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The Canadian Missionary Link

ANANDA INDIA

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rooms

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

January, 1893.

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The Canadian Missionary Link

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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5

OUR SUPPLEMENT for this number is the programme for *Sunday School Foreign Mission Day, Jan. 31st*. Besides the copy that goes with each LINK, a number of these programmes will be sent to each Sunday School superintendent or pastor—a number equal to about half the number of scholars. Will each subscriber please see that the copy sent with the LINK is also used in the Sunday Schools.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL FOREIGN MISSION DAY.—Now we may help! Talk about it, get the people interested and looking for it. Encourage our children to save up the pennies and dimes for that day. Get the children to learn the catechism in the programme; learn it with them. Let the leaders of Mission Bands train the children on this programme, of course learning the Catechism and missionary creed. Get a large number of the older people as well as the children to go.

A SISTER writes us of a sick boy dying of consumption, who for the past two or three months has kept a mission box beside his bed, putting into it all that he could and his friends who came to see him contributing also. The sum of \$12.40 has just been sent in. He wished it to go to India with the hope that it may be the means of saving some of the poor Telugus. Surely God's richest blessing will follow this gift.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION is this year sending out *eighty-one* missionaries, the largest number ever sent in a single year. Of these fifty-two go for the first time. Among this number are Mr. and Mrs. Grigg, of Perth, Ontario. Mr. Grigg is a graduate of McMaster Hall. They sailed Nov. 12th for Sandoway, Burmah.

IN LESS than 80 years 30,000 Missionary Baptists in the United States have grown to over 3,000,000; while 40,000 Anti-Mission Baptists have grown to only 45,000. "Give and it shall be given to you."

THE church at Antioch was represented on the foreign fields by its two best members.

THE churches of America use 98 per cent. of their contributions at home and send only 2 per cent. abroad.

SELFISHNESS is the worst of all sins. There is danger in simple indulgence. Did you ever read the story of the magic skin that invested its wearer with the power of obtaining whatever he wished, but with every new gratification shrunk in dimensions until by and by it crushed him to death. That magic skin is selfishness. You get your wealth, but you shrink; you gratify your desire, but there is an atrophy takes place in your moral and spiritual faculties. Your eye gets blind to everything beyond your material interests, and your hand get paralyzed as to reaching out blessings to other souls and your heart gets too narrow to understand or sympathize or love.—*Dr. Pierson.*

There are no missions and no revivals in heaven. All the money, time, or efficient work we ever invest in the saving of immortal souls must be spent here on earth. The only fruit of all our toil, which will survive death, is what we

help to win from sin and hell, and bring to shine in heaven. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth—But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Jesus knows what will bring the greatest, highest, most lasting profit. Let us take His advice—obey His precepts. Let us put our Millions into our Missions.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"*As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you.*"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.—That the Holy Spirit may work mightily on our Home Fields, Grande Ligne, the Northwest, and our own Provinces.

A happy New Year to all our fellow-laborers, in the vineyard of our Lord. Twelve months of working, waiting, and watching, have passed into eternity! We will meet them once again. Another twelve months lie before us, of working, waiting, watching! perhaps—who knows? We plan for this and that; "we know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise." There is something awe-inspiring in standing thus at the open door of the New Year, not knowing what awaits us. Strive as we may to pierce the future, plan as we will for the coming days and months, we are always forced back again to where we stand. The present only we know, and of that only the *hour*, and yet

"Standing at the portals
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward then and fear not
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!

Resting on His promise,
 What have we to fear?
 God is all sufficient
 For the coming year.
 Onward then, and fear not
 Children of the day!
 For His word shall never,
 Never pass away."

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

"My word shall not return unto Me void."

His promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

CHRIST'S SYNAGOGUE.—This is to be the name of a new building to be erected as a centre for religious work among the Jews of New York City. Hermann Warszawiak is the name of the man who inaugurated the movement. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, some thirty years ago, the son of a wealthy merchant, who destined him to become a rabbi; when a child he was greatly troubled that sacrifices were no longer made in accordance with the teachings of the Old Testament. The explanation that the Temple having been destroyed they could not be offered did not satisfy him, and being deeply conscious of the guilt of sin, he was very unhappy.

At the age of eighteen he was married, and his father having built a fine synagogue for him, he preached to a large congregation, but always on the prophecies concerning the Messiah. At last a copy of the Hebrew New Testament fell in his way. He compared it with the Scriptures of his people and became convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised One. His joy at this discovery was very great, but the avowal of his faith brought such persecution that he left all and fled, first to Scotland, and afterward on hearing that his father was taking steps to get him back to Poland, to New York.

Here the De Witt Memorial church was put at his disposal, and he held services for the Jews every Saturday. The first day only sixteen came; but now every week there are as many standing outside as can be seated within.

It has consequently been decided to erect such a building as is needed for the growing and promising work. It will cost one hundred thousand dollars, but a large part of this sum is already in hand, and soon Christ's Synagogue will be the home of active Christian work among the Jews of New York, with the blessing of God leading many of them to accept their Messiah.

For this blessing let us all fervently pray.—*Helping Hand.*

IT is twenty years since Dr. Mackay, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian church, began to labor in North Formosa. The result is in that part of the island at this day, 2,605 Christians, 50 native preachers, two ordained pastors, and many other workers.

FROM Tahiti and adjacent islands a band of not less than 160 evangelists have gone forth to carry the message of salvation to other benighted tribes, and yet less than a century ago the ancestors of these evangelists were living in the greatest darkness and superstition.

DR. PENTECOST says, that in India 2,500 persons are baptized every month.

THE power of Christian song was singularly illustrated in India, not long since, on an occasion when a

wealthy Hindu gentleman gave a great feast in honor of their god Krishna. As usual on such occasions dancing girls were employed to give *ecclat* to the entertainment. The presence and songs of these dancers are such as would not be tolerated in a Christian assembly. Yet to the astonishment of the gentlemen present when these girls were asked to sing they sang "What a friend we have in Jesus." These hymns had been taught them by a missionary lady, and as a result of this strange occurrence the giver of the feast subsequently sent his two daughters to be taught hymns like these. In this way entrance was gained into the house of a wealthy family.

By EVERY Scripture prophecy and promise, and by every unfolding of Providence, Christ is just now saying to his church, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" He buttresses up the command and commission by the declaration, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," and by the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age." His omnipotence, omniscience, eternity, are on our side. And if this world-wide work were but taken up by the church with the determination that no creature should be left without the Gospel, it would again be written, "And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following, Amen."—A. T. Pierson, D.D.

MISSION CIRCLES.

How to secure the attendance of members, and how to awaken and hold their interest.

By Mrs. Vaux, Brookville.

As one of the objects of this annual meeting of ours is the presentation and discussion of those obstacles and trials which, in most cases impede this branch of the Master's work, I need offer no apology for the commonplace character of my paper—my only fear is that I have nothing new to write on the subject given me—it is just a repetition of the usual difficulties which nearly every President encounters in the conduct of Circles, the *absence* and *indifference* of members.

I think the first the greater problem of the two, but as I can only speak to you out of my own *limited* experience, I hope I will not be accused of egotism if the first personal pronoun is often introduced.

As to the first problem, the absence of members—I confess that I have totally failed in some cases to solve it. I have made friendly visits to the absentees in order to keep in touch with them, I have tried to make mission work very simple, I have pictured the needs of our missionaries as vividly as I could to enlist their sympathy, I have organized occasional little feasts, hoping that under the warming influence of tea, a spark of missionary fervour might be kindled that would afterwards burn brightly, but alas! all these plans have failed, they simply won't attend.

However, like British soldiers, I don't know when I am beaten and intend keeping up the attack.

I must say that it is only in the minority of cases that these efforts are apparently fruitless. They are more frequently helpful, and if there are among my readers any mission workers who are anxious to aug-

ment their numbers and have not yet tried these means, may I recommend them to you? especially the visits. In our Brookville Circle we appoint each month two visitors who are supplied with the names of absent and sick members, as well as the names of those members of the church or congregation whom we are desirous of inducing to join us. We have found this place decidedly beneficial as the monthly report given in by the visitors shows, as just how we stand with regard to our members.

In addition to this we often ask for volunteers to call for those members who live in their vicinity and who are very likely to be absent from the monthly meeting unless encouraged. More than this, on the approach of any special public meeting our Circle resolves itself into a committee of the whole for the purpose of asking and receiving promises from church members with their "uncles, cousins and aunts," to come to that meeting, the result is, "a large attendance. So much for visiting."

Now, may I be allowed to say three words about the place of meeting, three will suffice.

Have it warm.

If some Circles have the misfortune to meet in a vestry that cannot be well heated, would it not then be better to hold your meetings from house to house? You would be surprised were you to find out how many members are kept away six out of twelve months because of dampness or chilliness in the place of meeting.

Having enumerated the various ways of securing the attendance of members, let us turn to the other problem, how to awaken and hold their interest.

I think it the lesser problem because, if you can manage to gather around you a circle of sisters in Christ and repeat to them the Father's message, that the feast is spread and that He wishes them to issue the invitations broadcast, I believe that they will try to obey His behest, more or less eagerly in proportion to their love for the giver of the feast, and their compassion for the starving crowds outside their Father's House. And as our love and compassion are generally in the lower proportion we have to use every means to keep ourselves active in fulfilling His great commission.

Foremost among these means I think we may place the recital by our returned missionaries of the suffering and heart needs of the people across the great oceans. Therefore, I look for an awakening, or an increase of fervour in our hearts as the result of the presence of Mr. Craig at this convention.

But as that is a privilege rarely afforded the members of our Circles, what is the next best aid? I should imagine it to be the outgoings of a missionary from among the members of each church to which our individual Circles belong, for then the interest in the field to which that missionary goes will be greatly intensified. Do you not bear me out in this? Are not our friends in Kingston far more at home in the station where the Walkers are laboring than in, say, Chicacoolo? And will not the work of Mr. and Mrs. Grigg in Burmah be followed with keen interest by their former parishioners in Perth! Oh! if only, in answer to united prayer, a missionary could go from each church represented here, I venture to assert

that the part of the field where that laborer toiled would lack neither sympathy, support nor prayers from the community where he formerly lived.

Well, some of you say as we have neither returned missionaries nor out-going missionaries to stimulate us in our Circles, what have we? We have work! And in its various forms work in Mission Circles is a great stimulant to active interest. Appoint that indifferent member in your Circle a collector and see if that will help matters. Ask that lady of literary tastes to read at some of your meetings. Who knows but the story of her dark sister's desolate, aimless life, as she reads, may touch her, so that heart as well as brain may be engaged in service.

