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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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88 THE BAPTIST LINK

# Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XXI. |

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

| No. 1.

## Editorial.

**BOARD MEETING.**—The first quarterly meeting of the W. B. F. M. Board will be held in the Mission room, No. 9 Richmond St. West, Wednesday, September 7th, at 2 p.m. Cards will be sent members of the Board.—  
A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

**SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.**—It is arranged that Misses Simpson and Morrow will start for India some time in November.

**POSTAGE STAMPS.**—We have just received from Ottawa the following regulations, which will explain themselves: Please do not send us stamps for subscriptions to THE LINK, when it is possible to send in any other way:

(3) *Discontinuance of Postage Stamps.*—Dating from the 1st October next, it is intended to discontinue wholly the redemption of Postage Stamps by the Department. It will, therefore, be in the interest of persons who have been in the habit of receiving stamps in change, not to accept them in future in larger quantity than they may require for their own correspondence.

(4) *Postal Notes.*—It is the intention of the Department to begin very shortly, not later than the 1st proximo, the issue of Postal Notes, which may be described as a simpler and cheaper form of Money Order designed for the transmission of sums not exceeding five dollars. The introduction of Postal Notes will materially diminish any necessity which may heretofore have existed for the use of Postage Stamps as currency.

## CONVENTION NOTICES.

The Convention of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Eastern Ontario and Quebec will be held in the Olivet Baptist Church (cor. Mountain and Osborne Sts.), Montreal, October the 4th and 5th.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Foreign Society will be held on Tuesday, the 4th.

## DELEGATES.

Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life-members, or contributors of at least one dollar a year to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. \$.

## BILLETING.

Delegates desiring entertainment will kindly apply to Miss Teater, 1140 Dorchester St., Montreal.

On account of the numerous trains arriving in Montreal, it will be impossible for a committee to meet the delegates at the stations. Billets will be sent to delegates, before they leave their homes, with the addresses of the homes where they are to be entertained, and, as far as possible, directions how to get there.

Delegates arriving on Tuesday, or coming directly to the church, will be met by a committee, who will furnish them with any information desired.

ETHEL CLAXTON AYER, *Cor. Sec.*

Let all the Circles of Eastern Ontario and Quebec note the fact, that very little time now remains until the Treasurer's book must close for the year. Some of the Circles have not done all that they might do, nor all that they intended, perhaps, for the cause of Foreign Missions. It is in every way best to begin at the first of the year and work systematically to the close, in this matter of gathering funds. But certainly this is a case in which "better late than never" applies, and if every Circle and individual will do what they can toward replenishing the treasury in the very few weeks that remain, the Board will be saved the necessity of presenting, and we shall all be saved the infliction of listening to disheartening reports. And, best of all, God will be honored in the free-will offerings of His people.

It is hoped that all the Circles will send delegates to the Convention, and, if unable to do so, a greeting in response to the Roll Call.

The programme has been carefully prepared, so that all who come may be strengthened and encouraged.

## PROGRAMME.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Morning Session, 9.30 o'clock.

9.30 to 10.—Devotional meeting, led by Mrs. Claxton. Montreal.

10.—Opening exercises.

Hymn 165, "I am Thine, O Lord."

Scripture reading.

Prayer.

Election of Convention reporter.

Address of welcome.

Reply—Mrs. Dostin, Quebec.

Minutes of last annual meeting,—Recording Secretary, Miss Tester.

Hymn 446, "Far, far away in Heathen Darkness Dwelling."

Appointment of committees.

#### Reception of Reports :

Eastern Association . . . Mrs. D. Grant, Montreal.

Central " . . . Mrs. Vaux, Brockville.

Ottawa " . . . Mrs. D. McLaurin, Osgoode.

Bureau of Literature. Mrs. F. B. Smith, Montreal.

Hymn 176, "To the Work, to the work."

#### Reports :

Superintendent of Bands. Miss Muir, Montreal.

Treasurer. . . . . Miss Sara B. Scott, Mont'l

Address.—Hon. President. Mrs. Claxton, Montreal.

Roll Call.

Hymn 509, "Blessed Assurance."

12 noon.—Adjournment.

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock.

2 to 2.30.—Prayer and Praise Service, led by Mrs. Parson, Ottawa.

2.30.—Hymn 18, "Hark, the Voice of Jesus, Saying."

Minutes of morning session.

Report of Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. Hibbard Ayer.

Report of Committee on Appropriations.

" " Nominations.

Election of Officers and Executive Board.

Piano Solo, Miss Muir, Montreal.

Address, Mrs. J. C. Sycamore, Brockville.

Solo, Mrs. Dunbar Hudson, Ottawa.

Address, Mrs. G. W. Barber, St. George, Ont.

Collection.

Hymn 494, "God be with you till we meet again."

Doxology.

5.—Adjournment.

A Union Platform meeting of the Home and Foreign Societies will be held at 8 o'clock. Rev. A. A. Cameron, of Ottawa, will present the claims of the Home field, and Rev. J. A. K. Walker, returned missionary, is expected to give an address on the Foreign work.

This programme is submitted by the Committee, but may be subject to alterations.

The American Baptist Missionary Union makes an excellent showing in the matter of self-support among its

missions. The number of its churches in heathen lands is 853, of which no less than 524 are self-supporting, while of its 1,235 mission schools 383 receive no help whatever from America. A partial report of benevolent contributions of its churches in pagan lands gives \$51,462; but it is believed that, taking into account the gifts that are not reported, the amount would be double that thus named.

### WORK IS NOT VAIN.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

No work is vain, if rightly done ;

It cannot wholly go unblest ;

'E'en though no glittering prize be won,

Toil gives to life a healthful zest,

And sweetens all the after-rest.

No work is vain, if rightly done ;

Before each soul some task is placed ;

If, heedless, we our duty shun,

And let our moments run to waste,

We miss the joy God's servants taste.

No work is vain, if rightly done ;

The seeming failure may not be

Deemed failure by the All-holy One,

Whose goodness never fails to see

Or recompense fidelity.

No work is vain, if rightly done ;

Since work is oft its own reward ;

And God, though God, for aye works on ;

And thus with Him, creation's Lord,

Work brings us into grand accord.

No work is vain, if rightly done :

Each deed is meetest in its place :

And our poor work, in faith begun,

May end in good and shine with grace

Before our heavenly Father's face.

No work is vain, if rightly done ;

The good is ne'er with good at strife ;

But, linked to worlds beyond the sun,

All honest worth, with blessings rife,

Must blossom in the after-life.

Bass River, N.S.

### SOME OF GOD'S HIDDEN ONES.

*Dear Readers of the LINK.*—It is in my heart to tell you of a few of those who, like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, and many of the chief rulers, believe on Jesus, but because of their people they do not confess Him openly.

