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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

1896-7

JANUARY, 1896.

CONTENTS.

Poem—Mario Dupre.....	65	Work Abroad.....	71
Miss Harriet McGill.....	65	Work at Home.....	71
My Friends the Missionaries.....	66	W.B.M.U.....	74
He Saveth to the Uttermost.....	69	Young People's Department.....	78
Hindu Widows.....	70	Directory.....	0

ILLUSTR. 18

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No. 5.

MARIE DEPURE.

NOT with her outward eyes, but with her mind,
Her living soul, her faith,—for she was blind—
Marie Depure, with simple loving heart,
Had seen the Christ, and chosen the good part.

She never thought, with Milton in his pride,
"Does God exact day-labor, light denied?"
But gave her willing hands, as one who saw,
To deftly plait for use the yellow straw.

With humble workers of her craft she wrought
For daily bread, and Christ's great lesson taught,
That love *the life* far more than meat regards,
And body, more than raiment sweet with nards.

For when the pastor, who like John had leaned
Upon the Master's breast, spoke words that yearned
The pity of his heart for those who sit
In heathen night, nor know Christ's torch is lit,

Marie Depure, her soul winged like a dove
Eager to bear the news of light and love,
Gave of her humble-toil more than they all,—
Since love makes willing answer to Love's call.

Amazed, the man of God to Marie said:
"Your gift is great, a part I take instead";
But she with sweet insistence spake him "Nay,
I'm richer far than those who see the day!"

"These workers of the golden straw buy oil,
When darkness falls, that they may see to toil;
But I am blind, I need no oil for light,—
I give this love-lit lamp for darker night."

Marie Depure! A sweet and gracious beam
Speed from thy burning lamp, a Christ-like gleam,
To those who in the darkness sit, and some
Who, without serving, pray, "Thy Kingdom come!"

—THEODORE H. RAND.

Henry M. Stanley, M.P., said, recently in an interview, of the religious growth in the region of Lake Victoria, Nyanza: "When I was at the lake 18 years ago, there was not a missionary there. Now there are 40,000 Christian natives and 200 churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts. They would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible.—*Miss. Review of the World.*

MISS HARRIET MCGILL.

This dear sister, now nearly eighty-five years of age, has been a strength and inspiration to our Temple Aid Society ever since its organization in 1872. Always when possible, at our meetings, prompt in the payment of her annual subscription, and when the mite boxes are called for, readily with hers, surprising us by the amount gathered.

Although a life member since 1890, she likes to send in her dollar year as before. Failing sight has prevented her using the needle for the Master for the last two years; but the loving heart finds other ways of providing "the alabaster box." Her eyes are becoming very dim, but before a great while they will be re-



illumined in glory, and will behold "the King in His beauty."

The following is what she has written herself about her love for the work, and I am sure it will be interesting to the readers of the LINK.

E. C. MURRAY.

I have for many years felt a deep interest in Foreign Missions, and more particularly since we have taken the LINK, which we have done for some years now. In that you read or hear read so much of the degradation, idol

worship, and sinfulness of the heathen, that I think the heart and soul of every child of God must be stirred.

When we know and think they have no knowledge of the blessed Saviour whom we so love and honor, and who died for their salvation as well as ours, our hearts and souls are stirred within us, and we think, O for the means to send the Gospel to them!

I often wish I had money, how freely I would give. I think it is about fourteen years that I made a quilt, as I thought, for myself. It remained unquilted for some time. One morning when I awoke, my first thought was, what can I do to get money for our Foreign Mission? The thought occurred to me, take that quilt, call it an Autograph Quilt, get donations, and have the names of the donors on the quilt. I am happy to say it was not long before I had \$23, which was sent to the Mission Aid Society. On the quilt were several passages of Scripture, such as "Go ye into all the world." etc.

When dear Sister Churohill, with her husband, visited Yarmouth, I had the pleasure of presenting the quilt to her. Since then I have made another quilt which I sent to St. John to go in the box for India for Mrs. Shaw. That quilt I got \$10 for, which was handed in to the Treasurer of our W. M. A. Society in Temple Church. I have not heard that Mrs. Shaw received it: but since have learned that she went to California for her health.

I hope the readers of the LINK will not think I am belating. No, dear friends, it is for your encouragement. You, like myself, may not have the money, but we may devise some plan, or make some sacrifice whereby the money may be obtained.

HARRIET MCGILL.

MY FRIENDS THE MISSIONARIES.

(From the Home of the Bible.)

BY MARION HARLAND.

My opposite neighbor at table upon the voyage from New York to Southampton in the autumn of 1893 was a young woman about 25 years of age, whom I silently decided by the closing of the second day out, to be among the most interesting of my fellow-passengers. In feature she was pleasing, even pretty, but her charm lay in a certain refinement of speech and manner, combined with quick intelligence and sensibility of expression. She was a lady in grain, and in education and conversation, so far above the average of her sex, that when the crucial twenty-four hours of "slight unpleasantness" to both of us were happily over, I made opportunity to cultivate our acquaintanceship.

We were already good friends when on the fourth night of our voyage—which chanced to be Sunday night—we were pausing the moonlighted deck together, and the talk took a personal turn. The initiative step was my statement that I was bound for Palestine, the Promised Land of my life-long dreams, never before visited by me in body and in truth. My companion listened,

and when I proposed jestingly that she should join me in Jerusalem, smiled brightly.

"In other circumstances, nothing would give me more pleasure, but I too, am going to a Promised Land. My destination is Rangoon."

"Are you going alone?" "Alone so far as human companionship is concerned. The friends with whom I was to have sailed left America about a week ago, I was detained by a short but severe illness."

This was the preface to the story I drew from her. From childhood she had known that she was "appointed" as she phrased it, to the Master's service in foreign lands. With the natural shrinking of youth from privation and toil, she had tried to get away from the conviction in various ways. At 23 she was impelled to reveal to her mother the struggle going on between conscience and expediency, and how she could not escape from the persuasion that the Divine will urged her to consecrate herself to the life of a foreign missionary. The mother's reply set the seal upon her purpose. "Were I fifteen years younger I would go with you. As it is, let me fulfil my part of the mission by giving you up cheerfully."

From that moment, the deep peace that entered the daughter's soul had never known a cloud; a clear-headed, resolute woman, she knew what she had undertaken. In putting her hand to the plough she had grasped it, not hastily, but with staying power in the hold. In our long and earnest talks upon the subject, I appreciated for the first time what constitutes "a call to the mission field." Since then I have thought and spoken of it with reverence, as something with which a stranger to such depths of spiritual conflict and such heights of spiritual enlightenment as hers may not intermeddle.

My last glimpse of her was at the Waterloo Station, London. We had said "good-bye," she caught sight of me, stepped to the open door of my carriage, the electric light showed the ineffable white pence of the smile with which she kissed her hand to me silently, and made a slight but eloquent upward motion. Then the crowd and the London night swallowed her up, and I saw her face no more.

The thought of her had much to do with the resolution that moved me a month later to seek an interview with a party of missionaries, who, I heard, were voyaging with me upon a P. and O. steamship bound to India via Port Said. The information came to me through the lips of one of the ship's officers who was my *vis-à-vis* at table. "A jolly game of cards had been disturbed the night before by the psalm singing of a pack of missionaries in the second cabin," he growled, "if they had sung something jolly, don't you know, the card party would not have minded it so much, although there was such a lot of them that they make a beastly racket, but hymn tunes have a way of making a fellow low in his mind, don't you know?"

I had never heard until then of missionaries as second cabin voyagers, and the impression was disagreeable. It is still, although I have learned how common it is for the Board at home (moved presumably by the churches at home) to economize in this way, especially when the voyage is long. My readers may not sympathize with the indignation that flushed up to my forehead at the coupling of the words "missionaries" and "second cabin." It may be that the failure to fall in with my temper arises from ignorance of the conditions of a six weeks' voyage second-class, in a P. and O. steamship.

The first cabin passage was inconvenient to discomfort to one used to Atlantic floating palaces. The linen was dingy and musty; the food badly cooked and carelessly served; the general debility of the milk and the sustained strength of the butter were matters of popular complaint, nothing was up to the prime standard of quality except prices. As soon as breakfast was over I betook myself to the end of the ship where was located the second-cabin, and passing through the gate, asked a ruddy young Englishman if I might have speech with my friends the missionaries. He was one of them he said pleasantly, and he had the whole band about me in a few minutes, sixteen of them, all from Great Britain, four Wesleyans, four Baptists, four from the Church of England, and four Congregationalists. My exclamation at the equal allotment of each denomination raised a laugh, and we were no longer strangers. In breeding and education the women were the superiors of those who lounged in sea chairs under the double awning amidships, and murmured languidly at the heat and length of the voyage.

