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# The Canadian Missionary Link

ANADA

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And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

MARCH, 1899.

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THE BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETIES OF CANADA

## Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XXI. |

TORONTO, MARCH, 1899.

| No. 7

## Editorial.

**DEATH OF MR. JOHN BURNS.**—To our deep regret Mr. John Burns, who for many years has had much to do with the publishing of this paper and with whom the Editor always sustained very pleasant relations, has been called to be with his Master. He was a good man and true, and we shall miss his sympathetic care in the issuing of the paper. He was born in 1833, and died Feb. 17th, 1899. For many years he was an honored deacon and Sunday School worker in the Jarvis St. Baptist Church. Our readers will join with us in sympathy for his bereaved family.

**DELAY IN MAILING THE FEBRUARY LINK.**—Through some misunderstanding or neglect on the part of the mailing agent the February LINK which was ready for mailing some days before the beginning of this month, was detained for postage for a week or more. The mistake was probably due to the new postal arrangement, which requires the prepayment of postage. We had provided the postage, but it was not paid when it should have been. We trust all will go well henceforth.

**REVOLUTION IN BOLIVIA.**—Our missionaries in Bolivia have experienced considerable anxiety on account of the outbreak of a revolution. There seems to be some danger of an uprising of the Indians and a fearful massacre of the Spanish population in many localities. Our missionaries, at last accounts, did not feel that they were in any immediate danger; but if the revolution should continue it will no doubt interfere seriously with their work. Apart from these disturbances the prospects seem excellent, and the missionaries are encouraging educated young men to go out with the idea of supporting themselves by teaching. There seems to be a demand for teachers in that benighted land.

**PER CENT. FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—During the past summer *The Churchman* published some very interesting statistics relative to the gifts to Foreign Missions from the various denominations. We have before us these statistics for five leading denominations North. Of her total gifts to all purposes the Protestant Episcopal Church, with 659,268 communicants, gave 2.22 per cent.

to Foreign Missions, an average of 43 cents per communicant. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,851,526 communicants, gave to Foreign Missions 5.83 out of her total gifts, which was 3½ cents per member. The Baptists, with 993,783 communicants, gave 6.50 of their entire offerings to missions, or 80 cents per member. The Presbyterians, with 960,911 members, devoted 6.76 of their entire contributions, or 9½ cents per member, to the foreign work. The highest record is that of the Congregationalists—one dollar and three cents for each of their 625,804 members, or 7.08 of their entire gifts for Foreign Missions. While we have such a lamentable showing before us, is there any danger of the church giving too much to Foreign Missions? One of these churches, with over half a million communicants, contributed to all purposes nearly thirteen millions of dollars, and yet only gave \$283,000 to Foreign Missions. Another gave about seventeen millions of dollars to all purposes, and less than a million to Foreign Missions. We are yet far from the ideal state, and if it were not so pitiful and painful it would be amusing to think of people complaining that the church is lavishing too large a percentage of her gifts to Foreign Missions.—*The Missionary*.

## REPORT OF BOARD MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held in the Board Room, Friday Feb. 17th, at 2 p.m. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Booker through ill-health, Mrs. Freeland presided. Sixteen members were present, Mrs. Hansel of Hamilton representing those out of town.

Miss Buchan read a communication from the Secretary of the World's Woman's Missionary Convention, which meets in New York in April, 1899, giving an outline of the programme. "Evangelistic work among the heathen," having been assigned the Canadian Societies, a resolution was passed that we fall into line with the other boards and take our part in the session devoted to evangelistic work.

As a brief historical sketch of each Society has been arranged for, Miss Buchan, Mrs. Newman and Miss Elliot were appointed a committee to prepare one, to have it published in the LINK, and also in pamphlet form for distribution.

The Treasurer's report was more satisfactory than last quarter, but the sum of \$2,500 is needed before the books close.

The Secretary was instructed to write Mrs. Booker expressing the sympathy of the Board with her in her recent bereavement. Very interesting extracts from letters from Miss Morrow and Mrs. Ohute were read.

It was decided to hold the Convention in Ingersoll, May 17th and 18th, Board meetings being held on the 16th and 19th.

A. MOYLE,  
*Recording Secretary.*

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

The members of this Society may be interested in knowing that another change in the work of our missionary, Miss Murray, has, or will soon take place.

She has been chosen to take charge of the Girls' Boarding School at Cocanada during Miss Baskerville's absence, who soon returns home for a much needed rest.

A most interesting report of the work in the Vuyuru field has been received from Miss McLaurin. Among other items of information she has been on tour among the Kasama castes, an influential class, whom she describes as a part of the great Sudra or middle caste. They are usually large land-owners and are often quite wealthy, living in fine brick dwellings with tiled roofs. The women are clean, well-behaved and attentive to the Gospel. Miss McLaurin requests us to remember these women as she will have a good deal to say about them later.

In visiting these houses, the most convenient time is the season when the men are at work in the fields. In one village, never before visited, the women were afraid, but Miss McLaurin and the Bible-women won their confidence by chatting with them about their children. These women were much interested, but were dismayed when they learned the missionary could only visit them once a year. Later, in visiting east of Vuyuru, the doors seemed to open to visit many of the Mala women, but in some villages where the men had been baptized, and their wives very much opposed to the Gospel and were making trouble, they endeavored to reach these women and in some cases succeeded. Miss McLaurin says: "Do pray for these poor women, blinded by sin, who are hardening themselves against God's Spirit and trying to prevent their husbands from making a profession of their faith." The work in Vuyuru is very encouraging. The interest among the caste people was never so great as to-day.—Com.

### THE HEROISM OF DISH-WASHING.

Recently we heard a preacher of eminence solemnly declare that it required more courage to wash dishes three times a day than to go as a missionary to India. Old superstitions die hard. We frankly confess that we had been accustomed to think that it called for some of the courage born of faith in God, and of an unconquerable conviction of a divine call to the work, for a young woman to turn her face to the missionary work of India. We had supposed that it required some real courage for a young woman to turn her back upon the pleasant companionship of Christian society, and face the gross blackness of heathenism—to leave the comforts of a delightfully temperate climate for a land of blazing sun that for a great portion of the year makes every breath of air like a blast from a furnace—for a climate that insidiously dissipates strength and often wrecks the strongest constitution—to face a country of stinging scorpions and deadly serpents whose poisoned fangs bring death to 25,000 persons, on an average, yearly—to face exposure to small-pox and cholera and fever, none of which ever absent themselves from the country—to live in the midst of the dirty and degraded, perhaps scarcely seeing another white face for weeks or months at a time—to face with a clean heart, outraged in all its pure instincts, the moral rotteness reeking everywhere. But the monotony of blazing suns and of the assaults of myriads of pestilential microbes—the monotony of being on the constant watch against scorpions and serpents—the monotony of exposure to small-pox and cholera—the monotony of necessary touch with material and moral filth—all this, and more that cannot be told, is but little in contrast with the crushing monotony of dish-washing three times a day in Canada. Heroism indeed! Under what a strange hallucination we have been living! The courage required to face mission work in India is not to be spoken of in the same breath with our calmest utterances respecting the demands upon that lofty virtue in facing dish-washing at home. If the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews were now living, and were to write a supplement to the eleventh chapter, missionaries to India, China and Africa would scarcely obtain recognition, but oh, how his soul would swell with emotion at the thought of the great host, whom time would fail him to enumerate, who through the courage of faith had subdued Canadian kitchen kingdoms, and had heroically stopped the mouths of fierce lions, roaring madly out of the dish-pan's mouth for their prey. Poor deluded souls we have been, not seeing that these young women turn their faces to mission work in India, because they have not the heroic courage to face dish-washing three times a day in Canada.

The eminence of the authority makes it almost an impertinence to question the accuracy of the statement.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isa. 26: 3.

Still it is possible even for a great man sometimes to make a very foolish remark, and thereby do grave injustice unconsciously to those whose whole-hearted consecration deserves our real admiration, and, at the same time, do injury to the cause that is dearest of all to the heart of Him who loves humanity with infinite tenderness. Therefore, such issues as these being involved, we still hesitate to accept the statement to which we have called attention.

A HEARER.

### DIVINE DELIVERANCE AT WU-SHIH-PING.

Rev. Joseph S. Adams, Hanyang, China.

Wu-shih-ping is a pretty little village nestling among the foothills of a mountain range which runs through Central Chehkiang, one of the seacoast provinces of China. Fine woods of pine, cedar, oak and chestnut cover the hamlet from distant view, while beyond the trees there stretches miles of plain, carved into queerly shaped rice fields, green with the growing harvest. To the westward a wide blue lake irrigates the plain, and beyond high mountain peaks, range after range—a beautiful and peaceful scene. As the village was about equally divided between heathen and Christian, it was far from being as peaceful as it looked. The lights and shadows in the adjoining pine woods were not more changing than the joyful and sad experience of the Christians.