First, there is the blind *Seshamma*, who has learned so many of the beautiful Telugu hymns. Even one so sadly afflicted may not disgrace her family by remaining unmarried, and as they are rather well-to-do folk, parents were found who were willing to marry their son to the blind girl, and rather than undertake the care of her, they sent him to live in his mother-in-law's house, and

Seshamma is not altogether unhappy with her husband, mother and brothers. Years ago the mother decided that Seshamma was growing altogether too fond of the Christian hymns, and one day when the Biblewoman and I called, she told us that Seshamma was not at home, and that she herself was too busy to sit with us. A few days later there came a message—would I “shew kindness” and come see Seshamma’s mother? I found the poor old body suffering from a torn lip, and learned that the day she told us Seshamma was not at home, one of the cows had attacked her, its horn had pierced her lower lip and torn it frightfully. The old body went on to say that this was direct punishment for the lie she had told me about her daughter not being at home, and I was now at liberty to see her as often as I would, and teach her as many hymns as I cared to. Before the lip healed, it became the custom for Seshamma to sing over, to her mother, every evening before retiring, all the hymns she had learned, and this continued until the old body’s death last year. Her dying request was for one of the hymns.

Seshamma still learns hymns and portions of scripture, and often I find her “singing of Jesus” (as she puts it) to a group of neighbor women who listen as they nurse their babies or comb each other’s hair. Seshamma is thus witnessing in her own quiet way for the Saviour she loves.

*Ammayamma*, a lovely young widow of the Kapu caste, kept house for her brother who had some position in the police department here in Akidu. She was then—in those early days—the only caste woman of my acquaintance who could read. She read the New Testament from lid to lid and was always ready with a question as to the meaning of this passage or the bearing of that, and she was being quite exercised over the question of Baptism, when her mother arrived on the scene. I called there the day after her arrival and the storm of abusive language she heaped upon me was simply awful. Later, that same day, she took her daughter off to a town some thirty-five miles distant. Ammayamma managed to send me word that they (the mother and another brother) had burned all her books and had made her a prisoner in the house, had even chained her to one of the supports so common in large Indian houses, and all this because they feared she would get away to Akidu and be baptized.

For years I heard no more of Ammayamma, except that the brother in the police had been moved to a town on the other side of the Godavery, and that the mother and Ammayamma had gone with him. Upon our return from the Conference in Cocanada last February I was met with the news that Ammayamma had come one evening, had asked for me and manifested great disappointment over my absence, and had gone again next morning at cock-crow. The women all said they were sure she would have stayed with me had I been at home.

All I could learn of her whereabouts was that the brother had been moved again and in the moving she had ventured this way in the hope of seeing me.

Then there is *Soobamma*, a Sudra widow, who with her son and daughter-in-law live near to a large temple. The first time I visited her the Brahmin priests at the temple made a great fuss. Their temple was being polluted, they said, and they used most abusive language to Soobamma, and to the Biblewoman and me, and ordered us off the premises and out of the street. Seeing that it was in their power to make it very unpleasant for Soobamma, I rose to go, but she said “do not go. I invited you here, and this is my house, and my land, and I want to hear this new thing you talk of.” I admired her courage. Few Telugu women would have thus braved the anger of that company of noisy priests. We stayed and told the story of the Cross, and through all the years since that first visit we have invariably been welcomed in Soobamma’s home, and have watched with joy her ever-growing interest in God’s Word. Often she comes to the boat, and if I am alone will sit at my feet for hours listening to chapter after chapter from the Bible.

*Butchamma* is another widow of the Sudra caste, who without doubt knows the Lord. After my absences on tour she will come to the boat, and is so hungry for the Word that she seeks out the Book of books from my table and placing it in my hands says, “It is for this I have come; read first, then if there is time we will talk afterwards.” I have often tried to persuade her to learn to read, but she is a very busy woman, gets her living by pounding and selling rice, and has little of leisure.

There is also *Ratnamma*, a young matron with two dear little girls. She learned to read in a caste Girls School in Nellore, and a copy of the New Testament and a Hymn-book are her chief delight. We read and sing together and talk over what we read, and a visit with her is a real pleasure. She often speaks of openly confessing Jesus, but always it ends in her saying “but how can I leave my husband and babies—who would care for them and teach them?”

Then there is *Pullamma*, a young Mala woman to whom the Lord spoke through Deborah (the Akidu Biblewoman). She makes no secret of her faith in Jesus, and her neighbors bear witness to the change in her life. Her husband is a hard drinker and bitterly opposed to the Christian religion and forbids her being baptized or coming to the Sunday services even, but Pullamma says “let us wait; some day the Lord will draw him as he drew me. Meantime I’ll teach my boys (she has two dear little boys) to love the Saviour.”

Dear friends—pray for these fearful ones, that they may be made very bold, and pray for the scores of others in villages over the field, who are in like bonds; and pray for me.

Your co laborer,

FANNY M. STOVEL.

## METHOD OF CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP.

BY MRS. T. M. JOHNSTON, OF LONDON.

The question I am asked to lead you in discussing is the "Method" of Christian stewardship, or perhaps more properly, the money question viewed from the standpoint of the steward.

I presume we are all ready to take the position of stewards; none of us deny the relation, we are only divided as to the duties and responsibilities growing out of the relationship.

The one essential qualification of a steward appears to be that of fidelity. It is required in a steward that a man be found *faithful*: faithful to the interests of the master who employed him and who is absent, conducting the affairs of the home, the society or the business in such a way that should the good man of the house return unexpectedly he would not find his goods squandered and the steward would not be put to confusion. His time and full service belong to the man who employed him, his business being to do in his absence just as the master would were he present. He is to manage the estate, see that the servants perform their tasks, to buy and sell, collect accounts, pay bills, etc. The money that comes into his hands he is not to speculate on, or use for his own purposes, but is to employ according to agreement understood when he entered his master's service. His daily needs are supplied from the common store, and are a necessary part of the administration fully recognized by the master. How much he may spend on himself perhaps the master has not told him, but when he gives all his time and all his service to the master's interests his personal wants will be few indeed; The faithful heart does not enquire how much I may spend on self and still have his smile, but, having his smile, how little do I need to spend.

The pertinent question for each one is, as His steward what is demanded of me?

The question of what Jesus would do were he in my place, ought to be very helpful in enabling me to decide what should be my attitude as His steward. For "It is enough that a disciple be as his master and the servant as his Lord."

By this time we have all read "In His Steps." Whether we agree with the author in all the schemes advanced, we cannot but be impressed with the fact that if Jesus had the regulating of our homes, our churches, our businesses, in most cases a wonderful change would take place.

We cannot believe that were He here the standard of discipleship would be lowered one iota to meet the so-called requirements of the age. We certainly believe He would not rebuke sin the less be it found in whatever guise. With His beautiful life to emulate, and His word

in our hands for 1,900 years, we ought certainly to have learned a fuller measure of His will and be more like the Divine pattern. If we are not living according to our knowledge, we certainly shall be beaten with more stripes than the hypocrites of old. For our opportunities have been greater. What Jesus would do! Is not that what His disciple should do? We all assent to this, yet how little of sacrifice, denial of self, cross-bearing or following do we find in His so-called disciples, and this in the face of His plain statement: "He that would come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."

Were Jesus on the earth and possessed of money, what would He do with it? Can you imagine Him building a costly home, richly furnishing it, accumulating a bank account, devoting large sums to personal adornment or amusement while He gave a minimum to sending Peter, James and John throughout Palestine, or Paul and Silas to the regions beyond? What He did do was to spend Himself. Himself he gave without stint. His time, all His time was given to God; sometimes in loving communion with Him, sometimes in agonizing prayer for the accomplishment of His mission. To relieve want and misery in all forms, to comfort the distressed, heal the sick, minister to the needy and sorrowful, He gave Himself, to the end that His kingdom might be established on earth. "It is enough (and no more than is meet) that the disciple be as his Master and the servant as his Lord."