And then for the members who can neither take office nor read in a manner pleasing to the ear there is another form of work, that which none we have found is more attractive. Give them a generous sized box to fill with supplies for some needy Home Missionary.

We have failed to find in our Circle the member who will not respond to the call to supplement the meagre salary of the brother who lives and labors so near our homes. And our largest, most enthusiastic meetings have been those held while the preparation of the box was in progress.

I hope there may have been some helpful or suggestive words in this little paper,

SISTER BECKET'S SOLILOQUY.

"Prof. Christlieb estimated that every missionary sent out to the heathen creates a trade with civilized lands worth fifty thousand dollars a year."

That item pleased Seth wonderfully, and awoke what he thinks is a missionary spirit within him. He was ready to sing "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," flattering himself that he was really interested in the heathen, when all the time it was the dollars he wants to have fly. I wish these dollars would fly, and land in our missionary society. I have worried a sight over our debt and what is said in *Helping Hand* about having to say "No" to the real needs of the field and to the overworked sisters when they ask for helpers. They are talking about a self-denial week in our church, to give what they go without seven days. I am going to join in but not tell where the self-denial is to come. Seth says money will be plentiful some day, then he will let me have some to give; but it would have to be wonderful plenty for Seth to give much. I have been hoping and meaning to go to the annual meeting in Albany this year, and was to go this very week to buy a new dress, so's to get it made in season. Most of the sisters look real smart at these gatherings; that's right enough if they can look smart and help lift this debt off too. A woman feels more easy as to her manners if she looks pretty slick. I've found that out from experience. Now, my dyed cashmere is good enough for our village. I really don't need a new dress if I stay at home,—not but what I want one, all the same. But—well—I'm not going to buy one, and I will give the twelve dollars to the cause. Laury Ann lives in Albany, and she offers to pay my fare if I will go to the meetings, so there will be no money out. I wish all who can't go would send to Miss Clarke the cost of tickets. I mean if they can afford to go but lack interest, or something keeps them at home.

There are lots of women who can go but don't. I wish they'd send what it would cost 'em.

It is nice to go and meet the sisters, and get inspired by their work, as it were. When you hear all that's going on, and see the missionaries, you see how narrow and stingy you've been, and selfish, too. Lots of sisters are worrying about the debt; it's a pity they didn't begin earlier in the year. There's sister Brown, she is worrying a little and hoping a good deal that a big legacy will come in the last minute. She don't want to pray that legacies will come 'cause that looks like wishing the rich sisters would die off, so's the living ones could hold on to their money. I tell her we live ones must give as well as work, not expect dead sisters to carry the burden. I didn't begin to worry and plan early enough in the year. I intend to turn over a new leaf. For one, *I am going to worry and plan for next year's pinch just as soon as the benediction is said in Albany*, and set up a *pinch-box* when I get home, to drop in an extra penny over and above what I give regular, for next year's debt or fear of one, so's to have a calm and heavenly frame all along. There's Seth coming home. I must get tea; he won't think that I have a true missionary spirit unless his tea is boiling hot, and victuals to his mind. He's all the time telling that the home must come first, and when we have all we want, if there's anything left he don't mind giving the heathen a lift. Poor benighted Seth!—*The Helping Hand*.

THE HOLY SHADOW.

The following touching story, translated from the French, seems specially applicable to foreign missionary work. How often do we hear the exclamation, "I am not interested in foreign missions! I prefer to give my money where I can see the good it does!" May the lesson of the story lead some such objector to the higher motive.

Long, long ago there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so good. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it. Two words summed up his day: he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his forbearance, and charity.

The angels said to God, "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles!" God replied, "I consent; ask him what he wishes."

So they said to the saint, "Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?"

"No," answered the saint; "I would rather God should do that."

"Should you like to convert guilty souls, and bring back guilty hearts to the right path?"

"No; that is the mission of angels. I pray, I do not convert."

"What do you desire, then?" cried the angels.

"That God give me his grace; with that should I not have everything?"

But the angels insisted, "You must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you."

"Very well," said the saint; "that I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it."

The angels were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together, and resolved upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind, or on either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow.

And it came to pass; when the saint walked along, that his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried-up brooks, fresh color to pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without ever being aware of it.

And the people, respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles! Little by little they came even to forget his name, and called him only the Holy Shadow.—*Life and Light*.

DR. STORRS ON MISSIONS.

In his recent annual address as president of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Rev. DR. STORRS, of Brooklyn, made the following eloquent references to the work of Foreign Missions, and the share in the work committed to the American Churches:—

Our most direct contribution to help the world forward and lift it into larger freedom and light has been the work of Christian Missions. It is this work which stands in direct association with that event in Providence of the discovery of this continent, and which merely carries to its consummation and full manifestation the plan which was therein unfolded. This is a work not carried on by our Board alone, but carried on by numbers of boards affiliated with us in affectionate sympathy and mutual confidence; working along the same line towards the same end; in the aggregate contributing scores of millions of dollars already to the world's evangelisation; sending out not only hundreds but thousands of consecrated men and women to assist in this work; planting schools and printing presses and hospitals and seminaries for higher education, as well as native churches, in all parts of the earth; lifting savage tribes on the rocky coral reefs, that a little while ago were bloody with human gore and echoing with shrieks of human fear or human victory, into civilized and Christian commonwealths—this great work of missions, which is following in the path of the Divine commission absolutely and which is accomplished under the inspiration and the tuition of the Holy Ghost, sets our nation forward and illustrates afresh the plan of God in bringing this continent to light at the moment when it came to the knowledge of civilized men, in building and keeping this nation here and setting it forth on its sublime errand. This is a work in which the heart and mind of God must be engaged—have been engaged from the very outset since first he touched by the motion of his Spirit the individual hearts from which have come these magnificent missionary organisations.

Let us never forget two things in the light of this course of thought. One is that progress must be gradual toward that majestic consummation which sheds its lustre from afar on the eyes of those in what we call the semi-civilised tribes of Judea long ago. Progress must be gradual. Men of the world sometimes say derisively that it is very slow. "You say that you have 30,000 converts. What are they among so many? You have so many churches and so many schools; but, after all, how little are they in such a vast multitudinous population as that of the world?" Well, my friend, will you tell me what great effect has ever been realised in a short space of time? What city was ever built to its ultimate completeness in one year or in ten years? Your growth here in Chicago has been phenomenally rapid and fast, and yet you go back over half a century

and more to see the beginning of your city life. Will you tell me what national literature was ever developed to its completeness in one generation or in five? Will you tell me what government was ever established in equity and wisdom, even with the heroic efforts of men who gave their lives to its service in one century or in two? Will you tell me what physical continent was ever transformed from barbarism to the beauty of civilization in one century or in two? Great works imply gradual progress; and nothing is more preposterous than to suppose that this immense, surpassing work, which man says is too great ever to be accomplished, is to be accomplished within a few generations.

Why, there is an interval of ages between the cave and the skin tent, or the hemlock hut and any one of our modernly equipped houses. There is an interval of ages between the first attempt at a song or a narrative and the completed literature which dates from that attempt. There is an interval of ages between the hollow log floating on the water and the majestic steamship that unites the hemispheres. There is an interval of ages between these shores as they were when our ancestors landed here and as they now are; and the great interior behind them has been subdued and cultivated through many successive generations until now it blossoms in villages and in cities. Gradual progress towards the mighty effect is the law everywhere; and we are simply foolish, we simply entertain the most preposterous notion that can ever come into the human mind, if we are offended because the expectation is not realized that in one year or in ten years, in one generation or in five generations, the work of redeeming the world unto Christ and purifying it unto his beauty is not accomplished.

But let us also never forget that supreme fact that God is behind this progress and it never will cease until God is dead—never while omnipotence has power, never while the divine wisdom foresees the end from the beginning, never until the heart of God is turned to indifference or hostility towards his children on the earth. There is one banner that never goes down in any battle, and that is the banner of God's truth. There is one army that always marches to success, and that is the army of the Cross. God brought this continent to light at exactly the right moment; He colonized this country with a Christian population at exactly the right moment; He has carried us through all our perils and over every obstacle to our present state of national development and power and Christian culture; and His arm is never weary and His heart is never faint, and it is as sure as that He lives that the result at last shall be accomplished and the earth become the abode of His saints, visited with joy by angels, smiled upon by Him who baptized it unto Himself in water and in blood—in the tears which He shed and in the blood which gushed from His heart. This continent is not a dream; it is a vast majestic fact in the constitution of the globe. That realization of God's plan to which this was to contribute is not a dream, not a reverie of the devout. It is a purpose of the Almighty as certain to be accomplished as the stars are to remain in their poise, as the constellations are to maintain their sublime and shining configuration in the heavens. Let us be carried forward in all our work for the nation and for the world by this sublime certainty that God is with us and the future is ours.

The humblest life becomes sublime when it takes hold upon God's plan, and helps to work it out. The noblest powers of earth take their supreme inspiration, their coronation and glory, from contributing to the Divine plan. And that will be a joy to us when heaven is open-

ed, for we may look back on the earth and say: "I saw that purpose and I worked to accomplish it. I gave money and time and labour and life to that supreme endeavour." There will be a joy which the harps of saints cannot fully bear, and the lips of the redeemed cannot fully utter. The magnificent privilege of life is to take part in this work, and do it with all our might, and do it unto the end.

HINDU MINSTRELS.

Rev. William Carey, in the Missionary Herald.

GROUPS of Balragis, or wandering minstrels, go about singing the ballads of Krishna; sometimes from house to house, more often by invitation at feasts, melas, and the like. They form a caste by themselves, and live a lawless, self-indulgent life, quite in keeping (though on a limited scale) with that of their chosen god. I was walking across the fields one hot morning some weeks ago, when I suddenly heard strains of music proceeding from a homestead near. A boatman was with me carrying the camera, which he sometimes exchanged for that heavier load, myself in puddly places. He is a shrewd fellow, with an eye to the main chance, in the form of rest and tobacco. He said there was probably a wedding going on, and reminded me that I had long been looking for a wedding "subject," and that possibly I might never get so good a chance again—in short, that we had better swerve off to that homestead and see what was going on.

It was a Mussulman homestead; and yet there, in the space between a couple of huts, were these Hindu minstrels, singing the praises of Krishna. To me this was surprising, and the more so when I noticed that the basket in front of the fiddler was nearly full of rice, with a good layer of copper coins on the top. Not only were the faithful listening to idolatrous songs, but positively paying idolaters to sing them. The boatman, however, was not in the least astonished. He said it was a common occurrence. The people love the music, and so they get that; it doesn't much matter about the words. Hindus and Mohammedans mix freely at the village fairs and religious festivals; the fact being that excitement and fun largely predominate over the element of religious devotion.