The cheerful contentment of the party was to me astonishing. With one accord they overlooked discomforts until they became glaringly obtrusive, then laughed at them. When questioned, all pitched the stories of personal experience in one key. Of their own free will, and after mature deliberation, they had entered upon a course they hoped to continue while life should last, and they rejoiced and were glad in it. Six of the sixteen were veterans in the foreign field; five were the children of missionaries who had been educated in England and were going to carry on the work begun by their parents.

The peace that passed worldly understanding was not the serenity of ignorance. They knew what they were undertaking.

A young man—a first-cabin passenger—who had heard with mingled wonder and cynicism the report of my visits to the "psalm singers" one day asked to accompany me. Being a gentleman he quickly affiliated with the missionaries and made the most of our call. It was evening, and after bidding them "good night" we walked the deck for a while, he glancing at each turn, at the group seated in the moonlight within the cabin doors. By and bye he gave without prelude his solution of the mystery of the happiness of such people in such circumstances. "They must love Him," reverently raising his cap, "very much."

In six words he had furnished the key to conduct that baffles the adept in secular policy. It is a key that adjusts itself to every combination.

Through the silence succeeding the unexpected remark I seemed to hear in the rush of the south wind that blew softly and the wash of the Mediterranean waves, like the rhythm of a Gregorian chant: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In Beirut, Syria, I counted my friends the missionaries by the score. Dr. Post, the head of the medical department of the Protestant College, which is, to all intents and purposes, a university, was our fellow passenger from Port Said, via Jaffa, and the first hand clasp I had after we anchored in the Beirut offing, was from Dr. Bliss the President. For ten days and more I was in hourly association with the noble body of professors and tutors, who, with their families, make up one of the most charming

social circles it was ever my privilege to enter. During one of the calls with which Dr. Bliss honored me, he said with the air of a man who celebrates a happy anniversary: "Thirty-seven years ago I left my native land for this place and work." "Have you never regretted it?" "Regretted it! In looking back to-day, my regret is that I have not in the course of nature, thirty-seven years more to devote to the same cause."

"We are sometimes spoken of as the gilt-edged mission," he continued, "but there are black edges to certain leaves of our history."

This introduced a deeply interesting abstract of the early struggles of the mission band—then a feeble folk—against half-hearted backers at home, and the apathy of the native population. I had from an eye witness the particulars of the massacre of Christians by the Druses in 1862. How every native Christian man and boy in the settlement near Beirut was killed, and the women and girls were brought down from the ruins of their homes to fill the mission house and be fed, nursed, and clothed by the missionaries and their wives. Of an alarm of peril that led to the flight by night under cover of the cactus hedges lining a lane that ran down to the pier, where lay a boat ready to convey the hunted American Christians to an English man-of-war. Babies were snatched from their beds, and borne off by their parents, everything else of value being left for the pillagers. Of Mrs. Bliss' sigh, as she sped along in the midnight at her husband's side, "If we could only escape to the mountains!" and his reply, "God is our refuge and strength, my dear. Look at the mountains, the Lebanon range, that at sunset had been as the Garden of the Lord in terraced luxuriance of vine and olive and fig trees, now lurid with the glare of burning villages." "Now we have no hardships!" was said to me so often that I inferred time and custom had reconciled them to the role of men without a country. My opinion was reversed by the events of the Thanksgiving day I passed in Beirut. I shall never participate in such another celebration of our national festival. Addresses were made, prayer was offered for the far away native land, and we all sang as clearly as aching throats and swelling hearts would allow, "My Country 'tis of Thee!"

I diverge from the main line of my theme to relate an incident of Dr. Bliss' visit to England in 1864, when the financial condition of the Beirut Mission, and the distress of the parent-land made an appeal to British Christians imperatively necessary.

At a meeting of the friends of the Mission, held in a London drawing-room, Dr. Bliss announced that he had raised \$10,000 toward the sum needed to put the College upon a stable foundation. A jeering voice called out: "In money or in Yankee greenbacks?" Without the pause of a second the reply rang out, "I shall not use one cent of the amount until every dollar of the ten thousand is worth a dollar in gold! Nor shall I have long to wait." He kept his word to the letter, and, as he had predicted, he had not long to wait.

This is the stuff of which the men are made who have set the Beirut College and Mission upon the hill commanding the harbor, the stretch of the blue Mediterranean on the left, and across an arm of the sea, the glory of Lebanon.

"You wonder at our contentment?" said one of the women missionaries to me; "I will show you a stranger thing if you will go with me a day's journey up the country." Let me take you who now read, with us.

Right in the heart of the hills in a miserable Syrian

village, is a house built of rough stone, laid upon mud, and with thatched roof. It differs from its neighbors mainly in having three rooms where the others have but one. In it live an educated man and woman with two little children. These missionaries are school teachers, hospital nurses, preachers and physicians, laboring with heart and hand from year to year, sometimes seeing no white visitors for months together; straitened for means, yet never cast down, much less in despair. It is in a home like this that one enters into the fulness of the pledge "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

They were very cheerful and very busy this devoted pair, and thankful that the native women began to keep their homes cleaner, to be willing to have their girls taught to cook, sew, and read, and that a few men listened to such simple Bible stories as every child brought up in a Christian home knows by the time he is five years old. Not long ago I met an American; one of whose friends had in a Syrian tour spent a night in this hospitable hotel. "She thought them very good people," said the traveler's friend, patronizingly, "and they seemed to have their work at heart. But she was disappointed to find them using really lovely china and solid silver forks." All wedding presents she said, or sent by her mother since; but such show of luxuries hurts the cause of Christ. It isn't like giving up all for Him you know. And this is what the foreign missionaries must do. I pass on, now, to the last glimpse of my friends, the Syrian missionaries.

In ancient Hebron, within a quarter of a mile of the cave of Machpelah where lie buried Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Murray, English people, and with the exception of one other family, the only English speaking household in the town. Mrs. Murray is blind, her husband is lame, and when divinely directed to this stronghold of Moslem bigotry, they knew not one religious organization to which they could look for the means of carrying on their proposed mission.

They have lived by the day, a life of trust that casts into the shade any other I have ever heard of. Mrs. Murray and a Bible reader have collected a school of twenty-five or thirty little girls whom they instruct in all sorts of work, in the rudiments of letters, and in the Bible. At the vintage season, almost the entire population of Hebron live for two months in booths in the vineyards, and the English missionaries go with them, helping the mothers to look after their babies, nursing the sick, and altogether making themselves one with the working people! Mrs. Murray spoke with devout gratitude of the favor they have found in the sight of the Moslems of both sexes, though they are the fiercest in their bigotry of any faith to be found in Palestine. "We have never been allowed to want for any good thing," said the blind woman, the light of a great peace upon her face, "God has mercifully never let us doubt that this is our place in His great and wide vineyard." With this persuasion, labor in the foreign field is a blessed cross bearing, for the Master carries the heavier end.

At the American Mission in Cairo, I had the privilege of knowing the laborers who have made strong the foundations of a worthy enterprise. In the Bible class of young men taught by Mrs. Harvey (now Mrs. Robertson) I met, besides native converts, a dozen or more young fellows in the scarlet uniform of the British soldiery, most of them Scotchmen, to whom the Church Service and Bible class are like home voices, powerful in restraint

and in consolation. The English occupation of Northern Egypt has made the care of this element of the motley population an important branch of evangelistic work. Here again, was the same, and by now the old old story of peace that floweth like a river, and happiness in a life which, to the unlearned in such matters, appear harsh and painful, and oftimes barren of desirable results in man's impatient calculation of profit and loss. In this cursory retrospect, I have, with intentional catholicity, dealt with various denominations of those who love our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth.

Of my friends the missionaries in Jerusalem, those connected with the Church Missionary Society of London, and the two gentlewomen of our own country, who at their own charges, are doing such work among the lowest class of Jews as the Murrays are carrying on among the Moslems in Hebron, I cannot even begin to speak. What I know of them personally—their toils, their faith, and patience, their sublime confidence in the promises to him that overcometh, would consume in the lettering, more time than my readers have to give, or I the strength to take.

In our age, as in that in which our Lord lived and taught, the children of this world are more cunning than the children of light, but the wisest children of light are the ardent spirits that turn their backs upon the homes they love, and deaf to lures of earthly gain and honor, devote life and talent to the service of Him who established both home and foreign missions in the general order that has never been repeated, and never will be outlawed, until time shall be no more.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem."

If this be not disinterestedness of the highest order, then I do not know what disinterestedness means.

If this be not altruism of the stamp that came into being on the first Christmas day, then heroism, and self-sacrifice and the love that vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly and never faileth, are but empty names.

P.S.—Since this book was written news has come to me over two seas of the death of one of those devoted women, Miss Robertson. To the first impulse to regret the loss to those to whom she ministered, and to the friends who loved her, succeeds our solemn thankfulness that her unsealed eyes have looked upon Him for whose coming she watched as those who wait for their Lord.

