

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

MARCH, 1892.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES	80
NONE OF OUR BUSINESS	81
MY THANKSGIVING BOX	81
TRAVELLERS BUNGALOWS	82
THE MOTHER AT HOME	83
WORK ABROAD	85
WORK AT HOME	87
W. B. M. U.	88
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT	91

CLM 177 51

PUBLISHED
 IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
 OF CANADA.

 W. S. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS
 TORONTO, ONT.

The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1892.

No. 7

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH. 1st week. For the Carey Centennial meetings to be held in a number of places in Ontario and Quebec.

2nd week. For Mr. and Mrs. Craig at Akidu. For Miss Stovel and the Bible women at Akidu.

3rd week. For the native preachers, that they may be taught of the Holy Spirit. For the native Christians, that they may be kept firm, amid persecutions.

4th week. For the heathen throughout all the fields, that God will open their minds and hearts to receive the truth.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY. Our readers will remember that some years ago a circulating library was formed by the Craig family of Port Hope and for some time was administered by Mrs. Wm. Craig, jr. This library, or what is left of it, has now been transferred to Miss Stark, to be used in connection with the Bureau of Information of which she has charge. A list of the books contained in the library is published this month. If any of our readers are in a position to add to the collection by presenting valuable missionary books not already in the library, or money for the purchase of additional books, such donations would be highly appreciated and would subserve a good purpose. The Bureau of Information is proving highly successful and there is an increasing demand for missionary literature. Will not our readers sustain this important department of our work in the ways suggested above?

THE CAREY CENTENNIAL. The Carey Centennial programme, published in our last issue, was carried out with complete success. The meetings occupied two entire days and those who had the privilege of being present felt that it was good to be there. Special mention should be made of the help given us by Rev. John L. Campbell, of New York, and Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester.

Mr. Campbell's paper on "Foundation Work" was highly practical and insisted on the most thorough literary and theological training for missionaries. His address on the history of Canadian Baptist missions was perhaps the most impressive address of the entire meeting. Having been himself a leading actor in the early efforts in Ontario and Quebec, and having personally conducted negotiations with the Convention of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces that led to their partial co-operation with the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec in efforts to evangelize the Telugus, he was

prepared to speak from experience and out of a full heart.

Mr. Stewart gave an excellent account of the beginning of Foreign mission work by American Baptists and on the evening of the first day, his great lecture on William Carey. Most of the papers and addresses given at the meetings are to be published in pamphlet form for circulation among the churches.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MRS. DRAKE may be had at Richmond St. W., Toronto, at 15c each, \$1.20 per doz.

IN THE present excitable state of affairs in China a very small thing seems to excite the feeling against foreigners and consequently against missionary work. Miss Evans, of Tung-cho, gives a case in point as follows. "During the floods last summer a little incident occurred which threatened to put back the work. The water came into the yard and floated out one of the playthings—a large painted ball belonging to one of the helper's children. It was found in a neighbor's yard, and many came to see the wonderful thing with great eyes which was known to have come out of the yard of those connected with the 'Jesus sect.' One, more daring than the rest, drew it to dry land, and then went at it with knives, but without making any impression on it. Fortunately for the peace of the whole community, the helper's wife appeared and claimed her little girl's plaything before this infernal machine belonging to the foreigners had scattered all the interest that had sprung up in connection with the 'new doctrine.'"

A WESLEYAN missionary in the Deccan of India describes two scenes witnessed in a certain village. They were three years apart. In the first scene a woman's cry was heard followed by a man's cries. He was dragging her out of a hut. With many a heavy curse and heavier blows he drags her to the village blacksmith. An iron chain lies on the ground, and while the husband holds his wife, one end of the chain riveted to her leg and the other made secure to a heavy block of wood. This block she must carry wherever she goes. But three years later a new scene appeared in that same village. A mission church has arisen, and some thirty Christian villagers are listening to the message of the Gospel. The preacher is the man who had the chain forged and fastened to his wife. He is

still passionate and bold, but what a change has come over him! He is telling in burning words of a Saviour's love, of world-wide purposes of grace, and exhorts the recent converts, some of whom he has himself led to the Saviour, to be worthy of the flame of Christ. I sit listening and thinking of that iron chain lying among similar trophies in my study drawer; I seem to see in the preacher's hands another chain, the chain of Christ's love, with which he now seeks to bind souls.--(*Almanac, American Board of Missions.*)

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the streets to-day, cold and barefooted; but it's none of our business, is it, God?"