Indian minstrelsy may one day work wonders in the name of Christ. Every home is open to its influence, and every heart moved by its touch. It may yet be the chosen method of evangelising the people here. The method is going to be tried as an experiment, on a small scale, here in Backergunge. A preacher of our society, a thoroughly good man, has lately resigned his stipend from the Mission, and joined to himself two others with whom he proposes to move about amongst the people of the villages, singing for Christ. His great desire is to stir up the native churches to more spiritual life, and, following thereupon, more active missionary zeal.

[Our own missionaries in India are using a similar method with considerable success. They have written and printed in verse the story of Joseph, and some others. Some native Christians with good voices learn these verses and sing or chant them, as do the minstrels. Mr. Craig when at home told us, they plan to have much of the Gospel story written in verse and thus sung by the natives. We would think that: "Blind Bartimeus" as the missionaries call him, would be eminently successful in this kind of work.—Ed.]

MESSAGE.

The following tender and pathetic lines were found in the desk of a recently deceased lady (Mrs. George B. Muir, of Montreal).—

When I am gone
And you remember how the way seemed long,
When my tired feet
Stumbled and fell,
Though you gave loving care, say : It is well
For rest is sweet.

When this poor head
Lies softly pillowed in a dreamless bed,
Remember then
It aches no more ;
To God's good will, though you my loss deplore,
Respond, Amen.

In coming years
When all forgotten are these bitter tears,
Will you recall
My life's closed page
And sometimes, mid the hush of quiet days,
My name let fall.

And oh, be sure
To cast love's tender mantle, white and pure
Over the past,—
There are mistakes
The wayward heart in utter blindness makes
Until the last.

God bless thee, dear !
Thy faithful love, through the life journey here,
Always the same
Precious and true,
Remaineth as falls death's chilling dew,
We'll meet again.

To you, my boys,
Entwined so closely with life's dearest joys,
My parting prayer
And tender love
Would lead from earth to the safe fold above
Its peace to share.

Sisters, farewell.
(Ah, by-gone years, how sweet the tale you tell
Of happy days.)
Brothers, adieu.
Our father's God, may he abide with you,
Blessing always.

And Jesus waits :
Yes, doubting heart, thy guilty self He takes,
The sinner's friend ;
Night closes in,
The shadows deepen, but faith clings to him
Until the end.

A lady who had a large experience in missionary matters wrote as follows : "Don't be too anxious to have a special field or object of support. Give your money by an act of the most spiritual worship, directly to the Lord, and drop it quietly, laden with prayer, into the treasury, having confidence (you must have that), in those who distribute it for you, and let them send it where most needed. Dedicate it wholly, not only to the glorious King, but to the Man of Sorrows; and if the Master wants twine strings, wrapper paper and pine boxes, so practical and unromantic, let your funds go for those to carry the Bible in."—*Friend's Missionary Advocate.*

LITERATURE FOR MISSIONARIES.

The following, from *The Christian*, may have a message for us :

DEAR SIR,—In these days, when the tide of missionary interest is rising, there may be those of your readers, Mr. Editor, who are seeking for some way of showing their interest in the work, but who are unable to go forth themselves. To such let me suggest one of the many ways of thus furthering the cause dearest to Christ's heart, and for which He gave his life's blood.

Missionaries being exactly like other men (although some imagine they have such a superabundance of grace that they can dispense with the ordinary means of grace employed by their brethren at home), have their times of despondency and sore temptation. Isolated from fellow workers, without church or chapel, and surrounded by the utter indifference of the people among whom they dwell, they often feel their need of a stimulus or a bracing tonic which books of missionary biography of men like Livingstone, Moffat, Hannington, Mackay, or Gilmour can give.

In these faithfully drawn portraits of men of like passions as themselves, there is much to encourage faith and hope.

Who is there that can read Alex. Mackay's heroic life, or brave Jas. Gilmour's at his lonely post after wife and children were lost to view, without feeling refreshed and encouraged to overcome the thousand and one trials of foreign mission work ?

Possibly other brethren have felt like myself after reading Gilmour's life, that, compared with him, some of us are more like Stanley's pigmies in spiritual stature. Faith, however, grows by being tested and practiced ; and, without doubt, it gets full play in the foreign field, away from the hot-houses or nursery-beds of conventions, and an endless round of meetings at home. It is the planting out that tests the plants.

Alas ! some of us have felt the effects of chilling indifference, or lukewarm profession, or even the bitter biting blast of persecution, and we do sometimes seek a stimulus along with the pure milk of the Word of God.

Such a tonic is best administered in reading what others have braved and toiled to achieve, or it may in a more diluted form, suiting better certain constitutions, be given in the form of religious periodicals too numerous to name. Possibly the editor of this valuable journal could furnish a list of helpful books and magazines such as *Good Words*, *Leisure Hour*, *THE CHRISTIAN*, *Divine Life*, &c. We enjoy the *Life of Faith*, *Divine Life*, which presents the theoretical side of the question, while Mackay's and Gilmour's lives are the practical and more bracing side, showing us the possibility of living divine lives even among debased men and women.

It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that "woman is the corner-stone of heathenism." Notwithstanding their degradation, heathen mothers have immense power over their sons. The fear of a mother's curse prevents many Chinamen from listening to the claims of the gospel. An intelligent Hindu exclaims : "It is the women who maintain the system of Hinduism." Christ and his gospel are the only levers that have raised the nations. But in all the Orient only a woman's hand can adjust these levers to the corner-stone.—*Mission Studies.*

Work Abroad.

KANIGIRI.

RAMAPATAM, Aug. 15th, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Newman:—My last letter to you was written just after my arrival in India. The months since then have been full of interest. No doubt you will be interested in the field to which I have been appointed by the Missionary Union.

LOCATION.

My field is part of the present Ongole field and lies about 50 miles west of Ongole and about the same distance from Ramapatam. It is 40 miles east of Cumbum the nearest railway depot. The Missionary of this place, W. E. Boggs (of McMaster Hall), will be my nearest neighbour. The town is situated at the foot of a mountain of about 1,500 feet-high, which was in times past like so many of the mountains of India strongly fortified.

INHABITANTS.

Kanigiri is the chief town in Kanigiri Taluq or county, and has a population of about 6,000, composed of Hindoos and Mohammedans and corresponds to the county town at home.

THE RIDE TO KANIGIRI.

Last week in company with Rev. J. Heinrichs, who has charge of the Ongole field, and Professor McKay of the same place I visited the field. Leaving Ramapatam in my pullman cart (which is drawn by six men) at 3 p.m., I proceeded 14 miles North where I was joined by my brethren from Ongole, they having come 18 miles South in another pullman. Here we had 20 minutes for refreshments. My friends changed cars taking seats in mine and together we proceeded to Kandukore, 8 miles West. Here we tarried for the night and slept as best we could on a verandah of a Government shed, being serenaded all night by a Mohammedan tamash, as this was the last day of the Moharam. When they ceased for a moment the jackals as they feasted on a dead Hindu not far away, kept us awake with their horrid yells, and then the thermometer being at 100 degrees did not help us sleep any. Tarrying there another day and night to meet Christians of this place we rose at 6 a.m. and after coffee and toast started on our journey, our tents having preceded us.

The ride was a very trying one. In the first place the coolies gave out, being utterly unable to go faster than a slow walk, whereas their custom is to run at about five miles an hour. Then the road became bad, the wind rose and by noon was like the blast of a furnace. Our food and water gave out and altogether it was a ride that we shall not soon forget. As a result Mr. McKay was taken sick and it is a wonder that we were not all sick. The hardest part of the journey, to me, was that I was compelled to ride behind the poor, starved coolies, but it would have been death to us to have ventured to walk in the burning noonday sun. At each change of coolies we paid them extra for their work. It was 3 p.m. when we reached Kanigiri just 30 miles North-west of Kandukore.

FAMINE AND STARVATION.

On every hand we heard tales of the deep distress and suffering, the country having been entirely without rain for about a year and a half. In this part the famine is being felt about as sorely as in any part of India.

Cholera has broken out and many of the people have fled from the villages seeking refuge where they might under the trees along the roadside. We saw many of the poor creatures as we passed by.

As we neared Kanigiri the country had a better appearance, rains having fallen recently. Still, even here, the grain that was up had a parched appearance and looked as though it would not stand the present drought.

ANOTHER PRAYER MEETING HILL.

On Saturday morning being cloudy we climbed the mountain up the old winding path, by no means an easy task, but really a delightful one for young people. Reaching the first fort 1,000 feet high on a bald rock we had a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. As we stood here gazing upon the scene below talking of the famine and cholera the Native Christian teacher who accompanied us informed us that on this very spot for many weeks past a number of the Christians from the villages had gathered nightly and joined in prayer to God that He would send rain upon the thirsty land and stay the plague from among the people. This fact cheered our hearts and strengthened our faith in our native brethren. While we talked the first-drops of the blessing came upon us and ended that night in a heavy rain, while the following night the flood gates of heaven seemed to be opened. For this we praised the Lord. Never was rain more welcome.

A fact worthy of notice here is that although scores of the heathen have died of that dreadful disease cholera, very, very few of the Christians have died. For this also we praise His name.

Failing in our purpose to buy more land (we have already a small lot), we delayed building operations. However, we are digging a well and so we have turned the first sod at this new, large and important station. I expect to return in a few weeks, build a small temporary house and lay the foundations of my bungalow before the North East Monsoon sets in, so that the work may be pushed on with vigor afterward in December.

On our return trip we found the people much more hopeful and farmers were at work everywhere ploughing the fields and preparing to sow, while the crops that were up had a strong healthy appearance. One more such rain and this crop will be saved and the famine broken, but it will be weeks yet before the poor people will be relieved from their intense suffering.

INCIDENTS IN OUR CAMPING.

Water and bread had to be carried to us 56 miles on the heads of coolies. All the town officials called on us bringing presents of sugar wrapped in pieces of newspaper. We called on the native judge and had a pleasant time. He gave us much information about building materials which will be of much value to me. Our conversation was in English, which he spoke with freedom. A Mohammedan of whom we wanted to buy land asked, as we thought, too much for it. After our talk with the Judge, or Tahsildar, as he is called, this Mohammedan called on us and offered to give us the land for nothing. He is a contractor and would like to have the contract for my buildings. This explains his generosity.