Beside His example we have also His precept, given through His early followers. Paul's relation of the facts and commendation of the Macedonian Christians should stand as an object lesson to be emulated through all time without any law laid down or example set, and, it would seem, without even being asked. Paul pictures these Macedonians poor in worldly goods, yet urging upon him their gifts and putting to shame the wealthier Corinthians. They possessed the willing hearts that needed no "whipping up" or "screwing it out" on the part of an agent. Also notice that before they contributed one penny they called a halt and devoted themselves again to God. In modern language, before the collection was taken they held a consecration meeting. Then all they had—all their poverty, too—was avowedly the Lord's. They were His stewards for little or much, and they proceeded to give of His own. After this example, Paul turns to the, in some things, paragon Church at Corinth, and urges them to add benevolence to the gifts already possessed by them, viz., faith, utterance, knowledge, diligence, reminding them that though they had said a year ago that they were willing, they had not yet given anything. That a willing mind is accepted according to that a man hath, is proven in fact by his gift. Howbeit the gift is a dead thing to offer to God if

the willing mind do not precede or accompany it. The possessor of all things does not depend on our poor gifts. It is not our gifts He wants so much as ourselves. Abraham travelled three days to offer up Isaac, but it was not Isaac that God wanted, but Abraham. The gift without the giver is comparatively valueless. Of old it was not the carcasses of the animals slain in sacrifice that He wanted but the life. The life was the true offering. The willing mind is the life of the gift or service, the one true offering. What a difference there must be, then, between God's estimate of the collection plate and our own. We laud the \$'s, and the more ciphers attached the better, while God swells the value of some small coin till it is quite unrecognizable by the giver. The commendation for the cup of cold water given by the willing mind eager for his Master's service surprises none perhaps more than the giver. And yet the Apostle teaches that the willing mind is not enough, there must also be a performance. The Corinthians had been willing, and talked about what they would do for a whole year, but not one dollar had been gathered. Paul had made a stirring appeal, and if the subscription list had been passed then they doubtless would have made a good offering; but to go on and lay aside week by week was so monotonous, and "they didn't feel like it, and there were so many other claims." Paul was likely to be put to shame, so he must needs write them specially, and, moreover, send an agent in the person of Titus for the purpose of stirring them up.

It is hard for us to let go the notion that the money in our purses and the sum total of our earthly possessions belong to us, and that when we part with a beggarly little portion for God we are robbing ourselves.

How glad many of us would be if God had told us just what per cent. of our income He wishes us to set apart for Him. Would we not cheerfully give it? But when we read that the 100 per cent. is His—all the silver, all the gold, all the cattle, yea, we ourselves—we are appalled and do not half believe it, or if we do give mental assent, we straightway practice dissent. Some claim to have discharged their entire obligation when they have devoted one-tenth of their income to God, be it large or small. When they have sacredly set apart one-tenth for the service of God as did the poor old Jew who had no revelation of God's love, they tell us that they have performed the whole duty of man as regards the money question. To him, the sum total of whose benevolence is represented by the bestowal of a dollar now and then as necessity is laid upon him or impulse overtakes him, one-tenth certainly is a great stride! With such an one I have no quarrel, for a system has been adopted. True, it may be out of all proportion to the income, still if set apart regularly it may prove an entering wedge that in time will open the heart to a full realization of its obligation. Any system faithfully

adhered to is infinitely better than giving hap-hazard, or from impulse. But, says one, if we are the Lord's and we acknowledge all we have as not belonging to us, but only held in trust for Him, why should we be so particular about the keeping of accounts? Why is it necessary to set aside any portion as distinct and separate from one's own personal expenses? Simply this, because we cannot trust ourselves. As of old, the hardness of our hearts hinders. I am afraid too many of us would be too much like the old colored man down South who argued because he belonged to Massa, and the turkey belonged to Massa, therefore he would eat the turkey and Massa would be losing nothing.

If we are not told how much we should set aside, we are told a great deal that should help us in giving to Him of His own. We are told that accounts are to be settled often—once a week and as God has prospered. The frequency and regularity of such a practise will beget a habit that is invaluable. Besides the personal enjoyment and education attending the system, the result will be a much larger sum contributed than would have been thought possible were it given, say once a year. Some one has said that "Fifty-two gentle pulls at a man's purse strings are more promotive of healthy liberality than one convulsive jerk on annual set days."

Then again we have the direction to give not sparingly, but bountifully, ungrudgingly, cheerfully. When done in this way there remains the wonderful promise that "He will make all grace abound toward us," "that having all sufficiency in all things we may abound to every good work," and shall be able with Paul from a full, overflowing heart to give thanks unto God for His unspeakable gift.

#### ONE OF THE PITIABLE CASES.

Chaudamma belonged to the Kannada Devangas. Her father, having become dissatisfied with her mother, had put her away and married again. Chaudamma and her mother lived alone near to the house of Narayanappa, one of our catechists. She used to frequently visit our Christians and quickly learned from them the way of life. Particularly from Akkatayamma, herself a Smartha Brahman convert, she learned very much Christian truth and became a sincere follower of Jesus. She first began to attend our meetings and declare herself a Christian nearly three years ago, and she has frequently importuned us to baptize her. As she was under age, we were unable to do so, but she remained faithful, waiting till her 16th birthday should give her the right to follow her convictions. In the meantime her parents, very much against her will, betrothed her to her cousin, but the complete marriage never took place. During the past year her relatives, alarmed at her constant objections to joining her husband and knowing her inclination towards Christianity, forbade her to have anything to do

with us. She was never allowed to go out alone and was practically a prisoner.

About two months ago a *tithi* was to take place in the house of the grandfather, and Chaudamma was told to attend it. She firmly refused to have anything to do with it, and this precipitated matters. Her people called *panchayats* to try and bring her round, but she maintained a glorious witness before them all, declared boldly that she was a Christian and intended to join us, and when challenged about the Bible she held in her hand read out of it to the assembled people.

Her relations decided that she must be allowed to follow her inclination, and were already letting her go about the town at her will. At this point certain sow-cars and others well known for their bigotry intervened, and began to trouble the girl anew. They tried every device they could think of, offered the girl jewels, told her that we dare not baptize her, and so on; and when that was fruitless, tried to get her to turn Mussalman. It is said that they even went the infamous length of suggesting to a pure-minded girl that she should turn prostitute.

On September 14th, at 7 a.m., I got a letter from Chaudamma saying that she was well, and that the time was suitable to arrange for her to be baptized. I replied telling her that on Sunday, the 19th, I would let her know my arrangements definitely, and according to her request sent her some books to be reading in the interval. Her letter was dated from her grandfather's house to which she said she had been sent and put in a room alone. On the following day, hearing a rumour of her death, I went to Naganna's house and there found the body of Chaudamma outside the door. I caused it to be seized by the police, and the *post mortem* has revealed the fact that the poor child was poisoned by arsenic. Bribes have been freely used and atrocious lies have been told, and the net result of all the police enquiries so far is that no charge can be brought against her relations. — *From Harvest Field, Mysore, India.*

ANOTHER Zenana worker says: "One delightful new house has been opened to me lately, in which is a young woman who is so anxious to learn to read, and to whom the Gospel has really been delightful news. She loves to read it, and though she is so anxious to get through her book stops and says, 'Now, we must have some of God's Word, or else there will be no time.' 'What wonderful things these are!' she often explains, 'and my people do not know anything about them; do come often and tell me more, cannot you come more than once a week? Oh, do come, I want so much to learn.' You do come into this street another day of the week, do come in here also," and it seems impossible to make her believe that I would love to do it, only there are so many others looking out for me just as anxiously."