"None of our business!" wandering and sinful,

All through the streets of the city they go,
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather.

"None of our business!" dare we say so?

"None of our business!" children's wan faces,
Haggard and old with their suffering and sin,
Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms,
Sorrow without, but the home light within.

What does it matter that some other woman
Some common mother—in bitter despair,
Wails in a garret, or sits in a cellar,
Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer?

"None of our business!" sinful and fallen
How they may jostle us close on the street!
Hold back your garment!—scorn? they are used to it
Pass on the other side, lest you should meet

"None of your business!" On, then, the music,
On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying (on with the dancing);
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul,
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
Selling his all for a pitiful dole.

Ah! but One goeth abroad on the mountains,
Over lone deserts, with burning deep sands,
Seeking the lost ones 't is his business,
Bruised though his feet are, and torn though his hands.

Thorn-crowned his head and his soul sorrow-stricken
(Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),
Broken his heart for the grief of the nations,
It is his business, saving the lost!

MY THANKSGIVING BOX.

I HAD often heard of mite-boxes, and even read touching stories about them, but I couldn't seem to believe in them very much. Of course when the regular offerings for missions were called for, I wanted to contribute my share as other folks did—as much as I could spare at the time. Then, too, I didn't see that I had anything especial to be thankful for. Dinner, supper, and breakfast, of course, and my

husband and children; but most of the last had left me either for homes of their own or for the better country, and my heart was often heavy sorrowing for them.

So, when Mrs. Heath, the president of our missionary society, begged us each to take one and try it, I demurred. It would be no use, I argued. But our pastor's wife arose and proposed that as many others had found it a good way, we should try it for one year. At the end of that time we would open the boxes and have a full and free conference as to what they had done for us and the cause. And so, quite reluctantly on my part at least, we took the boxes home.

As I went into my cosy sitting-room, I am afraid I slammed my little box down rather hard upon the mantel, saying, "You may stay there if you want to. You are rather ornamental in your blue and gold; and when the year is up I'll lump my mercies and put something in for the whole year. Who wants to be paying for mercies at a penny a time?"

"What is that, mother?" said my daughter May, the only one left me at home, a graceful dark-eyed girl of twenty—the very joy and richness of her mother's heart. "Oh," she said, "I see. It is one of those thanksgiving boxes," and lifting it up she read upon one side—"Giving thanks always for all things," on the other—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" and on the top—"Thanks be unto God for his unsearchable gift."

"Yes," I said, "I hardly know what I brought it home for—only to please Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Brown-
ing."

"Why, yes, mother," said May, "it is just the thing for you. You are always saying, 'Well, I'm thankful for something or other.'"

"Am I, child?" I answered a little thoughtfully. "Well, I'm afraid I don't really mean it, but if you hear me saying it again just remind me. I'm thankful for one thing anyway, and that is, I have got you."

"Your first contribution," demanded May merrily, and taking the nickel I handed her she dropped it in for me.

It must have been very lonely there for some time, for in the press of fall house cleaning and getting ready for the great meeting of the Woman's Board, I forgot all about it. The board had never been to our little city before, and our hospitality was to be taxed to the utmost.

It was the morning of the day on which our guests were to arrive, and as I gazed around in satisfaction at snowy window draperies and everything spick-and-span, as a housekeeper likes to see them, I exclaimed: "Well, I'm thankful for one thing, and that is that they didn't any of them come yesterday."

May picked up the mite-box and rattled the lone nickel warningly.

"O May," I said, "I had forgotten all about it."

"You had better put in a dime this time," said May, "for I've heard you say you were thankful for something at least a dozen times the last week; and when they go away," she added, "you must put in another, if we have had pleasant people here. You don't know how I do dread delegates; but there is one good thing, we are to have a missionary and his wife for one room, and they won't come just to shop and criticize, I'm sure."