The offence of the cross has not ceased in China. The villagers fiercely resented the intrusion of the new doctrine, connected wrongly enough with opium, war, rebellion and the hateful foreigner. Persecution set in, mild enough compared with history, but sufficiently trying to people young in the faith. As injuries were forgiven and no revengeful spirit shown, persecution grew bolder and fiercer. The spirit of meekness was again mistaken for weakness. The younger Christians began to chafe under the restraint.

"Why should they submit to have the water drained off from their rice-fields and the crop lost? Why should a straying animal be immediately slain, or, worse still, hopelessly maimed? Why refused the use of public roads, the public wells, the firewood from the hills? Why beaten and reviled on the market-places? We do not fear them. Let us defend ourselves!"

Calmer counsels prevailed. They waited for God to defend them. He strengthened their faith, and mightily encouraged them by leading one and another of their persecutors to accept Christ.

Three miles from Wu-shih-ping there is a small town called Stone Gates, where a market is held for the surrounding hamlets. Here the brethren found a mission field and often preached Christ, sold books and tried to lead men into the truth. It was a very unpromising place, being full of opium dens, and the attendant gamblers, bad women, loafers, thieves and the like sinful debris of human life. All attempts at buying or renting a building for a mission station at Stone Gates had failed, owing to the strong opposition not only of the "opium interest," but of the gentry and people generally. Finding petty persecution of no avail, and that the Christians grew stronger on their daily diet of abuse and injury, the idolaters met at Stone Gates in an

opium den, and decided upon a bold stroke which should rid them of this religious nuisance for once and all.

In China few affairs of importance can be undertaken without the assistance of a fortune-teller, who selects a "lucky day." It does not occur to these people that he cannot select days to be born in or lucky days to die in. On being consulted by the conspirators Mr. Fortune-teller fixed a date ten days ahead for this important event—the extermination of the Wu-shih-ping Christians. If undertaken on any other day, the project would fail. Night time was the best part of the twenty-four hours for the purpose. Mr. Fortune-teller quietly received his fee and slipped over to Wu-shih-ping to tell the Christians what was planned, in hope of getting a second one.

It was with much concern the Christians heard that their homes were to be burned, their cattle stolen, themselves driven from the district on pain of death. Where all were foes they found no friends to plead for them. All poor men, they could not bribe officials to give protection which was theirs by right. Being disciples of Christ, they would not consent to use methods diplomatic and crafty, to overthrow the designs of their enemies. So they came and consulted the missionary and asked his counsel, which was: "Put God to the test; trust and obey him. Satan cannot reach those whom God hides. He is able to save unto the uttermost."

We felt it our duty to call on the Governor of Kinwha and inform him of the projected riot, not only as claiming the rights of peaceful people, but also as showing the natives that the Christians held the magistrate's office in respect. Moreover, if anything came of the riot, he could not be held responsible, if he knew nothing of the matter.

He received us in great state, in a gaily furnished room—foreign clocks ticking merrily on the walls, porcelain pots filled with dwarfed and flowering shrubs and listened with politeness to our story, with many noddings of the head, and smiles, which suggested mirth rather than friendship. Wagging his shaven head to and fro, he explained that these were good people, who always paid their taxes, and he could not believe they would be guilty of lawless conduct. He had no right to think evil of them. Anyway he could not prevent crime, but if committed, we might rest assured he would punish it. He refused to issue a proclamation protecting the Christians. His idea evidently was, that if a riot came off he would have some good pickings out of the families concerned, as some were well connected.

While we in the city were vainly seeking the protection the law was supposed to afford, the little assemblies of believers scattered over the country were daily praying for their persecuted brethren. The appeal to Jehovah was more effectual than the cry to the temporal power.

The time came for the attack. Messengers had been sent along the route from Stone Gates to Wu-shih-ping. The men from the farm and hamlets were to join the main party as it came. They made the night hideous with their gongs. The glare of torches revealed the half-naked forms of men—pig-tails tightly bound round their heads in "fighting-trim." Armed with swords and tridents, knives and spears, they were expecting the Christians to make a bold stand at last, for the defence of their families and poor homes.

Coming to the first house they found it empty, the inmates gone! Soon they found all the brethren gathered in the strongest house, with the door shut for fear of

the Gentiles," while the cattle had been secretly conveyed into the hills.

They paused for a few moments, not knowing but that this might be some ambuscade or trap for them. They heard the voice of a man calling upon One whom he called "Jehovah" to show his power, and save the people who trusted in him.

The crowd paused but for a few moments, then the awful, prolonged yell arose, which once heard can never be forgotten! The sound was swallowed up in a sudden crash of thunder, quick flashes of lightning followed, and a sudden mighty wind, which crashed down the trees. Again the roar of thunder, echoing over the heads and among the mountains, and down came the rain in torrents.

The surging, angry mob did not wait after that first sudden crash of thunder. The glare of their torches had prevented them from seeing the gathering storm as it came suddenly with a mighty uproar. They thought the "Lei shen," the heathen god who strikes criminals dead that have escaped human law, was after them. They fled for home, down went the torches, away with spears and swords. Some fell among rocks and stumps of trees, others tumbled into muddy paddy fields; a few lost their way and wandered about until daylight, terrified lest some lightning flash should reveal their whereabouts to the angry god who was after them.

What thanksgiving and praise ascended to Jehovah from those humble cottagers who had put Him to the test, and found Him able to supply all their need! How they rejoiced in the steadily falling rain, which was to them an assurance of his care and protection.

When the rioters of Stone Gates collected together again, they were much laughed at for their failure. They blamed the fortune-teller for his "unlucky day." He defended himself by saying that he could not be expected to know what gods and foreigners were going to do. He had learned that the missionary had a box full of lightning, and he made it carry letters on a wire quicker than a horse. "No doubt the foreigner knew all about electricity, and had bottled up a storm and let it loose on them, and a pretty bad one it must have been."

This explanation exonerated the fortune-teller. Not a few felt if the disciples were going to fight with such weapons, they had better be left in peace. Two brothers, ring-leaders in mischief, did not approve of this idea. Their main purpose was undoubtedly plunder, and they made the religious point a mere pretext. In a few weeks' time these two worked up another riot, in much the same way as before. They decided to go by daylight, take only a few desperate spirits, and the spoil would be all the greater.

Hearing of the trouble we went out to Stone Gates and tried to pacify the people. We were assured by the small local official that there would be no trouble. He was warned that he would be held responsible for what should happen, but it is well understood that the higher officials protect their underlings, so probably the warning had no effect.

Another fruitless appeal was made to the governor at Kinwa. Such cases are practically heard in public, a crowd of secretaries, soldiers and servants looking on. The magistrate referred to our last visit, and how evidently we were unnecessarily alarmed.

"Why do you come to me with these idle rumors?"

"Because you are the ruler, and we are taught by our

doctrine to respect authority. You are also responsible to the viceroy for the peace of the district."

"There will be no trouble; these are but words blown of wind. You said there was a riot brewing before; nothing came of it."

"True, nothing came of it, because our God helped us when your Excellency refused!"

"Well! well! yes! yes! perhaps your God will help you again."

"Certainly He will, but that will be no credit to your Excellency."

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Don't fear! Don't fear! Let me invite you to drink some tea. This is from my native province of Kiang si. I believe tea will not grow in your honorable country," etc.

This meant the interview was at an end. Before His Excellency's tea was cold, messengers were off to Stone Gates full speed. "The magistrate will not help the eaters of foreign religion; let us go up and beat, cast them out."

The second attack was regarded by the Christians as more serious than the first. Although their enemies were not so numerous, they were all bad characters, whose object was doubtless plunder. The brethren encouraged themselves in God, remembering past help, and the many promises in His word. Messages were sent to outlying groups of believers, asking their help in prayer.

The day came. The attacking party met in an opium shop to discuss plans. The two brothers, ringleaders in sin, arranged to rendezvous under the spreading branches of a great camphor tree, a short distance from Wu-shih-ping. The people were to gather there by midday, in little groups, so as not to attract too much attention, and invite other eagles to the spoil. The business concluded with wine, a feast and opium. They felt they needed more than their usual stock of courage for the work they had to do.

The day was hot. The way was long. The half drunken crowd meeting under the great camphor tree was tired, quarrelsome, and not at all comfortable in the business they had undertaken. After much noisy talk the ringleaders commenced to draw lots for the division of the spoil. They knew what they were going to get. Beyond cattle, grain and farming tools there was but little to steal.

Still the believers waited and prayed. A lad ran in and reported the rioters gathered under the camphor tree as gambling for their goods, and then they were coming to "shah!" (kill). Now they are coming! A dull roar reached their ears—a sound of blows and smashing wood. What did it mean?

The Christians rushed out and saw down the valley a confused, struggling, yelling, fighting crowd of men, driven hither and thither. Surely the old camphor tree had never witnessed so strange a sight! It meant Jehovah was again answering prayer. "Surely the wrath of men shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

The leaders had quarrelled over the division of the spoil not yet theirs. Angry words led to blows, sides were taken, and strife raged up and down the valley, but the wave of war never reached the Christians. The defeated party fled, chased by the victors as far as Stone Gates, bleeding, bruised, wounded, hair torn out, to be received with howls of derision by their friends.