## HE CARETH.

[The following words voice so nearly my own heart's thoughts, that I close my report for '97 by quoting them in full. May another of the same experience have the same after joy!]

(Omitted from last LINK for want of space.)

"What can it mean? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim  
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
Around His throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss untrifled by any strife,  
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me  
While I live in this world where the sorrows be  
When the lights die down from the path I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music that once did bless  
Have left me to silence and loneliness  
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,  
When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious guilt makes my heart afraid,  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour—Can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that heart above,  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night,  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,  
He stills the sky and awakens the song,  
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,  
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,  
We are not alone in our hours of pain,  
Our Father stoops from His throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with His love.  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for He is nigh,  
Can it be trouble which He doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord does care."

WANTED.—SNAKES.—Surgeon-Captain R. H. Elliot, I. M. S., writes to us from Nungumbankum:—"I should regard it as a great favour if you would again lend me your valuable assistance in my efforts to obtain snake poison. I want poisonous snakes, i.e., Cobras, Kraits and Daboias, and have found very great difficulty in obtaining them. If your readers will send me any venomous snakes killed in their houses or compounds, I will be glad to give to the servant who brings the snake eight annas for each one brought. The head should not be touched. I mention this because it is the custom in this country to beat the head to a jelly after the animal is dead. By so doing, the specimen is rendered useless for the purposes of collection of venom. I may say that as I am collecting for Professor Fraser as well as for myself, I shall require one hundred Cobras or more, and as many Kraits and Daboias as I can obtain. The snakes must be fresh, preferably alive."

## Work Abroad.

ORURO, BOLIVIA, June 18th, 1898.

To the Editor of the LINK :

DEAR MRS. NEWMAN, — I have time for only a short letter to-day, and anyway I don't suppose you want long letters for the LINK.

Yesterday I saw a religious procession, the Octava of Corpus Christi, which was an illustration of the foolish religious practices of these people. Through a misunderstanding in regard to the time, I missed seeing the real Corpus Christi which, of course, was much more largely attended than the Octava.

In the large open plaza which is utterly destitute of any beautifying object, preparations were made for the celebration. A large altar was erected at the corner close by the church, and lesser ones at the other corners. Around the altars were images, mirrors, paper flowers, trimmings of lace and tinsel. In the large one were supposed representations of the baptism and death of our Lord. Two other altars were erected at street corners where the procession was to pass. When all was ready, the ringing of bells gathered the people about the church, and a supposed representation of our Saviour was carried out by a priest. Over his head was a canopy carried by four men, and in front of him walked three or four other priests carrying incense, and a couple of boys ringing hand bells. Ahead of these again were two Indians carrying a small organ, that was to be used in a short service at each altar.

When the priests came out of the church they turned to the right and walked around a block and came in at another corner of the plaza, then walked around the plaza back to the church. They were followed by nearly three-hundred people, nearly all of whom were Indians or Half-breeds. There were less than a score of the better class and most of those were women.

At each of the six altars they stopped about six or seven minutes when all got down on their knees in the street, and had some mumbling by the priest, and a little singing by all; then all rose and marched to the next altar where the same performance was gone through.

Doubtless most of those who joined the procession believed they were offering acceptable service to God, and doing that which would secure to them eternal benefits. On such a performance, millions in America to-day, are resting their hope of salvation, but we, to whom God has graciously given clearer light, know that such things are but vain oblations and an abomination in His sight. How long shall we allow such a state of things to continue?

Yours in the work,

A. B. REEKIE.

THE YEAR 1899.

Next year will be the five thousandth year of the Hindu Kali Yug or Iron age. Some persons are prophesying great disasters in India: but others again assert that the disaster cannot be as great as foretold by some, and still others assert that there is no occasion to fear any evil events at all. The appearance of a number of planets in the same sign is the ground of the prophesies of evil. I think we should pray that the year 1899 may be one of the best years India has ever seen. Let us pray that the plague may spread no further; that the rains may be seasonable and the harvest bounteous, and that there may be no wars to use up the money that is needed for other things. And while we pray for these blessings, let us not forget the opium traffic, for which the Government is responsible, and the debasing idolatry and worship of false gods, by which the people of this land provoke the God who made them and who preserves them. Let us pray earnestly that all these abominations may be cast out; so that there may be nothing to prevent the Heavenly Father from showering down His blessings on this needy land.

A great deal of good work is being done in this land in the distribution of books and tracts and handbills. First-class monthly papers are published at a very low figure by the Tract Society of Madras. These carry light to many who might otherwise be deprived of it. Scripture portions, especially gospels, are sold very cheaply; and handbills are given away. There are many useful books that are sold at a very low price, and one can only pray and hope that a wonderful harvest may be reaped from such extensive seed-sowing.

The hot season will be over and the rainy season will be here before this reaches Canada, the missionaries will be setting out once more to visit the villages. Let prayers ascend for all the workers and all the fields. Personally Mrs. Craig and I hope to be living at Peddapuram or touring on that field, so we ask that the prayers that followed us when at Akidu may still ascend for us when at Peddapuram. The conditions are such that we might well look for a good ingathering on that field during the coming months. While we at this end work for it, do you at that end pray for it, that so God's name may be glorified among the heathen.

JOHN CRAIG.

May 25th, 1898.

VUYURU.

DEAR LINK, — Although so late in the day I would like to tell you something about the Harvest Festivals which were held on this field last November. There were three such festivals held, in connection with the three churches on the field, but I could not begin to tell you about each one, so will give you a few incidents which

took place at one; incidents which will interest and encourage you, I believe, as they did some of your missionaries.

But first a word as to the situation. As you no doubt remember, the rice-harvest of '96 was to a large extent a failure in these parts, owing to floods, and though we had no such famine as raged in the Central provinces and other parts of India, still the partial failure of our crops, and the high prices consequent on the total failure of crops general all over India, combined to create the next thing to famine here, our Christians had been pinched very severely, many of them being on the ragged edge of starvation for months.

But the harvest of '97 was abundant, the great shadow of distress was lifted, and it seemed good to all the workers on the Vuyuru field to call the Christians together to these three rallying points to join in praising the Lord for the plenteous harvest, and to give expression to their gratitude in free-will offerings. It was hoped that mutual love and interest would be increased, and a spirit of comradeship be strengthened by these gatherings.

So the feasts were held. As it was an experiment, we dared not expect too much, but our expectation was more than realized. The Christians came in goodly numbers, and though most of them were poor, they brought their offerings freely and with such glad, bright faces, and such a willing, enthusiastic spirit withal. The offerings consisted of fowl, eggs, corn, rice and money. The saleable articles were sold by auction, amid much merriment, and realized quite a sum.