"Does not your heart fail you sometimes, in this daily round of duty to the miserable and unbelieving?" I asked at our last interview. "Sometimes when I am very tired, I am home-sick, but not for Kentucky or America, then I pray, maybe impatiently—'Lord! how long?' and 'Come quickly, Lord Jesus!' Usually I am willing to abide His own good time."

She knows now, having entered into the joy of her Lord, why she, and the world have been kept waiting.

HE SAVETH TO THE UTMOST.

In a grass-thatched hut in Zululand, Sibul, the witch-doctor, first saw the light, and her childhood years were spent in the free and untaught state of the heathen Zulu child. There came a time of terror when her father and brothers were slain by a hostile tribe, her home broken up, and Sibul left in the care of a relative.

Her youth thus passed by, and, arriving at womanhood, a stalwart lover sought her hand, and brought the

cattle to purchase his dusky bride. Then came the wedding festivities, when graceful youths and maidens decked themselves for the wild dance. The beasts were slaughtered to the spirits of the dead, and Sibū became the property of her husband—to cook or dig, to endure or suffer, as he should see fit.

After a few years of this life, her lord and master died and left Sibū with three children. She removed to Natal, where she became the wife of another purchaser. A strange illness, after a time, befel her, which thwarted the skill of all the native doctors in the region. While sick, Sibū fell into a trance; and in the vision a dead ancestor appeared, and revealed to her the secret art of healing. She arose and prepared for herself some mysterious drug; by taking this she speedily recovered. Her relatives all looked upon her as thus initiated into the sacred order of witch-doctors. Her hair was daubed with black instead of red, and arranged in snake-like fringes about her face, and her whole attire was made as hideous and grotesque as possible.

A great part of her time was now spent in search of loathsome medicines and mysterious charms, and when she dared break the Colonial law she would appeal to her attending spirit to reveal to her the secrets of life and death among her people. At rare intervals she wandered into the service of the mission chapel, not far distant from her dwelling, and a glimmer of light began to appear on the murky horizon of her soul; but she loved her sin, and was not ready to leave it.

Thus the years rolled by. Her husband and five children were, one by one, taken away, and in her half-crazy way the bereaved woman mourned their death.

In all this life of sin and sorrow the good Father did not forget His wandering child. There came a time when Sibū saw her degradation, and longed for something better. Led by God, she one day gathered up her sacred charms, her horns of medicine and strange bones—uncanny things which she had worn strung about her gaunt frame—and, taking them to the river, threw them into the rushing waters. "They went to their own place," she said.

I think there was joy among the angels that day, as, by the banks of the Ilimbici, with no human eye to witness, Sibū thus cast from her these symbols of her witchcraft. Then she came to the missionary to say that she wished to become a Christian. Even her relatives, who had left heathenism, did not believe her sincere. "She is only crazy," they said, and laughed in a mild way at this new freak of the poor soul.

That was nearly two years ago. Since then, step by step, Sibū has come out into the light; little by little she has received the truth. Not long ago she gave up her beer—so loved. We feared it might be a hard struggle, but the other day she said: "It is nothing; I just rejoice in the Lord. My friends laugh at me, and ask me how I am to live without beer, but it does not trouble me."

If the Holy Spirit can reach such a degraded creature as Sibū, the witch-doctor was, may we not pray with faith for any one, however lost and wandering he may be? Again and again, as I look at her as she now is, clad in a print dress with a handkerchief tied about her gray head, and as I see the light in her eye and the smile upon her face as she says, "*Ngi ya tanda Inkosi kakulu*" (I love God very much), those words of the Master come to my mind, "He saveth unto the uttermost," and I long to tell her strange story to every discouraged Christian worker.—*The Pacific*.

HINDU WIDOWS.

In a letter from Miss Hooper in the *Missionary Helper* we find the following:

In 1884, while a patient in Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, my eyes were opened as they never had been before to realize what it meant to be an outcast Hindu widow. There was a bustle and confusion in the ward at midnight, students hurrying to the operating room. What did it all mean? Only a poor woman brought in by the police, her throat cut from ear to ear nearly. Never while memory lasts shall the sight of that poor Hindu sister be erased from my memory. She was young, perhaps twenty, with finely cut features and a complexion as fair as that of many in our own country. A mass of raven hair, so she must have been a widow from childhood, as the head is shaven when the husband dies. Beautiful, soft, dark eyes that looked at me so imploringly, and spoke more forcibly than any words, even though she could have spoken.

"How dreadful," I remarked to the matron; "do you not feel shocked at such sights?" "O, no," was the reply; "one gets used to such things, they occur so frequently. She is only one of the many Hindu widows brought here under similar circumstances. No one cares for them, they are only poor outcast prostitutes."

The next morning I saw the body of the lost woman carried to the dead house. What of the soul gone into eternity? Only the soul of a poor Hindu widow for whom no one cares. Why should any one care? The gods are angry with her, else her husband would not have died. The common word for harlot and widow throughout Bengal is *bedhoba*. She may have been only a child, and never have seen the one to whom she was betrothed, but she is a widow all the same, the drudge in the home ever after. Ever after, did I say? O, no; let there be a scarcity of rice, and, although the widow is only allowed one meal a day and that of the coarsest rice, she is turned from her home, sent adrift. Where does she go? A homeless outcast, bearing the anger of the gods and her relatives! She goes to the bazaar and registers her name as a prostitute. May the day hasten when the sin of legalized vice shall cease to stain the statute books of a country ruled by a nation called Christian.

The last two years I was in Balaore, because of the scarcity of rice, this was a common occurrence. Five and six at a time they passed our doors on the way to the bazaar. Either starvation or a life of sin! Often have I heard the bitter words fall from the lips of these poor suffering women: "Will I never die? When shall I die? Better to have been burned on the funeral pile with my husband than live a widow."

It is not only in this life the Hindu widow realizes her sad condition. She believes there is no home for her in heaven. At Remna one day, with my Bible-women, we were talking and singing on the veranda of a house to a group outside. The hymn was about the home in heaven. Suddenly a pitiful cry from behind the door where I stood. Stepping inside I saw a woman weeping bitterly. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "Oh, I am only a

(Our Woman's Board are expecting to build, in connection with the Cocanada girls' school, a house for widows' quarters, where Christian widows may live while being educated and trained as Bible-women. It is said they make the very best, as they are free from other ties and cares. The most of the money for this house was given as a legacy by a widow.)

poor widow ; the heaven you are singing about is not for me ! " Putting my arm around her, I said : " Do not weep, sister ; heaven is for you as much as for me. Jesus loves you and died to save you. " Looking up smilingly and wiping away her tears she said to the Hindu women standing near : " She calls me sister. " There were four widows in that house.

Work Abroad.

AKIDU.

My Dear Mrs. Newman.—Last January I went to see a village that was new to me. Some six or eight men had but recently been baptized and it was to see their wives especially that I went. A couple of hours spent in house to house work, then a woman's meeting, followed by a children's meeting, pretty well filled the day, so that it was much too late in the afternoon to think of doing anything among the caste women.

As I left the malapilly the village munsif met me, turned and accompanied me the length of the village street, and gave me a very cordial invitation to come again and come to his house to see his women folk.

On a recent tour Miss Murray and I made together, we, one day, wended our way back to that village and inquired for the munsif's house, and were rather disappointed to find him at home, as we wanted particularly to see the women. He was delighted to see us, spread his best blanket on the veranda floor and invited us to seat ourselves thereon. After exchanging with him a few of the commonplaces as to weather and crops, etc., I asked him to make himself scarce and to take with him the crowd of men that was fast gathering. He was very good and in less than five minutes there wasn't a man about and the veranda had filled up with women.

For more than four hours we didn't move off that blanket, and nearly all that time a silvery-haired old woman stood leaning against the veranda, eagerly listening to every word, and at every fresh arrival among the crowd about her, she would say to us " Now these haven't heard ! these haven't heard yet ! " Her earnest face and voice were an inspiration.

Five women of the toddy-drawer caste, on their way home from the fields to their noonday rice, paused on the outskirts of the crowd, then drew near to the veranda and stood there until it was time to go back to the fields. More than once those about them suggested that the noon hour was passing and they had better hurry home to their meal, but the eldest of the five replied " We can eat rice every day but we never heard words like these before and we'll stay here till time to go back to work, " and they did.

In another village* where we have worked often, Miss Murray and Annamma were working together and an

elderly woman asked them to teach her how to pray, while the same request was made to me that same day by a younger woman—a widow—on another street, and another woman of the same caste (Kamma) when I was speaking of the service of God and the service of Satan, said " Tell me, just what does it mean to serve God, I want to do so but don't know how ? " This openly expressed desire drew forth looks and exclamations from the women about us and one remarked " Oh, she is going to be like Shésamma ! " and the others echoed in awe struck tones " Yes, like Shésamma. " Shésamma was a woman of whom I hadn't a doubt that she was rejoicing in Jesus as her Saviour, and her neighbors would tell us when we visited the village, how she refused to take part in this or that ceremony and this or that feast, and the last time I saw her she was evidently fighting against the dictates of heart, and conscience and the fear as to what a public confession would mean. Before I visited the village again she died.