Our delegates came, six of them, and if any one ever had delightful guests and a time of rare enjoyment we had. May, with some of her young friends, had acted

as ushers at the church, and although she objected a little at first, I was surprised to see how eager she grew to be at every meeting, and to stay them through. At last the closing service was to be held. Even I, who had doubted if foreign missions paid, and wondered how near home charity could keep and still be charity, even I was filled with wonder at what God had wrought, an enthusiasm that surprised myself.

I was superintending the finishing touches to the supper-table, and my darling May was fitting about arranging some dainty vases of chrysanthemums, and putting a few in her belt. I thought she had never looked so bright and beautiful, never seemed so dear.

"Blessed child!" I thought, "she little knows that I put a \$5 bill into that box this morning—one I had been saving up for a new bonnet—just because I was so thankful for her, that I had her all to myself"; and what made me think of it especially was seeing those young missionaries the night before standing up before us all, so bright and cultivated, so graceful and attractive. How could their mothers let them go. So I said, "If I never was thankful before I am this time, to think that May isn't one of them, and here goes that \$5 into my thanksgiving box." As this ran through my mind I saw May come toward me slowly, a great light in her dark eyes, and a look of intense longing in her upturned face.

"Mother," she said with a little catch in her breath, "mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

I felt myself turning to stone, but making a desperate effort, said: "Child, what do you mean?"

"Mother, dear," said she, "I mean it. I believe that I have heard the call to go; that I'm needed. I am young and strong. I have my music and my voice—and there are so many to help at home. I believe I am truly called in His name, for I have prayed and prayed and asked for light—and, dearest mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

In my anguish of soul I called upon God, and a form of love seemed to stand beside saying, "Fear not, the child is given to me." A hush of peace came over me, and I kissed her softly. Our dear friends came in to supper and in a strange inner stillness I got ready and walked beside my darling to the meeting where in a simple way, she offered herself and all her bright young life to the foreign work.

As the days went by I proved many a promise. My strength was as my day. May was to go soon to Persia with some returning missionaries. She was much needed there in one of the schools. Meantime we shopped and sewed and planned. Letters were put in here and there among her things, to be opened on certain dates for a year or more to come. Mysterious packages, too, for all the holidays. May said she believed it would be the first time in her life she would have a Fourth of July present. As we passed out of the store one day, talking cheerfully, I was accosted by Mrs. Brown.

"You do seem mighty chipper," she said, "for a person who is going to send her baby off to the cannibals, or just as bad. Any one would think she was just going off to get married by the way you take it."

"O Mrs. Brown," I managed to say, "If I was marrying her off to some rich or titled foreigner, you would think it all right that I should be proud and glad. How true is that

To God we give with tears,

But when a man like grace would find.

Our souls put by their fears."

Mrs. Brown shook her head and said, "Some folks have queer notions," and passed on.

The pleasure and the pain of that preparation were over all too soon, and it was only the strength made perfect in weakness that sustained me daily until the last glimpse of that sweet face faded in the distance. As I entered again the home sitting-room, so bereft of its chief beauty and joy, I walked to the thanksgiving box and with a silent prayer for help put in my largest offering.

"That," I said, "is because I am so thankful that God let me have a missionary all my own."

Dear mothers, if you have sons and daughters that God does not call to go from you to serve him, put in your thanksgiving offering for that; but if you have those that hear the spirit call, "Come from home and friends," and who answer, "Here am I Lord," still put in an added offering—for "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come life everlasting."—*The Advancer*.

TRAVELLER'S BUNGALOWS.

Frequent reference is made in the missionaries letters to travellers bungalows. That we may know what they are Mr. Booker describes them:—

These are lodging houses built by the government for the use of travellers at intervals along the highway and in the principal towns and cities of India. They are in charge of native keepers, who become for the time being, the travellers' servants if desired, procuring for them whatever the market affords at printed prices regularly received by Government Inspectors. The rooms are furnished only with chairs, tables, bedsteads and mattresses, so the travellers must provide all table and bed linen, dishes, and necessary things of that kind. For the use of the bungalow, its servants and furnishings we pay a certain amount daily. These houses are a great convenience to the missionary as well as other Europeans going over the country. But, of course, no one is allowed to remain in one any great length of time. Sincerely, J. T. BOOKER.