The feast in each place consisted of three sessions—morning, afternoon and evening. During the first two sessions there were short speeches on subjects applicable to the occasion, such as "Giving," "Thankfulness," etc., plenty of music and hearty congregational singing, and the bringing in of the gifts. But the evening session was, to my mind, the most enjoyable of all, as it was then that the banner was presented to the congregation bringing in the largest offering, and this little ceremony was the occasion for impromptu speeches from preachers and laymen, who expressed their unbounded joy on being present, and gave utterance to their determination not to allow that banner to abide in the same village two years at a time.

The feasts did much good. Christians who came from far away, isolated villages were surprised and gratified and encouraged to find what a "crowd of us" there was when we all got together, and went home much strengthened and determined to work more worthily of such a goodly company. The heathen were much impressed at the sight of a feast without idols, dances or drinking, and yet with much manifest joy and good comradeship.

The feasts were such a grand success that we hope they are a fixture in the field. But I want to tell you a couple of incidents which took place at the feast held in connection with the church at Mangalapuram, where the Madiga pilly is almost entirely Christian, but where numbers had left, owing to hard times, to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

The day before the feast was due I came to Borda gunda, a village two miles from M—, and pitched my tent there, intending to ride over early in the morning. The pitching of a tent near a village is always taken by the inhabitants thereof as a kind invitation to young and old to come and see the show; so that evening a motley crowd of indescribable individuals, men, women and children, were gathered round my tent, watching with breathless interest my every movement as I sat, stood, took a drink or tied my shoe-lace. I had come ten miles through the hot sun and was very tired, so when the shades of night began to fall, I "shoo'd my audience off, and after several futile attempts my endeavors were at last crowned with success, and the company dissolved into the surrounding darkness—all but three dusky little figures, who remained calmly seated a little to one side of my tent door.

"Well, and who are you?" I asked.

Trio—"We are school boys!"

"And who teaches the school?"

Trio again—"The preacher's wife."

Being Baptist village school-boys, they had not considered it necessary to depart with the "common herd." After a few remarks I dismissed them also, and soon after retired.

Next morning I went to Mangalapuram to the feast. It was very well attended, and while the offerings were being brought in during the afternoon meeting, I noticed three little boys, fairly shining in their fresh, white-garments, crowding up to the front with something clutched in each brown little right hand, their eyes ablaze with excitement. I lost sight of them then, but found them again in the intermission before evening service, and when I asked them who they were, they said, "Why, we're the three school-boys you saw at your tent last night in Borda-zunta." Sure enough! They had come to the feast with the big folk. I had such an interesting conversation with them, and found out that one of them was John, the son of Christian parents, but the other two were sons of heathen parents.

"But we are Christians," they assured me eagerly, "And when we grow big enough to have our own way, we are going to be baptized. When our folks offer food to Ganganamma (the goddess of the village), we never eat any of it when they do, and we don't eat any food at all for a day, we feel so sorry and angry." (I found out afterwards this was all true.) "We know about Jesus,

we learned it in school, we go to Christian prayers, we sing Christian hymns, and we never will worship idols." All this in the most earnest tones, for fear I should imagine for one moment that they were heathen. And then in their eager, boyish way, interrupting each other, and each trying to tell the story first, they told how Bushnam, one of the three, had brought two 2-anna bits with him to the festival—one to give and one to buy his meal with—"But there was a hole in his pocket, and when he got here one of the bits was gone!"

"Which one?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll give the one that's left," quoth Bushnam, "Somebody will give me something to eat."

I asked them whom had they given their gifts to.

"To God," they said.

"But what is to become of all this money," I asked.

"We don't know, but we think the Doragaru (Mr. Stillwell) will send it to the Queen!"

I told them the Queen was very, very rich, and had no need of our help, and explained to them very simply how the money was going to help preach the Gospel to some who didn't know about Jesus. They all expressed great satisfaction and approval, and when I said, "Are you real glad you gave the money?" they fairly jumped up and down with glee, and the dear little fellows clapped their hands, and said, "Very glad, amma!"

Where had these dear little boys, no more than nine or ten years of age, learned to love Jesus and to enjoy Christian services and privileges? In the village school.

Now, for incident No. 2. It was at this same feast that David, a man from Bordagunta, appeared with a fine calf as his free-will offering. Everybody knew he was a poor man, and were surprised at such a valuable offering, but that evening, when the banner was presented to the congregation to which he belonged, we heard his experience. It was something like this.

"Dear brothers and sisters, I am so glad I came to this feast. Last night after I went to bed I couldn't sleep for a long time, because I was full of sorrow. I wanted to come to the feast to-day, and I wanted to bring an offering to the Lord, but I hadn't a single copper to give. But as I lay sorrowing, the Lord came to me and said, 'David, you have two or three calves; go and take the best one to the feast, and give it as your offering.' Then I was full of gladness, and brought the calf as an offering to the Lord from my wife, my mother-in-law and myself. I am glad I gave it, I am glad I came, and I say let us have a feast every year."

Afterwards I found out that for some time David had been a back-sliding, and not at all a good Christian, but ever since the feast he has been a different man, and though he can neither read or write, gives his testimony among the heathen, often preaching to them as they gather for a gossip at some favorite rendezvous.

This is what the feast did for one man. The Christian sentiment in David's village has been so strong that for many years the heathen have not carried on public idol worship. But this year cholera was abroad in the near vicinity, a panic of fear seized heathen Bordagunta, and they began again the demonstrations and processions in Gangannamma's favor, in order to appease her wrath and escape a visitation of cholera. The preacher, Bible woman and all the Christians were much dismayed by this revival of heathen sentiment, but I hear that this same David dealt it a death blow for the time being. One day as the Christians were having service on the little verandah of the preacher's house, the heathen procession came along, beating drums, yelling and bearing aloft a common black pot smeared over with saffron, which pot was supposed to represent Gangannamma. Their noise was a great disturbance and annoyance to the Christian service. Just as they were going to pass the house—for the benefit of the assembled Christians David jumped down in front of the men bearing the goddess and said, "You come another step in front of this Christian house, and I'll smash your pot to pieces with this stick!" The procession halted, hesitated, turned and went another way, and ever since the heathen have been wondering if the goddess is any good after all, seeing she didn't do anything to David for threatening her person.

K. S. McLAURIN.

June 17, 1898.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS LATELY RECEIVED.

Miss Priest writes from Tunj, June 28:—"So far there has been no return of the fever, and I have been able to go out every day nearly, since the middle of March. You have heard from Miss Hatch about our Pentecost holiday. It is one of the centres from which I tour, and twice we have worked from there; but this holiday time gave me such a good opportunity of getting better acquainted with the women and children there. I did enjoy it so much. A number of the school came several times for a meeting, and they learned a hymn, the ten commandments and several verses about the blood of Jesus cleansing from sin, besides a number of stories from the life of Christ. They are to learn the 15th of Luke to repeat to me when I go there again. Several of them bought portions of Luke. The Father has been giving me so many opportunities, for the last year past, of sowing His word in the hearts of the boys and girls, and I do praise Him.

"Pray that He will make them grow, and enable me to be very simple and plain with them.

