and we hope they may find a happy home here and join heartily with us in striving to awaken the uninterested and inspire the faithful workers with fresh zeal, that our mission interest may be greatly advanced.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

OUR MISSION BAND.

For fourteen voices (with letters) all joining to sing the last verse.

Our greatest need, is the Spirit of the Lord to stir us up; first, to see the great need of the perishing world, then our duty with reference to it. We are told "the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus," a heathen king, that he should make a proclamation that God's chosen people should return to Jerusalem and build again the house of the Lord. He also assisted them with silver and gold and insisted that all those who remained should contribute towards their support. Will he not do all this and more for us, His redeemed ones who have so long left the building of His temple in heathen lands and dwelt ourselves in "ceiled houses" and lived on the fat of the land, while the foundations of this glorious temple has scarcely been laid? Oh, hear the voice of the Lord ye discouraged and indifferent ones when He says "yet now be strong and work all ye people of the land for I am with you saith the Lord of Hosts." According to the word that I covenanted with you, so My Spirit remaineth among you; Fear ye not." May it not be that our lack of interest and funds to carry on this work is due to the fact that we have done and given so little? "Now therefore saith the Lord of Hosts consider your ways." This is an appropriate time to meditate and having taken in the situation let us, "To the work with redoubled energy, relying upon the promise "I will be with thee."

Though we have wasted much time, and spent the Lord's money upon ourselves, let us now repent and turn to Him to know and do His will. One of the most discouraging features of our mission work is the lack of funds. Let us be encouraged by the thought of the unlimited resources of God. He has declared, "The silver and gold are mine." When we as Christians have placed ourselves in the proper relations to God, then He will interpose on our behalf and bring for the support of this great work of evangelizing the world from his unlimited supply. Only let us use what He has given us to the utmost of our ability; of time, strength, intellect and money. One more encouraging thought that should inspire us in our work. The glad day is hastening on, when God will turn, and overturn, and finally out of confusion bring perfect order and harmony. "A nation shall be born in a day." "Every knee shall bow, and tongue confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." This day is coming, my sisters; but do we not want to hasten its approach and have a share in the rich blessings it will bring? God can accomplish His purposes without your help or mine; but do we not long to be "workers together with Him" in building, day by day, this spiritual temple that shall fill the earth with His glory? The new year is upon us and while we are rejoicing over its birth and quietly speculating upon its future, the days are flying and before we are aware, the tiny infant so pure and bright will come marching along with bluster and storm, ushering in the gay spring time.

1893 begins and ends on the Lord's day. May this be a token of a year of the Lord. Fringed with His blessing and these hallowed associations, may God keep all its days and hours for Himself and make us the happy doers of His will. S. I. M.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

New Glasgow was reorganized in November, and has on its roll twenty two members, five of whom are subscribers to the LINK. The Secy. is Mrs. Will H. Rennie.

The society at Foster settlement, Lunenburg Co., holds a public meeting the second Sunday evening of every month. The M. Band is increasing in numbers and interest.

O stands for *Order* which Christ gave
To all his faithful servants here,
That they the Sons of Earth to save
Should preach the Gospel far and near.

U is for *Unity*—the thing
Which keeps us one in heart and mind—
While in the service of our King
We seek His wandering ones to find.

R the fair *Robe* of righteousness
Doth to the thoughtful mind suggest.
No tongue can tell the blessedness
Of those who in that Robe are dressed.

And M stands for *Messiah's* name—
The ancient prophets glorious theme—
To Earth from Heaven He gladly came
And lived a life of love supreme.

And I for distant *India* stands
Where William Carey's life was spent,
His name world-wide respect commands
As one who was divinely sent.

S stands for *Sin*, that awful thing
Beneath whose burden mortals groan.
Its poisoned breath and pointed sting
In every clime on earth are known.

S stands for *Saviour*: only He
Can take the curse of Sin away.
When he was nailed to Calvary's tree
God did on Him the burden lay.

I stands for *Isolation* cold
Which missionaries often fear.
We would their fainting hands up hold
And pledge to them our love sincere.

O stands for *Open-hearts and hands*
In all who for the Saviour live.
His blessed cause to-day demands
The very best that we can give.