TO-DAY there are 40,000,000 in Japan, and not 40,000 Protestant Christians—that is one in every 10,000. For every two Christian there are five Buddhist temples, not to mention Shinto temples. If all the Christians were congregated in the city of Oshu (500,000), there would be in that one city four times as many heathens as Christians, and not a single Christian in any other part of the country.

PONDER this concerning India. "Since 1881 the population has increased by 29,000,000—that is to say, almost as many souls have been added to the people of India in ten years as are comprised in the whole population of England and Wales. The total is now 286,000,000. India contains more people than all Africa and South America combined, more than all Europe, excluding Russia. Or take the provinces, Bengal alone has more souls than the United States and Canada combined; the Punjab, more than Spain and Portugal; the Madras Presidency equal to Italy and Belgium together. Each missionary has on an average 250,000 souls to reach." And then as for China, "not one in 10,000 has as yet even heard of Jesus Christ."—(*Condensed from Missionary Review*.)

THE MOTHER AT HOME.

A STORY BY PANSY.

CHAPTER I.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

MRS. PRESCOTT went to church on Sunday as usual, without any knowledge that it was to be a marked day in her history. Her Pastor was in the pulpit, and there was nothing unusual in his manner—nothing to indicate that he was to exert, that day, an influence which would be reaching out in ever-widening circles long after he was in heaven. In fact, he said to his wife that morning:

"I don't feel very well prepared to preach to-day; somehow it seems to me as though my sermon was not calculated to help anybody."

Perhaps, if he had been called upon to select the person most likely to be helped by his sermon he would have chosen any other one in his large congregation rather than Mrs. Prescott. A meek and quiet spirit a widow with a family of young children, whom she daily fed and clothed and watched over, for whom she daily worked with her needle. He preached some sermons—this minister—which were calculated to help and comfort toilers like Mrs. Prescott; but it would have seemed to him that this was not one of them.

The very text was not suggestive of help for this class. It had a strong, rugged sound to it, as if addressed to representative souls, just before their hour of special responsibility: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this!" Mrs. Prescott heard the words, and leaned forward and smoothed the hair from little Harry's eyes, and shook her head at him as he kicked his heels against the seat, and thought, somewhat dreamily of Queen Esther and her coming to the kingdom, and the time of trial which followed it, and Mordecai's strong words, and all of these things seemed to have no more to do with her than they had with the wind that played among the ribbons and laces of the worshippers.

But the sermon progressed, and Mrs. Prescott roused. The minister was reminding his hearers that there was another King—one Jesus; that he had chosen his bride—the Church; that each individual member of that Church had to do with the completion of the whole; that the Christian world was called upon to meet its responsibilities and educate its children for special occasions.

"How do you know," said the preacher, "what these sons and daughters of yours are to do? How do you know what is coming? How do you know but the position of power and of trust and solemn responsibility waits for them, while you the parent help to fit them for such an hour, just as Mordecai in obscurity, and probably in poverty, fitted the Jewish maiden to sit on the Persian throne and sway the destinies of her people? How shall you fit them, since you know not

what the days may bring forth? Why, by doing for them, in every sense, the very best that your enlightened, prayerful persistent efforts can do. To be fitted to meet any emergency is to be fitted for what God in his providence is preparing for you. Christian mother, you do not work alone. God knows what the shrouded future has for the child by your side, and God and you work together."

And Mrs. Prescott listened, and looked at her two strong faced, sturdy boys, and her fair little daughter, and thrilled with the thought that God and she were at work preparing them for their future. There was more in that sermon, much more; there were many other hearts which thrilled under it. There was a separate crumb for many separate needs. But Mrs. Prescott had gotten hers, which would carry her through all the rest of her life - which would help to mould and shape these embryo men and who fidgeted, and kicked their tired heels, and yawned in her pew, and wished the sermon was over. They did not know that mother and the minister aye, and God were working at the story of their future lives that morning.