When the Christians reached the spot it was to help their wounded enemies. One of them was dying, be-

yond human help : a heavy blow had crushed his skull. It was one of the ringleaders.

This unexpected end of the expedition astonished everyone, and made a great sensation. The Christians again praised God, who had by terrible things in judgment again answered their prayers. The heathen said : "We must let these Jesus men alone ; their God is too strong for us."

The result upon the Christian character of the converts was astonishing. They realized as never before that the living God hears prayer. "We will never doubt Him again," said one. "Let us gather our money and bring a thank-offering," said another, "and try again to get a mission hall at Stone Gates, so that the people there may hear the gospel oftener."

This proposal met with general acceptance. In a short time \$70, then worth about £10 sterling, was subscribed, and a suitable house was found at Stone Gates and fitted for mission use.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

### THE VALUE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

BY A NON-MISSIONARY.

The following article, from a correspondent in China of the London *Daily Telegraph*, with the strong endorsement it contains of medical missions as seen in China, is true and timely, coming as it does, from the standpoint of a newspaper correspondent, rather than from a missionary :

I have always acted on the theory that the persons who know most of the social condition of any people are the doctors and the clergy. The one class see the shadier and the other the brighter side of humanity, but both go down to the depths. If that is so in other lands, especially is it true in this (China), where superstition, race jealousy, estrangement of sex, and rigorous etiquette, form so many barriers. And above all is it the case where you have medico and parson combined. Dr. Morrison, "the Australian in China"—not a missionary, but an entertaining traveller—reports that in one year 3717 Chinese converts cost about £350,000—rather less than £100 apiece ; and he seems to think them dear at the price.

I TAKE A DIFFERENT VIEW.

If the missionaries made no converts for ten years, I should consider the two or three thousand of them scattered over this vast empire to be doing work well worth the paltry cost. So long as they remain the sole agents of civilization to befriend the poor and the sick, standing by them in times of epidemic, flood, drought, and famine, and putting to shame their horrible superstitions, the money is well spent. It is not a matter of creeds merely, but of human lives. Nothing is more cruel than spectral fear. To their sick and dying the Chinese often behave

WITH REVOLTING BARBARITY,

not from want of natural feeling, but through fear of demons. In Yunnan, a form of fever, attended with great pain and delirium, prevails ; it is probably malarial, and in nine cases out of ten is fatal. A person who is attacked is deserted like a leper, the utmost done even for a parent being to place him in a solitary chamber

with a vessel of water by his side. The affrighted relatives never venture nearer than to prod the victim with a pole, to discover whether any life is left. All parts of the room, they say, are full of devils, and even the tables and mattresses writhe about and utter voices. Into such places it is

ONLY THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

or sister of charity that enters, taking precautions, possibly, against infection, but utterly regardless of the multitudinous devils, writhing mattresses, and audible voices. Single-handed in many cases they face the risk of contagion.

The treatment of moribund children is even more unnatural, and that, too, here in North China, where infanticide is not practiced. When death is apparently near, the infant is stripped naked and placed on the floor of brick or earth, just within the outer door of the room. There the parents leave it and watch the issue. If it survives it is their true child ; if not, it never was their own flesh and blood, but

A FIEND SENT TO VEX THEM.

The Rev. G. Owen tells me that two or three days ago he heard a woman here in Peking trying to console another in this fashion : "Don't cry, dear ; you know it was not really your child, but an evil spirit." In this case, the infant had expired in its mother's arms, and the consolation had no effect. In some places, when the child is dead, the horrible custom exists of crushing the remains into an indistinguishable mass, to prevent the "devil" from returning to molest the family ; in others a stranger is paid to carry away the body, so that the spirit

MAY NOT KNOW THE WAY BACK

to the house. More often in this city it is picked up by the dead-cart—"the landship of mercy," as the Buddhists call it. Sometimes a missionary's wife or a sister of mercy hears what is transpiring in time to rescue the poor wail. She does not neglect to tell the parents not heartless, but demon-ridden—that a religion which permits atrocities like these cannot be true. I call this fighting superstition at close quarters.

During the last two or three days I have been visiting the Peking Hospital, in connection with the London Missionary Society—not only the first of its kind, but the first of any kind ever established in this city. The Chinese showed their superiority by getting along with out hospitals. In a dingy, densely-peopled thoroughfare stands the

"SHIH I YUAN,"

literally, "Bestowing Healing Compound" (or in closure). Fronting the street is a building of the mission room type at home. Behind are a row of one-story waiting rooms, wards, operating rooms, residences, and a good, substantial church. In the mission building eighty or a hundred men are waiting their turn to see the doctor, and to improve the time a native teacher talks and lectures, or a blind assistant reads to the audience. How the blind man can read by raised letters is

A CEASELESS WONDER

to the Chinese. In the courtyard I found Dr. Elliot

Curwen engaged with a bad case of peritonitis. A young woman about twenty years old had been brought on a litter. When the Chinese quacks—and they rank with the worst order extant—examine a female patient, they defer to etiquette, and the woman exhibits her hand and wrist from behind a curtain. By the mere feel of the pulse your native Galen can diagnose over three hundred diseases. Our medical men stand no such nonsense. Be it the Empress Dowager or Ah Sin's wife, they insist upon a proper examination, and it is well they do so. Every opportunity should be taken to break down the wretched formalism. While the doctor examined his patient, I had an object-lesson in Chinese characteristics. "How long has your daughter been suffering?" he asked. "Four months, two years," promptly replied the trusty parents with customary accuracy in regard to time. To the inquiry, What was the cause? you rarely get an intelligent answer. The Chinaman has no idea of causation. In a whole row of cases, "O, it came of itself," was the explanation.

A pleasanter thing to notice was the evidence of low susceptibility. While the surgeon probed a wound in a manner to make me cringe, the patient looked on rather as an interested spectator. The same thing one saw again and again. With terrible sores and wounds, with symptoms which the kindly doctor intimated to me, but not to the sufferer, must be fatal,

#### THEY CAME UP SMILING.

Unless in the case of a mother now and then—"a woman naturally born to fears"—I do not think I saw one anxious face. Under the knife they hardly winced. One strong-looking fellow had a bad compound fracture of the left leg, with two inches of bone protruding, fracture of the right leg, the left humerus (upper arm) and three ribs broken, and his skull cracked, as the result of a pit accident. What to us Westerners would have been torture, he had borne for a fortnight before coming to the hospital, and here underwent difficult and painful operations with what George Eliot has called "clear-eyed endurance."

The Rev. A. H. Smith, who believes in Chinese absence of nerves, says: "It is common, or rather almost universal, for the patients to bear without flinching a degree of pain from which the stoutest of us would shrink in terror." Dr. Eliot Curwen's experience confirms this cheerful dictum. He holds strongly that capacity for pleasure and pain go together; we enjoy more and we suffer more than these Orientals. It is a belief to thank heaven for, robbing the dark past of much of its horror. As I stood by the side of this brave fellow, I could not help asking,

#### WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED

without the Shih i Yuan? What does happen where there are no missionaries and, therefore, no hospitals? Of the 104 patients on the first day I was there, and 143 the day before—including the eunuchs of the palace, the son of an official, a few small traders, and the rest mostly of the very poor—the great bulk must have gone unrelieved. In many of the cases of cancer, tumors, dropsy, malignant sores, wounds, fractures, troubles of the eye, the issues would have been lingering pain, loss of sight, useless limbs, death, in spite of that marvellous vitality of the Chinese, which must contribute to the great success of these institutions.

A less pleasing circumstance was that nearly all the patients were dirty. Every bared leg, arm and breast was coated with the dust of Pekin. "We cannot get them to wash," said the doctor. It is a libel, however, to say that the Celestials never wash. Ablutions are universal at their New Year, and I know personally several who wash even oftener than that. It was most agreeable at Sunday's services to see some hundreds of

#### PEOPLE WITH CLEAN FACES.

There, at least, was one advantage derived from Christianity. Not the least of the cheering features of the place was the skill of the native assistants. One of these actually carried on the work during the illness of his chief. This gentleman bears the poetic name of Li Hsiao Chuan—the pear tree by the flowing stream. Another of the practitioner's boys was Te Fuh—budding happiness or felicity. It sounded rather odd to hear the master call, "Budding Felicity, brush my shoes."

Far higher than the physical effects of this work I rate the moral and intellectual. The magic of Western surgery is possibly doing more for China than all the preaching. You must see the actual working to realize it. An elderly man came to the hospital with a large growth on the tongue. The doctor told his assistant to prepare the electric battery. "Now," said he to the old fellow, "close your eyes and put out your tongue."