N stands for *Nations still-unful*,
For those whose needs are unsupplied:
They hunger for the living bread—
The precious Christ the Crucified

B stands for *Bible*—book Divine—
Which we must to the heathen give;
That all its light on them may shine
And teach them righteous lives to live.

A for *Atonement* plainly stands
Which Christ our great High Priest hath made.
This truth we tell to distant lands
That Christ the sinner's debt hath paid.

N stands for *Never*. Let that word
In this connection simply mean,
Had we the Gospel never heard
What would our lives to-day have been?

D

D stands for Day—eternal day—
Which soon shall banish night and pain,
And all who now the Lord obey
Shall then with Him in glory reign.

(ALL TOGETHER)

Dear Saviour hear our earnest prayer
For every tribe in every land,
To all mankind thy love declare
And bless this day "Our Mission Band."

T. WATSON.

COLBORNE, Jan. 3rd, 1893.

BAND EXERCISE.

For a Class of Very Little Girls.

First Child.—In India the papas are very angry when a little girl baby is born, for there they do not know our loving Saviour, Jesus.

Second Child.—In China the papas sometimes sell their dear little girl babies at forty cents apiece; they would not be so cruel if they knew and loved Jesus.

Third Child.—In this Christian land our papas love their little girls dearly, because they believe in the blessed Christ, who said,

All together.—Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

First Child.—And this is meant for girls as well as for boys.

All.—Let us all help send the Bible to the heathen.

—Selected from *Little Helpers.*

A LITTLE HOME MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

Boat, "T. S. Shenston," India.

Passing along the narrow village street I paused at the sound of a childish voice saying, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." Again and again the sweet little voice went over the solemn words and as often they were repeated by a woman's voice. Desirous of seeing as well as hearing, I stepped out from the shadow of the wall and round the corner, and there on a palm leaf mat, in the moonlight sat a mother putting her baby to sleep, and at the same time learning the Commandments from her seven-year-old daughter, who is a pupil in the school taught by Chinna Samuel. Ten days later the mother and two others asked and received baptism. "And God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong;—not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

F. M. STOVEL.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN FOUR INFANT WIDOWS.

A helper in Pundita Ramabai's widows' home has given us the following record of a conversation which was over-heard between four of the young girls in the home. They are between ten and twelve years old, mere children, such as those in the picture herewith. They do not know what marriage means, yet they are widows. They are taught to believe that they are "unlucky," and they believe that they are. Our friend who had been sleeping, was awakened by the voices of

these children engaged in peculiarly earnest conversation.

Vitto.—"I was a mere baby when I was married. We do not look like wives, do we? Yet people call me a 'widow,' 'unlucky,' and say I have killed my husband."

Chanda.—"I am also a widow, because my parents say so, but what is the meaning of it I do not understand. They say I shall have to suffer much as I grow older. No one will love me because I killed and swallowed my husband; but I never saw him, I do not know who he was. Since I am come to this school all the teachers love me; they try to make me happy, and they never say unkind words to me or think I am unlucky."

Vitto—"Prya, tell us something about yourself."

Prya—"What shall I say? I can say one thing, that is I was miserable, sad, and now I am happy."

Sundri.—"Prya: let us hear your history, and I will tell you mine."

Prya—"My father knew I would be a widow, but he purposely gave me in marriage."

All the girls.—"Prya, Prya, do not say so! How could he know what would be in the future?"

Vitto.—"Well, sometimes parents do it for the sake of money. Do you know the story of one girl who was here in the school and was obliged to leave it for her ignorant people's sake? The poor thing was married when she was five years old. She was given to a man of fifty for Rs. 100. She went to her mother-in-law's house. Within a year the miserably man died, leaving behind him a widow six years old! Don't you think her parents must have had sense enough to know that such a small child given to an old man would become a widow? But they want money, or they do it when they are tired of their daughter." (All looked very solemn and sad.)

Chanda.—"And also you must have heard of her sufferings, her mother-in-law, brother-in-law and sister-in-law made her work the whole day. The poor girl was abused all the time, and was pinched and thrashed if she made a slight mistake, and was even burnt on her hands, feet and face with a red-hot iron. When she was ten or eleven years old the cruel people shaved her head and disfigured her."

Sundri.—"Did they really shave her, then her intense suffering must have begun at an early age?"