And now, Mrs. Newman, please get out your red ink and largest type for the following figures : On the Akidu field, in the villages I visit, there are 26,704 women and girls, and in villages which Mr. Craig visits, but which I do not touch, there are 12,928 more, making a total of 39,632 women and girls upon the Akidu field. This from the last census. These figures need no comment, they are eloquent, revealing as they do the utter helplessness of one missionary and two or three Bible women among these thousands !

What we want is another missionary to share with me the burden of the work and a large staff of consecrated Bible women, " Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest. "

I remain, yours very sincerely,

FANNY M. STOVEL

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

BRAMPTON.—Our Mission Band re-opened after the summer holidays, the 18th of September, with a membership of 15. Our first business of importance was to decide whether we could take another student to support. After some discussion it was unanimously decided that we should, and we are now happily at work for Gulla Annamma. We have been in the habit of having a yearly picnic, but this summer our Band, on considering the great sacrifice of our Heavenly Father for us, voted to give it up and send the cost of the picnic to Grande Ligne. We held an open meeting in October, at which our President, Mrs. Stewart, presided, and we had singing, recitations, and a paper on Grande Ligne by Miss M. Jones. An address by the Presbyterian minis-

ter, Rev. Mr. Clarke, and one by our own pastor, Rev. W. J. Stewart. We had refreshments. All pronounced it a most interesting meeting. The offering enabled us to make up our \$5 for Grande Ligne. Perhaps you would like to hear how we conduct our meetings. Our President thought it would be well to have some of our members, that are Christians, lead some of the meetings, so, by a vote of the Band, different ones are chosen, our President always being there to help when necessary. The leader gets up the programme; I might give you to-day's programme: Our meeting opened with singing "The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin," reading of Scripture by our leader, Miss Burton, and prayer by Miss Ratley. Then our minutes and roll-call, to which all respond by verse of Scripture. The names of our missionaries are given to our members, and instead of calling Violet Fleming, we call Miss Folsom; in this way our members become familiar with the names of our missionaries and their stations. Our President had us all promise, by a show of hands, to remember in our prayers the mission and the missionaries, for whom we are called, just as we do our father and mother. After roll-call, any unfinished business, reports of committees, appointing of leader for next day, and collection. We now come to our entertaining part, which to-day consisted of reading by Vernon Stewart, "Sights and Sounds in India," taken from the *Messenger and Visitor* of Dec. 4th, 1895, by L. D. Morse, Bimlipatam. Miss Minnie Jones gave us an original paper on Rev. J. A. K. Walker; Miss Gertie Spence sang "The Helping Hand"; recitation, Miss White; Miss Ratley gave a paper on Mrs. G. E. Smith. A few remarks from our President, singing by Band and prayer by President, closed one of our best meetings. We are trying to get each member (we number 32 now) to tell us all they can about the missionary for whom they are called. We find the *LINK* and *Visitor* great helps to us in our meetings. Very many Bands are thus "Linked" together in the greatest of all work—missions—by our home and foreign news culled from our Christian papers.—L.

HESPELER.—Our Mission Circle held its thank-offering service on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The service took the form of an "At Home" given at the home of our President, Mrs. Wingfield. A goodly number was present and a good programme was rendered consisting of readings, solo's and addresses. Pastor Pier presiding. After the programme coffee and cake was served. Then came the offering which amounted to \$5.72. The Secretary gave a very interesting report of the work done, and money raised by the Circle since its organization. We give a few extracts from the report. Our Circle was organized by Mrs. Lillie, June 24th, 1890. We started with sixteen members, twelve becoming full members of both Home and Foreign Circles. In

our four years and six months of existence we have given for Home Missions, \$94.17; Foreign Missions, \$96.08; N. W. I. Missions, \$6.85; To a church in Portage La Prairie, \$1; making a total of \$108.10. For our current expenses we have at each meeting what we call a Brown collection; this plan being adopted so that all money given for missions would be used for that purpose alone. Our Brown collections amounted to \$3.06, making in all raised by the Circle \$217.06. So often we hear the cry I cannot afford to give to missions. Are any of us poorer than we were four years ago? No! for our Master said it is more blessed to give than to receive. I am sure we have all found it so. Our membership is not so large now as when we started. We have eleven members with an average attendance of five. This decrease is largely due to the fact that so many of our sisters have moved away. Seven *LINKS* are taken and eight *Visitors*. Three years in succession ours has been the Banner Circle in our Association. We have considered this an honor when we take into consideration the fact that we are all working people, and also that the money raised has been freewill offerings; we have had no bazaars or grabbings or anything of that nature to raise money for the Lord, from the first we adopted St. Paul's plan of giving (2 Cor. ix; 7). We have had two public meetings, one addressed by Mrs. (Rev.) Harlley, of Guelph, and one by Miss Hatch, of India.

Like other Circles we have had our times of joy and sorrow. Our special joy has been that our Father has given us the privilege of doing something for Him. Oh! that we may all do that something heartily as unto the Lord, that when he comes He may say of us as of one of old: "She hath done what she could."

EUPHEMIA A. STARNAMAN, Sec.

BOSTON.—The annual Thank-offering service held by the Mission Circle on the evening of November 4th, proved to be most successful in every way. A good programme had been provided and was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Barber, our senior Mission Band worker and life-member, very ably and pleasantly occupied the chair. We were very fortunate in securing the services of several outside our own home workers. After a temperance recitation by Miss Flossie Fleming, and a reading on thanksgiving by Mr. W. Foster, Miss Murdock, of Waterford, read an excellent paper on "The Relation of the Young People to Missions," and we feel sure our young people see the great opportunities that lie before them and their duty in regard to them, more clearly than ever before. Miss Husband, of Hagersville, spoke very earnestly on the subject of Home Missions, in order that the Foreign work be not crippled, the key-note of her address being service.

Mr. Ross, of McMaster, spoke of the great needs of

India and the inadequate supply of both men and money, and the necessity of haste in sending them the knowledge of Jesus, able to save, since they are dying so fast.

We shall not soon forget these solemn facts and figures. Then, as the chairman put it, came Mr. Pocock, of Hagersville, to "clinch the nail"; and surely we thought he did, as he spoke so clearly and unmistakably of personal responsibility in regard to missions; compared the money so freely and cheerfully used in luxurious living of Christians, who say that the knowledge of Jesus as a personal Saviour is of more value than all else beside, and yet spend more on luxuries than they give to send this knowledge to those who never even heard the name of Jesus.

The light and knowledge gained from these earnest instructive addresses cannot fail to leave a lasting influence for the cause of missions.

The singing by Messrs. Ross, Pocock and Cline, and Miss E. Johnson, of Brantford, assisted by Miss Husband, who very ably presided at the organ, was most beautiful and inspiring, and very much appreciated.

The thank-offerings, aside from expenses, amounted to \$20.81, to be divided between Home and Foreign missions.

TORONTO, DOVERCOURT ROAD. — The Mission Circle of the Dovercourt Road church held a Thank-offering service on Wednesday evening, November 27th. The meeting was an open one and very well attended. Mrs. Lillie, Rec.-Sec. of the Home Mission Board, read a very earnest paper on Home Missions, showing us its needs, and pleading with us for more interest in the work.

Miss Rogers, returned missionary from India, gave a paper on the "Women of India." She pictured to us very clearly the sorrows of our sisters in that far-off land.

On behalf of the Indians of the North-West, Mrs. Moore, of College Street church, gave a very earnest address. A Thank-offering was taken up, amounting to \$7.63; this amount was divided between the Home and Foreign missions.

MILLIE PARSMORE, Sec.

BURK'S FALLS. — The Thank-offering service of the Woman's Mission Circle was held on November 6th. Pastor Burrell, in the chair, opened the meeting by prayer, reading of Scripture, and a short pithy address on varied work in Home and Foreign missions. The choir also contributed to the success of the meeting. Readings, dialogues and recitations by members of the Circle and their families, added to the enjoyment of the evening. The attendance was good; the members are much encouraged by results. Offerings from envelopes, \$5.10; public collection, \$4.50; equally divided between Home and Foreign missions.

MRS. WHILPTON, President.

BRANTFORD, PARK CHURCH. — The Thank-offering service of the Woman's Mission Circle was held on Thursday, November 7th.

There was a large attendance in response to a personal invitation given to the ladies of the church by the Mission Circle, hoping in this way to interest many in Mission Circle work. A good programme of readings and music was presented. Miss Moyle also favored us with a most interesting letter she had received from Miss Stovel.