#### THE CAUTELY WAS APPLIED.

"That will do; open your eyes." There was the excrescence on the palm of the doctor's hand. The amazement of that son of Ham was a thing to see. Confucius never dreamed of anesthetics and disinfectants, and the bigoted and pedantic literati find it a hard fight with chloroform and carbolic acid. "Will it hurt much?" asked a poor fellow whose foot, crushed on the railway, had to come off. "Not a great deal," replied the doctor. "I will give you a whiff of this stuff." So the man inhaled a good dose of chloroform, and toward the end of the operation ether also was applied. In a few seconds he came round, and, unlike his countrymen generally, was still anxious about the pain. Imagine his wonderment when the surgeon said: "Is it the foot you are asking about? Why, it's off, my dear fellow!"

I fear that few of those benefited rise to the conception of the disinterested benevolence involved. Advice, medicine, and operations are without money and without price, those applicants alone excepted who come with diseases

#### THEY OUGHT NOT TO HAVE.

The opium smoker, for instance, must pay for his fourteen days detention and food. There may be better ways of promoting humanity and civilization; if so, one would like to see them at work. Secular-minded persons might prefer to eliminate the religious element. So be it; they can have two or three hundred millions of men, women and children unspoiled by theological bias.

It is not the fault of the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Catholic Churches that they occupy the field alone. At their spiritual work I have not glanced. To many the noble prayers of the Church of England from hundreds of Chinese lips, would not appeal. They might not have been moved to hear, as I did yesterday (Sunday) morning,



"O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST,"

to the old tune, but to words that Confucius would have understood. If I am not mistaken, the contributors to these missions would have felt some emotion. In the afternoon, I heard six or eight hundred children and a couple of hundred men and women join in that most widely diffused of all hymns, the simple air, "There is a happy land." This was at the American Methodist Episcopal Mission School, of which the Rev. Dr. Lowry, President of the Pekin University, is the superintendent, while his son, a member of the United States Legation, conducts the music. It may be allowed to count in our estimate that once a week

#### A FEW HUNDRED THOUSANDS

of these people are withdrawn from Sundayless, unresting toil, that they are taught a higher morality and a nobler theology, that a ray of brightness now and then is thrown over their lot, and lives, no longer demon-haunted, are made happier. At any rate, it is safe to say that without the Christian missions there would exist not one single hospital throughout the length and breadth of China. That, at least, may pass for something.

### Work at Home.

#### NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

MONTREAL.—The first of February being one of the days appointed at the last Annual Convention by the United Boards of Home and Foreign Missions for prayer for missions, by all our Circles, was celebrated in Montreal by a Union prayer-meeting, held in Grace Baptist Church, Westmount. Mrs. D. Grant, President of the First Church Circle, presided. The portions of Scripture read and Mrs. Grant's remarks were specially encouraging and helpful. Though the attendance, perhaps owing to short notice and the meeting being at an early hour, was not as large as was desired, yet all the Circles in the city were represented and the spirit of the meeting was good, for all felt that the "Spirit of the Lord was with us." The next day of prayer is appointed for Friday, the first of September.

NEW SARUM.—The anniversary of the Mission Circle was held on Tuesday evening, January 24th. Our President, Mrs. Emery, presided, and a very interesting and instructive missionary programme was rendered to a full house. Excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Hartley, Mrs. Hartley and our pastor, Rev. Mr. Spencer. A fine paper prepared by Mrs. (Rev.) J. J. Baker, who could not be with us on account of illness, was read by Mrs. Newcombe. A beautiful recitation was given by Miss Fonger. These were interspersed with appropriate music by the choir. Refreshments were served during the evening. The Secretary's Report

showed a membership of 22, average attendance at meeting, 10; raised since last anniversary in August, 1897, for Foreign Missions, \$19.16; for Home Missions, \$20.40, also sent a good box of quilts and clothing to the North-West in November. The collection at meeting was \$9.04, which, after deducting \$1.15 for expenses, was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

(MRS.) WINNIE HOUSE, Secy.

NOTE.—We have hitherto held our anniversary in August, and our meeting was all arranged for and to have been held last August on the 3rd, but was not, on account of the sad and sudden death of our beloved Pastor, Rev. Mr. Gray, who was laid to rest on that day. Various circumstances have hindered us from having it since till now.

W. H.

#### BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

India—A bit of Zenana work, 1c.; Premadisi, 2c. Our Marathi Baby, 1c.; Pundita Ramabal, 2c.

Miscellaneous—What do the Heathen teach us? 2c. The needs of South America, 2c.; Our Jesus (music), 2c.

Easter Bands—An Easter Thanksgiving Service for Children, 2c.; Easter Harmonies, 5c. (music); Margaret's Missionary Easter, 2c.

Circles—Easter Obligations, 1c.; Heidi's Gift, 2c.

Mrs. C. W. King,

318 Earl St.,

Kingston.

NOTE.—Kindly make postal notes payable to Lottie King.

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

Receipts from January 16, to February 15, 1899, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Dundas (\$4 for support of a Bible woman from the Misses Sutherland), \$8.25; Hamilton, Herkimer St., \$5; Sarnia (\$4.95 Thank-offering), \$9.45; Toronto, Inmanuel Ch., \$16.10; Burgessville, \$5; Salford, \$9.40; Whitby, \$4; Brantford, Calvary Ch. (\$7 Thank-offering), \$11. Houghton, First (2.50 Thank-offering), \$9; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$28.75; Wheatley, \$2.40; Calvary, \$1; Petroses \$6.29. Teaswater, \$2.95; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd. (\$6.10 Thank offering), \$14.63; Haldimand (90c. Thank-offering), \$2.40. Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (\$3.20 Thank-offering), \$7.95; Langton (\$1.67 Thank-offering), \$3.67; Toronto, Memorial Ch., \$4; Do. Jarvis St., \$39.38; Do. Beverley St. (\$17 for Pasada Ratnam), \$30.27; Forest (87c. Thank-offering), \$1.65; St. Catharines, Lyman St. (\$2.92 Thank-offering), \$5.67; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$8.55; Brantford, Park Ch. (\$11.50 Thank offering), for Miss P. Begg, \$26; Do. First Ch. (\$25 to make Mrs. George Winter a life-member, and \$25 towards Mrs. McLeod's support), \$50; Wingham, \$2.10; New Sarum, \$7.65; Stayner, \$1.75; Belleboro' (\$6.27 Thank-offering), \$7.77; Toronto, College St., \$12.85; Do. Parliament St. (\$2.50 Thank-offering—second time), \$5.90. Total, \$349.71.

FROM BANDS.—Sarnia, \$2; Lakefield, \$4; Bracebridge,

III. B. M. U.

Senior, for Samulcotta student, \$2; Do. Junior, do, \$1; Wheatley, \$1.62; Uxbridge, for Boddu Jivaratnamma, \$17; Brooklin, \$3; Aylmer, for a Samulcotta student, \$17; Maple Grove \$8; Dundas, \$5; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (per receipt from General Treasurer), \$4.25; London, Adelaide St., Y. P. M. B., for student fund, \$6.20; Barrie, \$7; Port Hope \$10.05 Thank-offering, \$10.27 mito-boxes, \$26.25 sale), \$50; Oxford, East, for Gudavalli John, \$11.70; Toronto, College St., Junior, \$2; Wingham, \$2.15. Total, \$143.02.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. J. Somerville, Princeton, \$1; Thank-offering from Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Southworth, \$2; Toronto, Western Ch., Miss Edy's S. S. class, for a Bible-woman, \$10; Hamilton, James St., Junior Y. P. S. C. E., for Mungamuri Karunamma, \$17; Thank-offering from women of West Nisourl Ch., \$1.70; Bawdley, Thank-offering from mito-boxes, \$6.36; Mrs. John Alexander, Toronto, \$5; Investment Account, Miss Davis' gift—coupon, less bank charges for collection, \$24.85. Total, \$67.91.

Total receipts during the month.....\$561.62

## DISBURSEMENTS.—

## To General Treasurer:

For regular work in India.....\$ 442.74  
Extras:—Miss Morrow and Munshi, from  
"New Missionary" fund..... 43.75  
"Engala Nokamma," from Oxford St. Circle,  
Woodstock..... 4.50  
From York Mills S. S. class, for "extra girl"..... 1.00

Total for month.....\$ 491.59

## GENERAL ACCOUNT.—

Total receipts since May 1, 1898.....\$6700.54  
Total disbursements since May 1, 1898..... 7541.19

## SPECIAL ACCOUNT.—"Medical Lady Fund."—

Receipts since May 1, 1898.....\$ 5.35  
Disbursements since May 1, 1898..... 50.00

**CORRECTION.**—In the February LINK, Walkerton Band should be credited with \$3.30 instead of \$3. Thirty cents should therefore be added to the receipts from Bands, to the total receipts during the month, and to the total receipts since May 1st, 1898.

The Thank-offerings received to date amount to \$653.11. The greater portion has come from 76 Circles and 7 Bands, though others have joined in this service who are not united in these organizations.