"I am so sorry to tell you that that widow woman mentioned in my report as learning verses and hymns

with so much interest, has joined the Mahommedans. She is a widow, and dependent on her elder brother. He, along with quite a number of others in Tuni have joined and almost forced her to do the same. How my heart ached for her, as she told me, saying, 'what could I do? I thought I might still go on learning your good hymns and verses; but he says no, its no good to mix them together.' She still receives me and listens, but in such a different way, as much as to say, 'you may talk to me, but its no use now. I can't have any hope of ever being able to act accordingly.'

"They can give up one form of error for another and no one troubles them; but to give up error for truth is another matter. I can't give Lingama up yet, but pray that the little seeds of truth sown in her heart may yet yield a harvest."

## THE BUNGALOW.

(On learning that the whole cost of the bungalow had been given, Miss Baskerville writes, June 29: "To say I am thankful is putting it very mildly indeed. I dreaded the idea of asking for a new bungalow, because it seemed as if it must inevitably mean a struggle to raise so much money. God gave to us, out of His great fullness, exceeding abundantly: praise His name! It seems too good to be true. Then the other gift \$500 for another lady to come! It fills my heart with gladness and courage, and strength. My prayers have been so wonderfully answered concerning the school building too. I believe He will give all that is needed. How it strengthens one's faith to realize that there is one who knows our need, and listens to our requests. And how grand it is to realize that He is the Omnipotent One; there is nothing impossible with Him. Such wonderful answers to prayer gives one courage to trust Him when the answer is denied. But I never prayed about a bungalow; we have been happy and comfortable here, and have only been sorry that our little house wasn't built of more substantial materials, or that it was so near the time of its dissolution. So long as it would stand I would be contented with it; but the men who repaired it last year, gave testimony that it would never stand to have the roof taken off again. It leaked quite badly with even a slight shower we had in February. We stopped those leaks, but later rains have searched out new apertures. A heavy shower last night came in quite freely on my side of the house."

True religion is the best culture. The Bible expands and enables the common understanding.—*Dr. Stalker.*

Think of God, not as one before whom we shall stand, but as one before whom we do stand.—*Ex.*

## Work at Home.

## NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

HARTFORD.—As there has been no report from our Band for a long time I venture to send the following:

The Mission Band was re-organized in connection with the Junior B.Y.P.U. last December. Owing to stormy weather, bad roads and the long distance which many of the little ones have to come, the attendance at first was small, but there has been a steady increase both in interest and attendance.

We meet twice a month on Sunday afternoon. There are usually two papers on the Junior B.Y.P.U. topics, written by the older members, which are very helpful and interesting.

Until recently, this was followed by a lesson on the Life of Christ, conducted by the pastor, Mr. Atkins. Since his removal to another field of labor, we have taken up Paul's missionary journeys; H. Waltz, a young ministerial student has consented to do this part of the work. Then we have a lesson prepared especially for the little ones on our own Missions' work, its needs, what has been accomplished, etc.

The Misses Barber have rendered efficient service along this line. We vary and fill out the program with readings and recitations of a missionary character. We have reason to feel very much encouraged in the work.

E. NICHOLSON, Pres.

June 27th, 1898.

FORT WILLIAM.—The Fort William Circle has just completed its fifth year, and while we look back and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and thank Him for all the blessing that has come to ourselves and all the good that we have been able to accomplish as a Circle, we look forward confidently expecting that the Lord will bless us more and more, and help us to do still greater things for Him.

The officers for the year are:—President, Mrs. B. W. Merrill; Vice-Pres., Mrs. John Leach; Secretary, Miss Jean Sproule; Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stevens.

J. M. SPROULE, Sec.

April 21st, 1898.

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

Receipts from June 16, to July 15th, 1898, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Port Perry, \$2.30; Sullivan, \$1.60; Uxbridge, \$2.36; Canboro', \$2; Hamilton, James Street, \$10.00; Lake Shore, Calvary, \$1.50; York Mills, \$5.30; Attwood, \$1.76; Calvary, \$2; Gobies, \$6; East Nissouri, \$2.65; Windecker, \$1; Colchester, \$2; Peterboro', Murray St., \$6.87; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., \$10.65; Toronto, Jarvis



## U. I. M. U.

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

### WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING.

I hear the voices of children  
Calling from over the seas;  
The wail of their pleading accents  
Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,  
Away in those heathen lands,  
As they plaintively lift their voices,  
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"Oh, Buddha is cold and distant,  
He does not regard our tears;  
We pray, but he never answers,  
We call, but he never hears.

Oh, Brahma in all the Shasters  
No comforting word has given,  
No help in our earthly journey,  
No promise nor hope for heaven.

O, vain is the Moslem Prophet,  
And bitter his creed of 'Fate,'  
It lightens no ill to tell us  
That Allah is only great.

We have heard of a God whose mercy  
Is tenderer far than these;  
We are told of a kinder Saviour  
By Sahibs from over the seas.

They tell us that when you offer  
Your worship, He always hears;  
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,  
Our Buddha is blind to tears!

We grope in the midst of darkness—  
With none who can guide aright!  
O, share with us, Christian children,  
A spark of your living light!

This, this is the plaintive burden  
Borne hitherward on the breeze:  
These, these are the words they are saying,  
Those children beyond the seas!

—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Wherefore criest thou unto Me. Speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward" (Ex. XIV. 15).

We have heard a good deal the last year about the forward movement at Acadia—the effort now being made to raise \$75,000, and set the College free of debt, and on a firmer financial basis.

We have all been pleased at the news of success in this undertaking, which comes to us from time to time; and I come to you to-day with this question, "Why should we not have a 'Forward Movement in India?'" I would like to call your attention to a few sentences in the last appeal sent from our missionaries: "We are deeply touched as we realize our present opportunity, and we would that 25 consecrated young men, and as many young ladies were ready to step into this work with us, and

push forward gloriously this publication of the glad tidings in all these 4,000 villages, where these 2,000,000 Telugus live, for whom Christ died," and again, "We especially need families, but we can use to advantage any workers, male or female, single or married, that the Lord may send. Even with our present supply of buildings at the stations already opened, we could accommodate several families, and several single workers—that is, after the completion of the Tekali building now under construction."

Dear sisters, if this appeal were met; if fifty consecrated workers could be sent out this year, what would it mean for India? What a sigh of relief, and what a song of praise would go up from the burdened hearts of those on the field! What consternation there would be in the hosts of the great enemy! What wondrous blessing on our churches here at home.

And why should this not be done? That is the question I want to keep before you to-day. Why? Can we answer it?

Is it because this forward movement is not needed—because the present staff is sufficient for the work? Is it because the men and women cannot be found to send out? or is it because the money cannot be raised with which to send them?

Is the present staff sufficient for the work? There are about 2,000,000 Telugus on the field, and the workers among them number 9 ordained ministers (two of these native preachers), 8 lady missionaries, and 38 native helpers, Bible-women, etc., 55 in all. One ordained minister to over 200,000 Telugus. Here in Nova Scotia we have a population of about half a million, one-fourth the number of the Telugus on our field—and working, among this half million, between 450 and 500 ordained Protestant ministers, one to every thousand and a multitude of other Christian workers.

If we could only stand with our missionaries for a little while, feel the darkness as they feel it, see the sin and degradation as they see it, realize the burden of these perishing ones that rests upon them, we would have a better conception of how great, how pressing is the need of this Forward Movement: how utterly inadequate the present force.