The offering for Home and Foreign missions had, by request, been placed in envelopes, enclosing also an appropriate text or selection. The offering amounted to \$27.68.

M. STENABAUGH, Sec.

BRAMPTON. — Our Circle, in response to the appeal of our Boards for a "Thank-offering," held an open meeting, December 5th. Miss Rogers, our returned missionary, gave us a most interesting address on the "Social Life of the Women of India," followed by an address by Rev. Mr. Laneley, of Grace Methodist Church. A few remarks by the chairman, our pastor, singing by the choir, and duet by Misses Foster and Haines, made what was termed an unique meeting. Silver collection at the door. — Com.

COLCHESTER. — The Mission Circle held their Thank-offering meeting on Thanksgiving day, at the residence of Mrs. E. Harris, as requested, and realized \$6.50.

JANE RITCHIE, Pres.

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

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 18TH TO DEC. 17TH, 1895, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES. — Lindsay (thank-offering), \$6; Westover (\$5.55 thank-offering), \$9.55; Wilkesport (\$2 thank-offering), \$4; St. Catharines, Queen St., \$20.43; Wheatley, \$2.46; Wyoming, \$5.50; Woodstock, First Ch. (thank-offering), \$10.75; Ailsa Craig, \$14.20; Beachville (thank-offering), \$5.79; Doe Lake, \$3.30; Hagersville, \$4; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$6; Pine Grove (\$2 thank-offering) \$4; Colchester (thank-offering), \$3.25; De Cewsville, \$5; Glamis, \$2.84; London, Talbot St. (thank-offering), \$21.75; London, Grosvenor St. (\$3.64 thank-offering), \$6.44; Toronto, Immanuel Ch. (thank-offering), \$6.37; Toronto, Lansdowne Ave. (\$6.27 thank-offering), \$12.15; Acon, \$4.50; Burford, \$5.28; Flesherton, \$1; Parry Sound (thank-offering), \$2.50; Stayner, \$2.50; Villa Nova, \$5.75; Woodstock, Oxford St., \$5.55; Bethel (thank-offering), \$2.05; Brantford, First Ch. (for Miss McLeod), \$25; Chettonham, \$8.24; East Flamboro', \$2; Norwich (\$1 "Self-Denial"), \$6; Peterboro' (thank-offering), \$10; Wolverton (\$1 thank-offering), \$3.08; Belleville (thank-offering), \$5; Goodwood, \$4; Lakeshore, Calvary (thank-offering), \$3.50; Preston (\$2.40 thank-offering and 50 cts. special from two little girls), \$4.05; Toronto, Sheridan Ave. (thank-offering), \$2.75; Guelph, First Ch., \$12; Port Colborne, envelope social, \$7; Toronto, Bloor St., \$31.80; Windsor (\$4 from a friend), \$24; Cobourg (thank-offering), \$1.25; Dundas, \$8.50; Essex (thank-offering), \$2;

2nd Markham (\$2 thank-offering, and \$3, open meeting), \$7; Galt, \$12; Hillsburgh (75 cts. special collection), \$3.64; Lakefield (thank-offering), \$1.25; Delhi (\$1.50 thank-offering), \$5; Toronto, College St., \$9.50; Hamilton, Herkimer St., \$10; Grimaby (\$2 thank-offering), \$7; Attwood, \$1.80; Burtch (\$5.57 thank-offering), \$15.75. Total, \$418.22.

FROM BANDS.—Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25; Lodon South, for Jangam Abraham, \$5.01; Toronto, Immanuel Ch (boys), \$5.93; Hamilton, James St., for G. Chinnamma, \$15; Parry Sound (thank-offering), 50c.; Bloomsburg, for Uba Appalawami, \$3.50; Delhi, for N. Kate, \$17.70; Burtch, for Surla Kannayyah, \$12.50; Langton, for Isapala Santamma, \$8; Toronto, College St. (junior), \$5.35; Toronto, College St., Young Women's, for Payyala Subudramma, \$6.50; Attwood, 35c. Total, \$85.49.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Interest on Deposit, \$22.55; Galt, B. Y. P. U., for Mare Mary, \$3.75; W. B. H. and F. M. S., of Manitoba (Qu'Appelle M. B., for Murde Manikyanamma), \$10; Burtch, B. Y. P. U., for Surla Kannayyah, \$4. Total, \$40.30. Total receipts for the month, \$542.01.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$555.33.

Total receipts since May 1st, 1895, \$4,362.76. Total disbursements since May 1st, 1895, \$6,741.94.

CORRECTIONS.—In the heading of last list the date should read, "to Nov. 17th." The first remittance from Jarvis St. M. C. should be \$41.68, not \$41.65. Total from Bands for the month, \$95.92, not \$95.53, as printed.

As far as I can judge the number of Circles that have sent in thank-offerings so far is 43 and one Band, the amount being \$346.18.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

U. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.—For Miss Greey, and all the native workers in Himlipatam; the girl's school, and those in the town who seem so near the Kingdom.

THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

The silver and the gold are Thine—We come
To thank thee Father for our Silver Year,
With all its hopes and all its blessed cheer—
The very stones would cry if we were dumb.

Even now our land breaks into joyful praise,
Because of all the way the Lord has led
Its happy people—guided, taught and fed,
Till this year crowns with blessing all its days.

So blessed are we! and yet what can we bring?
For all is Thine, even our hearts desire
To do Thy will. Let these past years inspire
Our hearts to give and pray, and tongues to sing—

SONGS for the Silver Year! and hark, the strain
Is caught and echoed from far distant lands;
With soul-lit face the heathen woman stands,
Christ, home, and her pure womanhood, her gain.

PRAYERS for the Silver Year! Before the Throne
Their incense rises from dark tribes of earth,
Breathed out of hearts afire with the new birth,
Accept ours too, for sake of Thy dear Son.

Gifts for the Silver Year! Hearts filled with love.
Mild, soul, and body, set to do Thy will,
Silver and gold Thy treasuries to fill—
May this year be Thine, O Lord above!

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.

(Souvenir Leaflet No. 2.)

The above verses came among some leaflets from Amherst the other day, and they are so good that we want to share them with the Maritime readers of THE LINK especially.

At our annual meeting in August we celebrated this twenty-fifth, this silver anniversary. But of course not all our Union could be there, and so it seems that those two days were hardly sufficient for this celebration, therefore, dear sisters of the Union, as you read the above lines, may they come as a message to you from the Master, who has guided us during all these years, and of whose promises, not one has failed.

At the annual meeting the following resolution was moved and passed, unanimously, but in silence, the members standing. May we not at the beginning of this New Year read it again? "Whereas, it is 25 years since the organization of our Aid Societies; and whereas, during all these years the good hand of our God has been upon us for good, sparing the lives of our missionaries, giving us new ones to go forth, and raising up new workers in the Home field, and enabling us to extend our work so as to take in Home Mission work in our own provinces, in Grande Ligne, and in the North-West, therefore resolved, that we, as a Union, desire to place on record, our deep sense of gratitude to our Saviour and King for His loving kindness during all these twenty-five years; and further resolved, that in His Name, and out of gratitude for these past mercies, we hereby raise our Ebenezers and humbly pledge ourselves, in His strength, to be more faithful in His service."

As we read over our President's address, and see all the way by which we have been led, surely something more is required of us. Let it be said of each one, "She hath done what she could."

A word of encouragement. Our Treasurer says—December 4, "My receipts are much larger than ever before. My day-book open before me, says \$1,570, F. M.; \$269, H. M.

Miss Black, Amherst, has a supply of our New Map of the Telugu Field; only 25 cents. Every Aid Society, every Mission Band, indeed every Baptist family, should have one. It will preach you a sermon every day. Send at once.

KEY TO OUR NEW TELUGU MAP.

We have on the Bimlipatam field a population of 105,000 in 120 villages and a territory of 211 square miles. On the Vizianagram field there are populations, in Vizianagram of 147,000, in Chipurapilli of 138,000, giving a total population of 285,000 in 455 villages and a territory of 840 square miles. On the Bobbili field there are populations, in Bobbili of 140,000, in Gajapatnagar of 120,000, giving a total population of 260,000 in 400 villages and a territory of 575 square miles. And lastly, on the great Chicacole field there are populations, in Chicacole of 260,000, in Palconda of 200,000, in Gunapur of 150,

000, in Parlakimedy of 280,000, in Tokkali with Narra-nappet of 120,000, in Sompet with the Telugu population in Ichapore of 100,000 giving a total population on the Chicacole field of 1,050,000 souls in 3,210 villages and a territory of 3,850 square miles.

We have thus on the Bimlipatam, Vizianagram, Bobbili, and Chicacole fields a total population of 1,700,000 in 4,185 villages and a territory of 5,486 square miles.

These figures are correct, they are taken from our leaflet, *The Missionary Need of the Telugu Field*. Study our new map with this key, and then ask yourselves: "Is it any wonder our workers there grow sick and discouraged?" Many pastors in this home-land grow discouraged and leave fields, because they think souls are not being saved under their ministry; and because they think, "If some one else comes the work will be more successful." Nobody blames them. Oh, no! There are plenty to take their places, and enough Bibles in every village, to lead men to Christ! In India one missionary leaves Parlakimedy, and 280,000 people are left. No Bibles, no Christian Sabbath! Let him that readeth understand.

The Rev. Percy Grubb in a Bible reading on "Missions," said: "Missionary work does not depend upon missionary facts—the early church had no facts—it depends upon the word of God."

How many sermons we hear on Christ's death, Luke xxiv: 40, but how few on the next verse so closely connected, "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations."

If you ask some people what Christ's last command was, the answer would be "This do in remembrance of Me." But that command was the last before He died not the last before His ascension. Five accounts are given of His last command "Go ye into all the world." Yet the church has forgotten this and remembered the other. What a degrading position the Church occupies to-day. She remembers the command which brings benefit to herself and forgets that which would bring benefit to others. Christ foresaw that His Church would become selfish, spending much on handsome buildings, organs, and splendid choirs, and to counteract this, He reiterated his last command, "Go ye—unto the uttermost parts of the earth." People are prejudiced about missions, because they have not been taught. This prejudice would not exist, were missionary sermons preached as often as sermons on Christ's death.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR JANUARY.

Hymn.

Prayer.

Responsive Reading—

Leader—"God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us."

Response—"That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations."

Leader—"Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy."

Response—"From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles. . . . For My Name shall be great among the heathen."

Leader—"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He

bath done unparvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory."

Response—"O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His Name; make known His deeds among the people."

Leader—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Response—"We are laborers together with God. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them

. . . and an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring man, though fools shall not err therein."

Leader—"Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

Response—"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all."

Hymn.

Prayer, praise for the work already done in Rimlipatam, and petition for still greater blessing.

Hymn.

Reading *Tidings*.

Discussion—"How much more can our Society do this year than last?"

Hymn.

Minutes of last meeting.

Reading Mr. Morse's letter in *Messenger and Visitor*, of Dec. 4th.

Doxology.

GIVING.

"Oh! it's nothing but give, give, give." So said a sister in a meeting of our Society some weeks ago, and the words have haunted me ever since.

They were not spoken impatiently as many do speak them,—the *Messenger and Visitor* might say so, if it should tell all it knows,—but quite cheerfully; and coupled with fitting reference to the unceasing liberality of the great Giver.

Truly there is giving, and giving. A scattering that yet increaseth—the sort that distributes one little basketful among thousands, and brings back twelve, after the hunger of the multitude has been appeased. The sort that drops into the treasury only two little mites, that make a farthing, and wins the approbation of the Lord. And that casting in of their abundance by the wealthy, where the sum of all measures less than the wee farthing.

The giving of a David, who is not content to be the avenue through which another's bounty flows, costing him nothing, and the giving of a Saul, who would offer flocks and herds, prohibited, and lie to hide his disobedience from the Lord.

Some years ago we had in our Sunday school class two lovely women; the elder a widow, somewhere about 70; the younger less than half her age. Believe the elder lady's possessions were not large. The younger was the only child of one rich man, the wife of another.

It had been proposed that we raise money for some worthy object, but numbers in the class had very little of it. The elder lady suggested that we economize in some way—"Wear cotton gloves for example, instead of 'kids.'" To this the younger objected, that it was "the best economy to wear the kids, since one pair of them

would outlast several pairs of cotton." She believed that "the best was the cheapest." In just a little while the hands of those dear sisters were still in death, and the question of kids and cotton ended for evermore.

To-day, could they come out to us from the presence of the unveiled King, what, think you, would they say to us about economies? Wouldn't they plead with us to go *bare-handed* and *bare-footed*, too, rather than any should miss what they enjoy?

Last year, receiving more freely than ever of God's grace, I longed more ardently to show that grace to others. He who had loved the whole world, and given Himself a ransom to redeem it, had bidden me go and tell the story, everywhere—for surely the Great Commission had not been spoken to those alone who saw Him taken up. Had He not promised to be "always" with them who went, "even unto the end of the world"? And isn't it "Go ye" to each who reads?

But He had not trusted me with silver and gold, nor yet with ability to acquire it, nor with ability, it seemed to me, to do anything toward fulfilling His parting wish in any way. While I was questioning, a lady,—who had long borne the sacred name,—called to see me. During her stay we talked of missions, and I asked her if she was a member of the Aid Society? She answered, "No." Had she not been a member in the past? She had not. "Why, where were you when Miss Norris passed this way, twenty-two years ago, pleading that we organize to extend the knowledge of Christ in India?" "I was here, and heard her." Well, then, do you not think that you owe the Lord at least \$22 and some interest? She laughed and left; but a few months after, sent me word that she had discharged \$20 of her debt. I had some faith that the Master would grant me the privilege of influencing her to join the Society, and give, during the remainder of her life, her yearly dollar. It ought not to have surprised me that He gave so much more than I had expected. For isn't He always doing just that way? Did my weak words influence? Only as the spade or the hoe influence the garden. Who, in looking upon our beautiful gardens, would think of praising these? However unsightly or unlovely the means used may be, see how it pleases God to supplement man's toil, by transfiguring all with "veil of leaves and flowers."

In transforming the moral wilderness is not the Bible full of evidence that He delights in utilizing the little and the weak? "What is that in thine hand?" He said to Moses, and the simple rod seems to do wonders. We know 'tis only *seeming*, and His hand performs the work. What was in the hand of young David? Only a sling and stone. But see the mighty host of the Philistines flee, and Israel is victorious. What is in the hand of Sampson? Nothing but the jaw bone of an ass. Truly there is no lack of encouragement. The same yesterday, to-day, and forever! See Moody! Mark the multitudes coming to Him for teaching, in the work of winning souls. Is it not difficult to realize that he was requested—soon after his conversion—to stop stammering in the prayer meeting as he was liable to do more harm than good? Moody—humble like his Master—acquiesced. But there was life in his soul, and where there is life there must be action. See him directly, therefore, in a low, and dimly lighted room, with a cluster of ragged urchins about him, holding a little colored boy by the collar with one hand, while keeping his place with a finger of the other, he slowly and laboriously reads to them the story of the Prodigal Son. As the years go by imagine the feelings of those Christians who quieted

Moody in their prayer meeting. They were judging another man's servant, weren't they? Easiest thing in the world for us to do!

What is in thine hand? Needle or broom, pencil or scrubbing brush, dish cloth or pen? Are you fingering ivory keys or wash boards? What difference whether those Hebrew women brought purple or blue? Golden ornaments, to be converted into a candlestick, or fine twined linen? Each had its own place to fill, and when the direction of Jehovah had been obeyed, the tabernacle was completed in every particular. Made in all things after the pattern shown to Moses in the mount. Are we following our pattern? Would those who know us guess that it is Christ? That Jewish woman, working in her tent, had faith to use what was in her hand. But she worked in twilight, we under the clear shining of the risen Sun of Righteousness. "The Master has taken His journey," into a far country, truly; but He has left us work to do, and every hand is furnished with some rod, wherewith to smite the rock, and free the waters of salvation. And He has commanded promptness. *Work to-day!* Have we been prompt? Think! Nearly nineteen long centuries have passed since He was crucified for the sins of the whole world, and *millions* haven't heard of it, millions upon millions! Is the knowledge that it is by grace we are saved—Gods *free unmerited* mercy—that the faith to receive that favor *itself* is the gift of God, a knowledge to be hoarded? Well may the converted heathen say in astonishment, "How long have you known this?" And "You have never told us before!" We have received so freely, surely we might more freely give. Are any longing to do, yet still sceptical as to their ability? Can it be made more clear, that we do not go this "warfare at our own charges?"

Why when He sent the disciples for a colt, they found the colt. When He sent them to the sea for money, they found it in the fish's mouth. The very *shadow* of Peter, passing by, held healing, when God chose to exert His power through that channel. What is in *thine* hand, my sister? Search prayerfully and see. It may be gold and silver. They were named *wise* men, who brought to Him gifts of gold. Nor did they bring gold only, enfolded with it came frankincense and myrrh. You that have gold, be wise, and imitate them, wrapping your gift in love and prayer, making it triple.

They brought their offering on the Lord's birthday. Don't we observe the birthdays of those we love, by presenting gifts, and then at Christmas repeat the giving, to the selfsame persons, adding others to the list? And perhaps none of them representative of Him, whose birth the very name of the day recognizes, viz., the hungry, the sick, the naked, the stranger, and the prisoner. Is it not odd that we do so? If our Christmas giving was rightly directed wouldn't the Lord's treasury overflow, and the windows of heaven likewise?

Jesus commanded us to "give to him that asketh." Should we give to all who appeal to us, whatever they may ask? There is a people among us, the Catholic people (and we cannot look around without seeing evidence of their great worldly wealth), when they stretch out the hand, and ask us for money to advance their church interests, is it wise and right to give to them? Would Madame Feller ever have renounced her beautiful home in Switzerland, and crossed the Atlantic—going forth like Abraham into an unknown land—content to occupy so mean a dwelling, enduring such privation as she did, while toiling among them, had she believed money to be their great need? Surely her gifts were more profitable

to them, and more pleasing to her Saviour. What were they? "She first gave herself and afterward her service." She gave little Testaments, and it is well for us to remember that many of them were burned too, and how recently it happened, and how near by,—and she gave them the Gospel in speech, and in action—that louder speech. A two-fold expression, in imitation of Him who gave us "the one Gospel in two forms—His written word and His ordinances." For He speaks through action, when a believer is "planted in the image of His death," saying to every beholder, "I loved you so, that I died to purchase the gift of salvation for you. Accept it freely! I rose again for your justification." The bread broken, and the wine poured out repeat the story—till He returns who has arisen from the grave and gone away.

Madame Feller gave them so true a reflection of Christ Jesus that her living emphasized her speaking. That giving cost, but that's the giving that Rome needs from us. We have no coins among us, surely, with image and superscription either of Caesar or the Pope. Every department of our Christian work is calling for money. The wail has been long and loud. Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Acadia College, our seminaries, money to support our worn-out ministers, and money to equip new recruits! Other voices call, insisting that homes must be made more attractive by their furnishings, that it is the bounden duty of every Christian woman to make herself just as attractive by "outward adornings" as she possibly can, etc. To which of these are we listening? Doesn't it cost too much to cultivate weeds? Have we ever taken pains to discover what proportion of the greatest and the best of our race have come out from highly decorated homes, and are the children of decorated mothers? As Dr. Wayland said about dancing, "We have no time for it."

Sleeping and waking, are we ever waking? Do we not hear them calling, *calling*,—millions of voices from India, from Africa, from China, from all the dark places where the light that shines into our hearts has never come? Do we say God is too loving to send them to hell? Hear Dr. Pentecost speaking from parts of India where the Gospel has not penetrated. "They are in hell now. The very atmosphere is heavy with evil." They need our Saviour in life, here, and if we value Him, will send or carry the glad tidings of salvation to them.

"The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by His actions are weighed."

FROM OUR WORLD FIELD.

Fifteen million in one province in China have never heard the sound of the Gospel.

"What have the missionaries done for India? They have turned a nation of Pantheists into a nation of Theists."

The best way to raise missionary money—Put your hand in your pocket, get a good grip on it, then raise it. —*Miss Wishard.*

Writing from Matheu Station, Congo, Rev. G. Cameron (Baptist) says: "There are some in whose hearts the good seed has found good soil, and their earnest inquiries and altered lives give us hope that they are being taught by the Holy Spirit of God. He also reports the baptism of two converts.

There is a difference between systematic and proportionate giving. A young man earned \$10 a week and decided to give 50 cents a week to missions. He has given just this sum every week since, though now his weekly income is many times \$10. This is systematic giving, but not proportionate giving.—*Rev. Ed. M. Noyes.*

Mission work is not the privilege of the few, it is the duty and obligation of all. Every Christian must be brought face to face with the responsibility. If the church is not missionary, it is dead. If the Christian is not a missionary, he has not yet come into the realization of what Christianity really means and involves.—*E. Churchman.*

"There is no use my trying to be a Christian," said an old Chinese woman to the missionary's wife. "Look at my feet," pointing to her deformed bandaged feet. "Why what have your feet to do with it?" asked the lady in surprise. "Oh," said the other, "If I am to be a Christian, I will have to go into the world and preach the Gospel, and I could not travel with these feet."

Miss Annie Taylor has received permission to enter Thibet and open a shop for the sale of medicines at Yatong, which is sixteen miles from her first station, Gnaton, and about seven miles over the border. Over five hundred copies of the Gospels in Tibetan have been given away, and, Miss Taylor hears, are being read by the Lamas in the various monasteries, even at Thassa. There is now a great demand for these Gospels, and requests are frequently brought by the merchants from the chiefs over the border to send them a copy of the Gospel in Tibetan. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

FROM OUR AID SOCIETIES.

POINT DE BUTA, N.B.—By removal and death our Society has lost five members within the last month, and another member is sick. For the first time since our Society was organized, seven years ago, death has claimed one of our members. On Dec. 2nd the Master bade Miss Lucretia Hawks lay down her life work, and go dwell with her Saviour whom she loved so dearly. Greatly missed she will be, but we know that our loss is her gain; her cheering words and earnest prayers while with us, will not soon be forgotten. The removal of our late pastor and his family to another field of labor has taken three of our members, who for the past year have been with us. We shall miss them, but we trust they will be a blessing to the Society at St. George.

At the first meeting of this year, one new member came to us from a Society in Victoria, B.C. This sister has helped us in our meetings for the past two years, and now that she has made her home permanently with us, we hope much from her. Our prayer is that the Lord will raise up other members to take the place of those we have lost. Our monthly meetings are held regularly, and are well attended. We aim to raise \$2 per member, as we did last year. As with thankful hearts we remember past blessings, we are not discouraged, but trust Him who has been with us thus far, to be with us even unto the end. S. J. T., Sec.

P.S.—*Tidings* is a welcome visitor each month. We find it both interesting and instructive.

Young People's Department.

ONE OTTAWA BAND.

On the 12th of January, 1884, a Mission Band was organized in the First Baptist Church, Ottawa, by Mrs. A. P. McDiarmid, who was at that time the pastor's wife. For twelve years these "Cheerful Gleaners" have been busily at work for the Master. On the 13th of December they gave one of their successful entertainments to a crowded house. Every item of the programme was well carried out, showing how patiently and faithfully the young President, Miss Maggie Stroud, and her competent staff of officers, had labored for weeks past with the little ones. The best part of it is that most of these officers have grown up with the Band, being the little ones themselves at the time it was organized. Sitting in the audience that evening, I could see the first Secretary of the Band, her younger sisters taking an efficient part in the programme, and her own little daughter sitting beside them, ready to sing or cheer whenever there was an opportunity. Then a former President of the Band, and one of its best friends, was there listening to the earnest recitations of her little son and daughter, who are both active members of the "Cheerful Gleaners." These examples show what a warm place the Band has in the hearts of its former members, and the good influence it has exerted all these years. Last summer I heard one of our earnest young ministers, whose whole heart is devoted to the cause of missions, say that his first impressions in that line were gained while he was a member of the Ottawa "Cheerful Gleaners Mission Band." Courage, then, all ye discouraged leaders of our Bands, in after years the fruit will surely be seen of your labor of love of to-day!

But to return to the entertainment, besides the missionary and temperance recitations, dialogues and music which composed the programme, a most interesting exercise was conducted by the Chairman, Rev. R. R. McKay, called "A Review of our Foreign Mission," the questions and answers being carefully prepared by the officers, and the Band had been so well drilled in them, that as each question was asked by the Chairman, one after another of the older members arose and recited the answer in a clear, distinct voice, giving a brief history of the mission in Telugu land since its very beginning. The only mistake I noticed was a loving one "made on purpose," as my children would say, when among the missionaries, now in the home land, "Sister Belle" was named. You may be sure, Mrs. Editor, she appreciated the honor, even if it were not deserved. One very successful item at the regular meetings of this Band for the past two years has been the reading of their missionary paper called "Gathered Sheaves." The idea was suggested by the late Mrs. R. R. McKay, a warm friend of the Band.

Being gone from them, her works still follow her, while her earnest, loving words will never be forgotten.

This paper is written in a large blank book, about four pages at a time. Two editors are chosen from the Band, and changed frequently, so that all may have a share in the good work. The contributions are very interesting. (I borrowed the book yesterday from the young editor to glance over its pages.) Many of them are quite worthy of a place in the LINK. There the great amount of general missionary information "boiled down" in the fewest possible words surprised and delighted me.

Not only our own India mission receives the earnest, thoughtful attention of the contributors, but the work of God's servants all over the world is noticed. Incidents are given of great interest, and stories re-told of consecrated lives and God's blessing on them. Here and there a poem appears in the pages, copied from our best missionary writers, and telling as poetry can so well some thrilling experience or little heart history in the mission work.

This Band divides its money between Home and Foreign Missions, and Grande Ligne is not forgotten in loving sympathy, prayers and gifts. A Flower Mission Committee for hospital work, and visiting the poor and sick of our own city has been of great service in drawing the attention of the younger members to the needy at home. The temperance pledge has been a part of the work of this band since its organization. The attractive letter pledge-care, printed in blue and gold, is signed by many of the member, thus enrolling them in the great army growing up in our land to drive out the worst enemy of Christ's cause, strong drink, and to rescue and redeem its slaves.