Chanda.—"Yes, it did commence. Once she told me that she used to work and cook from five in the morning till ten or twelve at night. She had no bed to sleep on, coarse dress, and got food only once a day; often she was starved and tired but no one noticed her. She shed bitter tears as she told about it."

Prya—"You will get thousands of cases like that. I will tell you my history. My mother died when I was nine months old; one of her friends took care of me after her death. When I was two years and six months old my father wanted me to be married. Then he asked a fortune-teller [a Hindu custom], who said that if I were to be married now, I should be a widow. I ought not to be married till I was ten. But my father gave me in marriage to a little boy who died six months after, when I was three. My mother's friend took care of me till I was six years old, then my father brought me here to Bombay. I lived with him four years, cooked for myself and was very unhappy. My father was a strict Hindu and did not love me because I was a widow. My mother's uncle seeing my miserable state put me in this school. My father did not like it so came to Poona to fetch me out, but was taken ill. I

went to see him, he said he wanted to see my head shaved and disfigured (after which the intense suffering always begins). I began to cry, he would have done it, and would have ruined me, but he died soon and I was free."

Vitto.—"I will not call myself widow, because my husband did not die a natural death, he fell in a well and died."

The others.—"We also are not widows, though our husbands fell sick and died, we did not see them, so after our studies are over, if we wish we shall marry again."

Prya.—"Now, Sundri, do tell us your story, let us hear it."

Sundri.—"I was married when I was five years old. Now and then I used to go to my mother-in-law's house, but my mother's house was far away, so I did not go very often. When I was ten my husband died and I was called widow and unlucky. My mother cried bitterly. My good brother, who used to love me very much, sent me to this school at once and says he will let me stay till I pass my examination."

All together.—"How nice that this school is opened for us. At home we used to suffer but now we are happy like the birds. Every one loves us here." Saying this the happy group began to laugh and dance and ran away to play.—*Bombay Guardian*.

A SAUCER OF CURRANTS.

A little girl was walking along one of the grass-grown roads of a little village on the shores of Stormy Lake; a little girl with a very freckled face, brown, sunburned hands and bare feet. Her face was white, very dirty; her hair tangled and her eyes mischievous; that is, they were usually mischievous; to-day they were thoughtful, for Millie was thinking.

She had a new idea. This idea had grown in the little meeting-house on the hill. She was not often found there, but yesterday a missionary from India had spoken there to the children, and Millie had gone in the hope of hearing a wild lion story. She did not hear that, but she heard other things—of the poor little girl-widows no older than Millie's self, who never have any fun, who are made to do the hardest, most disagreeable work, who never hear a kind word, and often have not enough to eat. Millie didn't have very many nice things herself, neither did she always have enough to eat, but this only made the bond of sympathy between herself and the little heathen girls stronger. And then there was so much that she did have. Why, there were the birds, and the squirrels, and the flowers, and liberty to do as she pleased, and if people didn't have many kind words for her, they usually let her alone.

She was thinking of those little children now as she walked along. Could she do anything to help? The missionary had said that each child could do something, and every penny would be of use. She didn't have a penny very often, but sometimes she did. How could she get one now?

"Millie!"

It was spoken in a gentle, pleasant voice. The child looked up in surprise; people didn't usually speak that way to her. She saw a young lady holding open with one hand the front gate of one of the pretty little summer places, while with the other she offered a tin pail to Millie:

"If your mother would like some currants, dear, we

have more than we can use, and she would be very welcome."

"My mother!" exclaimed the child. Millie's family was a very idle one, never doing any more work than they could help, and living on what they could find. It was an unheard of thing that any one should offer them fruit.

But seeing that the lady meant what she said, the offer was accepted, and Millie was soon stripping a currant-bush.

The currants picked, they were taken home and delivered to her mother, who seemed pleased to have them. Five cents, which she had been so fortunate as to find on the road, was invested in sugar, and each member of the family was soon regaling himself with the unaccustomed treat—all but Millie. She had a plan, and, taking the cracked saucer in which her currants were given to her, she retreated from the room without being noticed.

The next morning, a small, three-legged table, propped up with a stick for a fourth, might have been seen under a tree by the road-side. It was covered with a clean towel, the only one that could be found, and upon this the saucer of currants, nicely sugared and provided with a spoon. By its side stood Millie, an eager light in her eyes as she watched for passers-by. Soon a lady with a poodle dog in her arms and a little girl by her side appeared.

"Would you like to buy a nice dish of currants for your little girl, lady?" The question was asked eagerly.

"O, mamma, will you?" asked the little one.

"Where?" replied the mother. "Oh, from that dirty little beggar girl? No child, what are you thinking of? She may give you the measles or the whooping-cough, if not something worse. Come along, quickly!" and the two hurried on.

Millie was used to repulses; she waited. By and by an old man came in sight, his tools on his shoulder.

"Mister, don't you want to buy a nice saucer of currants? Only ten cents."

"Currants! the sour things! Ugh!" and he, too, passed on. Others came, but no one wanted currants. The hours of the morning slipped away. The village clock struck noon. Another workingman passed on his way home to dinner.

"Mr. White, "these currants are real good: don't you want to buy them?"

"Currants! Millie Stone selling currants! That is a joke!" and he hurried on his way highly amused, though why it seemed so laughable he might not have been able to explain.

At last Millie stopped a man who seemed to be in a hurry. He paused to see what was wanted, but when he heard, exclaimed impatiently, "You little ragamuffin! Is that all? You may have made me lose the train. Another time mind your own affairs."

It was too much. It was three o'clock, and Millie was tired, hungry, and disappointed. She rested her arms on the table, and leaned her head down upon them. Just then a washer-woman came past, and seeing the child in such an unusual attitude, stopped and asked what the matter was. Millie looked up, her eyes filled with tears.

"I wanted to help the little girls in India, and I was trying to sell my lovely currants, and no one seems to want them. I think they are delicious."

"You poor child! I wish I liked them, I'd take them myself; but I'm so poor. But cheer up, and try again

my darlint. It'll be 'long threatening come at last' with you, I'm thinking."

She went on but left Millie a little encouraged.

The next passer was a good natured young man with a dog. He paused when about opposite her, and she was just going to open her lips to ask him, when his frisky young dog made a dash at the table. The stick which had served as a prop was pushed aside, and the currants lay in the grass and dusty road.

It all happened in a moment, and Millie, seeing that her last hope was gone, threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The young man went to her and said,—

"Little girl has my dog done much harm?"

She made no reply.

"Tell me what it is; perhaps it is not so bad after all."

"There is no use now: it is all spoiled."

Nevertheless, she sat up and tried to stop crying while she told him the story.

"Is that all? That is easily remedied; here is a ten-cent piece, the price of the currants."

She shook her head.

"No that wouldn't be fair; you didn't eat them."

Somehow she wanted to be very honest about this.

"But my dog did. If I had paid for them and eaten them you would have said it was all right; but instead I buy them for my dog to play with. Don't you see?"

"Is it like that?"

"I think it is," and he slipped the money into her hand and walked away.

Millie was happy again. The joy came back to her eyes and the smile to her lips. She pushed back the hair from her face, and walked down the road toward Deacon White's, where the missionary was staying. A plump young girl opened the door.

"I want to see the man what lived in India."

"You do! Why, its Millie Stone! Well I don't believe he wants to see you much."

"Won't you tell him?"

"Well, I'll see what he says; but you 're awful dirty."

Presently she was shown into the room where the missionary was sitting with his wife.

"Mister, here's ten cents," said she, walking up to him. "Its for the widow-girls about as big as me. You said every penny would help," added she, seeing that he looked surprised.

"Certainly it will, my child; but how is it that you have so much to give?"

She told him. He drew her to a seat beside him on the sofa. "And were you sorry that they know nothing of the Bible?—Was that the reason that you wanted to help?"

"I don't know nothing much about that.—I'm sorry that they dont have anything nice like me."

"Shall I tell you about those things that they need most, and you, too, my child?" And Millie listened, listened eagerly, to truths, which, if she had heard, she had never realized. When she left that house she went to be a little home missionary in her own family, as well as to work and pray for the "heathen who are without."

But Millie never heard how much good her ten cents did. Nor did she know of the thought awakened in the minds of the washer-woman and the young man who bought the currants, nor of the mission band started in consequence of a letter written about her by the missionary's wife, nor of the encouragement given the missionary. But she was glad that she had been able to help, though she never dreamed how much.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

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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.

Subscriptions to the LINK, changes of address, and notifications of failure to receive copies of the paper, should in all cases be sent directly to the Editor.

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