Thus it started. Mrs. Prescott held Harry's hand and walked slowly homeward, Nettie and her brother Robert in front. As she walked she pondered over the unlivid story, whose opening page smiled on her from those three young lives. What was she doing for her children? How was she doing it? Was she doing all that could be done? If the future had a test for them - as the preacher said it had, for all lives that were worth the living - was she preparing them to meet it? What could she do for them that she was not doing?

This question was destined to fill many of her waking thoughts in the time to come. Did it ever occur to you how wonderfully our brains answer to our thoughts? I wonder if any one ever bestowed earnest thinking in a given direction that some avenue did not promptly open before that one?

It was the ring of the bell for Sabbath school that came first, with a revelation to Mrs. Prescott. Heretofore she had considered her duty done when she had arranged her three children and started them off in good order, their lessons somewhat prepared. Now she questioned. What was the Sabbath school doing for her children? How were their teachers developing them? How did they teach Sabbath school lessons nowadays? Mrs. Prescott did not know. She had dropped out of the routine long ago. She considered, and, under the spell of that morning sermon, she determined to drop into line again. So the second step which marked her life's fruit was unconsciously taken.

I wonder was it chance, or did it come in line with the eternal purposes of God that the lesson which the class with whom she took her seat were considering, had in it this verse:

"And many nations shall come and say, come and

let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his path."

While the rest were arguing about the technical meaning of the prophecy, and the limit of its bounds, and the reasons why they might hope for its fulfillment, why did that obscure and quiet and comparatively uncultured woman wander off into a world of her own, and seem to see, as with prophetic eye, a glowing picture, a long procession out of every kindred and tribe and nation, saying to each other, and all in the chorus of one common desire, "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord!" What a glorious time that would be! How she should like to do something toward the advancement of that hour! How she should like to have her children helpers in the story! And then, quick as the flash of electricity, came the connecting link between that thought and the teaching of the morning "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

What if God had called her, and set in her home, and given her three children, yet in their early childhood, and with an almost unusual development of mental strength about them, in order that she might educate them to put their strength to God's mighty wheel and help roll forward the date of such a time as the prophecy foretold. I cannot tell how that thought thrilled her! How it made her cheeks flush, and her eyes brighten, and her heart beat high with resolve and desire; and sitting there, quiet, unnoticed, in the corner of the seat, where they discussed whether the prophet Micah meant that literal swords should be beaten into literal ploughshares, she took the third step in the history of her future life. That very evening she began to prepare her children for their place in the future triumphs.

"Shouldn't you like to see all the people thronging to the churches?" she asked, "inviting each other to go, and talking about it as if there were such a pleasant thing—Chinese children, and German children, and those who live in India, and Africa and everywhere?"

"Do you suppose it means from all those places?" asked twelve-year-old Robert, leaning his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, and looking with thoughtful eyes away into the future, as his mother dwelt on the brightness of the scene.

"Why, yes, I think so; they send missionaries to these places, you know, and they are at work teaching the heathen about Christ. And, besides, doesn't it say something in the Bible about it—about the time when they will all get to heaven you know—all kindreds and tongues and nations?"

"Oh, yes," said Nettie, "that's my verse," and she told it off glibly. "Why don't they know as much about Jesus as we do?" she asked in the same breath.

"That's what I'd like to know," Robert said. "How did they come to be heathen, anyhow?"

Now they were getting their mother beyond her depth. For that matter, it only takes about ten minutes for three bright children to get most people beyond their depth. Harry came to her rescue with a diversion.

"Charlie Proctor showed me a horrid little wooden dolly, and he said the folks over there said their prayers to it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Prescott. "Think how dreadful!"

"And they worship the moon, some of 'em," said Robert. "And oh, worse than that! Some of 'em think that cats are sacred, and animals of all sorts! And they think if they give presents to their idols they will be taken care of."

"How funny!" said Nettie. "Tell us more about them, mother."