**NOTE.**—The Treasurers of Circles and of Bands are reminded that they should close their books for the Convention year on March 31st. Kindly endeavor to have all money due paid in to them and entered in their books on or before that date. They should then forward the amount on hand for Foreign Missions to me.

All the money they receive IN APRIL they are requested to hold until May, and include it in their next year's account.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

Begin the day with God,  
So shall thy business prosper well  
And all thy day be love.

—Horatius Bonar.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For Chicacole and its workers, schools and native helpers; that those who have long heard the Gospel message may come out boldly and follow Christ.

## NEW YEAR'S HYMN.—1899.

[Thou hast not passed this way heretofore—Josh. 1: 4.]

We stand on this year's river bank,  
Our eyes decay no further shore,  
We upward look and catch thy word,  
"Thou hast not passed this way before."

A path untrodden we must walk,  
Some Jordan rolls along our way;  
Shall we now falter on the brink,  
Or grope in blindness day by day?

Thou knowest all our diverse paths,  
On mountain, plain, or wave-washed shore,  
The thorns have entered in thy feet,  
As thou hast trod this way before.

We look to thee to be our guide,  
Our movements hang on thy command,  
We pray thee lead us through the year,  
O, gently lead us by the hand.

What'er awaits us on the way,  
Of sweetest joy or trial sore,  
Go thou before us, O, our God,  
Thou who hast passed this way before.

J. H. MACDONALD.

Amherst, N. S.

An interesting Leaflet came to hand the other day, issued by the W. Pres. Board of Missions, entitled, "The Whole Wide World for Christ."

It gives the population of the globe, one billion five hundred millions.

Of these, only about one-tenth are Protestant Christians.

The two Anglo-Saxon nations are nations most interested in Missions.

In China—The Baptists support 450 stations; the Presbyterians 435; Congregationalists 207; Methodists 127; Episcopalians 83; with many other smaller denominations. There are about 5,000 missionaries and native helpers, or one for every seventy thousand of the people.

In Africa—Methodists support 916 stations; Presbyterians 655; Friends 157; Congregationalists 146, and Baptists 42.

In India—The Episcopalians (English), support 2,118 stations; Baptists 1,270; Presbyterians 1,109; Congregationalists 1,062; Methodists 508; Reformed Dutch 140; Lutherans 201. In all, 19,695 missionaries and native helpers.

In Japan—The Congregationalists support 207 stations; the Dutch Reformed 103; the Baptists 102; the Presbyterians 99; the Episcopalians 42.

In *South America*—The Presbyterians support 34 stations; and the Methodists 11: (there are also others).

In *Mexico and Guatemala*—Only Americans—Presbyterians 201 stations, Methodists 200; Congregationalists 60, and Moravians 25.

In *Persia*—American Presbyterians 92 stations, 338 workers; English Episcopalians 5 stations and 34 workers.

In *Siam and Sacs*—Presbyterians 41 stations, and 165 workers; Baptists 1 station and 3 workers.

In *Syria*—The Presbyterians support 129 stations; Episcopalians 17, Baptists 12.

These figures may not be quite correct in every instance, but they are worth pondering. How awfully small they look in comparison with John 3: 16. How awfully small, after nearly nineteen hundred years of work! How awfully small beside Matt. 28: 18, 19, and Acts 1: 8. How awfully small in the light of Acts 4: 12.

The report of our Treasurer will be found in this issue, and calls for careful consideration. Receipts for the quarter are \$20,006.36. The disbursements \$2,424.75.

From a private note we learn that our Home Mission account is \$205.60 in advance of the same months last year; but our Foreign Mission column is \$294.80 less than during the corresponding months of the last year.

Will the Treasurers of our different Societies look up the matter, and see what it can be? It is not that one cent too much has been given to Home Missions, but too little to the Foreign work.

The hearts of the workers at home are cheered by the good news from Bobbili. Mr. Gullison is better. The fever had run its course, and though very weak, our brother was on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Brown of Tushet, Yarmouth Co., writes of an Aid Society she had the privilege of organizing at Gavelton, a section of the Tushet Church, on the 24th of last month. Membership seven. Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Mrs. M. Brown; Sec., Miss Jessie Wood, Gavelton. Mrs. Brown also says that she has had the privilege of resigning the Presidency of the Argyle Band into the hands of a young lady. Mrs. Brown rightly calls this an "advance step," and she is right. The sooner our young people take hold of this work the better. Experience will be gained at every meeting; and our young members can find no more Christ honouring work than in the Mission Band.

#### LETTER FROM MISS HARRISON.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,—Mr. and Mrs. Gullison came to Bobbili in July. They are quite settled here now, and we are one of the happiest little trios in all India. You know we have so much in common—were all at Acadia at the same time, said "good bye" to the home friends two years ago this month—this week—sailed to India together, studied the language at the same time, and last but not least our hearts' desire—to see the salvation of this people—is one. Every little item of our

work is freely discussed and together we take everything to the Lord in prayer. I am going to tell you of some subjects for whom I want you to unite with us in prayer too. One is my munshi, Ayyavaru Ramamurta. He is a Brahmin, quite wealthy, intelligent and influential, but best of all he says he is believing in Jesus Christ, and that the only reason he does not come out and be baptized is that he wants his wife to come willingly too. He says that he often talks with her about the matter. His oldest child, a girl of about eight, is a very interesting member of Mrs. Gullison's Sunday School class. She learns Scripture verses by tens and prays in the class. He is a handsome man and has a fine physique and I cannot understand how he could be so kind and sympathetic as he is with any sufferer, if he were not as he says believing in Christ. He often brings me delicious fruit, and he will not accept any salary for his services as munshi. However I intend to partially cancel my debt to him by giving him two Telugu-English Dictionaries, which I know that he wants. My Telugu examinations are now a thing of the past, but I shall continue to study with him in the mornings until the year is done. At my munshi's request we study the Bible first for about an hour. After that I am reading a Telugu book I enjoy the study so much now.

In the afternoons I go out either to the school or with the Bible-women to visit the women in the homes. This last is the work I love most. I cannot tell you the joy of it. Yesterday as Rutnamma and I were on our way to a certain place, near a corner of a big tank we met quite a group of women with water-pots on their heads, coming to draw water. We stopped in the shade of a tree and in a few moments twenty or more women were listening to the story of the woman of Samaria and were directed to the source of Living waters. Then a hymn was sung and explained verse by verse. It was such a pleasant meeting and I suppose more than fifty women listened to the story of salvation during our stay there. They kept coming and going, and for a few moments anyway forgot the gossip and weary round of cares and were interested in eternal things. Then we went on to the Mohammedan quarter. The women here are strictly gosha (never go out) and they gave us a very kindly welcome. Their every-day language is Hindustani, but Rutnamma could understand them and they could understand the most of our Telugu. They seemed to enjoy the novelty of our visit, but our aim was not only to give them pleasure, and yet I often feel after coming in that our words have had no effect. They seem so careless, so indifferent about their sins. They take it as their fate to be sinners and say, "What can we do?" with an expression that indicates almost always a total lack of care.

Sometimes I fear that this sort of stupor is fastening upon me. I seem to be half dead and do not realize the hopeless—"having no hope and without God in the world"—condition of the hosts which throng the streets of Bobbili. I have felt this lately in a greater degree than usual, and have often told the Lord about it, and have asked for the "consuming desire" for their salvation. You will join with me in this petition, will you not?

About the first of September, just after finishing my exams, Miss Priest of Tunj asked me to come down and go on a tour with her. I wanted just such an experience—an insight into young-lady-missionary methods of touring, so I accepted and had a pleasant and most

profitable visit with her for about two weeks. Some mornings we would get up early and have our chota hari and drive out to a distant village. We would leave our team in the care of its keeper and go in the town until we found a shady spot—sometimes a *bowshah*, sometimes a tree and oftener a veranda—here the women would gather around and we would sing a hymn first, and then a Bible-woman would tell why we had come and perhaps read about one of the miracles and explain it. Then the missionary would show some bright picture, such as are used in Sunday School at home to impress the lesson story upon the minds of the little ones, and then after telling the story she would make some practical application. It was often hard to come away, because there are so many villages and we wanted to give some time to several, so that it was after two o'clock more than once before we got back to our mid-day meal. The work is so great—"the harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few." How can they understand or accept the Gospel when they only have an opportunity to hear for an hour once in a year?

Mission House, Bobbili,  
Oct. 29, 1898.

PAPER BY MRS. M. W. BROWN, OF TUSKET.

The Holy Book of God, the Book of Books, is the fountain with the cup. We cling to its promises, we seek to follow its tender and loving instruction.

Now that we have to do with the young, with the boys and girls by whom we are surrounded, and with whom we mingle day after day, let us learn if we can, whether or not they hold a place in the great and eternal thought of God. Let us go back to Gen. xvii. 7—to the promise of God to Abraham: "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee,—to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." In the Mosaic Law the most careful thought was given to the training of the young. "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." "And when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies and the statutes which the Lord thy God hath commanded you? then shalt thou say unto thy son"—

Peter says, "the promise is unto you and your children." How often in the Sabbath school and in the home the little ones have listened with rapt attention to the stories as told in the Bible, of Joseph, Samuel, Mirjam, Timothy and Jesus. Notice the specially tender love bestowed upon the children by Jesus. There was no shrinking from them. He delighted in their presence, also in their praises. Thus we see that the children do occupy a very prominent place in the Bible. Ought they not also hold a large place in the church of God?