Another incident about the land. Last February we purchased a small piece of land at this place and tried to buy a mango grove adjoining it; but the owner would not sell. At that time the fruit trees were all in good condition, but when we saw them last week every mango tree was dead. The reason was the long-continued

drought. The owner and his friends say they died because we cast an evil eye upon them. On Sunday morning a man who had been brutally murdered was laid in a field not far from where we were, while the native Hospital Assistant held a *post mortem*. It was a horrid sight, the man had been dead many days.

Everyday we had a goodly company of beggars around our tent. To some we gave, to some we did not. The preachers and teachers from the surrounding villages came to see us, each telling of suffering in their villages. To them we had to give, as they are almost entirely dependent upon the people and the people have nothing. There are many other interesting incidents but already my letter is too long.

GEO. H. BROCK.

PARIS, Nov. 24th, 1892.

My Dear Mrs. Newman: After more than a week of London smoke and fog, it is delightful to find ourselves in this bright, beautiful city. Nearly all our time in London was taken up with business, but here we shall have more leisure for writing to our friends. I sailed from Boston Oct. 29th, in company with two lady friends, and we landed in Liverpool Nov. 9th, the eleventh day out. We did not suffer much from seasickness, though it was rough all the way; which was owing no doubt to our steamer being an unusually steady one; and to our having a cabin amidships. The fourth day out we encountered a hurricane which lasted thirty hours, leaving the sea very high for two days more. Our ship suffered a loss of \$5000.00 in the gale. A single wave which struck her on Thursday afternoon wrecked three life boats; washed away long strips of the deck-railings, and all of the deck-chains; and broke the sky-lights with the wreckage, letting floods of water down into the passages below. The first day of the storm, one of our passengers being thrown down very violently, broke three of his ribs, and others among both passengers and crew received slighter injuries. But no lives were lost, and we felt that we had reason to be thankful that we had been brought through such a storm in safety. When the excitement was over, we found ourselves completely exhausted with the long hours of constant tossing and with holding on to keep from being thrown from our berths.

Two days after the storm began to abate we sighted an abandoned ship, her sails literally torn to ribbons, her cabins gutted, her railings broken away, and the sea washing in and out over her decks. There she drifted in mid-ocean, a fit emblem of a lost soul. Every heart on board our ship was stirred with pity at the sight, and many were the conjectures as to the fate of her crew. We were glad to learn on reaching Queenstown that they had been taken off by a steamer of the Red Star line, after having hung lashed to the spars without food for three days. On landing in Liverpool we read of the terrible disasters that had taken place during the late storms at sea, and we felt more grateful than ever that we had been brought in safety to our desired haven. Indeed we have felt "the good hand of our God upon us" all through our journey thus far.

We sail from Brindisi (D. V.) Dec 11th, in the P. & O. steamer Thames, and hope to arrive in Bombay in time to attend the Decennial Missionary Conference.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

Ellen A. Folsom.

THE WEATHER AND THE WORK.

TUNI, Nov. 5th, '92

There are some things easier to perform than to write a letter home. Not that we have few things to write about, but the difficulty lies in selecting properly and in describing correctly.

Events may appear in a false perspective, little things may be magnified and important matters minimized, and the result may be a letter fashioned after the plan of the sermons that emptied the church, viz., "neither edifying nor diverting." Upon looking at my diary I find such dry records as, "Oct. 14th, rode fourteen miles and preached." "Oct. 15th, rode eight miles and preached." "Oct. 18th, rode ten miles and preached."

Each of these rides across country or along the roads has a little history of its own, but the great point is that through sunshine and shower the gospel has been carried to many who never heard it before. Then there is the weather to speak of, a fruitful and harmless topic for conversation or writing in all countries.

When in Port Arthur some years ago the weather there was often spoken of as nine months cold followed by three months very cold weather. If the word cold was changed to hot, this description might suit very well for India.

You have heard of our lack of rain and consequent scarcity of grain and fodder. This however has changed. On June 5th, very heavy rain fell. Our compound was flooded and the next day a deluge of rain came, the bungalow roof leaked and books and valuables were hurried into dry places. This was the opening of the south-west monsoon, which continued with varied strength and vigor until October, when it changed to the north-east monsoon, when the windows of Heaven were opened. The climax was reached on the 29th of that month when eight inches of rain fell followed by five and a half inches the next day.

The Tunj river which is generally a little stream, running in a bed of sand four or five hundred feet wide, became a rushing, roaring flood, and even the new railroad bridge with its four iron girders, each one-hundred feet long, placed on the top of massive piers of stone, were scarcely sufficient to resist the flood. The river overflowed its banks and rushed into the village, the poor little houses of mud walls and leaf roofs were melted and ruined and even some brick and tiled houses succumbed. Our compound was invaded by the waters of the river and the verandah of the girls school covered with water and the floors made so damp that the girls had to be transferred to the verandah of our house. Reports have come in that miles of roads have been washed away and bridges destroyed, tank bunds have breached and the country just deluged with water.

Upon climbing a hill eight-hundred feet high, which stands half a mile distant from our bungalow, forty-eight tanks were counted and if we were not very particular we might say fifty.

And so here we are after having five months of nearly continuous rain, but the indications are that it is almost the end of the monsoon.

It seems as if the Lord had just taken the country in hand to wash it. The nasty, dirty villages and road sides, the tank bunds and river banks have all received a cleansing such as only the Great Sanitary Inspector himself can give and in view of the prevalence of smallpox and cholera it is a merciful dispensation.

Of course in the tropics the regular concomitant of rain and sunshine is fever, but of many evils we would choose the lesser. A negro preacher is reported to

have said that life's experience is made up of half the time praying for rain and the other half wishing it would clear off. We have reached the place where we wish it would clear off. Our work is preaching the gospel and truly it is a blessed God-given work to tell the glad tidings to those who know not Christ.

Looking into the stolid face of heathenism and hearing many sneers and contradictions may be depressing if taken by itself, but our hope is in God and our trust in His promises.

God bless the Christian friends at home through whose efforts and self denial it is possible to proclaim the glad news to the Telugus.

Lately, my wife and myself have both suffered from fever which we are thankful to say has now left us.

R. GARSIDE.

Bobbili, Sept. 23rd, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS JOHNSTONE.—I have not been well since the hot season, and found either letter writing or other duties must be somewhat neglected, so as the other duties were very near and calling very loudly, I neglected the former. The weather is pleasant now and cooler, and I am feeling better though not very strong.

We have had two very rainy days and I hope we will have no more fears for a famine this year. The price of rice is still very high. We had heard the wailing for the dead on two different days from the Tellama houses opposite the mission house, so one Thursday afternoon my Bible woman came up from town and we went over to see the sowing ones. In the first house we went to were the mother and wife of the young man who had died. The mother, also a widow, whom we had often visited in brighter days, was sitting on the mud floor of the middle room near the open door. She was rocking herself to and fro and wailing out her son's name, calling her boy over and over again in such piteous tones. She had cried so much there were no tears and her voice had become quite hoarse. All around in the room with her and on the verandah were women of her caste, and their children, talking and looking at her; the children disputing and quarrelling. The mother ceased a moment when we stood near the door and I told her I knew her sorrow and tried to point her to the One who had comforted me and was as ready and willing to comfort her. But she took up her wail again and I sat down on the verandah and wept with her. The thought was so overpowering that I could not speak a comforting word with regard to the one who was gone. He had often heard the Gospel in these years that we had lived so near to them, but like hundreds of others, had paid no attention to his soul's welfare. Siamma talked to her and the other women there. The mother soon threw herself on the floor, resting her head on the sill of the door and kept up her moaning and calling her son. We prayed, and as we started to leave I asked where the young widow was and was told she was in another room; so we went over to the door and saw her also lying on the ground floor with her own mother; also a widow, sitting beside her. She was not crying but looked up at us when we spoke to her, with a dazed expression on her face and made no reply. We talked to her and her mother, the latter answering us. Then the mother spoke to her in a low tone. In a moment she burst out into such a sad loud wail for her dead husband that we could say no more. She kept on screaming at the top of her voice. Oh such a dismal noise! You only need to hear it once to remember it ever after. We told the mother

that we would pray with them. The mother spoke to her and in an instant all was still, and we commended her to the widow's God and to the loving, sympathizing Saviour. She was a pretty woman only in her teens, had one baby girl, and had sent for me at that time, now more than a year ago. They said she must stay in that room for twelve days, that she is considered defiled that long. Then they will take off her ornaments and jacket, and henceforth she will not be allowed to wear them; only the one cloth, a quaka, and will never be invited to a wedding, etc. She is a widow and must be a widow indeed.

As we were coming through the yard Siamma pointed to a rude room, enclosed except the door with old mats. There was an earthen pot banging to a bamboo pole placed at the top of the mats. A very small hole had been broken in the pot and a piece of cloth or thread had been pulled through, and from it the water in the pot dripped on to a piece of cow manure placed just below it on the ground. Drip, drip, drip, very slowly for twelve days it must, on to that spot which marked the place where the dying man's mouth lay when the spirit left the body. They had carried him out of the house when they saw he was dying, and laid him in this improvised shed, for no one must die in the house. They think the spirit wanders round twelve days, and becoming thirsty will come to that spot to drink, and then goes away to heaven, I suppose. As we returned home we called to see the mother who had lost her first born, a dear little boy, a few days previous. Her husband and his mother sat on the verandah, where we also sat, but far enough away not to touch them. Our touch defiles caste people. The young mother sat inside the room on the same side as the husband outside so that he could not see her. In this caste, the Tellama, no woman must be seen by her husband, when any one else is present. They all looked very sad, but I was so thankful not to hear the death wail and we talked to them of the beautiful home into which their loved babe had entered. Oh there was comfort we could give to these stricken ones, and they listened so attentively. The Lord grant that they may attend to the words spoken, and be ready when the Lord calls them, to follow their darling boy to the abode into which the angels had carried him.

I have been too late in commencing this letter to write all I wanted to, for the coolies are waiting at the door to take me down to my school prayer meeting, and I must mail this as I go along. Mr. Churchill is at Kimeddy helping on the mission house there.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Work at Home.

CHANGES IN MAP OF THE TELUGU COUNTRY.

1. NEW STATIONS OF THE BAPTIST BOARD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—*Visianagram*, transferred from the London Missionary Society, change L to C, and underline with red. Palkonda and Parlakimedi, further to the north-east, to be underlined with red and marked C.
2. NEW STATIONS OF THE BAPTIST BOARD OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.—(a) Follow the road running north-east from Tuni, and put a spot under the "t" in Razupetta. Write *Yellamanchili*, underline with red and mark B. (b) North-west of *Yellamanchili* look for Narsapatam, change to Narsapatnam, underline with red and mark B. (c) North-west of Samulcotta is

Peddapuram, underline with red and mark B. (d) South-west of Cocanada is Ramachandrapuram, underline with red and mark B. (e) Near the Kistna river is a village called Valluru, mark a spot on the road just over the last letter in Valluru. Write *Vuyyuru*, underline with red and mark B.