And now the second question comes, Can fifty men and women be found ready and willing to go forth as bearers of the glad tidings? Some of you were at the meeting in Sackville last year when united prayer went up that a new male missionary might be found to go out last fall, not in Mr. Higgins' stead, but a real re-inforcement. That missionary is now on the field, hard at work at the language; and shall we limit God by thinking that He could not call out and prepare the fifty, even as He called out and prepared the one? He knows where to find them even if we do not.

And now we come to what is perhaps the most troublesome question of all. Could money be raised to send out so large a number? It is the Lord who giveth to men the power to get wealth, and I believe He has intrusted enough of His silver and gold to the 50,000 Baptists of these Provinces for them to give what would be needed to send out and maintain these fifty new workers; and He is able to increase the substance of those who thus render Him loving obedience. We are so apt to give to this cause only what we are quite sure we can easily spare, instead of imitating in some degree, at least, the poor widow who cast into the treasury of God all her living, and then trusting Him to supply all our need "Seek ye first, says the Master, the Kingdom of God,

and all these things shall be added unto you." "And every one that hath forsaken . . . houses or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

If the church of God would but rouse herself to-day, to the mighty task entrusted to her, and realize that her chief duty, the object of her existence, is to bear witness among the nations; if Christian men and women would make all their life-work serve this end, the treasury of the Lord would never lack.

Sisters, I believe we should count this our life-work. The Lord may not want us all to live in India, but I believe as long as these unevangelized multitudes are there He wants us to live for India. Many appeals come to us. Palaconda is calling for a missionary; the buildings at Tekali are awaiting completion; there is an opportunity to establish a much-needed hospital in Chicacole. What shall be our response? Is there any room in your life and mine for a forward movement? Have we given all we might have given to this work during the past year? Have we prayed as perseveringly and believingly as we might have done, that the Lord of the harvest would send forth laborers into His harvest, and that power from on high might be given to those toiling in the fields? Have we won to an interest in this work all whom our influence can reach? If not, let us obey the voice of our Master, and "go forward," resolved that whatever the rest of God's children do, we will make the year to come one of constant and earnest advancement, and will offer up to God the incense of fully consecrated lives.

It may not be on the mountain height,

Or over the stormy sea;

It may not be at the battle's front,

My Lord will have need of me.

But if by a still small voice He calls,

In paths that I do not know,

I'll answer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,

I'll go where you want me to go."

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,

Over mountain or plain or sea;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,

I'll be what you want me to be."

Paper read at Eastern Association, N. S., by MISS HARRINGTON, Co. Secretary, Cape Breton.

A W. M. A. S. was organized at New Annan, Colchester Co., on June 21st, with Mrs. Robert Wilson, Pres., and Mrs. (Rev.) J. T. Dimock, Sec'y.

The Colchester and Pictou Counties Quarterly Meeting was held at New Annan, June 20th, 21st. The brethren kindly gave the sisters a part of the Tuesday afternoon session for the purpose of organizing a W. M. A. Society. Although the afternoon was somewhat unfavorable, quite a number of sisters of different denominations assembled and expressed a willingness to engage in the Lord's work, by endeavouring to assist by their prayers, and contributing of their means to support the Gospel at home, and send the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ to distant lands in obedience to the divine command, Matt. xxviii: 19-20. We were very much pleased to have with us Miss A. C. Gray, our returned missionary, who greatly assisted and spoke encouraging and profitable words to those present. We also had with us Mrs. (Rev.) J. D. Spidell, of Onslow, and Mrs. (Rev.) J. T. Dimock, of River John, who added greatly to the interest of the meeting. At the close of the meeting all felt we had enjoyed the Master's presence and it was good to be there.

A. GUNN, Cor.-Sec.

The W. M. A. Society of the Baptist Church at Amherst held its annual Thank-offering Meeting on Thursday, June 30th. It was intended as a celebration of our twenty-eighth anniversary and should have been held on July 6th, but for various reasons the former date was most convenient.

The meeting at 3 p.m. was well attended and interesting. Opened with singing "Come thou fount," etc.

A psalm was read and appropriately commented on by our President, who called upon Mrs. D. A. Steele to lead in prayer. Another hymn was sung followed by prayer by Mrs. J. H. McDonald. The roll was called by Treasurer Mrs. Alex. Christie, who also gave a report of money received during the year and later on read a fine selection of poetry.

Music was interspersed, led by Mrs. Chubbuck. Mrs. C. Christie, County Secretary, gave a short account of her work while, Mrs. G. B. Smith, who had just returned from Florenceville, N.B., gave an interesting description of the meetings and what had come under her notice while absent; and taking the psalm read at the opening of our meeting as a key-note urged more thorough consecration of life and work.

The Home Mission was represented by Mrs. James Moffatt, Treasurer of that department. A feeling prevalent is that while we are not doing *too much* for Foreign Missions we are accomplishing *far too little* for our Home Missions and it is hoped that in future greater effort will be made in behalf of the latter than has ever yet been. Miss Annie Hickman gave a reading which was highly appreciated. Amherst Point and Salem were heard from through Mrs. Adams Logan and Mrs. Hugh Logan. Tea was served at six o'clock in the dining-room of the church to about seventy ladies and perhaps a dozen gentlemen. All seemed to enjoy the repast, though the absence of our beloved pastor, Rev. J. H. McDonald, was regretted.

At 8 p.m. a public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. D. A. Steele, D.D. After the usual opening with singing, reading of Scripture, prayer, etc., a short report of the year's work was given by the Secretary. Eight little girls gave a very taking recitation. A quartette and Miss Miles' "solo" were very pleasing parts of the programme as well as the selections by the choir.

We were favored in having Rev. Mr. Churohill, returned missionary, with us, who gave a very fine address. His remarks on the manner and customs of the people in India, his own and Mrs. Churohill's work among those of Bobill, more especially, were deeply interesting to all.

The envelopes were opened between meetings and at the close of the evening the Treasurer, Mrs. Alex. Christie, announced the amount of \$105, including the evening collection of \$9, and \$25 which was given by two sisters to constitute our pastor, Rev. J. H. McDonald, a life member of the W. B. M. U., as a result of our pleasant gathering.

Two dollars have since been added, making a total of \$107.

AMELIA E. BLACK,  
Secretary.

CAVENDISH, P. E. I.—Miss Irene Clark writes:—"On Nov. 13th, 1897, with the aid of Miss Jackson, we organized a Mission Band with 10 names enrolled. We now number 20. Our Band is called, "What I Can"; and our aim and purpose is to do what we can for the Master. At present we only meet once a month, on Sunday after noon, but we hope to meet oftener when weather and

roads are better, probably once in two weeks. We have pledged ourselves to raise \$25 this year to be sent toward the support of my sister Martha's Bible Woman. (Our officers are: Pres., Miss Myrtle McKall; V. P., Master Willie Clark; Sec'y, Irene Clark; Treas., Master Willie Warren; Organist, Miss Maggie Clark. Our officers are to be chosen every six months. We use the mite boxes. We hope ere long that you may have a more encouraging report from us.

Yours in the work,  
IRENE CLARK, Sec'y.

W. B. M. U. in account with Mrs. Mary Smith, Treasurer, for quarter ending July 31st, 1898.

	F.	M.	H.	M.	Total.
Received from W. M. A. S., Nova Scotia	\$1782	11	8544	40	\$2276 61
" " Mission Bands "	811	06	28	30	389 58
" " Sunday Schools "	68	38	19	30	87 74
" " W. M. A. S., New Brunswick	705	33	510	75	925 08
" " Mission Bands "	230	16	6	59	236 75
" " Sunday Schools "	26	00			26 00
" " W. M. A. S., P. E. Island	140	79	54	19	194 98
" " Mission Bands "	40	87	12	61	53 48

\$4189 92

Dr.

May 4th, Paid J. W. Manning, Treasurer, F. M. Board	\$1506	25			\$1506 25
" " J. Richards, " G. L. Mission	102	11			102 11
" " H. E. Sharpe, " N. W.	191	19			191 19
" " J. S. Titus, " B. M. N. B.	121	00			121 00
" " A. Cahoon, " H. M. N. S. & P. E. I.	104	05			104 05
Aug 2nd, " J. W. Manning, " F. M. Board	1306	25			1306 25
" " Printing Tidings	4	15			4 15
" " L. M. Certificates	7	59			7 59
" " Treasurer's Expenses	10	00			10 00
" " Pro. Sec. New Brunswick	10	00			10 00
" " " Nova Scotia	13	28			13 28
" " Co. Sec. Sun Co	2	25			2 25
" " Drafts and Postage	5	48			5 48

\$1188 09

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

August 3rd, 1898.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Cr.

By Cash on hand	\$1716	12			\$1716 12
From N. S. A. Societies	4501	13			4501 13
" N. B.	2188	75			2188 75
" P. E. I.	622	26			622 26
Mission Bands, N. S.	879	28			879 28
S. Schools, N. S.	228	49			228 49
Mission Bands, N. B.	340	54			340 54
S. Schools, N. B.	138	53			138 53
Mission Bands, P. E. I.	112	86			112 86
S. Schools, P. E. I.	5	00			5 00
Donations	80	82			80 82
" Tidings "	43	45			43 45
Annual Reports	29	06			29 06
Y. P. Societies, N. S.	31	98			31 98
Collections, Associations	81	76			81 76

Total \$10798 03

Dr.

Paid J. W. Manning	\$6125	00			\$6125 00
A. Cahoon	417	00			417 00
J. S. Titus, H. M. B.	311	15			311 15
H. E. Sharpe, N. W. M.	746	10			746 10
J. Richards, G. L. M.	376	00			376 00
Bureau of Literature	31	00			31 00
Printing Annual Reports	68	50			68 50
Express and Postage, Annual Reports	10	26			10 26
Stationery	15	50			15 50

Printing "Tidings"	30	60			30 60
" Catalogues, 100	2	65			2 65
Life Memberships	7	50			7 50
Corresponding Secretary, Postage	7	58			7 58
Miss Gray's Expenses to Convention	7	00			7 00
Treasurer's Expenses to Convention	10	00			10 00
Corresponding Secretary's Expenses to Convention	5	36			5 36
Provincial Secretary, N. S.	38	24			38 24
" " Postage	16	00			16 00
" " N. B.	38	50			38 50
" " Postage	3	00			3 00
Orders, Drafts and Postage	19	21			19 21

\$8254 04

By Cash on hand to balance 2513 09

Total \$10798 03

FOREIGN MISSION ESTIMATES.  
1898-1899.

Miss Clarke's Salary	\$500	00			\$500 00
" " Work	75	00			75 00
Miss Harrison's Salary	500	00			500 00
" " Work	75	00			75 00
Miss Newcombe's Salary	500	00			500 00
" " Work	75	00			75 00
Miss Archibald's Salary	500	00			500 00
" " Teacher	50	00			50 00
Mr. Morse's Salary	1200	00			1200 00
Books and Tracts	100	00			100 00
Schools	250	00			250 00
Helpers and Bible-women	500	00			500 00
Home Literature	75	00			75 00
Contingent Fund	250	00			250 00
Tekkali Building Fund	1300	00			1300 00
Male Missionaries' Salaries	1350	00			1350 00
School at Bobbili	100	00			100 00

Total \$7500 00

Hospital at Chicacole 100 00

HOME MISSION ESTIMATES.

1898-1899

North West	\$600	00			\$600 00
Indian Work	200	00			200 00
Home Missions - N. S. and P. E. I.	450	00			450 00
" " N. B.	350	00			350 00
					\$1600 00
Grande Ligne	400	00			400 00
Total	\$2000	00			\$2000 00

Young People's Department.

TUNI.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—May I whisper a word to you that came over the sea to this land of India. It was a word that made a sorry feeling come to my heart. Do you wonder what that word was?

It was this: "For some reason our Bands are not doing so well lately." I am wondering why. Many are doing bravely, but this work of telling the boys and girls, and the men and women in this dark land, Jesus' loving message of salvation, is a very big work, and needs every

one who loves Jesus, both big and little, to do his and her part.

Perhaps I should not say "needs," because Jesus could have done without us, but in His great love He chose that you and I should be His messengers, and He looks for us to be trusty ones. How very glad the angels were to come and tell the shepherds, that Jesus was born into the world to save us. And now we know Him as our own loving Saviour, who died for us, shall we not very gladly tell our brothers and sisters who do not know this good news yet? When you and I hear or read the word of God, at once we think of the great Holy One, who created this world and all that is in it, and who is full of love towards us. But think how very many there are to whom that wonderful word means only a piece of ~~stare~~ wood or something of that sort. Not long ago, in teaching some small boys and girls from a catechism, the question came, "Where is God?" and the answer in the book is, "God is everywhere." But before I could tell them, a small boy piped up quickly, "Over the hill." You see, he thought at once of the idol in the temple up on the top of a hill. There are so many idol temples on the hill tops, and often we see stones set up under trees along the road side. Such filthy, greasy things they are often. If you could come to visit me in Tuni some Saturday afternoon, you would find a number of boys and perhaps two or three girls on the verandah. They would look very curious to you with their hair cut in various styles, and their different caste marks on their foreheads. Also their clothes, or in many cases, lack of clothes, would be strange to you. Some of them would likely say, "Good morning, sir," for they are very fond of showing off their English words. Many of the children study English in school. Do you wonder why they come to see me? If you waited, you would see them sit on the mat, like a class, and each one in turn read a few verses from Luke. We had the birth of Christ in the 2nd chap. for last Saturday's lesson, and they enjoyed it well.

You would not think much of their singing, but they have not been taught as you have, and are only beginning to learn to sing about Jesus.

These are some of my little Telugu friends, some are Hindus and some Mahomedans. Several of them come to Sunday school also, and learn the Golden Text well. They enjoy the Bible pictures friends have so kindly sent me. Will you pray often for them, that as they read the Bible, and learn verses and hymns, they may learn to love Jesus, and become His boys and girls.

Your loving friend,

ELLEN PRIENT.

We can never bring anyone nearer to God than we are ourselves. The old Greeks had a word we call enthusiasm. An enthusiastic man was simply an on-theistic man, expressing the conception of God's infilling. — *Bishop Hendricks.*

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