A number of doors are open for Christian labor. That of bringing the children to Christ and training them for His service stands out very prominently before us. Our future workers are among our boys and girls.

One of the most important branches of our work, is the Mission Bands, building as they are for the future.

Some presume to say, because so many of our children are unconverted, the money and service given by them, not coming from the heart, does not receive a blessing from God. And yet God's Word tells us, "before Samuel knew the Lord, he served the Lord, by ministering unto His servant Eli."

In answer to objections that are sometimes made to this public work, we would say, it is enough to know that God's approval has rested upon it, that the immediate neighborhood of the Band has been blessed in the conversion of souls through its influence, and the richness of its fruit has crossed the mighty deep. Many homes in Telugu land that were once

dark, without one ray of light, have been made bright and happy.

Sisters in Christ, we who have tasted the love of Jesus, who know something of the joy and satisfaction to be found in the service of Christ, are we doing our whole duty to God if we hold ourselves aloof from this service—can we be satisfied? No. Let us not be content until every member of our Sabbath Schools is being educated and trained in mission work.

How is this to be done? how is the attendance of our Mission Bands to be increased?

First—Through the influence of Christian mothers—mothers who like those of old had their hearts fired with an irresistible, intense longing for their children to be brought to Christ for a blessing—mothers, who if they cannot attend regularly with their children the meetings of the Band, will pray much, extend sympathy, and labor to awaken and foster an interest in the young mind, in sending the gospel to the perishing.

Children are apt in imitating. What a change would take place in all our churches if every parent used all the golden opportunities offered them to inspire their children in the work of the Band.

Second—The leader of a Band must possess much attractive power—one that spends much time with the model leader, Jesus, receiving from Him a deep love for children and a longing for the salvation of their souls. It may be difficult to find one person possessing all the required qualities, but as has been said—do not choose one who is subject to fits, fits of being late, fits of being absent, fits of being uninteresting; as the leader so will be the followers—but choose one who has tact in management, interesting, active manner, great zeal and consecrated love for the Master's work—one who is willing to be and do in Jesus' name. Such a leader's influence must be contagious, spreading in every community, until it reaches every child.

Third—A pastor who is in genuine sympathy with this branch of Christian work might have a great influence over the members of his flock. As he visits the homes some words fitly spoken would do much to awaken and encourage an interest in the carrying of the Gospel to the perishing, in the minds of parents and children.

Fourth—A well arranged and well prepared programme should be presented at each meeting of the Band, one in which the boys and girls have a share. Let the President have a well prepared lesson, giving much information, something that will be talked over in the homes, at school, and while at play.

Perhaps a Christmas treat, or an occasional basket picnic during the summer months might have a legitimate place in the working of the Band.

To conclude the matter, our great need is prayer, prayer for ourselves, for our children, and an unwavering faith in God. "According to thy faith be it unto thee."

Is it the whole world for Christ? "Every place that the sole of thy feet shall tread upon, that have I given thee." This much, no more, no less. Let us go forward and possess it for Christ.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, W. B. M. U.

Quarter ending January 31st, 1899.

	F. M.	H. M.	Total.
Received from Nova Scotia, W. M. A. S.	\$707 91	\$287 41	\$995 32
" " " " Mission Bands	181 13	18 89	200 02
" " " " Sunday Schools	29 40	17 50	47 40
" " " " Y. P. Society	1 50		1 50
" " " " Junior Union	12 80		12 80
" " " " New Brunswick, W. M. A. S.	34 80	63 20	408 00
" " " " Mission Bands	62 50	4 56	57 06
" " " " Sunday Schools	137 00	1 54	27 54
" " " " P. E. Island, W. M. A. S.	26 05	42 74	180 30
" " " " Mission Bands	21 24	6 00	27 24
" " " " Sunday Schools	5 00		6 00
" " " " British Columbia	5 00		5 00
" " " " Miss Corning Boston	40 00		40 00

Dr.

Paid J. W. Manning, Treas., F.M.B.	\$1800 00
" H. E. Sharpe, Treas., N.W.M.	320 00
" Joseph Richards, Treas., G.L.M.	140 00
" Indian Work.	75 00
" J. S. Titus, Treas., N.B. Com.	16 00
" E. M. Sipperell, Treas., H.M. Com.	16 00
" A. Ochoon, Treas., N.S. and P.E.I.	137 00
" Printing M. Band L. M. Certificates	3 50
" Tidings.	6 25
" Drafts, discounts, postage.	6 00

\$2424 75

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

Amberst, Feb. 1st., 1899.

## ASK SOMEBODY ELSE.

[The following is taken from *The Message*, the organ of the W. F. M. Societies of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It should have a wide reading.]

We see nothing so clearly as other people's duty. Through strong glasses of habitual criticism or legitimate expectation or complacent self-sufficiency, we analyze other women's lives with the keenness of a biologist over his microscope. Turning away some impertunate pleader for help with the venerable remark, "Ask somebody else," is there not a feeling of unholy joy that this "somebody else" is to be sifted like wheat? that our refusal has been a means to that end?

The membership in our societies could, with blessed exceptions, be divided into two classes: "the woman who ought not to but does," and "the woman who can but won't," and the latter class is largely responsible for many a nervous breakdown in the other. A mania for being in evidence possesses some women. There are self-induced cases of nervous prostration. The woman who "lives always at the top of her voice" will be likely to be prematurely silenced, or, worse still, become discordant, "jangled, out of tune." In religious work, pre-eminently, there must be something radically wrong when a good woman is too busy and too tired to be happy herself or cheering to others. The overworked woman, however, commands our respect as does not her inebriate of Christian drones, even though she may be wrong in assuming undue burdens. "As thy day thy strength shall be," runs the promise, and not "As ten women's day thy strength shall be." If a woman belongs to forty-one societies and clubs, and there are some who do, she should be able to discharge her duty to three dozen of them, at least, by a yearly subscription. Trying to give herself to everything, she is sinning against the mind and body her God gave her. The dignity of living, the grace of repose, the strength of quietness are far from her, while physical breakdown and spiritual depression are imminent.

So there is a woman who needs to say firmly: "Ask somebody else; I cannot, ought not, must not undertake one straw weight more of work or responsibility." But there is a much larger class to which most of us, if we are quite honest, will acknowledge that we belong, the class of "the woman who can but won't." She puts the heavy burden on her sisters' shoulders and keeps it there, adding the weight of her own resigned uselessness or cultivated helplessness. A woman recently asked, in vain, twenty-two other women to help her in a certain missionary meeting, and after that remarkable experience said that she felt she would never again refuse to do anything for anybody. Here are women bound together, by love to a common Saviour, to work for His kingdom. They acknowledge the common obligation of membership and gift of money, but without that gift of voice, time, talent, tact, personality and co-operation, so often elsewhere lavished. Gifts differ. Not

all can do the same thing well; not all can speak eloquently nor pray fervently in public. There is no one who cannot live eloquently her prayers. There are those who "with their lives express the holy Gospel they profess."

There are women who never seek or embrace any opportunity to aid in their individual societies. "The woman who can but won't" is often critical and deplors the lateness and inadequacy of missionary meetings. The sanctified touch of her gift of criticism, having begun its new work on her own heart, may be the very tonic needed in that society. Lack of time, lack of ability, lack of confidence, are the most frequent excuses given when you are asked to find somebody else. Women who never evince any such trait before become temporarily very humble. Women the very breath of whose nostrils is "something new" decline on the ground that they "never did such a thing in their lives."

You were given a clear, sweet voice. Have you lost its power in Christ's work? You were endowed with a clear mind for business; it has been a blessing to you and others in domestic and secular affairs. Have you ever used it in Christ's work? Your fluent tongue and convincing manner have put through many a social and patriotic scheme. Were they given you for every use except Christ's distinct call? Locate this possession of yours, perhaps it is not yet out-laid. Pay up arrears of taxes, and begin again. You think perhaps that that other woman, somebody else, has done your work. No, your work has just gone undone; the angels could not do it for you, and "inasmuch as ye did it not" will be the judgment.

But let us not be despondent. Remember that in this work is such help, such chrism as comes in no other work, the direct power and leading of the Spirit of the Lord. The weakest woman can be strong as a lion in His strength, the small voice can grow strong like a trumpet, if it is filled with His message; the beating heart can be stilled with His calm! Only stop and think. Be honest. Dare we take and not give; accept one invitation of the Lord and refuse the other?

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Yes, Lord, I have come.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Ask somebody else. Lord, I have no time.

"Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good."—Lord, I have tasted, it is true.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Ask somebody else, Lord; I never did such a thing in my life.