3. NEW STATIONS OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—(a) Cross out *Janampet* and write *Palnur*. (b) North-east of it is Nelkonda called also Nalgonda. (c) North of Ramapatam is Kandukur, and (d) north-west of the latter is Kanigiri. Underline all the above with red and mark A.

4. RAILWAYS.—(a) A railway runs from Nellore south-west to Tirupati on the Madras-Bombay railway. (b) Mark as a railway the road from Bezwada to Hanamakonda, and from there to Secunderabad. (c) Mark a railway from Bezwada to Ellore, Rajahmundry, Samulcotta (with branch to Cocanada), Tuni, Yellamanchili, Anakapilli, Vizagapatam, Vizianagram, Chicacole, and on north-east, passing east of Pariakimedi.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

PHILIPSVILLE.—We held a public meeting in connection with our Circle at Philippsville Nov. 3rd. We had the pleasure of having with us Mrs. Sirrell (Algonquin), our former pastor's wife, who gave us a very interesting paper on "The Life of Carey." Also Rev. Samuel Sheldon, Carleton Place, who gave us a most excellent and soul stirring address on "Prayer as a factor in mission work." We shall not soon forget his words, and we hope that every one present may profit by them. Besides a reading and recitation a letter from Mrs. Walker (India), was read which was more than ordinarily interesting to us, because she is known and loved by us. A collection of \$15.60 was taken. We have given during the past year to foreign missions \$24. Since our report was made up, the sum of \$12.40 was handed to us by a poor sick boy (Southmayde Elliott) who is dying of consumption and has kept a mite box standing on a chair by his bedside for the last two or three months; himself giving all that he could, and his friends contributing as they came in to see him. He collected in this way until he filled four or five boxes and gathered the sum above mentioned. He wishes it sent to India through our Circle and expressed a hope that it might be the means of saving the souls of some of the poor Telugus there. Our earnest prayer for him is that in trying to do something for others his own soul may have been blessed and fed with the Bread of Life. If a weak sick one can do so much, how shall we (who are well and have so much more in our favor and yet do so little), be excused. We have received so much from our Father's hand in so many ways, how very few of us have really proved the truth of his word:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—HELEN WHITE, Cor. Sec'y.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

December is not the best month to look for news items. Still our hearts are cheered by such as follows:

A new Society at Arcadia, Yar. Co., N.S., with eleven members.

BERWICK, N.S.—The sisters made a thorough canvass of the church on Crusade Day. They found many not interested because of lack of knowledge, so the next step was to send for mite boxes to distribute among these friends, and we trust soon to hear of good results.

WINDSOR had Mrs. Hutchinson to address the Aid meeting this month. This Society has contributed \$5 towards defraying the expenses of the box to India.

W. B. H. AND F. M. S. OF MANITOBA. INDIAN WORK.

The time has come when our Indian Work on St. Peter's Reserve must be given a standing with other denominations, hence the great necessity of a place of worship.

We have decided to build a chapel which will cost in the neighborhood of \$800.00. Here is an opportunity for us to show our interest in the heathen of our own land.

Our Treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Clark, 21 Princess, St. will be pleased to receive contributions towards this object.

THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 18 TO DEC. 17, 1892.

Miss M. Ellis, Port Rowan, \$1; Hamilton (Victoria Av.) M.B. for Maggam Ramaswami, \$15; 1st Houghton M. C., \$10; Miss Fanny M. Stovel, Akidu, India, per Mr. T. Stovel, Mount Forest, to refund the balance of the money expended by the Board for her year at the Chicago Training school, \$70.14; Park Hill M.C., \$1.70; Bank interest, \$22.46; Burgessville M.C., \$5; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$26.35; do., (Parliament St.) M.C., \$8.25; do., Union meeting of Circles, \$14.52; Bracebridge M.C., \$2; Ingersoll M.B. for Parmu Jacob and Mary Tholuru, \$10; Stayner M.C., \$2.50 Greenock M. C., \$3.50; Blenheim M.C., \$6; Hamilton (James St.) M.C., \$17.55; London (Adelaide St.) M.C., special to replace money lost in mail, \$4; Listowel M.C., \$7; W. B. H. & F. M. S. of Manitoba, Hartney M. C. for Nalli Pulnanamma, \$6; Stonewall M.B., for Salli Bapanamma, \$11, total, \$17; Stouffville M.B., \$3.80; Cultus M. C., \$2; Minesing M. C., \$1.58; Forest M. C., \$5.15; Guelph (First Ch.) M.C., \$13.38; Toronto (Beverly St.) M.C. for Venkataraza, \$17.

From Circles, \$132.96; from Bands, \$28.80; from refund, \$70.14; from interest, 22.46; from W.B.F.M.S. of Manitoba, \$17; from sundries, \$15.52; total, \$286.83.

VIOLET ELLIOTT, Treas.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

FIVE WAYS OF GIVING.

FOR A RECITATION BY FIVE LITTLE GIRLS.

1. *The Careless Way.*—To give without knowing what it is for.
2. *The Impulsive Way.*—To give only when some sad story is told.
3. *The Self-Denying Way.* To do without something we would like, and give the money that we save.
4. *The Systematic Way.*—To give a penny a day, or a certain share of all the money we get.
5. *The Equal Way.*—To keep half of all the money I get, and give the other half to missions.—*Selected.*

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the crosses would be uttered in the ears of every living man."—*Dying words of the missionary veteran Dr. S. C. Calhoun.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

ABOUT SOME OF MY CHILDREN.

Boat "T. S. Shenston," India.

The eastern sky is all aglow, when out from the boat steps first, Mr. Karre Peter looking very fresh and nice in his spotless white headcloth, white coat and *pancha*, his long black beard tossing this way and that in the early morning breeze. Then Annamma and Deborah in their pretty Sunday *kwakas*. I follow, and behind me come two of the boatmen. Each one carries a little bundle of cooked rice tied up in a clean cloth, for we are going to Sunday school and we are going to stay all day. One of the boatmen carries a tin box, into which, could you take a peep, you would surely think that he had gone into partnership with old Santa Claus and that it was Christmas time, but it isn't, and all this candy of delicate brown tint and such fantastic shapes, is for children who are poor, who live in little mud walled, grass roofed houses, have no clothes to speak of and seldom if ever have any money, not even one cent, to spend on sweetmeats. Besides, this is one way of rewarding them for regular attendance and faithful recitation of verses; for you must know that none of them read, and tickets and library books, papers and magazines would be of little use to them.

The sun has risen ere we finish our two mile walk through the rice fields and arrive at the chapel in Malikmahammadapuram, to find that we are late. Already the children are assembled, and we guess by the hum of voices, the classes are in session, and so they are. Bye and by the classes are over and all come together, and when I ask for the verse of the day, eighty-two (82) lusty little voices recite, and when I review the lessons of the past month, ready are the answers and bright and eager the faces that look up into mine. After prayer and the singing of one or two hymns, we distribute the candy. Eyes sparkle and broad smiles of real enjoyment are plentiful as sunbeams in this sunny land. One wee mite of a girl holds up her hands pleading "give some for baby brother at home," and another as she sees the contents of the box rapidly disappearing, with a brave resolute look on her little face says, "I'll not ask for more, but share mine with little brother."

Only eleven of these eighty-two children come from Christian homes, all the others come from homes where father and mother are heathen and Jesus not known and loved. You will not forget to tell Him about them, will you, and ask Him about them, will you, and ask Him that they may all become little *home* missionaries?

The energetic leader and superintendent of this Sunday school is Pamu Davidu, who until July was a student in the Seminary, Samulcotta. His wife, Ratuavati, was one of Mrs. Craig's girls in the Akidu Boarding School. When you pray for the children don't forget the superintendent and his wife, who is one of the teachers.

F. M. STOVEL.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS.

By Miss Emma Gobles, Gobles' Corners.

Men and women are becoming more and more alive to the importance of work among children. In our churches where we have Sunday schools, in our temperance work

where we have Bands of Hope, in our mission work where we have Mission Bands, the children are being educated that they may take their places in the world as strong, intelligent Christian men and women.

Just as much is this importance recognized in India. Men and women who have grown old in idolatry and all its vices, surrounded by ignorance and superstition, with years spent in the most degrading aims, can be but crippled Christians. If we wish to see great things in India, we must begin with the children. They have no evil habits grown strong with years, to combat; but child natures, ready to accept this new and beautiful religion of the child Jesus, ready with unquestioning faith and love to follow the literal teaching of the Master. If then, the children are educated and christianized, what may we not hope for the India of the future. May we not confidently expect idols banished, Christianity wide spread, education broadcast, and women raised to a position of love and appreciation and honor?

Unanimously our missionaries agree in regarding village schools as important factors in our mission work, and one of the first things in a new station is to start schools in the various villages wherever there is an opening and a teacher to be had. 'Tis true there are Government schools in India, but these are in the larger towns and cities and are for boys. These mission schools form the only opportunity for the girls to gain even such elementary as reading and writing. The native preacher or his wife is usually the teacher in these schools, but boys from the Seminary and girls from the Boarding School here find opportunity for work and growth. It is uphill work and full of discouragements and hindrances. If he would have scholars, often the teacher must go from house to house in the morning and induce the children to come. In all the schools there is a large proportion of boys, for the natives do not consider an education necessary for girls. It will not teach them to cook rice or be more obedient wives. Only time and patient, persistent work will overcome these obstacles.

When the children reach the ages of eight or ten, they must go to work. After that time they can be reached only through night schools. In some villages the preacher's wife teaches the smallest children in the day and the preacher has a night school for the older ones. In many instances it is a help to have the preacher's wife take the school, even though she may not make the most efficient teacher. For this work she receives about seventy-five cents a month, and the preacher she does not require so large a salary for the maintenance of the family. In this way schools may be established in villages where it would be impossible to support both preacher and teacher.

The majority of the schools are small, but all in this respect are improving. Our missionaries learn not to despise the day of small things, and schools where there are but six or eight attendants are kept up as regularly as where there are twenty-five or thirty. If we could visit one of these schools, we should find the dark-faced children sitting on the floor, some repeating aloud the letters as they traced them in the sand before them, others adding

or counting, others repeating verses of Scripture to the teacher. They are very fond of singing, and this is an important feature of the educational process. The Bible verses and hymns learned here are repeated and sung at home, and thus pave the way for the missionary and Bible woman.

Cocanada field has nine village schools, with an attendance of about 180 children. In one village, the teacher, Elizabeth, who is a graduate from the Boarding School, is the only woman in a village of 6,000 who can read and write, and so, though an outcast, is looked up to as of some importance.

In another there is no regular teacher, but the school is taken for a time by the preacher's wife or a boy from the Seminary. Here the attendance is small and uncertain. In another, Jonarda has a school of seventeen in the day, and is ever ready to hold one at night for those who cannot attend during the day. These boys go about their work singing the hymns learned at school, and good results are looked for soon. In another village where Jonah has been not quite a year, already some parents of school children, are asking baptism. On the Tuni field there are three schools, one in Satyavaram among the Malas, a class often neglected. Here the preacher's wife gathers around her a dozen children and teaches them to read, and write, and sing. In another village where the preacher and his wife are caste converts, Sarah has a caste school. She is a capable woman and does much for the children, sometimes making clothes for them out of her own means. In this school during the past year, about half the children died of cholera. In another village where there is no school, the Christians have made application for one, and Mr. Garsido hopes one will soon be established. In the Tuni Malapilly, a school was started, but for lack of a suitable teacher has been given up. Even the short time it was in progress some good was done. Some learned to read, and one little girl from it is now in the Boarding School.

Vuyyuru is a new station and work there is only in its first stages. There are eleven regular schools and two more maintained during their holidays by two Seminary students. During the year two chapel school houses were built. It was intended to build two or three more but it was found impossible.

Peddapuram is also a new field. Here the people are eager for schools. There are two in running order and another recently started. More are hoped for in the near future. The teacher of one has been sick for a long time and this has hindered the work to a great extent.

In Samulcotta there is a school taught by Chinnamma, the preacher's wife. Chinnamma was the only child of heathen parents who died when she was very young. She was taken by some Christian servants of Miss Gibson. When she was learning her letters, Miss Gibson noticed her quickness and how she taught other children what she herself had learned, and being interested in her sent her to the Cocanada day school and then to the Boarding School where she was converted. About five years ago she married the Samulcotta preacher, and into her care was given the school of twelve or fifteen children

who gather from the heathen quarter near by and meet in a part of Chinnamma's house, a house with mud floor, mud walls and a tiled roof. The majority are boys. About a third are children of Christians and the rest are altogether heathen, and present a motley picture as they sit in rows of two or three. Miss Hatch superintends the school and often visits it to examine the children and note the progress. As soon as a child is big enough to work he is taken from school, so there are only three primary classes. In her visits Miss Hatch examines their work, hears them sing, listens as they tell the story of Adam and Eve or of Jesus Christ their Saviour, or she teaches them a few calisthenic exercises, which greatly please them. Chinnamma is greatly devoted to her school and faithful in her teaching. She reads and prays with them every day and tells them of the sin of idolatry.

In Akidu the policy in this work is to encourage the Christians to undertake the work themselves. The mission has the task of carrying the schools while weak and then gives them over to the Christians when able to walk alone. If we look only at those receiving aid the work seems small but when we consider all that have been helped into their present prosperous condition we have a better idea of the importance of the work.

The school at Gunnanpudi is the largest and strongest. In it, not only boys and girls but young men and young women are being educated. There are usually fifty or sixty in attendance. In that region are five other schools with good attendance, all supported by the native Christians. In the Kistna district are four schools. Thirteen villages and schools in this district are now reported in Vuyyuru station.

Akidu is in the Godavari district near the dividing line. Small schools are carried on in seven villages near, with an attendance of about sixty-seven. In the northern part of the field there are four other schools with good attendance, and where good work has been done.

For some time the necessity of an inspector to superintend the schools was much felt, and over a year ago a graduate of the Seminary was given charge of this work. This inspector, Peala Samuel, is now supported by the Olivet church S. S. of Montreal, but during his course at the Seminary was supported by our own Band at Gobles. He is now preparing to enter a normal school to better fit himself for his work.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In Cocanada Miss Baskerville reports three Sunday schools where there is good attendance and encouraging work.

A school in Rachapetta conducted by K. Joseph, had a good attendance until May, when he went away for his holidays, and on his return in June it was not opened because of the prevalence of cholera. Two others of which Miss Rogers had charge, have since she left for Tuni, been conducted by a native with averages of twenty-nine and twenty-six.

A Sunday school on the road side not far from the Compound gate, was opened in October and continued with an average of sixty until the end of April. Then the sun grew so hot it was impossible to get out early

enough to get through before it became unbearable. As there was no shade they tried to persuade the children to come to the veranah; but all except a very few were too much afraid and their friends thought it some trap to ensnare them.

Miss Gibson has charge of the caste girls' Sunday school in the town of Coonada. The children sing the hymns at home, and much interest has been shown in the school.

In Samulcotta in the Malapally a Sunday school was started under the eaves of a house, but a comfortable room was soon found where the school became more orderly. A few months later a school was started in another Malapally. Permission was given by the villagers to hold it in an open space in the shade of Ramaswami's temple. Here school began by teaching the children "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Now there are three Sunday schools in the different Mala communities with good attendance. Twelve students are engaged in the work and receive instruction from time to time as to organization, teaching, and speaking to and interesting the children, and all meet with Miss Hatch once a month for special prayer for the work.

When Miss Rogers went to Tuni the children were laid particularly on her heart, and to reach them four Sunday schools were established and carried on with increasing interest. In the four there was an average of over 300 children. After coming home from the hills, she was much pleased to find how well the children remembered the hymns and verses taught them. This seems to be the most hopeful part of the work, for the children understand better than the older people who come to hear as well as the children.

Miss Stovel from Akidu writes that Sunday schools have their ups and downs and has little real progress to report. The station school under Mrs. Craig is the principal school and there are nine others. The children's meetings, of which there are four in different caste quarters of the town are delightful. A little blind girl learns Christian hymns and sings them to others of her caste. Sometimes she is surrounded by eight or ten women listening to her as she sings "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," or "Now is the accepted time."

NEWS FROM THE BANDS.

WESTOVER—It is some time since you have heard from our Band at Westover. Would still report success, not always as much as we would wish for, but we feel that the master is pleased to bless our weak efforts to help "send the gospel to every nation." We have had some additions to our membership since the year opened and the interest taken in the work by some of the older members of the Band is very encouraging. We held a concert some weeks ago, when we opened our mission jugs. Although the sum realized was not as large as we would wish, we were very glad to send it with willing and thankful hearts. The entertainment, which was furnished by the Band, was, without doubt, a very enjoyable one. We are now entering on our tenth year, and we would do so with a prayer to the God of missions, that he would richly and abundantly bless the cause for which we are striving to do our part.—L. M. SHAVER.

BROCKVILLE—I am a reader of the LINK and I do not remember of ever having seen the Brockville G. Mission Band mentioned in your columns. It has been in existence for nearly five years, the past year being to very successful one with us. Our Band numbers about forty-five and our meetings, which are very interesting and profitable, always bearing on missionary work, are held the last Friday in each month. Our membership fee is 2c per month and we also have a number of missionary barrels distributed among the members of the Band. During the winter our Band sent a box of dolls and toys to Mrs. J. A. K. Walker, Cocanada, for the little Telugu girls, and a few weeks ago we received an acknowledgment of the same from Mrs. Walker.

We gave the children a tea on Wednesday, Nov. 9th, in the parlors of the church and in the evening their parents were invited to listen to a suitable programme, in which the girls of the Band only participated. A collection was taken at the close of the meeting which amounted to \$12. At our last meeting the treasurer's report showed us a sum of about fifty dollars for the current year, \$12 of which was sent to Grande Ligne, \$15 to the support of our girl, B. Amelia, \$5 to "Home Mission Box," and the remaining \$15 was voted to go to the support of another girl in India. It was with great joy that we learned through the columns of your paper of the conversion of our girl, B. Amelia, and we feel that our work and prayers have not been in vain. K. WILSON, SECY.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—We want to let you know that the "Willing Workers" of the Germain st. Baptist church, St. John, N. B., have not been idle during the past year. We met all last winter and spring, and succeeded in making a number of garments (about 40 in all), to go in the box to India. In October we held a Carey Centennial Tea at which we raised thirty-five dollars clear of expenses. Twenty-five of this we gave to the Carey Centennial Fund and one dollar to help pay the freight on the box. From money raised earlier in the year we took a share in the Palconda and one in the Kimey Buildings. We meet every Monday and are now knitting stockings and mittens for the poor in our own city. Our membership is about forty. By reading at our meetings reports from Home and Foreign fields we are gaining a much better knowledge than we have ever before possessed of the grand work being done for our Master.—MAUD ESTABROOK, SEC.

A sister in Ludlow, N. B., writing for a map for the Mission Band, says it was organized by Mr. & Mrs. Archibald about a year ago. This Band is sure to progress, all seem so anxious to learn.

Another sister writes that the society which has not met for some months, has made a fresh start. We are glad of this, and would urge upon all the keeping up the monthly meeting.

The secy. of Windsor Aid Society writes that they hope to organize a Band there soon.

LANGTON—Mission Band organized Nov. 1st with about 20 members. President, Mrs. Bingham; Vice-Pres., Mrs. S. Winar; Sec., Mrs. Curtis; Treas., Miss Lick. This is the first organization at this place for missions.

SCHOMBERG—The Band here had a farewell meeting for their president, Mrs. Bingham, on her departure for Langton, giving an address and making a presentation.

HINTS TO BAND LEADERS.

The Friends' Missionary Advocate has the following suggestions which will be useful to us also:—"One hint about raising money. Whatever we do or leave undone, we must not make the children speculators or peculators. Don't teach them to deal in watered stock. Train them to honest business methods. If people choose to give them money, accept it as a gift, with all due thankfulness and appreciation. But don't sell a penwiper worth five cents for fifty; don't make a ring cake and sell it at twenty-five cents a slice, or a guess cake at ten cents a guess; don't put up honorary membership at a premium because parents and friends will pay anything for the children's sakes; don't teach them to expect a large return for a very small amount of work: in short, don't train them to think that money acquired in any and every way is the end and aim of a mission circle. A fair price and fair profit on articles sold, good wages and good work, should be their motto. Don't spoil their natural modesty by encouraging them to beg from any and everybody because their cause is good. . . . In entertainments, as in all other things, set your standard high, and expect much from your Band."

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Our pretty little village of Nestlenook was all excitement over a large meeting that was to be held in its new town hall, when a noted missionary was to tell the villagers about his strange, busy life among the far-away people of India. Nestlenook didn't care much for missionary work; it had only one little band, that struggled along from month to month, sending out at the end of the year a pitiful little sum of money, and sadder still, a more pitiful sum of earnest prayers. But since this great missionary was a friend of Dr. Longley's, and had himself requested to be allowed to speak a few words to the people, while on his brief visit to Nestlenook, the villagers had resolved to give him the warm welcome of a large crowd at least.

He had asked especially that the children might be present; there would be no very late hours, and the dearly loved little people; so that is how Birdie True's great brown eyes were among those fixed eagerly upon the speaker, as he stood before the people telling of his work among the heathen of India. Earnestly he spoke, not with great words nor from written ones; he seemed only to be telling a sad story of other people's lives. How different it all was from Nestlenook living, and how much the people needed help—but, first, the money to get the help! His words were earnest and yet so simple that even brown-eyed Birdie could understand them all. When he had finished, and the great thinking crowd was passing slowly out, in her little head were great thoughts of how she must give something to help those poor little Indian girls and boys.

The next morning she was still thinking about it. How could she get it! Running errands for mamma brought pennies, but pennies only, and now she must have nickels and may be a dollar—may be two—and Birdie's eyes shone brighter and brighter just thinking about it. Besides, errand money took such a long while, and the missionary would only stay a day or so longer. So she thought and thought, and then at last—poor little Birdie-girl—the only way there seemed to be, was to sell her great blue-eyed Christmas dolly. She was quite sure she could do that, since only a

day or two before Janje Raimund had wished oh! so hard, that Miss Dolly was hers. Besides, Janie's mamma was very rich, and gave her almost everything she wished for. "Yes, that is the only way," she thought, but the great soft chair down into which she was cuddled must have heard a little smothered sob finish her thought, for its large, comforting arms seemed to gather the little girl closer and closer into their dreamy soft depths. But, "what Birdie did she did," as brother Tom had once said, so it was not very long before the great arms of the chair had no longer any little girl to enfold and comfort—the bird had flown, and even now was over to Janie's home telling her mamma all about it—about the missionary, the great meeting the night before, how much money was needed (for Janie's mamma, you see was one of those selfish people who don't believe in missions, especially foreign, so she had not cared to be present at the meeting), how she wanted to help, and the only way to send some of her "really own" was to sell beautiful dolly. Mrs. Raimund listened with a far-away expression in her face, and when the earnest little speaker had finished only whispered, "yes dear," and with one swift kiss, suddenly left the room. Birdie, in thinking it over afterwards, and telling dollie about it said, "she didn't know, but she guessed Mrs. Raimund must have felt very sorry for the poor Indians, for her eyes were all shiny with tears when she whispered "Yes."

That evening, as our little friend was putting dolly to bed "for the very last, last time," her mamma called her, and running down, handed her three bright, shining silver dollars, and when the whirligigee, as brother Tom called the little dance of joy Birdie indulged in just then, was ended, she was shown what made her eyes open wider than ever—a little piece of white paper with some writing on, which mamma told her stood for five hundred dollars and was called a check. Mrs. Raimund had sent it for the missionary and his people, and the only other explanation given was the few words "A little child shall lead them." What a happy little maiden was Birdie! Of course, dolly had to be awakened and told all about it, but was finally given a last good-night pat, as Birdie said, "Now, dolly, go to sleep and try not to be very sad because you are not my dolly any more, for if you and I are sad, Jesus won't love us nor our present, because we are not cheerful givers, and He would feel sorry to use the money even for His Indian boys and girls whom He loves, if it is all covered with tears and sprys.—*Children's Work for Children.*

OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.

"And many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites."

And One sitting "over against the treasury," passed judgment upon the value of the offering, and pronounced hers "more than all."

It is not given to human treasurers thus to weigh the offerings that pass through their hands, but sometimes much can be read between the lines of the letters that come to their desks, and they are given little glimpses of heart histories that make the bank-checks and the postal notes, and even little clusters of postage stamps, seem very precious.

From one week's mail one of these treasurer's bas put into our hands a package of letters that, perhaps, are only fair illustrations of the way in which the cause

of Foreign Missions is making its claim felt all over our land and rousing young and old to effort.

From a Southern State a Christian woman sends a money order for \$8.40 from a Sabbath school class of colored women, who had been encouraged to see what they could do with a capital of five cents each. The increase represented hard work at wash tub and ironing board while hens and eggs had helped to swell the amount.

Four days later, a check for five dollars was received from a class of Chinese for the San Francisco Home, and the following day brought another letter, with this message:

"An aged grandmother has a Sabbath-school in the home. Her three young grandsons attend. We always take up a collection to help 'Thy Kingdom come' and now we have one dollar, and the little boys after reading the June *Children's Work* on Africa, desired their sacred money should help some little dark-skinned boy into the kingdom."

With the letters we find another memorandum in the treasurer's writing:

"A mother came in bringing \$1.17 'sacred money,' the last tithe money that her daughter had taken, almost with her dying hands, from her pocket money for missions. One of the last things that she did was to call her little six-year-old sister and give her a mite box and instruct her how to use it. The mother wished that the example might be used in some way for young girls.—*Woman's Work.*"

KING'S MESSENGERS.

When a king would send a message,

How fast the carriers ride!

Through darksome wood, through torrent,

Whether good or ill betide;

No pleasures can entice them,

No lurement in love's wiles;

On, swiftly on, by day, by night,

On, on! for weary miles.

If a messenger should tarry,

Should a servant idly wait

For fear, or love, or pleasure,

Outside the palace gate;

If the King upon the feast-day

Should miss a well loved one,

How, think you, would he fare

Who should have bid him come.

King's messengers must hasten,

King's servants must be wise;

Then loiter not, nor dally,

When He bids you arise:

For men grow weary, waiting

For the servants who should bring

Their burdened, famished, longing souls,

A message from the King.

—From *The Golden Rule.*

DEATH OF MISS HATTIE E. WEST.

As we go to press we learn with deep regret of the death of Miss West our esteemed Band Secretary. She has been in a state of decline for some months and little hope had been entertained of her recovery; but there was no expectation that the end would come so soon. The readers will sympathize deeply with the bereaved family of our sister.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock; Ontario, Sec. Miss Buchan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas. Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Miss Hattie West, 51 Huntley St., Toronto.

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Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N.S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

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

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Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing subscribers.

SUPPLEMENT

The Canadian Missionary Link, Jan. 1893.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES RECOMMENDED FOR FOREIGN MISSION DAY IN THE S. SCHOOLS, JAN. 29, 1893.

1.—OPENING HYMN.

Far, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling—
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost.

"All power is given unto me!
All power is given unto me!
Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel:
And lo! I am with you alway."

See o'er the world wide open doors inviting:
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all inviting,
Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin!

"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling:
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

God speed the day, when those from every nation,
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

2.—RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE SERVICE.

BOYS.—Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands.

GIRLS.—Sing forth the honor of His name, make His praise glorious.

BOYS.—Sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

GIRLS.—Declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among the people.

BOYS.—For the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens.

GIRLS.—Say among the heathen, the Lord reigneth, let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

BOYS.—Thus saith the Lord: Behold, I lift up my hands to the Gentiles.

GIRLS.—And set up my standard to the people.

BOYS.—I will bring thy seed from the east.

GIRLS.—And gather thee from the west.

BOYS.—I will say to the north, give up.

GIRLS.—And to the south, keep not back.

BOYS.—Bring my sons from afar.

GIRLS.—And my daughters from the ends of the earth.

BOYS.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hands of the enemy.

GIRLS.—And gathered them out of all lands.

BOYS.—From the east.

GIRLS.—From the west.

BOYS.—From the north.

GIRLS.—From the south.

BOYS.—Let thy work appear unto thy servants.

GIRLS.—And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.

BOYS.—And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.

GIRLS.—Yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord forevermore. Amen and amen.

3.—PRAYER.

4.—OUR MISSIONARY CREED, (Read in concert).

We believe in God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

We believe the heathen will be lost without a knowledge of Christ.

We believe it is our duty to tell them of the plan of salvation that God has provided through the death of his Son.

We therefore engage to send to them the bread of life by the hands of our missionaries.

We engage to pray for our missionaries.

We engage to do all in our power for the spread of the Gospel in the earth that Christ's kingdom may come.

5.—HYMN.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Africa's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand.

From many an ancient river,

From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Can we to men benighted

The lamp of light deny?

Salvation! O Salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Thill earth's remotest nation

Has learned Messiah's name.

6.—OUR FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

(a) THE PAST RECORD.

Q—What is foreign mission work?

A—It is the work of sending the Gospel of Christ to foreign peoples who have no knowledge of Jesus.

Q—Whose duty is it to send them the Gospel?

A—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Q—When did our Baptist churches in Ontario and Quebec organize for this work?

A—Not until 1866, and then as a society auxiliary to the American Baptist Missionary Union. In 1873 it became an independent society.

Q—Who were the first missionaries of the Society?

A—The Rev. A. V. Timpany and the Rev. John McLaurin and their wives, the daughters of the Rev. John Bates, the first President of the Society.

Q—Where is our mission field?

A—In India among the Telugus, one of the most intelligent and enterprising races in that country. They occupy that portion of the country stretching along the west shore of the Bay of Bengal from Madras northward about 600 miles. They number about 18,000,000.

Q—Are there any other Societies working in this field?

A—Yes, fourteen Societies are represented in the Telugu field. Four of these are Baptist Societies. About one-half the missionaries and four-fifths of the converts among the Telugus are Baptists.

Q—What part of the Telugu country is occupied by our missionaries?

A—That portion lying along the coast from the Kistna River to Vizagapatam. The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces occupy the territory yet further north, and the American Baptists that to the south as far as Madras, and to the west into the Nizam's Dominions.—(Point out on the map).

Q—What is the population of our mission district?

A—About one million, seven hundred thousand.

Q—What is their religion?

A—There are two religions among the Telugus, the Hindu and the Mahometan.

Q—What is the religion of the Mahometans?

A—They believe in one God, whose prophet is Mahomet. They deny the divinity of Christ. Their religion degrades rather than elevates the people.

Q—What is the Hindu religion?

A—It consists in the worship of idols. The people worship all sorts of images, as well as birds and beasts, snakes and spiders, sticks and stones. They are said to have 330,000,000 gods. Their worship consists in offerings of rice, sugar and fruits, and in times of pestilence, etc., of bloody sacrifices to their gods.

Q—Can these people be saved without Christ?

A—No. Peter said respecting Jesus, "And in none other is their salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Q—How many missionaries have we in this great field to tell these dying people of Jesus and His salvation?

A—Twenty six men and women, who are aided by about one hundred native workers (preachers, teachers, colporteurs and Bible women.)

Q—What is meant by a mission station?

A—It is the place the missionary has made the centre of his missionary work in the surrounding region embracing in some cases a very large district. Here he has his home and the mission buildings.—From this centre he makes his tours among the villages scattered thickly over his field.

Q—How many such mission stations have we?

A—Nine.

Q—Name and point out the four oldest stations.

A—Cocanada, Tuni, Akidu and Samulcotta.

Q—What divisions have been made of the Cocanada field?

A—(1) Cocanada, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Misses Simpson and Baskerville; (2) Peddapuram, Mr. and Mrs. Walker; (3) Ramachandrapuram, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Q—Name and locate the other new stations.

A—(1) Vuyyuru, Mr. and Mrs. Brown (the farthest south of our stations). (2) Yellamanchili, Mr. and Mrs. Laflamme (between Tuni and Vizagapatam). (3) Nar-sapatam, Mr. and Mrs. Barrows (directly north of Tuni, and the farthest north of our stations.)

Q—Who are our missionaries at Akidu?

A—Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Miss Stovel.

Q—Who at Tuni?

A—Mr. and Mrs. Garside and Miss Rogers.

Q—Who at Samulcotta?

A—Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell and Miss Hatch.

Q—Have the contributions of our people for this work been increasing?

A—Yes, very largely. The average per year for the first five years was \$2,650.82; for the second five years, \$4,196.98; for the third, \$8,040.49; for the fourth, \$12,318.41; and for the fifth, \$20,081.82. The income last year, the 26th year, was \$29,280.98.

Q—Have the Sunday schools been helping in this good work?

A—Last year the Sunday schools contributed \$1,888.55.

Q—Will the Sunday schools do better still this year?

A—Yes, we shall gladly sacrifice some of the material good things which we owe to the Gospel, in order that the poor degraded Telugu children may have the Gospel brought to them.

Q—Has the work in the field been successful?

A—In very large measure. Mr. McLaurin baptized 133 in the first year (1874) of our work, as an independent mission. From about the time Mr. Timpany was sent out (1867) Thos. Gabriel, a native, had been preaching in Cocanada and vicinity. The seed thus sown produced an early harvest. After so brief a time, there are now twenty-one churches and 2,736 church members.

Q—How does the success of our work compare with that of other societies working among the Telugus?

A—Though one of the last to enter the Telugu field, our mission now stands third in the list of fourteen societies in point of number of church members. For this we have great reason to thank God and take courage.

Q—With what fields of the American Baptist Mission were our earliest missionaries connected?

A—In 1870 Mr. Timpany opened the station at Ramapatam, and when he left in 1876 there were more than 700 members. His was the honor also of opening the Ramapatam Seminary which has done so great a work in the educating of a native ministry. Mr. McLaurin's early work was on the Ongole field. During the two years he had charge of this field he baptized more than eleven hundred persons. Four years after he left Ongole to open the Canadian mission at Cocanada, there came the great pentecostal blessing on the Ongole field. 9,606 were baptized in one year, and of these 2,222 were baptized in one day, nearly as many as on the day of Pentecost in Jerusalem.

7.—RECITATION, (By a boy).

THE LIGHTHOUSE AND ITS KEEPER.

BY GEO. T. REA.

On a sunken rock in the open sea

Stood a lighthouse high and strong;

And the lamp was there with its splendid flame,

And the keeper, all night long.

But the keeper had naught of pity or love;

A hard, selfish man was he;

He shadred the lamp, and sent out no light

O'er the dark and perilous sea.

'Safe in comfort himself, the mighty ships

Might strike, or go safely by.

"Let them strike, or go down, who cares?" said he;

"Men have only once to die."

One dismal night, by a strong wind driven,

Came a ship with all sails spread:

No one thought of danger; for no one knew

Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along came the sail-clad ship,

The white foam leaped from her prow:

"All's well!" cried the watchman pacing the deck:

"All's well!" passed from stern to bow.

But scarce died away had the watchman's cry,
 When crash—plunged the ship to her fate;
 And there was the beacon that would have saved;
 But 'twas seen, alas! too late.
 Oh! fearful cries of the drowning men
 From the seething waves that night;
 And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless man
 Who refused his saving light.
 The men of the ship are the heathen world;
 The beacon, the Book of God;
 The keeper, the Christian who shades his lamp;
 And sends not its light abroad.

8.—HYMN.

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noontide glare;
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
 Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear drops start;
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

9.—OUR FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

(b) THE FUTURE PROSPECT.

Q—What influence should past successes have upon us?

A—They should intensify our zeal and quicken our energy for larger conquests in the name of Jesus.

Q—When did Wm. Carey go to India?

A—He was appointed missionary Jan. 9th, 1793 (100 years and 20 days ago), sailed from England June 13th and arrived in Calcutta in November.

Q—Were the prospects bright 100 years ago?

A—No; from the human standpoint they were very dark. Few Christian people took any interest in this foreign mission work, and on the field the difficulties were very great.

Q—How long did Carey toil for the first convert?

A—Seven years of great trial and hard work passed before Carey saw Krishnu Pal the first convert baptized.

Q—In looking forward to our work is there anything of inspiration in the progress made during a century?

A—A century ago to-day there were two missionaries under appointment; to-day 8,000 evangelical missionaries and 40,000 native helpers. The one convert of 1800 has increased into a church membership of 726,883 to-day. The small amounts contributed in the early years have grown into \$11,000,000 for foreign missions. Such progress as this ought to quicken our zeal.

Q—Are the obstacles in the way as great as a century ago?

A—No. Then the missionary found it difficult to get entrance even into British India. China and Japan were impossible of access, etc. To-day the whole world practically is open to the missionary, and 11,388 mission stations are occupied.

Q—What other difficulties have been largely removed?

A—In the work of the last century the missionaries had to face the task of translating the Scriptures into the languages of the people, many of which languages they had to reduce to writing. To-day the Scriptures are translated into hundreds of languages and dialects, and the new missionary finds in most fields grammars and dictionaries of the language ready at his hand.

Q—Can you name any other comparative advantages we enjoy in entering on this second century of missions?

A—The facilities of communication and travel are much improved. This makes the money contributed go farther, and conserves personal energy for direct mission work. Then, too, in addition to foundation work in general, schools have been established and the native Christians in large numbers have been trained for Christian work.

Q—Limiting our attention now to our Baptist missions, are we much stronger for work than a century ago when Carey went out?

A—There were then about 100,000 Baptists; to-day there are nearly 4,000,000. Wealth has increased enormously.

Q—What is the Baptist force in the foreign field at the beginning of this second century?

A—It is estimated at 800 missionaries, 2,000 native helpers, and 100,000 church members.

Q—How much is contributed by Baptists for foreign missions?

A—The latest reports at hand indicate about \$1,000,000 a year. But this year the American Baptist Missionary Union alone aims at raising \$1,000,000, and sending out 100 new missionaries.

Q—Confining our attention now to our own field, what is there at home that makes the outlook bright?

A—Our people are more widely and more deeply interested in the work than ever before. Pastors and people are taking this work more warmly into their hearts.

Q—What special help is being rendered by the women in our churches?

A—The women's societies were organized in 1876, and through their meetings and the publication of the *Missionary Link* they are doing much to increase missionary interest. Last year they paid into the general treasury \$8,220. And they are going forward to do greater things every year.

Q—Do you think of anything else at home that lightens up the prospect?

A—Yes, the work is getting a warm place in our hearts in the Sunday schools. By God's grace we are going to be missionary Christians. We shall try and make an advance this year on the \$1,888.55 of last year.

Q—What is there of hope in our home college life?

A—One day a month is given to prayer and conference on home and foreign mission work, in McMaster Hall. There are ten young men in McMaster Hall who have in view work in the foreign field, and eight in Woodstock College.

Q—What of our missionaries in the field?

A—We regard our missionaries as unexcelled in devotion and efficiency by any band of missionaries in the foreign field.

Q—What of native helpers?

A—Their number is being constantly increased by the trained workers sent out from the Seminary in Samulcotta. The other schools also are doing excellent work in the educating of those who in the future will make good workers.

Q—Are the caste women shut up in the Zenanas

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

coming under the power of the Gospel?

A—Yes, the work of our lady missionaries in this department is widening, and is one of the hopeful indications for the future.

Q—What prospect have we of medical mission work?

A—Dr. Smith, now taking some theological studies in McMaster University, is under appointment of the Board and expects to leave for India this year.

Q—How much money does the General Board ask for this year for the work?

A—\$30,000. Of this \$5,000 or more is required for land and buildings at the new stations just opened up. These stations will become new centres of influence and power for Christ in that dark land.

Q—What else have we to brighten the prospect?

A—We have the rich and unfailing promises of God. When Dr. Judson was asked regarding the prospects his response was, "They are as bright as the promises of God."

Q—What great promise does our Lord give us in this great missionary enterprise?

A—"All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth, and I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

Q—With such an outlook what ought we to do?

A—We ought surely to "Expect great things from God," and "Attempt great things for God" in our Telugu field, and by His grace we shall.

Q—What is the ultimate prospect in this work?

A—We shall see what John saw in vision: "A great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

10.—HYMN,

"THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING."

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers bring,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

11.—RECITATION, (For six girls).

FIRST GIRL.

There's a call from the far-off heathen land;
Oh! what can you give for the great demand?

ALL:

We have not wealth, like the rich man's store,
We will give—ourselves; we have nothing more.

SECOND GIRL.

I will give—my feet, they shall go and go,
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

THIRD GIRL.

I will give—my eyes, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not,—but can earn.

FOURTH GIRL.

I will give—my ears the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

FIFTH GIRL.

I will give—my tongue that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

SIXTH GIRL.

We have little to give, but, by and by,
We may hear a call from the Voice on high,
"To bear My Gospel o'er land and sea,
Into all the world,—go ye! go ye!"

12.—COLLECTION ANNOUNCED.

13.—RECITATION, (Given while the collectors wait).

BREATHE FORTH A PRAYER.

BY ELIZA CARROLL SNELL.

When you give of your gold and silver,
To help on the Lord's great cause—
Give it not with a thoughtless spirit,
But for a brief moment, pause—
And breathe forth a prayer, that the Lord will take
Your offering and bless it for His name's sake.
Would a rose seem one half so lovely,
If only the rose were there;
And you missed from each velvet petal
The fragrance clinging and rare?
Even so an offering, unblest by prayer,
Like a scentless rose is but half as fair.

14.—COLLECTION TAKEN.

15.—SCRIPTURE READING. (All rise and read in concert).

1. "All the ends of the world shall remember, and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee."
2. "All nations whom thou hast made shall come, and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name."
3. "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."
4. "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."
5. "I will gather all nations, and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory."
6. "And there were great voices in Heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

16.—DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.