But just here this Christian mother was at a loss. She knew little else to tell, either about the heathen, as to the countries in which they lived, or the degradation of their lives, or the efforts which were made to rescue them. In general she knew certain facts, but not enough in detail to talk understandingly and interestingly to these three keen-brained children.

One fact was made clear to her before she slept that night, viz. In order to lead her children into an intelligent interest in missions she must have more intelligent knowledge herself. Busy with this thought, it took her, in the course of the next day, to a place where she hoped to gain information her Pastor's study. Being in haste, and full of her subject, she made her errand known without delay. Two questions.

"How did he interest his two girls and three boys in mission work, either in home or foreign lands? and what books or papers could she get in which to read up on these themes?"

Over the first question the good man started, and the slow color deepened on his face. His boys and girls. They were dear to his heart, and he had carefully considered their interests. They were fair Latin scholars, and surprisingly good in mathematics, and one of them was developing a taste for Greek, which he was fostering with all a father's care. He did not say these things he simply thought them. But, missions! Were they deeply interested? How much did they talk about these questions? How much did they know about them? How had he tried to educate them in that direction? Now, these were embarrassing questions.

"Well, really," he said, speaking slowly, and flushing deeply over his own thoughts, "I you see—well the fact is, we don't give the attention that we ought to these matters. What is the best way to develop an interest in them? That is your question, I believe?"

It wasn't; she had asked for facts, deduced from his own experience.

Well, it needs talking up. And, yes, a good deal of knowledge, that's a fact. About books, we are not very

well supplied with such literature - not as well as we should be. There is an account of the Sandwich Island Mission that is good. I'll lend it to you with pleasure. And there are the lives of several missionaries; dull, some of them, but valuable. Let me see, I'll just step up to the study and see what I can find you. I am glad you are thinking in this direction."

On the whole, Mrs. Prescott went home with quite a package of missionary literature, with one new idea, or an old one which had taken new shape, and therefore served her as well as a new one could have done. The missionary spirit needed "talking up." Now, how could one talk up a thing about which one knew little or nothing? Therefore the mission fields needed studying. No persevering member of the Chautauqua Circle of this present day ever toiled more persistently over her column of dates than did Mrs. Prescott, on the pauses of her many other cares, over the literature which she had brought from the minister's. She selected her book, and read and studied and planned with an end in view. She meant to "talk up" what was said in that book to her children at the tea-table. Those of you who do not know that there is in every mother's heart a talent for story-telling, would have been surprised at the fascinating garb in which Mrs. Prescott served up her forty pages of missionary life for her children's tea. She, herself, was surprised and gratified with her success. The children were generally interested. Little Harry kept awake and asked questions as intelligently as the rest. And Robert, shortly the tea was concluded, added fuel to the flame by proclaiming to Nettie that the review in her class tomorrow took in the very country where "mother's missionary went, you know."

This was a new idea. Both mother and Nettie came and bent their heads over the Atlas together, and learned more, both of them, about India in the next half hour than either of them had intelligently known before.

As for Mrs. Prescott's Pastor, he fingered his watch chain thoughtfully for the space of ten minutes after his caller had departed with her bundle of books, and then made two wise remarks. First, "We ought to be better posted on this question of missions, the children know next to nothing on the subject, I am afraid." Secondly, after another thoughtful pause.

"Mrs. Prescott is more of a woman than I supposed, we must cultivate her, I think."

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

AFRICA is wide open now to the gospel. Railroads are being built to supplement the splendid water highways which nature has provided. Stanley travelled in 22 days 7000 miles, and never saw the face of a Christian, nor of a man who had had the opportunity to become one, yet he moved among a population of fifty millions. What will the church do to send the gospel through these wide open doors into Africa in 1892?

Work Abroad.

1 COOKS ROAD, PERAMBORE,

MADRAS, INDIA, Jan 23 1892.

Dear Mrs. Newman I remember that at Buffalo you requested me to write you when I arrived in India. Well, here I am at last and glad that I can write for this distant land.