Two students are being supported in India by this Band (one of them in loving memory of Ruth Parson, a dearly-loved President, who is now in the presence of the King), and the prayers of the members follow their gifts.

I have written thus fully about this Band, because so many of your readers have written to me, asking for new ways of interesting and helping their young people, and for plans of work which have been tested and proved useful. We believe the raising of money is not the chief end of our Mission Bands, although we rejoice year by year at their increased contributions to every department of our work. We want to "begin at the beginning," and from the first little Band at home gathered around each mother's knee, to the Bible classes of our Sunday Schools, to arouse such an interest in missions in the hearts of all the young people in our Canadian Baptist homes, that the next generation will need no special appeals for funds, but will gladly pour their free-will gifts into the treasury of the Lord, until, as in olden time, it shall be said of our workers, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make," and some Moses may need to restrain these people from bringing their offerings. May the Lord hasten that day!

THE FALSE BALANCE.

Two little girls, in the early morning of an autumn day, were dressing, in a sleepy fashion, or rather, one of them was dressing, and the other sat on the side of the bed, looking at her.

"There," said Bess, impatiently, "now that mean old shoestrings must go and break, and I know that bell's just going to ring. Turn over the leaf, Gussie, so we can learn the text while we do our hair.

Gussie got on the bed and turned over the leaf on a roll of texts which hung on the wall, and then stood a minute reading it to herself.

"Why don't you hurry?" said Bess, looking at her; "you'll be awful late. My senses me! What a text to pick out for folks! 'A false balance is an abomination to the Lord.' 'Pears to me if I was a Sunday-school committee, or whoever does pick out those verses, I'd find some that had some sense to 'em."

"Why, Bessie Maynard, that's in the Bible, and I should think you wouldn't dare to talk so," said Gussie with horrified eyes.

"Well, I don't mean just that way, of course. I mean sense for everybody. You know yourself there's a difference. There's verses about wives and husbands and ministers and—and grandmothers, and they don't fit everybody. I should think that verse was meant for grocery-men that don't weigh things right, and I wish they had to learn it."

"It's easy to learn anyhow," said Gussie, "only I like to think about my verse. Some of them seem just a purpose for me, like 'Diligent in business,' and 'Whatever thy hand.'"

"Yes," said Bessie, complacently, "You are so slow Gussie, and such a put-offer, and there isn't a thing in this verse to think about."

There was a little silence, for Bessie was brushing her thick, curly locks, and it took all her patience to struggle through the tangles.

"That's because you didn't brush it out last night," said Gussie.

"I s'pose so; but it's such a bother. Dear me! I'm just going to braid it this way; I can't stop."

"Oh, Bessie! you know mamma won't like it, and it spoils your hair," said Gussie.

"It'll do for once," said Bess; "it looks all right, anyhow."

"I wonder," began Gussie, and then suddenly stopped.

"What?" inquired Bessie.

"I didn't know—I thought, maybe, that might be what the text meant," said Gussie, slowly, "sort of half doing things; not giving quite so much as you pretend to."

Gussie stopped, afraid of offending the sister of whose superior gifts she stood greatly in awe; but Bessie only laughed as she answered, "You do think of the queerest things, Gussie."

That was what they all said of Gussie, but she kept on thinking.

It was her day to dust the parlors.

"I'll help you," said Bess, "and then you'll get through so we can go for chestnuts."

"But you don't dust the corners, Bessie, and you haven't moved any of the books," said Gussie, as she watched her sister's rapid whisks of the duster.

"What's the difference," said Bess, "it looks all right; you s'pose anybody's going to peek around after a speck of dust? There, now, that's done."

But Gussie, with the thought of that false balance in her queer little head, kept on until the work was thoroughly done, saying to herself, "If I pretend to give mamma a pound of work, and only give her half a pound, I'm sure that's a deceitful balance."

The next thing in order was to pick over the grapes for jelly, and even patient Gussie, sighed over the big basket; but, as usual, Bessie's part was completed long before hers.

"I wish you could learn to be a little more nimble with your fingers, Gussie," said her mother, and Bessie added in an undertone, "'It's cause you fuss so. S'pose a bad grape does go in, now and then, who's goin' to know it when they're all mashed up?"

"I don't care," said Gussie, feeling a little touched by her mother's criticism. "I shan't have any false balance 'bout my work, 'cause the Lord can tell a bad grape if it is smashed up; and it isn't the grape that matters—its putting it in."

Only one thing more stood between the little girls and the holiday excursion for chestnuts. The history lesson must be learned for Monday, and they would be as free as the birds. "How I hate it," said Gussie, "stupid, dry stuff about ad-min-is-ter-a-tions. I don't see any use in knowing it anyhow."

"I'll tell you what," said Bess, "let's begin about the middle, because the first of it never does come to us."

"And then," said Gussie, "Miss Marcy will s'pose, of course, we know the beginning."

"Yes," nodded Bess, beginning to gabble over the words. "I'm going to finish in half an hour—on account of these things it was impossible."

"But we don't know what things," said Gussie.

"No, and I don't care."

"And if Miss Marcy s'poses we know and gives us credit, it'll be a deceitful balance, 'cause we make her think we know a pound when we know only half a pound."

Bessie's face flushed a little. "I just wish Gussie Maynard, you wouldn't talk any more about that groceryman's text. It's just nonsense trying to make it fit us."

But, after all, Bessie did not feel quite comfortable, and she went back and learned the beginning of her lesson.

"There," she said, "that's good, full weight, and I don't intend to be a 'bomination any more."—*Advocate.*

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

When last in this country the Rev. F. L. H. Pott, who is head master in St. John's College, Shanghai, gave to a *Tribune* reporter an interesting account of the way in which he receives a pupil. It gives one a good idea of Chinese etiquette. Mr. Pott said:

"You want to know how I receive a boy into the college? Well, the fathers of the boys at St. John's are usually politicians, merchants or scholars. They are all Chinese gentlemen. Of course I have to adapt myself to the etiquette of the Chinese, and so, when a father arrives with his boy, I escort them to my Chinese reception room, where the father and I each shake our own hands most heartily, and bow profoundly. I then say to him:

"What is your honorable name?"

"He replies: 'My mean, insignificant name is Wong.'

"Then I say: 'Please be seated,' and point to a seat in the back of the room, at the left hand of the table—the seat of the greatest honor. He immediately take

the right-hand seat, nearest the door—the post of least honor. I urge him to go up higher. He declares that he is unworthy. Then I catch hold of him to force him to go higher, and he takes hold of me to prevent it. We have quite a vigorous struggle, lasting some time. Finally he accepts a compromise, and takes a seat half way up the side of the room. I sit down on the seat next lower.

"Before beginning our conversation I send for tea and the water-pipe, and when they arrive I say: 'Please use tea.'

"When he has taken some tea and a puff from the pipe we talk. He asks innumerable polite questions about myself. A Chinese gentleman never comes to business for a quarter or half an hour. Time never troubles an Oriental. He begins by asking:

"What is your honorable name?"

"I, of course, reply that my mean, insignificant name is Pott. The next question from him is:

"What is your honorable kingdom?" And I am obliged, much as I dislike it, to say:

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America."

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" he says. That is the way he asks how old I am.

"I have vainly spent thirty years," I reply.

"Asking after my father, he says: 'Is the honorable and great man of the household living?'"

"It is shocking, I know, but I have to answer: 'The old man is well.'

"Then comes: 'How many precious little ones have you?'"

"I reply gravely: 'I have two little dogs.' (The little dogs are my children.) The last question is:—

"How many children have you in this illustrious institution?"

"My answer is: 'I have a hundred little brothers.'

"Then he comes to business, and says: 'Venerable master, I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge.'

"The little fellow, who has been standing in a corner of the room, comes forward, kneels before me, puts his hands on the ground, knocks his head on the floor, and worships me. I raise him up and send him off to school, and arrangements are made about his dormitory, course of study, etc.

"The gentleman rises to take his leave. 'I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' he remarks.

"Oh, no," I answer, 'I have dishonored you.'

"As he goes toward the door he keeps saying: 'I am gone; I am gone,' and I reply: 'Go slowly, go slowly.'

"As I follow him to the gate in the garden, he says: 'Please refrain your golden footsteps.'

"When we arrive at the gate we again shake our own hands, bow reverently to each other, and he is gone.

"Their politeness is sometimes carried to an extreme which seems amusing to us. I have seen five or six men enter a door at which they had chanced to meet. They all urge one another to go in first. And this ceremonious politeness is not confined to the upper classes. If two wheelbarrow men meet in a narrow path, and one has to go to one side to let the other pass, the one who kept the road will say, 'I have sinned against you,' and the other will reply, 'Don't mention it.'

"But while they are exceedingly polite among themselves, they are very rude as a rule to a foreigner."—*Selected.*

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