"Lovest thou me?"—Thou knowest that I love thee.

"Feed my lambs."—Ask somebody else, Lord, I am timid.

Oh, no. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray.

So clear I see now it is done,

That I have wasted half my day,

And left my work but just begun.

"In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,

Father, the humblest spot give me:

Set me the lowest task thou hast,

Let me, repentant, work for thee."

—*Woman's Work*

## FROM OUR AID SOCIETIES.

CLEMENT'S VALE AID SOCIETY.—It has been some time since our Society has been heard from through the columns of the LINK. Though we have been silent the work has been going on, the monthly meetings have all been held and we try to do a little extra in way of public meetings, etc. There are

so many sisters in the church whom we cannot interest in mission work that at times we get almost discouraged, but feel that God will bless the faithful ones. Oh, if the prayer "Thy kingdom come," could be made the prayer of every Christian heart.

The Society sustained a loss in the going away of our dear sister, Miss Banks, but although absent she still remembers us with her gifts and prayers. One thing that has proved a great help at the meetings is the kneeling of every sister together in prayer, it brings us all in closer touch with our dear Saviour. At the close of the meetings we often feel that it has truly been a "sitting together with Christ Jesus." We desire to have a part in the great work of winning India for Christ. May the Heavenly Father guide us through the year, watch over our missionaries in the far away land, and bless them that a great work may be done, is our prayer.

## Young People's Department.

### MISSION BAND LESSON.

#### TUNI.

*Leader*—To-day we are to think about a place where two of our missionaries, Mr. Currie and Mr. Garside, spent the years they were in India. It is such a short name that every one can remember it, and remember in pronouncing Telugu names the 'u' are sounded like oo and the 'i' like e.

*First*—Where is Tunj?

*Ans.*—Thinking of Cocanada always as the central point, it is about forty miles north of it and eight miles from the sea. The country is not flat like it is about Akidu and the place south of Cocanada. Mrs. Garside describes it "As perhaps the most desirable of Canadian Mission Stations, whose well built bungalows, artistic chapel, and group of native houses, all finished both outside and in with the whitewash, can be seen from the windows of the incoming train. But it was quite a different place in 1878 when our third missionary, Mr. Currie, went there to open our second station. He had gone to India in 1876, and spent two years with Mr. McLaurin in Cocanada; but as soon as he could speak the language, he started out to form a new centre of Christian influence among the heathen. Tunj used to be called the station in the jungle, and when Mr. Currie first went there it seemed a long way from Cocanada; for the only way of reaching it was by travelling in an ox-cart, and as that went at the lightning speed of two miles an hour, you will see that it was a journey of nearly twenty hours. It was a village, and as there was no baker near, for a long time Mr. Currie had to get bread every week from Cocanada, and you can imagine how dry and hard it was.

*Second*—Tell us something about Mr. Currie's life in Tunj?

*Ans.*—Having bought 2½ acres of land, Mr. Currie built mission house, but as the amount allowed him was not large, he could not put up a veranda. That seems a little thing to do without here, but in India, with that scorching sun, it meant much suffering to Mr. Currie, his wife and children. For several years the estimates came home with the item of \$2,000 to build a suitable house for Mr. Currie, but it was taken off. The Board could not grant it, they had not the money. But Mr. and Mrs. Currie never complained. The glare of that terrible sun took the strength out of them, but not the courage. When Mr. Currie went to Tunj he took two native helpers with him, as they proved useless for a long time, he had to work alone. He used to preach somewhere every day, and diligently sought out the people and tried to show them that Jesus was God. In six years he has gathered a church of 50 or 60 members, who came from 13 different villages.

*Third*—When did Mr. Currie return to Canada?

*Ans.*—In June, 1884. He suffered so much from fever that he had to close the mission house at Tunj and take a rest. As Mr. Craig had to leave the same year, Mr. Currie had intended to wait another year, so as not to leave all the work for Mr. Timpany and Mr. McLaurin, but he was obliged to leave. His rest was a short one. When the telegram telling of Mr. Timpany's death was received in February, 1885, Mr. Currie wrote at once to the Board offering to return. So a few months after he said good-bye to his wife and children, and returned alone to Tunj. He wrote; "I have been wonderfully sustained and am thankful. I so long to see the people submitting themselves to Christ." And God gave him 24 more to baptize. Living alone, with no one but native servants to look after his comfort and see that he had suitable food, Mr. Currie became weaker and weaker, and one year after his return his body was laid in the cemetery at Cocanada and God took him home to his reward.

*Leader*—For some time after Mr. Currie's death there was no one to take charge of the Tunj Christians, for Mr. Craig was the only missionary who could preach in Telugu. Mr. McLaurin's health had failed, and he had been obliged to leave India. A number of new missionaries had gone to India, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Garside. They went out in 1888, and soon afterward went to Tunj, and remained there until their return to Canada in 1894. We have not much time to speak about what was done by Mr. and Mrs. Garside or of the native Christian workers who helped them. Perhaps some of you have heard of one of them called Cornelius. There is one thing, however, which is of special interest to us.

*Fourth*—What is that?

*Ans.*—It was the starting of a Girls' Boarding School by Mrs. Garside. Quite a number of girls were educated here and became Christians, and a great many Telugu homes to-day are different from what they would have been, had not the wives been taught by Mrs. Garside and Miss Rogers to love God, and to try and please Him by doing their duty and keeping everything nice and clean. Miss Rogers had charge of the Tunj station for some time, and Miss Kate

McLaurin and Miss Priest went to help her while they were learning the language. Then it was thought best to close the school and send the girls to Cocanada, which place they could reach by train in a couple of hours. So that now we have only two girls' boarding schools, one at Cocanada and one at Akkida.

*Fifth*—Who is at Tunj now?

*Ans.*—Mr. and Mrs. Priest and Miss Priest. There are now 125 native Christians, sixty of whom have been converted during the last two years. Miss Priest has charge of the women and has five Bible-women to help her. It is very hard for us to have any idea of how many people on the different fields can never hear about God. Mr. Priest says, that if he were to go to a different village every day to preach, it would take eight months to go to all under his charge.

*Leader*—Think of that! Perhaps some of you are thinking, why do not some more Canadians go out to help him. For a very simple reason, because there is not enough money to send them. If each one would give a little more than they are doing, we could soon send more missionaries. It is our money God is asking us to give.

Montreal, Feb., 1899.

AMELIA MITCHELL.

### AN EASTER CARD.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

Joey was down in the front parlor, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the organ stool. His fingers "wandered idly over the keys," and it might be truthfully said, in the words of the poet, not only that he was "weary and ill at ease," but so was everybody else in the house. They usually were when Joey played.

"That boy!" said Hester, up stairs at her writing desk. Her eyes were glued to a dainty little card that she held in her hand. "That boy!" she said again, and closed her desk with a snap and went out on the landing.

A loud crash of half a dozen separate discords made her put her hands to her ears, and she laughed softly to herself, as the library door opened hastily, and her father descended with a remark or two that showed he did not appreciate the "sound of the grand amen."

"A feller wants to do somethin'!" she heard Joey mutter, as he walked off with his hands in his pockets slouchily.

"That boy!" she said again, and the phrase seemed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins.

"Boys of that age," she went on in a grandmotherly way she had now and then, "well, they're nothing but little animals, best you can make of them. They wake up to a soul by and by, but all they care for the first dozen years is to eat, drink, and sleep, and plague people. This Easter card, now—"

She stopped and sat down on the top stair, spreading out the pretty bit of pasteboard in the hollow of one pink palm to contemplate it. "Imagine Joey ever stopping to think about being self-denying, and his duty to the church and missions, and all that! Boys don't. It's just dear. All those lilies, and roses, and the cross in the middle. I wonder if Miss Norton painted it herself,

or bought it. Did it herself, I guess, by the motto under it. 'What hast thou done for me?' We had such a lovely talk about that last Sunday in the after-meeting."

"Het!" called somebody at the foot of the stairs. The caller was hidden by the twist of the baluster rail, but she knew the voice and answered accordingly.

"Well?" in a long-suffering tone, that she had come to reserve for Joey.

"There's the greatest fandango over 't the hall to—"

"I can't go, you know, Joey," said Hester, getting up and slipping the little card somewhere in the back folds of her dress where she had a surreptitious little pocket. "It's a 'Ten' meeting to-night, and we're going to have a real missionary come and speak to us."

"You can't go to-night, daughter," spoke up father coming out of his door. "Unless you can persuade your brother to escort you; he may have missionary leanings, for aught I know."

"Joey!" cried Hester, scornfully.

"Not a lean!" he retorted, intending to show the proper spirit. "Needn't worry 'bout me going any where's 't you go!" he added, stooping to pick up something from the top stair. Hester went sulkily off to her room and spent an hour in maiden retirement. At the end of that time she came out and called to Joey who was whistling invisibly somewhere. You never needed eyesight to know his whereabouts.

"I wish you would, Joey."

"All right," said Joey, forgivingly. "F I can find my cap anywheres. I'll hang round outside, if you won't stay till f'rover and the day afterwards. No, thank you, I won't come in," he said, at the chapel door. "I guess it's for 'women only.' Whistle when you want me."

It was a lovely night, and the windows were all open. The "real missionary" had something to say worth listening to by a larger audience. The "Ten" had invited their girl-friends, so the room was filled, but it was a small room, and the speaker would have welcomed outside additions if she had suspected any. Joey clung by his chin to the window-ledge and listened with eyes and mouth and the ear the night breeze didn't blow into.

"That's queer kind of Dutch for a Yankee woman to talk!" he muttered, staring and harking.

The lady, who was a Turkish (or Armenian) missionary, had come back to the stage after a moment's absence in the dressing room. With her was a Turkish girl, a bride, she said. All Joey could see was a white draped figure with a pair of dark eyes showing. Presently the lady lifted the enveloping sheet, and a gorgeous little creature stepped forth, her long hair braided in fifty little braids, the whole strung together with bright yellow coins, her red, and blue, and yellow garments dazzling his eyes like scraps of rainbows. Presently she began to sing:—

"Tatli geleer coulaguma  
Kab Hesusoon jame:  
Hosh bir seda dir janama  
Onoon azis seesi,  
Onoon azis seesi."

The syllables were very sweet and musical. Joey wished she would do it again. She did.

"This was the song of little Dirni," said the lecturer. "I must tell you her story."

It was a sorrowful little story, and this time the singer translated her song into English:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear."

"The ear of little Dirni was a believer's ear," she said, tenderly; "she lived long enough to let us know that. The little story I have told you about her is only one of a hundred that I could tell. They know so little of Jesus and they live so much! Oh, if they only all knew! I want to beg of you to try to help them to do that.

"When ears are deaf, and they cannot hear  
The sound of the Sabbath bell,  
(Oh, should not we for the dear Lord's sake,  
The sound of its message tell?")

"Remember that the way you can tell it is to send those who have tongues. Pennies talk. You all belong to the Extra-cent-a-day Band. I see you have your Lenten envelopes here. Somebody will pass them around pretty soon. I hope you will look often at the lovely picture on the front side. Remember, as you put in your pennies, that He is really looking!"

As the ushers passed the pile of envelopes along the aisles, the one nearest the row of open side windows was astonished by a small and rather grimy hand thrust in his face.

"Gimme one!" said a voice from below the window-ledge, while the arm and hand alone were visible. The usher did not like the looks, and passed on to more promising applicants.

"Kept in long enough!" was Joey's grumbling remark as Hester appeared.

"Guess you wouldn't have thought it was long," said Hester, warmly. "She was just dear! It was beautiful, the whole thing, from beginning to end, and you'd have said so!"

"Humph!" said Joey.

"We're all going to give a penny a day, all through Lent, for an Easter offering," said Hester complacently.

"Pennies!" said Joey.

"Yes, one a day, that's the plan, and it's real easy. You can spare them, and never know what hurt you."

Joey said nothing. He did not open his lips again all the way home. All next day his whistling was more thoughtful and less aggressive. Hester said she believed he was inventing something.

For the next month or so, Joey was absorbingly busy. It did not have the effect of making him silent. He whistled like a factory escape-pipe. But he seemed to have no time on his hands for dawdling. The organ was left to other musicians, and the keys were whither in consequence. He did errands, hunted up odd jobs, was willing to do any nameable service "for a consideration." One morning, just before Easter, Hester was "approached" in a tentative sort of way on an old subject.

"Say, Het!"

"My name has six letters in it."

"Well, you can stick 'em all in when you write it. You know that night o' the thing-um-bob lecture—missionary or somep'n."

"Well?"

"They passed round some envelopes with pictures on 'em."

"Yes," said Hester, in surprise. "I got one. But how did you know?"

"I was there."

"Oh, yes, I know. Waiting outside. And O, Joey, the funniest thing happened! Just as one of the us-

ers went by the windows, there was an arm stuck in—the blackest little rough paw it was—and somebody said, 'Gimme one!'"

"Yes, 'twas me."

"You?"

"Yes, I wanted one. Wasn't that a good lecture, though! I felt so bad for little Dirni. I want 'em to know about the—the Saviour, Het. I've earned some money this vacation—two dollars, that's all. But I want to do something for Him. I love Him."

"Have you told father?" asked Hester, after a moment's respectful silence. She knew it was their father's one absorbing wish that his children should each in his own way and time witness that good confession.

"Yes. That is, I told mother. Put this in your envelope, Het. He wouldn't gimme one."

"Joey?"

"Ask away."

"I want to know—what—made you think of it?"

"D'no. Well, p'rhaps. See here."

Joey sat down on Hester's new muff and squirrel cape, which she had just laid on the arm of the Morris chair for safe-keeping. He took a broken-backed card from a crumby pocket, and spread it out on his trouser knee lovingly.

Hester started to take it, but stopped as she saw the condition of the lilies and roses on it. Some words in gold ink could still be read quite plainly,—

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

"Not a thing, hardly—never!" said Joey, nodding his thatchy brown head, regretfully. "But I'm a goin' to."

BY MAIL.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

One Sunday afternoon, Miss Marion Fuller's class of five little girls waited after Sunday-school to speak to their teacher.

"Well, dearies, what is it?" asked Miss Marion, looking around the circle of her eager-eyed little flock.

They hung their heads and smiled, and looked at one another speechless.

"This must be something very important," laughed Miss Marion. "Won't somebody please tell me about it! Won't you, Kittie?"

Thus singled out, Kittie Osborne slid one small hand coaxingly under Miss Marion's arm, and, getting very red in the face, said:

"It's just that we want to be a society, please, Miss Marion. All our sisters are in societies, and we thought maybe we could make one,—just a small one,—just all of us together, if somebody would only show us how. They say we are too little to help anything, and that's what societies are for. But you don't think we are,—do you, Miss Marion?"

Miss Marion sat down in a chair at the end of the aisle, and drew them all close around her.

"Indeed, I do not! I think that you could be a lovely society, and I can't tell you how glad I am that you wish to help. But you must remember, little girls, that, if we are really going to help anybody, we must be willing to give up some of our own pleasure to do it. You know that,—don't you?"

"Yes'm," said the little girls.



Then Miss Marion told them to come to her house the next afternoon, and she would make them into a society, and so off they went much delighted.

The next morning, Miss Marion called on Mrs. Fisher, the minister's wife.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "of some preacher out in the West who has a large family of children, not very big, and mostly girls?"

"I should think I could," said Mrs. Fisher. "I can tell you of plenty of them. I got a letter just the other day from a Mr. Humphrey, who has five children, the oldest thirteen and the youngest six, and they are all girls."

"Five girls!—delightful! Why, that is a perfect fit! Do tell me where they live, and all about them."

Far away, in a little Western town one bleak, gray winter's morning, Mrs. Humphrey, the minister's wife, went singing about her work. It seemed as though it would never be done, for Mrs. Humphrey was tired and troubled, but she sang cheerfully through it all; and when, at last, she could rest for a few moments, she smoothed the anxious lines carefully out of her forehead before she crossed the threshold of the sitting-room.

"Mother, dear," called a tired little voice from the lounge, "when you were small like me, did all your four sisters go away to school every day and leave you? And then did your mother have to keep busy in the other rooms so she couldn't do anything except sing to be company for you?"

"But, you see," answered Mrs. Humphrey gayly. "I didn't have but two sisters. If we had to give away two of our girls, which two would we give?"

"Not any," said Amy, promptly,—"not one; we like them all four,—don't we?"

"Yes, we do,—all five."

And Mrs. Humphrey stooped to kiss the thin face on the pillow. Amy pulled her head down close to her own.

"Mother," she whispered, "does God know how lonesome it gets sometimes?"

"Yes, dear."

"I suppose he cares,—doesn't he?"

Poor tired Mrs. Humphrey, this was more than she could stand! She broke into a little sob, and hid her face in the cushions.

"Why, mother!" cried Amy, much distressed. "Never mind, mother dear!" Of course, he cares. I'm a naughty girl to say such a thing,—that's exactly what I am."

Presently Mrs. Humphrey lifted her head, and she laughed a little as she wiped her eyes.

"We two are not very brave soldiers to-day,—are we?" It will never do for us to lose heart like this. You know, Amy, your father has come far off here, away from home, on purpose to tell the people how much God cares for them. Some of them are very poor, and work very hard, and have a lot of trouble, and oh, they need so much to feel sure of God's love and pity! So father is trying all the time to tell them, and you and I and our four school-girls ought to help him just as much as we can. We ought to be proud to have a share in such beautiful work."

"But how can we?"

"By being brave and happy and loving, and making father's home the sweetest place in the world for him. Poor father, if he thought his own little daughter couldn't trust God's love to her!"

"But I can! Now I can!" said Amy.

Two bright red spots had come into her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars.

(To be continued.)

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