The Atlantic is not gentle in its treatment. England was a resting place for about ten days, and then I parted from the rest of the company, they sailing from Liverpool, while I took the continental route to Brindisi. It was a joy to meet Rev. Mr. Sallens of the Missionary Union and his workers in the gay but wicked Paris. God is working there. As I looked up at the Alps my eyes went higher, as well as my thoughts. The St. Gothard tunnel is a marvel, as are the circular tunnels at either end of it. The snows of the mountains as well as the nearness of glaciers made me shiver. But Switzerland is passed and on we bounded into sunny Italy. Milan over night, then the rich plains of Lombardy, and on over the Apennines to Florence, a very interesting city. Savonarola's monument was of special interest to me. Rev. J. H. Eager, of the Missionary Union, with wife and family, were kind. I met at their home, Rev. Mr. McPherson, late of Liverpool, and with Mr. Eager, called on the aged saint, George Muller, who received us graciously. Rome is the next place. What a city! Beauty and ruins. The Apian Way, Catacombs, Colosseum, Roman Forum, Palatine Hill, are magnificent even in their ruins. How are the mighty fallen. The English Baptists are doing a good work, as are also the American Baptists. On to Naples. Expecting beauty, was sadly disappointed. I drive from Naples to Pompeii, twelve miles. What a street! Beggars, priests, pigs, goats, filth on people and pavement, and with it all a plentiful supply of shins and crucifixes of different sizes, all very rude. Pictures of the Virgin sit up in niches in the houses along the way. Romanism is seen here as bad as it may be. Superstition, ignorance and filth with positive inefficiency are thrust upon you. Pompeii is a wonder, and worthy of a visit. Rev. R. Walker, English Baptist missionary was very kind. He has a hard field. Gladly I left Naples and went up the valleys, so beautiful, and on up the Apennines and down the other side, pass Taranto to Brindisi, where I took ship for Bombay. Everybody is glad to get away from port. The P. & O. steamer *Victoria* has good accommodation both for first and second class. I was second. No discomfort. Port Said in three days. Pleasant and warm. The first of the hot eastern sun is felt. I was never so near hell before as in a couple of hours in that sinful town. I shuddered, and do yet when I think of it. Our missionary labors here amongst the scum of the world. Through the Suez Canal by night, and out into the Gulf of Suez. We have passed the place where Moses crossed, and think of him. The Red Sea was hot, 90 in the shade; but what delightful weather. The almost naked coolies greet us at Aden, as do the bright little black boys with their cries, "I dive," "I dive." A silver coin thrown into the sea has half a dozen sharp followers, one of whom soon brings it up. They don't lose them even though they sink 30 feet. I changed on to the P. & O. steamship, *Assam* at Aden, the *Victoria* going on to Australia. A most delightful week but for that dreadful seasickness, and Bombay is reached Sunday, Jan. 17th, less than fourteen days from Brindisi.

It was with joy I planted my foot on the soil of India. Two days in Bombay were full of interest. General Booth preaches Sunday morning to a good house. Rev. Mr. Botrell, of Spurgeon's College, is greatly encouraged. Across India through the plains where the crops are a failure, which means intense suffering, and in forty hours from Bombay, Madras is reached. Daniel, a Telugu preacher, meets me and I was soon in the home of the Hoaleys, where I met Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife.

All is true that I heard about the sinfulness and degradation of these people, and the half has never been told. Unless one's heart be made of stone it must be deeply moved at the sights of Madras. Sinfulness and degradation are constantly before one when out. Horrid and repulsive they are also, I could not help a feeling of repugnance. The men and women in many cases are merely beasts of burden, carrying heavy loads upon their heads or pulling carts to which horses should be attached, the tired, weary look keeps before me continually, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

While out yesterday and to-day, my heart grew sad as I saw the multitude as sheep having no shepherd. How much they need cleansing. Now I see, at least I think I do to some extent, why Mr. McLaurin and Miss Frith were so anxious to return to India. How different from our beloved Canada. I believe I prayed to-day as never before for the regeneration of the people of this sunny country. The light is shining on them and may it shine brighter and brighter.

January 26th.—The McLaurins, Miss Skinner, the Boggs and Mr. Beebe arrived here yesterday, all well. To-day we separate for our stations. The McLaurins for Bangalore, Miss Skinner for Cumbum, