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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

Editorial.

ANNUAL THANK-OFFERING.

Again the time is approaching when the Annual Thank-offering for Home and Foreign Missions is made by the Circles. November is the month specially devoted to this service, though, should October be more convenient, that month may be substituted.

We have unusual cause for gratitude this year in the promise of returning prosperity. It is fitting that our first act, at this time of hope and harvest, should be one of sacrifice, praise and gifts to the Giver of all good gifts, who has carried us through dark days in safety and love. Will not all the Circles this year join in the sweet privilege of praise—that the blessings of the past, and present may be recounted and memorialized, and the work of the Lord extended?

As the Circles are union in form, gifts for both Home and Foreign Missions are expected and received at this service.

J. T. BOOKER, Pres. W.B.F.M.
CARRIE H. HOLMAN, " W.B.H.M.

FAREWELL MEETING.

A large audience assembled in Jarvis St. church on the evening of October 5th, to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

The meeting was one of exceptional interest. Many were deeply moved as the missionaries told their story of trial and hope, and referred to the children who must be left for many years.

The service closed with a very solemn and heartfelt prayer, commending parents and children to the tender watch-care of their Heavenly Father.

On Thursday the 7th, Mr. and Mrs. Craig bade farewell to all their children, and, alone, started for India. One week later, Mr. and Mrs. Davis followed, leaving their three elder children in Canada, and taking the two younger with them.

Many friends gathered at the station on both occasions to say good-bye.

"Surely I will be with you."

SOME ONE sent us an article, entitled, "Our Attitude toward the Band," without a signature. We will publish it next month if the signature is sent.

INDIVIDUAL SUPPORT.

The matter of donations to scientific objects is becoming a very serious one in all missionary societies, entailing much work and many disappointments: Work for the missionaries who in the midst of their many duties have to take time to translate and re-route every letter and its answer, work to the officer in the homeland who has to keep trace of the list of individuals supported. Disappointment! Yes, for our Telugu Bible women and students are only human, some very human notwithstanding their conversion, and frequently through sickness, incapacity, or even through grievous sin drop out of the work thus causing disappointment and sometimes offence to the individual, Circle or Band who has undertaken his or her support.

Many of the Bible-women and students on our field are supported in this way; the plan has hitherto been encouraged in the hope that not a few would give \$25 to support a Bible-woman or a theological student, or \$17 for a girl or boy student who perhaps would not so willingly give the same amount into the general work of the Society, forgetting, perhaps, that the work is not for self or for an individual, but for Christ our risen Lord, Christ in us, we in Christ, workers together with Him, and thus becoming more interested in one woman, girl or lad than in the whole work of the field.

In view of some disappointments that have lately arisen, it has been suggested that those who still feel drawn to individual support should in future undertake a Bible-woman or a student, on whatever field they choose without having any special one designated. This would facilitate the work and save any one feeling injured. Think of this suggestion, and if it meets your approval put it into practice.

A new lady missionary should have been sent to India this year, but money comes in so slowly that the Board could not even consider the matter. Unless the work is to go backward one must be sent next year. Miss Baskerville must come home—Miss Stovel should come, unless we wish them to be so broken down as to be unfit to return to India—who is to take their work? God is blessing us, "Times" are improving, can we each give just a little more to this work? Perhaps some can give a good deal more. Shall we? Will we?

KOLAIR LAKE.

India is remarkable for its lack of lakes. Not far north of Madras is Pulicat Lake, and more than halfway up the east coast is Lake Chilka; but both of these are only depressions near the coast filled with salt water from the sea. Kolair Lake is the only fresh water lake of any extent, and even it is not more than twenty miles long and eight wide, with numerous islands and peninsulas, which seriously reduce the area of the water. Moreover, the lake, being dependent on local sources for its supply, is usually, very full in the rainy season, and very much dried up in the hot season. This lake lies half way between the two great rivers of the east coast, the Godavari and Kistna. These take their rise in the Western Ghats, the Kistna having its source many miles south of Bombay, and the Godavari starting out many miles north of that city. As they near the east coast they approach one another, being only about ninety miles apart where they are checked by the great dams that were built by the British Government fifty years ago. These dams supply numerous canals, from which small channels carry the water to thousand of acres for rice cultivation, much of the waste water finding its way into Kolair Lake, and thence by a short river into the Bay of Bengal. Two or three small rivers also help to fill up this lake during the rainy season. Farmers, whose lands lie near the lakes complain that the changes made by digging irrigation and waste water canals have seriously interfered with the escapes of the water from the lake, and thus increased the danger of a sudden rise, which causes immense damage to the crops.

As the lake is full of long grass and reeds and water lilies, it is naturally the home of many varieties of water fowl. Gentlemen of the civil service and engineers connected with the Department of Public Works are glad to get a day's shooting there. The natives, who live in or near the lake get more benefit from the fish that swarm in the waters. These are carried, when dried, all over that region, and one would expect to see the

fishermen in prosperous circumstances, but the consumption of liquor among these people is enormous, and hence they are very poor. Another source of income to dwellers on this lake is found in the leaves of the water-lily. These, when gathered and dried, are used by the Brahmans and other Hindus as plates at their meals. Sometimes small leaves, sewed together with grass, are used in this way.

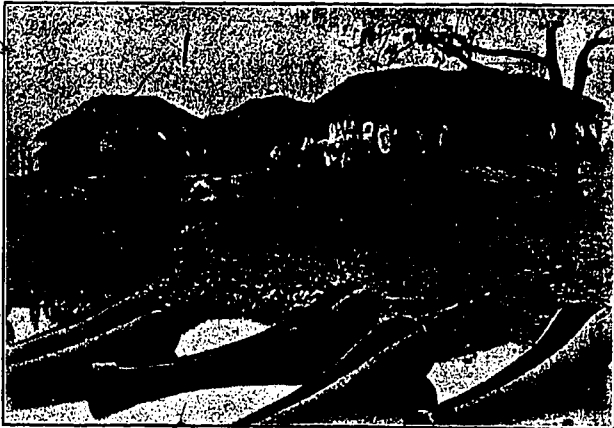
In times of scarcity people draw their means of subsistence from Kolair Lake in another way. The ripe seeds of one kind of water-lily and bulbs of another kind are gathered for food. The supply is almost unlimited. At some seasons of the year the traveller through the lake can look from his boat across a mile of white lilies; while in some places pink and also blue lilies may be seen, so that parts of the lake are like vast gardens. When the flower falls a large round pod full of very

small seeds takes its place. The ripe seeds are boiled and dried in the sun, then pounded to remove the outer covering, after which they are ready to be cooked for food. A little more than a year ago, when the lake spread over all the adjoining fields and ruined the crops, a number of Christians came to me with a comparatively modest request. It was that

I should give them

each four rupees, about a dollar and a quarter, so that they might buy a palm tree which they would hollow out into canoes, and so be able to go into the lake and gather water-lily seeds. They assured me that if each man had a canoe they could gather seeds enough to support their families. Fortunately I had a little money that I could use for this purpose, and the men were happy. The oldest of them used to call on me occasionally, and he would always say, "Salaam, sir, you saved us all."

An illustration shows a village in the lake with a number of canoes on the shore, and the people out in front of their village looking at the mission boat, from the deck of which the photograph was taken. They have their white cloths wrapped around their bodies because of the rain and consequent chilliness of the air. The missionary at Akidu usually makes one or two trips in the lake



KOLAIR LAKE.

during the rainy and cool seasons, and very many of our church-members live near the lake.

JOHN CRAIG.

AN OFFERING OF THANKS.

It was Aunt Eunice who first proposed it. She sat by the parsonage window one wintry morning with her lap full of stockings in assorted sizes and a basket heaped with miscellaneous garments by her side. She had just dropped in, after her neighborly fashion, to help the minister's wife with the mending, so that the overtaxed woman herself might find time to attend to the sewing society, and the needle-work guild, and the children's aid, and the score or so of organizations in which she was expected to take the lead. Just now it was a thank-offering service, and her perplexity was written in little cuneiform inscriptions on her forehead and about her eyes, as she read a note that had just come in.

"Here's another woman who cannot possibly serve on the committee of arrangements," she commented. "I declare, I am completely discouraged over that thank-offering meeting. Everybody is busy with home affairs and not willing to do a thing, and unless we can get up something very attractive nobody will come. The worst of it is that it isn't a thank-offering when you do get it; most of them look upon it simply as an extra tax that they pay because they cannot respectably avoid it—"

Mrs. Boynton checked herself, with a sudden recollection that her remarks, however just, were hardly judicious in a woman who was expected to be superior to human weakness.

"If you could manage in some way to divide it," said her listener gently.

"Divide it? I don't understand."

"Why, the thank-offering. Get the thanks first, and the offering would come of itself; the thanks would be an offering, you know."

"You blessed woman," exclaimed the minister's wife, her face brightening in a way that smoothed out the small wrinkles. "I'll do that very thing. How fortunate that the last member of my committee has failed, and left me to do precisely as I choose. We will have a meeting to offer thanks, and see what will come of it."

"But you know, child, we never do see all that comes of thanksgiving, any more than we see all that comes of

the rain and the sunshine. We see it brightens up the flowers and the leaves, but we don't think of what is going on down among the roots, and how a good deal that seems to be lost may be doing the best work."

"I know, Aunt Eunice, and I'll try to remember; and now for my blessed typewriter; if there's any temporal gift I ought to give thanks for I'm sure it's that."

It was at the summons of the "blessed typewriter" that so large a number of women were gathered on Sunday afternoon in the parlors of the parsonage. A little envelope bearing the motto, "O come, let us give thanks unto the Lord!" had gone to each woman in the church and congregation, with the request that she would write upon a slip of paper some special reason for thanksgiving, inclose it without signature in the envelope, and bring it with her to the meeting. Not every woman had complied with her request, but the great proportion had done so, and the pretty rose-bowl on the stand by the door was well filled with the little mute

offerings, before the minister's wife took it from its place and set it by the open Bible before her. ■

"I declare, it begins to seem real solemn," whispered Mrs. Garrett.

"Mrs. Boynton's great for getting up things. Did you bring your pocket-book?"

"Why, no; do you s'pose it's anything about money?" asked her neighbor in some alarm.

"You never can tell; I left mine at home to be safe. Do you see Mrs. Catlin over in the corner? I don't

s'pose she's been out before since Dorothy died. I shouldn't think even Mrs. Boynton would have dared to send her an envelope. I call it real heartless, though they say she's awful bitter and rebellious. Poor thing. I don't know as I blame her."

But when, after an inspiring hymn, a psalm of thanksgiving, and a fervent prayer from Aunt Eunice, Mrs. Boynton drew the crystal bowl nearer to her, even Mrs. Garrett felt a little thrill of awe.

"Dear friends," said the minister's wife, "this offering seems to me a very sacred and precious thing. It comes directly from our hearts to God. It is a gift to Him alone, and one that only He can measure. I feel as if this were one of the 'golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints,' an offering to be laid silently down at His feet, and I almost hesitate to repeat aloud what your hearts have said to Him. Let us try to feel that we are saying it to Him, and not to each other."

Then in a tender, sympathetic voice she began to read the little sealed-up messages: "For an answered prayer," "For deliverance from a great anxiety," "For



HINDUS AT DINNER.

an unexpected blessing," "For a year of unbroken health," "For strength in sore temptation," "For comfort in sorrow," "For a closer acquaintance with my Father," "For the love that refused my heart's desire but gave me a better portion."

As she read on, with now and then a word of comment, the room grew so still you could almost hear the throb of the many listening hearts, until at last she opened an envelope, and hesitated just an instance before she read, "He hath lod me and brought me into darkness, but not into light—He hath made me desolate."

There was a quiver in her own voice as she ended, and one sympathetic little woman caught her breath with an audible sob, but no one dared look toward the rigid figure with pallid face showing faintly through the long shrouding veil. Mrs. Boynton did not even lift her eyes, but presently she repeated softly a verse from Margaret Preston's "Litany of Pain":

"Sometimes when my pulses are throbbing
With currents whose feverish flow
Sets all the strong spirit to sobbing
With speechless yet passionate woe;
I inwardly question and falter,
Though life are too still to complain—
What profit to lay on God's altar
Oblations of pain?"

"Can one be thankful for sorrow?" she went on. "Does our Father expect us to thank Him for the awful bereavements of our lives? He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust—He knows we cannot understand, and He only bids us trust His love and wisdom, and wait till He makes things clear to us. Perhaps it will never be in this world, and we shall go to Him as perplexed and sorry as ever, and He will take us in His arms and tell us all about it. But while we are waiting we have some things to comfort us, and let us try to think of those. When my heart aches for my dear little daughter, I am glad that I had her and could rejoice in her. I'm glad I could hold her to my heart as something precious, and not with a sense of shame and fear lest this unwelcome gift should be hurried out of the world that had no place for her. I'm glad of all the years that were made happy by my dreams and hopes and anticipations for her, and that I never had to look forward to a life of cruel, loveless servitude for her. I am glad that in her sickness she was tenderly cared for, and all that love and skill could devise was done for her instead of being left to suffer unaided, and that when she died her precious dust was laid lovingly away among fragrant flowers, not cast out as a polluted thing by the roadside. I am glad that I had been taught to know that this dear body was not my child, but the shrine of a deathless soul that had gone to live with its heavenly kindred, and whose blessed presence may even now be near me as a pitying angel, not a malicious fiend that must be driven away from home. And I am glad, O unspeakably glad, that I know both she and I are in the hands of a loving Father, not an angry tyrant, and that our separation is but for a little while, and will all be forgotten in the glory that is to follow. When I remember that all these possibilities of consolation have come to me only through the revelation of God in Christ, my heart aches for those who do not so know him, and I do give thanks in all things, if I cannot say for all things."

No one wanted to speak, and presently Kitty Alden began to play and sing:

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
All shall be well with me."

Before she finished, Mrs. Catlin went out without speaking to any one, and the rest drew a breath of relief, as if a weight had been lifted.

"But I never thought," said Mrs. Garrett, "how much there was to be thankful for about the very worst things that happen to us, though I don't know as it makes 'em any easier to bear. I just wonder what Mrs. Catlin thought."

Mrs. Boynton wondered also, and it was with a good deal of trepidation that she opened a note which came next day bordered with the deepest black.

"Dear Mrs. Boynton," it read, "I cannot yet take your comfort to my heart, but it has helped me a little, and I want to make my offering to the other mothers whom no one comforts. Will you send it to them for me?"

"It's a hundred dollars, Aunt Eunice," said Mrs. Boynton, "and there's our thank-offering all in a lump."

"It's a blessed thing for Mrs. Catlin," said Aunt Eunice, "but the best thing for the church would have been for a hundred women to give it."

"But if they really gave thanks—"

"Yes, we'll hope they all did; the Lord knows."

"And you said yourself we never could see all that comes of thanksgiving."—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, in *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

Work Abroad.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Dear Link—In writing to enquire about the need in the more distressed districts of this stricken land, the following from a Swedish missionary is one of the answers I received. The letter speaks for itself and needs no comment.

S. I. H.

No. 2761.

From Rev. N. E. Lundborg, missionary Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Mission, Sangor, C.P., to Miss S. I. Hatch, Carolina Conoor.

Dear Middle.—Your kind post card of the 24th of May came to be laid aside during my busy time with my famine people.

In your card you kindly ask me if I am in need of help. I am sorry that your card has not been answered before. But better late than never.

In regard to the need here, I was nearly going to say that there seems to be no end to it. Our orphanage is more than three times as large as from the beginning and I do not know when I can stop. Our poor Society has got so far in allowing the maintenance of orphan children as up to 110 and a kind lady in Bombay will be responsible for 18 and another for six children; the total thus supported being 134; but the number of orphan children with me now is approaching near 200. And I am going on steadily to prepare for more accommodation for the orphan children. In this work I have employed the famine-stricken people. I have a large number in the gang to dig and out stones; another number (about 150) are bringing mud from about three miles off in baskets on their heads. I am metalizing the roads within the orphan compound; to break that stone and put it in the

road I have another large number, but there are generally children and men and women that cannot walk well having sore legs and other ailments. Other people make lime and sell it to me; others make brick, etc., and then lots of other general workers, so that the number at present goes near 700 people. In the work I have always prepared to take in poor widows especially those with children; if they have children that can work, they are taken on the work, and if they have others too small to work (they are called the "players" and for each child I pay 3½ annas a week (or a cent a day S. I. H.) others get their pay according to their ages.

All the people get their pay for Sunday as well. But then there is the divine service which they all attend, as well as in the evenings of the week.

If you could be here for one day only, you could see and feel the misery of these starving people, all of whom I cannot take in. They are at me every day, and all times in the day when they can see me, and when not, they stand outside the door. There may sometimes be humbug played so as to get help, etc., but there is very little speaking required of their need as you can read it in their thin and bony faces, their thin and dried up arms and legs. Oh! there are sometimes terrible sights. A few days ago when the boys with their master went to mission school, the master came back and reported that a man was dead on the roadside opposite to the compound, and when he unfolded his clothing a crying child was at his side wrapped up in the same clothing as the father. I went at once and took the child to our orphanage and went to the police and reported the body, a constable went with me at once. This was in the heavy rain, too. So I walked around in the rain to see if there were others. I found a woman sitting under a tree quite uncovered (naked). I asked her to come to our bungalow she tried to stand up but was not able. So I sent the orphan girls to bring her home where we gave her food and clothing and sent her to the Government Hospital as we have none for such people. Another woman was found outside in the forest about 1½ miles from Sangor, in the rain. We sent for her by an akka (horse-tough) and brought her home, and gave her medicine, but she expired soon after she came home; this was also in the heavy rain. There are now more than a score that have been here every day from Monday last, going out begging and crying to be taken into the work. They would not hear, Nay, neither would they go to the Government poorhouse about three miles outside Sangor. The Government has no relief work in the city or so near the city that the poor famine-stricken people can reach it from their home and go back in the evening.

This is a few lines of the facts about our work for the poor or famine-stricken people. By this you can judge for yourself how the need is.

With Christian love, in great haste,
Yours in the Master's service,
N. E. LUNDBORG, *Missionary.*

Address N. E. Lundborg,
Swedish Evangelical
Lutheran Mission,
Sangor, C. P.

My Dear Miss Buchan,—Am herewith mailing you sample copies of a new lot of Gospel portions. For years

we have had Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bound in pretty pale tints, but after being asked again and again, when wearing a pretty pink blouse, why we wore such a faded thing as that, I realized that tints are faded colors to these Telugus, and decided that if the Gospels were gotten out in bright colors, they would "take" the Telugu eye. My appropriation for books and tracts is, as you know, very small, and not equal to any such venture, so I wrote to a cousin in Detroit, and she sent me \$10, and I got 300 copies in brilliant red, green and yellow bindings, and they are a great success, they "take." Mothers buy them for their children, and boys and girls buy them for themselves, and women who learned to read in their childhood and had long since lost all interest in letters, are attracted by these portions. Everywhere they are in great demand, and I am every day surprised by the number who can read; I had no idea there were so many. Perhaps you may wonder that I am selling instead of giving these little books. I do so on the principle, that what is worth having is worth paying for. I have noticed many times, that medicine or books, anything that has cost even so small an amount, is used and kept, and cared for, whereas that which cost nothing is, in nine cases out of ten, thrown away or given to the baby to play with. The selling price of these portions does not cover half the cost price, but is enough to serve my purpose, and is so small that even the poorest can buy. With the returns on this 300 copies, and what I still have on hand, I will be able to get another lot of 300.

It would do you good to pass through one of these villages after we have spent a day there. These people do not know how to read to themselves, all reading and study is done in a loud tone of voice, and at every turn you would find a boy or girl, surrounded by six or eight women, reading from Matthew, Mark, or Luke.

Last evening, coming back through this village, after our work was done, we passed nine such groups. One boy was reading "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins," a woman sitting near spoke up, "Jesus, Jesus," but that Miamma said Jesus Christ, not just Jesus, but he must surely be the same, because she said that he saves us from our sins." Oh! it makes my heart glad to know that the word is in so many homes, and is being read.

A Bible-woman is with me, and we have been on tour this sixteen days, and plan on two weeks yet before returning to Akidu.

Everywhere there seems to be a real hunger for the Gospel message, and we hear constantly, "Come sit down and read to us about Jesus Christ," or, "Teach us the name of your Saviour," and as for one, "I love to tell the story," it seems to me I never had such joy in my work

as this year, and I never felt so well. To the Heavenly Father be all the glory.

Very sincerely yours,

F. M. STOVEL.

Mudanapilly, India,

July 27th, 1897.

MISS HATCH writes, August 6th :

"Two weeks ago I brought Miss McLeod to Peddapur, and gave her over into Mr. and Mrs. Walker's hands, took leave of them all and started bravely on tour. We found cholera in three or four of the villages we visited, and in one place heard that two who had died of cholera were strangers coming from the famine districts of the north, had been thrown into the canal. We stayed in the canal a couple of days longer and then came into another canal where it was not so bad. After being about eight days I intended having my monthly meeting in the bungalow and moving in the next day to the south side. But while in the compound a boy took cholera there, so I fought all day Sunday with that, though I myself did not go near him as his father and mother were with him. I administered medicines and gave advice and sent here and there for disinfectants, made a free use of carbolic acid, sulphur and tar, and through the providence of God stopped the plague. The boy began to mend in the afternoon but my courage somewhat failed and I telegraphed for Mr. Walker—(Miss Hatch was suffering from a very heavy cold at the time.) To add to this, the water we were drinking was close by the well where the boy was ill. Although he was isolated as soon as we knew,—still he had been a few hours ill before they had said anything of it, and another well where we can have water was out of repair. I set men to work to finish repairing at once and to add to the list of misfortunes the bread that should have come on Saturday missed, so I was in the house without bread or water or just about without, and these are two very necessary articles of diet with me, and still another quite unusual thing the milk went sour that Monday morning. I had ordered an extra quantity from a part of the village where there is no cholera, in hopes to have it to quench my thirst. It was Sunday that the boy was ill all day; Mr. Walker came in on his wheel early on Monday morning, bringing bread and water and good cheer. I don't think I was ever so glad as I was of that bread and water. No luxuries ever tasted so good. Mr. Walker thought I was looking very badly and told me I must leave. I hated to do so, but the lad was getting better, there was not really anything I could do, but the others were very sorry to have me go because they felt safer with me there. I arrived here (Oocanada) Monday night and word keeps coming that they are all well in R— so I have stayed the week out here. Many are dying in the

villages near there. Eleven are dying a day they say in Peddapur. Two boys have died in the Boarding School there, the others have been dismissed. I am taking a big supply of cholera mixture disinfectants and so on, and this few days rest has quite set me up. I have also been able to get much writing done.

Work at Home.

THE CONVENTION AT KEMPTVILLE.

The Convention of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, met at Kemptville, Ont., Oct. 6th. At the close of a prayer-meeting led by Mrs. Halkett, the President Mrs. Claxton took the chair.

Mrs. Coleman gave the address, and was replied to by Mrs. Halkett.

The minutes of the last annual meeting, and different committees, as well as the Cor. Secretary's report, were given.

Mrs. Halkett spoke on behalf of the LINK, stating it should be in every home, as it was indeed a link connecting us with our missionaries.

The Treasurer reported receipts for the year, \$1382. A full report will appear in the LINK. For the first time in the history of the Society, there is a deficit in the treasury of about \$165. It was suggested that the Circles, as the Society has reached its twenty-first year, might have a "Birthday-party" or "Thank-offering" day, to make up this amount.

The election of officers was then proceeded with. Mrs. Claxton, who has been our President for so many years and has done her work so faithfully, resigned that office and accepted that of Hon. President. Mrs. E. W. Dudson was elected in her place. Mrs. Bentley and Miss Green also resigning as Rec. Secretary and Cor. Secretary respectively. We regret their loss to the committee, as they have also worked faithfully. Miss Florence Tester was then elected Rec. Secretary, Mrs. Hibbard Ayer Cor. Secretary, and Miss Scott still retains the office of Treasurer.

The sum of \$1430 was appropriated for 1897-'98. They are as follows:—\$600 for Miss Murray; Akidu Girls' School \$400; Zenana workers, Cocanada, \$250; Samulcotta Seminary \$150; Vuyyuru work \$130.

The meeting then adjourned.

In the afternoon session, after a short prayer service led by Mrs. Parson, the President, Mrs. Claxton, took the chair, and addressed us, encouraging and exhorting us to go on with the work.

Mrs. Graham gave a very interesting paper on Mission Band-work. Three things mentioned as necessary to success in that work, and they are the choice of a good

leader; the leader must have a love for missions and a love for children. It was moved that this paper be published in the LINK.

The Rev. J. G. Brown (returned missionary) gave a most interesting address on India, using a map to show the location of the fields of the different denominations, and of our own stations, and he also gave an account of his own field, Vuyyuru.

A union (Home and Foreign) platform meeting was held the evening before the day devoted to Foreign missions, the Rev. J. A. Kennedy in the chair. Mrs. O. J. Holman gave an address on Home missions, Rev. L. F. Côté on Grande Ligne, and Rev. J. G. Brown on India. The three addresses were listened to with very great interest. The choir contributed music, and Mrs. Vaux and Mrs. D. Hudson each sang a solo.

A vote of thanks was given the friends of Kemptville for their kind hospitality, and also to the retiring officers.

After singing "God be with you till we meet again," the Convention was brought to a close.

As a result of the Convention, a Circle has been organized in Kemptville.

The Convention will be held in Montreal next year, and it is hoped a large number will attend.

FLORENCE TESTER.

Montreal, Oct. 11th, 1897.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mme. President and Ladies.—It was in the month of September, 1876, now just twenty-one years ago, that this Society was formed, so that in ordinary parlance, we are of age. This is a period in the life of our Society that tempts to retrospection, and it is certainly a point from which we should attempt greater things for the future.

In looking back, we can truly say that our weak efforts to forward the work in which we are engaged, are worthy only of failure. But as this desire in our hearts, that the Gospel of our Lord shall be preached in all the world, is of His planting, so in His love to us He has given fruit and a gracious promise of a bountiful harvest in the future, for our reward, and to the glory of His great name.

Looking forward, may we walk in paths that shall lead to enlarged efforts for the spread of the Kingdom of Peace upon the earth, always in humble dependence upon the will of the Great Ruler of the universe. And to Him be all the glory and praise forever.

In the report of the Executive Board, there has been but one special meeting, while the regular quarterly meetings have been duly held.

Deep and harmonious interest has been shown in the transaction of the necessary business.

Average attendance, 12. One life member has been

made during the year, Miss W. Millar, of South Gower.

At the time of the closing of the Treasurer's books, October 1st, for the first time in the history of this Society, a deficit has to be reported of an amount of nearly \$200. It is hoped that this deficit may be somewhat reduced before the date of the annual meeting.

The three Associational meetings have been held in the month of June last. Good work has been done by various directors in the formation and attempted formation of Circles.

A Circle at Renfrew has been organized, and at Pembroke and Algonquin re-organized in the Central Association. In the Ottawa Association a Circle has been re-organized at Buckingham, and a new one formed at Dempsey.

The Ottawa Association still retains its devoted Director. The Director of the Central Association, Mrs. F. Knowlton, leaving Canada, Mrs. Vaux, of Brockville, was appointed in her place, and Mrs. D. Laing, Kington, President, while the Eastern Association has appointed Mrs. D. Grant, of Montreal, Director, and Mrs. W. L. Williams, Sawyerville, Secretary.

During the year the thanks of the Society was conveyed to the Trustees of the First Baptist Church of Montreal, for the use of its parlors, in which the meetings of the Executive Board have been held for the past twenty-one years.

—At the request of the W. C. T. U. it was decided to pray for the prohibition of the traffic in opium and liquor. To be done, if possible, at every meeting of the Board.

Our devoted missionary, Miss Murray, has enjoyed good health during the year, but has not taken a vacation this season.

At the last conference of the missionaries in India, it was decided that owing to the need of one to take the place of Miss Simpson, now on furlough, and also in the desirableness of single ladies living, as far as possible, with relatives, that Miss Murray be moved to Cocanada, and Miss McLaurin take up her residence with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, who now have charge at Vuyyuru.

This change took place in June. While at Vuyyuru Miss Murray's reports are most satisfactory as to work done, and showing so plainly that it is prosecuted under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that we know that in due time the harvest is sure—"if we faint not." She writes: "The Kistna district has thus far escaped the famine, though not famine prices, and the people have much to thank God for if they would only realize from whom all these blessings flow. I am sure ignorance of this, and neglect to render unto God the thanks due to him in times of prosperity, is the real cause of these visitations. 'Jehevah says, I am the Lord, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to

graven images.' But with all our temporal prosperity the spiritual famine is as distressing as anywhere in India, and the plague of sin is abroad everywhere in all its virulence."

Miss Murray speaks very highly of two of the Bible women employed, whom we believe to be supported by two ladies of this Society, one of whom seems to be completely filled by the Holy Spirit in all she says or does; her whole time and thought being taken up by her desire to spread the Gospel among her country-women, while the other delights in the study of the Scriptures.

Miss Murray expresses her satisfaction with the tent, which helps her to do the necessary touring in greater comfort and indeed to reach certain villages that without it she would find unhealthy and disagreeable to visit.

As the report from the Akidu Girl's School is of great interest and importance it is inserted almost in its entirety:

"It is now over a month since school closed and you will want to hear what your girls have been doing for the last term.

"School opened early in September and in a few days all the girls had arrived and were soon at work. I believe the girls love the school, they always seem so glad to get back, I never hear a word about homesickness, unless it is some poor little girlie who is so far away from home that her parents can't visit her.

"During the school year there has been an average attendance of about thirty girls in the boarding department, and quite a number of little girls have come as day pupils. With few exceptions the girls have done good work in their classes and most of them are ready for promotion. Their conduct has been very good, at present I cannot recall one case where severe discipline was necessary. Perhaps they profited by the lesson our boys had to learn. There seems to be a kindlier feeling between the older and the younger girls, most of the big girls are Christians, is it not Jesus working in their hearts? Three have been baptized this year. Every Tuesday afternoon the girls come to the verandah for their special prayer meeting, they are learning to take charge of it themselves, a new leader being appointed at each meeting, besides this they have their evening prayer just before they go to sleep.

"There has been an unusual number of marriages among the school girls. First, Tamar, then Sundramma, Dharmarati and K. Sydia, besides two who had left the school some time. Sundramma married a former pupil, a Christian, but his parents are heathen and Sundramma will have to live in a heathen home. Pray that she may let her light shine.

"There are only two or three big girls left in the school and we will feel quite lost for those who have gone. There has been very little sickness this term.

"The roof of the girls' school building has just been repaired, so they will be able to keep nice and dry. Sometimes I get letters from Bands asking me what would be nice to send to the girls they are supporting, I believe about one of the nicest presents you could send would be a simple workbox, nothing fancy, but a neat little box with scissors, thimble, needles and thread. Our girls learn to sew, but in their homes they have nothing to sew with; it is rather pitiful to see them try to cut out a jacket with a cook knife. A yard of nice print will make a "ravaka" or jacket for a girl. They are very fond of bright colors. They like the scrap books that sometimes come, and I notice that they prefer the pictures of animals, birds, men, women and children to floral pictures.

"During the hot season Miss Stovel kindly took charge of the School in our absence. She gave the children some temperance lessons illustrated by some new charts we have just received, showing the effect of alcohol on the different organs of the body.

"In July we sent five of our girls to Oocanada to prepare for the Government examination, but two of them have already returned so desperately homesick that they wouldn't stay any longer. We are glad we have Miss Baskerville to send them to, but sorry they had to be sent. The Akidu school is not recognized by the Government, as our teachers are not properly qualified; therefore our pupils are shut out from government examinations. Why don't we employ qualified teachers? Not a worker on the Akidu field is fully qualified; a man from another mission would ask a higher salary than we are able to pay, and there are decided objections to employing a heathen. However, we hope to have a qualified man of our own, a year from Christmas, if he passes all his examinations in the meantime.

"Dear friends, it seems to some of us that we are making a mistake. While we are educating our girls, our boys are to quite an extent left behind. Listen, Akidu girls' school, \$400; Akidu boys, \$200. If there were to be a cut it would be on the boys. The girls will make Christian homes, but many of them will marry common coolies, because we have not educated as many boys as girls.

"Perhaps some of them as preachers wives may be used as teachers, but their home will require the most of their attention. What about the Bible women? Most of them are widows. Some of them married women who give half their time to the work.

"The customs of the country are such, that girls or unmarried women cannot safely be employed as workers. The majority of our workers must come from our boys as men. Our schools on this field are not recognized by Government because of untrained teachers. We have

just ten village teachers, half of them not fit for the Fourth book at home; the other half might pass a high school entrance examination.

"Where are we to get workers if more of the boys are not educated? When are we to have teachers and schools recognized, or preachers who know how to study the Word of God?"

"Our girls need an education; we want intelligent Christian wives and mothers, but far more than this, for the sake of the direct preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we need men as preachers and teachers, who out of full hearts and intelligent minds can make known the Word of God.

"What shall we do, go on educating twice as many girls as boys, or at least make them equal? May the day come when our Telugu Christians will strive to earn their education, and not for a matter of fact take it as a gift.

"Pray for our girls and boys."

ZENANA WORK AT COCANADA.

A few extracts from reports received will perhaps be the most interesting way of presenting this subject. Our worker writes:

"Hitherto has the Lord helped us.

"Our work in the zenanas during the past year has been carried on as usual, and though among the many we have visited, we have not had the joy yet, of seeing any fully trusting in the Saviour, still we leave the results to God, and reply: 'O, Lord, God, Thou knowest, as did the prophet Ezekel,' when the question was put to him by God 'Son of man can these dry bones live?' Though the results of our work are not easy to define, yet there has been much to encourage us in it and the promise 'Thy word shall not return unto thee void,' is full of comfort to those who are daily engaged in this work while waiting for the reaping time. In the month of February the Hin du bathing festival was held. The place was then crowded with people from the adjacent villages who had come to bathe in the sacred waters of the Godavari for salvation. We had a grand opportunity of speaking of Christ and Him crucified, to a great number of men and women who have never heard the Gospel before. We rejoice ever in this, remembering that each new man or woman means one more wandering sheep hearing the call of the Good Shepherd. My pupils, I am glad to say, are making rapid progress and some of them showing a deeper interest in the study of the Life of Christ, and in memorizing portions of Scripture.

Another writes: After mentioning the long and excessively hot season she says, "We had the opportunity of reaching numbers of women from other parts of the country as they came into Cocanada after attending a bathing festival in the Godavari, a few miles out of this place. They made a point of seeing Cocanada as they say it is the greater attraction. When asked why they bathed in this Godavari, make an excuse and say, 'How should we otherwise have an opportunity of seeing persons like you and hearing these good words? No one comes to our village to tell us these things!'"

"One of these women, however, had heard the name of Jesus from a missionary lady who had visited her town—Peddapur. They all acknowledge that they still carried their burdens of sin, and many said that hereafter they would give up these things and worship the one and true God.

"This is refreshing after the indifference of so many in this town who have often heard the Gospel.

"The subject of being reconciled to God, was one that impressed a good many during these past months. They understood from the famine, that God is angry with this people because of sin, and when taught that man is at enmity with God, and that each individual soul needs to become reconciled to Him, seemed anxious for that reconciliation and asked how it could be effected, thus enabling us to point out the only way. Some asked eagerly, 'Can you make peace for us?'"

"In this time of distress they can understand that their land is under the curse and blight of idolatry, and quite a number surprised me one day by agreeing among themselves that it would be a blessing if the Government would destroy all the filthy idol temples off the face of this land, and forbid the worship of idols; then we would have to learn to worship the true God and He would bless our land.

Examples of the work of these Bible women in the case of individuals might be multiplied, but in all their reports they especially ask our prayers for themselves, and those they visit. Of the hopeful instances, that prayer may be made that these may be enabled to confess their Saviour publicly, I would ask on their behalf, that special attention be paid to this request during the year, by all our members.

Respectfully submitted,

NANNIE E. GREEN,
Cor. Sec.

MISSION BAND SECRETARY'S REPORT.

W. B. H. AND F. SOCIETIES EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Mission Bands as well as other Societies have been passing through "hard times" to judge from many of the reports received, which tell of decreased membership and contributions. Yet on the whole the officers seem hopeful, and their letters to me contain much of interest and encouragement.

The Band at Brockland has only missed one meeting in seven years. Allan's Mills Band contains quite young children who sometimes get discouraged, but their leader writes: "That is just the time when we older ones have to exert untiring zeal and faithfulness." Two new Bands have been organized, one at Winchester, and a Boys' Band at Brockville. Several of our Bands represented here to-day, and their delegates expect to receive new and helpful suggestions, I will now present a condensed statement of each Band report:

CANADA CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

ALLAN'S MILLS.—18 members; A student is supported at Samulcotta Seminary; sent to Foreign Missions \$18.35.

BROCKVILLE.—(Girls' Band) 54 members; two students supported at Akida; sent to Foreign Mission \$45, Home Missions \$28, Grand Ligne \$12, North-West \$12.

Boys' Band, 30 members. Organized last November. No financial statement sent.

DELTA.—20 members; one of these was converted and

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

Receipts from September 11th to October 15th, 1897, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Lindsay, from Mrs. George Matthew, to make herself a life member, \$25; Lindsay, regular, \$12.50; Keady, \$5; St. George, \$3.40; Norwood, \$2; South London, \$6.75; Atwood, \$1.50; Colchester, \$6.56; Mount Forest, \$6.80; West Toronto Junction, \$7.10; Sault Ste. Marie, \$3; Malahide and Bayham, \$9.50; Beamsville (\$8, special for Deborah), \$11.50; Paris, \$20; Toronto (Bloor St.), \$38.84; Toronto (Bloor St.), Y. W. Aux., \$2.25; Brampton, \$5.50; Calvary, \$9.50; Cheltenham, \$7.17; Cramahe, \$1.75; Bobcaygeon, \$2.50; Beachville, \$2.42; London (Adelaide Street), \$14.80; Toronto (First Ave.), \$9.05; Wingham, 92c.; Blenheim, \$6; Bethel, \$6.67; Barrie, \$4.50; Flesherton, \$1.40; Norwich, \$4; Peterborough (Murray Street), \$6.22; Palmerston, \$3.75; Port Hope, \$13; Port Perry, \$2.78; Chatlam, \$6.28; Toronto (Memorial Church), \$5; Woodstock (Oxford Street), \$2.78; Listowel, \$3.55; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$28.72; Toronto (Jarvis St.), additional, \$66.73; Forest, \$2.30; Hamilton (James Street), \$14.75; Meaford, \$2; Selkirk, \$2.25; Brantford (North Star), \$6; Brantford (First Church), for Miss McLeod, \$25; York Mills, \$3.80; Burgessville, \$6.50; Second Markham, \$5; Toronto (Dovercourt Road), \$9.25; St. Thomas (\$5 on life membership), \$16.27; Ailsa Craig, \$6; Lakesfield, \$9.60; Ridgetown, \$7.26; Victoria, \$4; Bracebridge, \$2; Hillsburgh (\$2.50 special), \$4.25; Shedden (\$4.60 special for returning missionaries), \$7.60; Stratford, \$10; Tiverton, \$5; Toronto (College St.), \$6.05; Toronto (Parliament St.) \$8.15. Total, \$539.72.

FROM BANDS.—Chatham, for Sampara Davidson, \$10; Peterboro', (Murray Street), special, \$10; Wallaceburg, \$2.50; Paris, \$5.15; Western, \$2; Dundas, \$3; Gilmour Memorial Church, for Lydia, \$10; Port Perry, (from entertainment), \$3.68; Toronto (Parliament St.), for a Cocanada girl, \$1.97; Listowel, 60c.; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25; Forest (College Street), Y. W., for Degala Mary, \$5; Flesherton, \$1.57; Mount Forest, \$2; London Adelaide Street), junior, \$7.27; Toronto (College Street), junior, \$2.10. Total, \$71.09.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. Chapman, Sprucedale, 60c.; Mrs. Southworth, Thedford, for Famine Relief, \$1.75; Hamilton Association Annual Meeting, \$2.54; Brantford (First Church) junior B.Y.P.U. for Talla Saramma, \$12; Forestville, \$3; Mr. s R. W. Elliot, special towards deficit in building fund of Cocanada school, \$50. Total, \$69.89. Total receipts during the 39 days, \$680.70.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$499.11; Special for Samulcotta Seminary, \$41; Special for Engala Nokamma, an extra girl, \$4.50; Special for Deborah, an extra Bible woman, \$8. Total, \$552.61.

To Rev. J. Craig, for Famine Relief Fund, from Mrs. E. M. Southworth, Thedford, \$1.75; to Mrs. Duncombe, for Delhi M. C., on account of student support, \$25. This cancels the life membership of Nellie Candace Duncombe. Total disbursements during the 35 days, \$579.36. Total receipts since May 1, 1897, \$2,166.57. Total disbursements since May 1, 1897, \$3,521.38.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

ST. THOMAS.—It is with regret we chronicle the death of Mrs. Emily Welter, which occurred at St. Thomas, August 31st. For the past few years she was unable from ill health, to take any active part in the mission

work, but was always ready and willing to do what she could for the extension of God's kingdom. She was a pioneer member of the Center St. Baptist Church Mission Circle. Though her work on earth be done, the fruit of it will yet be gathered in for years to come.

"When the mists have cleared away,
We shall meet her in the palace of our God."

K. MCCOLL, Sec.

TO THE CIRCLES AND BANDS OF WALKERTON ASS'N.—Having been called from home for some time, Mrs. J. J. Cook, Mt. Forest (Vice-Pres. of Ass'n), has kindly consented to assume Director's work *pro tem*. All communications may be directed to her until further notice be given. IDA M. PELTON.

MOUNT FOREST.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was organized on Oct. 11th, in connection with the Monck Baptist Church, with the following officers:—Pres., Mrs. Segsworth; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Tilley; Sec., Miss Code; Treas., Miss McHardie; Collector, Miss Annie Cannidge; LINK and Visitor Agent, Miss Sivil. ANNIE COOK.

ST. WILLIAMS.—On Wednesday, July 7th, 1897, according to previous arrangement, Mrs. T. Bingham, of Lyndock, was with us to organize a Mission Band. After the opening exercises, Mrs. Bingham explained the object of the Band and methods of work; after which 17 names were handed in as members. Under 14 years the fee is one cent. per month; over 14 two cents. The following are officers:—President, Mrs. Buckborough; Vice-President, Miss B. Youmans; Secretary, Anna Johnson; Treasurer, Melinda Price. The collection to be divided between H. & F. M.

MRS. BUCKBOROUGH.

FORESTVILLE.—A Mission Band was organized July 8th, by Mrs. T. Bingham, of Lyndock, with a membership of 11. Those under 14 pay a fee of one cent. a month; all over 14, two cents. The money to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The officers are: President, Miss Flora Pegg; Vice-President, Miss Jennie Beaupre; Secretary, Miss Edith Hoover; Treasurer, Miss Ethel Martin.

FLORA PEGG.

"I believe that some of the best missionary work that is done to-day is done by invalids who never leave their bed-rooms, or by old people, or by those who are very poor and have not much to give; but they give the Lord what is most precious—a true yearning heart, a constant remembrance, a constant prayer."—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.—For the North West Missions; the work among the Indians, and all the laborers; that this year there may be a great ingathering of souls. For the officers of our Union and Missionary Societies.

An evangelist, having some experience in village work, while lamenting the spiritual darkness of many outlying districts, says:—We speak of the indifference of men and women to the Gospel and to the claims of Christ. But are not we, as Christians, largely responsible for this state of things, by our own lukewarmness, inconsistency, and worldliness? Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14), and the reason why there is so much spiritual darkness is because there is so little light. If a dimly burning lamp began to complain about the darkness, should not we answer, "It is your fault; you shine brighter and there will be more light"? Thank God there are shining lights in our villages who are witnessing nobly for Christ, but we want more. Let the people see our earnestness in the means of grace and our deep concern about their souls.

"Oh, ye saints arouse, be earnest!
Up and work while yet 'tis day.
Ere the night of death o'ertake you!
Strive for souls while yet you may."

A very interesting Convention of the Aid Societies of Colchester County was held in Belmont in September. It was a great disappointment to find our County Secretary, Mrs. Gunn, laid aside by illness. In her absence the meetings were led by the Provincial Secretary. The work in the county was shewn to be progressing. In the afternoon meeting a number of questions were asked and answered.

Since that, the Provincial Secretary has held meetings in Lower Economy, Five Islands, Acadia Mines, Parrsboro, Port Greville, and Oxford and at the date of writing is visiting a few of the Societies in Annapolis County. Last evening an interesting meeting was held at Nictaux by the Aid Society. The two Bands in this Church took a large part in the service and shewed that it pays to instruct the young. If more of these public Band meetings were held our older people would become more interested in the work. These Bands, "Sunbeams" and "Co-Workers" have a bright future before them in the Master's service. At Oxford, on last Sunday afternoon a Mission Band was formed with twenty-one members. The officers are:—President, Mrs. Margaret Robb; Vice-President, Mrs. E. D. Tait; Secretary, Miss Gussie Hunter; Treasurer, Roy Brown.

Mrs. Read, Corresponding Secretary for Lunenburg, writes, that she has organized a Society at New Cornwall, with eight members. President, Mrs. David Eisner; Secretary, Miss Eva Spidle.

Seven reasons why I should belong to the Woman's Missionary Aid Society.

1st. Because *I am a member of Christ's Church*, and His vows are upon me; His commands binding.

2nd. *From gratitude*, because I being a woman, owe so much to that redeeming love, which coming into this world condescended to be "born of a woman," and so raised woman from a state of degradation to one of comfort, of peace, of equality with man, and also made her a co-worker with Himself. In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female.

3rd. Because I am a *busy woman*. The cares of home, the feeding, clothing, and training of my little ones absorb so much of my time; but I can give *one hour* a month to the missionary meeting. When I am resting, I can read of the work being done. As my hands are busy, my heart can pray for our Missionary work.

4th. Because *I have the care of little children*, I can grain them in this work; I can interest, and teach them to give to it.

5th. Because *I am poor* in this world's goods, and often have hard work to "make both ends meet." Still *I can save* two cents a week for the sending of the "old, old story" to the "utmost parts of the earth."

6th. Because these women in Telugu land, these French Canadian women, these Indian women in the North West are *my sisters*. "He hath made of *one blood* all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth."

7th. Because Christ "loved me, and gave Himself for me" and He says to me, "go," "pray," "give."

When the missionaries first began to open schools in Ceylon, the people willingly allowed the boys to attend, but they ridiculed the idea of giving an education to girls saying, "What would be the use of sending a girl to school? A girl could never learn to read any more than a sheep." On one occasion a missionary was urging a native gentleman to allow his daughter to attend school. The native pointing to a horse by the roadside said, "Sir, could that horse learn to read?" The missionary replied in the negative. "Well," rejoined the native, "if an intelligent animal like a horse could not learn to read, how do you think a woman could learn?"

After laboring earnestly for two years the missionaries succeeded in inducing *one* girl to attend school. The first who came committed to memory the 240 letters of the Tamil alphabet and began to read. When the people saw that a girl could learn, they were surprised, even pleased.

At present in connection with the five missionary societies at work on the island, there are nearly 50,000 children in Mission schools, about one-third of whom are girls.

Each morning when a Christian woman measures out the rice for the family for the day, so many handfuls for her husband, for each child, and for herself, she takes one handful or more and puts it into a box marked "The Lord's Box," thus diminishing by a little the amount the family would have eaten. This custom is almost universal among the Christians. From time to time the church treasurer of each church visits all the Christian homes, collects the rice from these boxes, sells it, and sends the money to the native missionary society.

These native Christians in Ceylon cannot enjoy many luxuries. They have no stained glass windows in their churches, no paid choirs, and no church debts, but they enjoy one magnificent luxury. Many churches numbering not more than a hundred members, not only support their own native pastor, but support as well, each their

own native missionary in some outlying district in which there is no resident foreign missionary. Nearly all the church members may be found teaching in Sunday schools whose members are children brought together from the outlying districts. Instead of a second service the native Christians go into the villages in groups to work among their heathen neighbors. Early in the afternoon one may see bands of Christian women and girls starting out in different directions, to hold cottage meetings among the women, and Christian men and boys going to villages one or two miles distant to hold village Sunday schools, or open air preaching services. In this way the Gospel is being widely disseminated. If Christians in America would pursue a similar plan, giving up their Sabbath afternoons or evenings to work among the unevangelized, one would not much longer hear the old cry, "There are so many heathen at home."—Condensed from *Missionary Review*.

Young People's Department.

THE WAIF.

My Dear Young Friends,

You have heard of people being so thin that they cast a shadow only one way, as thin as a wafer, as lean as a match. Well, there are plenty such all over India in these famine times.

One day in March, Malakshmi, one of the Bible women, brought me a little girl that seemed as thin as that. She had a deep bass voice, more like a man's than that of a girl not yet ten years old, a voice that came up from a low hollow chest, that echoed like an empty barrel. And such a cough! I could hear her a 100 yards away. Cough, cough, cough; there was no sleeping in the same room with her at night, Malakshmi said.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked the Bible woman, for our people seldom come to us uncalled without a petition of some sort. She then told me the following story—"Sir, the child has no father, no mother, no relatives, no friends," here the woman's voice filled up and began to choke. "Turned out to die or be ruined," she continued, "with no protection. God has turned the little one's feet in the direction of our door, we would gladly keep her, we have no children of our own, but Benjamin has been out of work for a long time, and how could we on the ninety cents a month I am getting. If you can only help, sir, in some way, I would gladly look after the little one. No father, no mother, no—" and here she broke down completely, while the child mingled her sobs with those of her protector and new-found friend, and they cried together. As I watched the great salt tears coursing down the woman's cheeks, I remembered a letter written by Mrs. Currie then at Tuni to the LINK 15 years ago the 18th of this month of Aug.

In that letter are the following words—"The first year we spent at Tuni, the last year of the famine, when

all about us poor people were suffering from want and starvation, among the number of those who sought relief at our door were two little girls, aged respectively about eight and eleven years. Clothed with a few rags, altogether looking miserably poor without father or mother, alone in the world, they appealed very strongly to our sympathies. It had been their custom to beg during the day, and at night to find shelter with a kind hearted poor woman among the Malas, who allowed them a corner in her mud hut. All that time we had no funds in hand for school purposes, but the probable future of those girls was fearful to think of, so we determined to take them on trial. Their names were Malakshmi and Papamina, (sin). The latter name I changed to "Hope" for she seemed such a merry little thing. A girls' Mission Band in Wolfville, N.S., just then sent us some money they had earned by a yearly sale of fancy work. With that these girls were supported. On the first day of 1882 Malakshmi was baptized."

After 15 long years that little girl, Malakshmi, now a fine tall woman stood before me with her arm around that poor orphan waif, pleading for protection to the helpless. Soon after her baptism Malakshmi married and left Tuni. Her husband afterward became a preacher for years on the Visianagram field, where his wife was Bible woman.

Hope is now married to a preacher on the London Mission field that lies between our two Canadian Missions to the Telugus, and is now living with her husband at Annakapilli, not 15 miles from my old station at Yella manchilli.

So remembering, and being forced by the woman's tears, I took council with the Father, laid the case before Miss Baskerville, who is in charge of 85 little ones in the boarding school, and took the child on faith. Her name is Chellamma. She is a caste girl. She is now after four months in school looking like a different person. It will be years, if ever before she is over the effects of this pinch.

Now after three months, Miss Baskerville comes to me and says she must send a lot of the girls home, or away, wherever that may mean, for the high famine prices make it impossible to support all on the funds at her disposal. But I am sure God will not let little Chellamma drift. He doubtless has now put it into the hearts of some other little girls in some Mission Band to help her. The money is doubtless now on the way, though they who have sent it knew not what it is for, and we here have an idea that it is coming, but by the faith we have in all God's blessed promises. "Thou hast been an helper to the fatherless," Psalm 10: 14. "For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy," Hosea, 14: 3. God has a very long arm, just think of Him reaching all the way from Tuni to Wolfville N.S., over 10,000 miles to touch

the hearts of that Mission Band for those two little strays, nineteen years ago, well that arm is just as long and strong to-day.

I am praying for a heart that always opens at God's gentlest touch.

Your loving friend,

H. F. LAPLAMME.

Cocanada, India, 24, 8, '97.

A BAND'S RESOLVE.

F. E. S. H.

"I haven't any patience with stories that end, 'then she woke, and it was all a dream,'" said Jennie Burns, scornfully, as her twin sister, Jessie, finished reading a story that ended in that way.

Eight members of the first Division of the Sunbeam Band sat sewing on a wide, vine-covered veranda while Jessie read to them. All summer they had been having these weekly out-door meetings, and, as a result, had a nicely furnished pile of garments as their contribution to the frontier mission-box which the Woman's Missionary Society was to send early in the fall. They had not forgotten all Miss Baker, the leader, had told them of how their missionary suffered last year for the very things they sent, but not until the winter was half over. They did not mean to let this occur again, and their work was to be a pleasant surprise to Miss Baker on her return.

"Of course," went on Jennie, breaking off a new thread with a snap, "no one ever dreams missionary dreams. I'm sure I never did."

"Well, I don't see why you might not," replied Jessie, ready to defend the story she had read. "You dream of all sorts of things you are interested in, picnics and dresses and all that. It is because you are not interested enough."

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Jennie carelessly. "I don't pretend that missions are my thoughts by day and my dreams by night."

"But people do dream missionary dreams," said Mary Morgan decidedly.

"I believe you've dreamed one yourself," cried Fannie Carlton. "You speak so knowingly."

"Tell it, tell it," cried all the girls in a breath, and Mary felt the warm blood mount to her forehead as she found herself the centre of observation.

"I always know Mary was better and thought more of missions than the rest of us," said Jessie half aloud.

"You won't say that," said Mary, who overheard, sadly, "when you hear my dream. But I will tell you, for I think, maybe, I ought. Just don't look at me so hard. It makes me feel like my dream again. It was this way. Just before I went to bed I read about Miss Whildon's blind girls, who know so much of the Bible by heart, and how one can repeat a whole book without a mistake. 'My, I thought, 'I don't believe I know but one verse—'God so loved the world,' you know. I did know a few others, of course, but that one was all I could think of then. Well, that night I dreamed this dream: I knew I was in a strange country, and I heard many voices, though I still had my eyes closed.

"The Christian girl is coming," said one voice.

"One who has always had the Bible?" asked another voice.

"Yes," the first one answered, "she and her mother and grand-mother and great-grand-mother and many more before them."

"I wish I knew as much as she," sighed one.

"Then another one said, 'Let us go and call the mission school children to see this wonderful girl.'

"In a moment I seemed to open my eyes and I stood alone on a high mountain top, while stretching far out below me were thousands of children—Chinese children, Japanese children, African, Mexican, Cuban children—about my own age, or younger. They all looked at me, and without a word, as things go in dreams, I knew they were there to ask me Bible questions. Before I could more than think a Chinese child stepped out from the rest and said:

"Tell me, sweet sister, how the sixteenth chapter of John begins. I know all the rest of the book, and teacher is away."

"Oh, I do not know," I answered, and my heart began to beat so fast I could hardly breathe.

"Tell me, seniorretta, the fifth verse of the Travellers' Psalm, I cannot recall it," said a Mexican girl.

"And me the tenth of the Idol Psalm," said an African child.

"And me, in which chapter to find the No-other-name verse."

"And me, where is the Who-so-ever verse," said another Chinese child.

"It was dreadful. And all I could do was to say, no, no. They kept on faster than I can talk, and I did not know a word.

"At last they began to grow sad and disappointed. Their eyes looked through and through me. 'There must be some mistake,' they said one to another. 'This cannot be the girl whose mother and grand-mother and great-grand-mother and many before them have had the Bible.' I was so ashamed that I sunk down there all alone on that dreadful mountain-top and covered my face with my hands.

"Then I heard a voice behind me. I knew it was Jesus without looking up, and, oh! His voice was so sad! Girls, I don't like to talk about it. It nearly broke my heart. He said slowly, 'Child, have I not said Search the Scriptures? He that hath My commandments and doeth them, he it is that loveth Me. He that loveth me not keepeth not My sayings.'

"I knew He had said to study the Bible. I had not, and He said I did not love Him. How could I when I had not studied, hardly read, what He said about Himself. Then He raised His voice and it thrilled with joy. I knew He spoke to those thousands of children from the mission schools.

"I have given unto you the words of eternal life. They that have my words and do them shall never perish."

"The voice was silent and I opened my eyes. The mission children still stood there, but now each held an open Bible in her hand. The books shone with a light my eyes could hardly bear, while across each was written in letters of fire, Thy words are a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway.

"I had no Bible. I stood all alone in the dark, Something lay at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. It was my Bible dark and dusty, and shut. Then I awoke."

There was silence. Each girl bent low over her work. A tear fell on the apron Jessie was hemming.

"This is why you wanted to make it a rule in the society that each one should read at least ten verses a day?" said Jessie at last.

"And why you wanted our Sunday-school class to make a self-denial for the Bible Fund?" added Fannie.

"Yes, said Mary, "and, girls, I don't want to preach, but isn't it dreadful that we know so little of God's Word? Since that dream, I never pick up a missionary paper that I do not see something that shows how much more mission school children study the Bible than we. But that's not the worst. I wish," and Mary's voice trembled, "Oh, I wish you could have heard Jesus' voice when He spoke to me, it went through me like a knife; so sad, so sorry, so disappointed. If He will help me, and I know He will I shall know the Word-He thought good enough to die to bring."

"And so shall I," said several voices softly.—*Foreign Mission Journal.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"When I was-home in 1840," said Robert Moffatt, "I was preaching one day in Newcastle. Returning with the minister's wife on my arm, we met a gray old man, a minister, who seemed anxious to talk to me. The minister's wife said, 'If you come to tea, you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffatt'—and the old man, whose name I did not catch, went away, saying, 'Weel, I'll try to come.' And sure enough he came. Before the tea he said to me:—

"There used to be a very goodly woman of the same name as you, Mr. Moffatt, in my congregation long ago, when I was at Carronbridge, and seeing you has reminded me of her—just the circumstances of the name. She was very regular, though she had a good bit to come, and she always brought a curly-haired boy with her. I have often wondered what became of them."

"Now," said Dr. Moffatt, "my heart was that full I couldn't speak; but he thought I was deaf, and so he said it over again. By that time I had got back my tongue, and I said, 'You cannot be Mr. Caldwell?' 'Yes,' he said; and I think I never saw a man more overcome than that old minister was, when he found that the missionary they were all running to hear was that curly-headed boy; and then I reminded him how his garden used to be planted, and where the potatoes were, and how he used to take us into the manse and give my mother tracts and books."—*Selected.*

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley.*

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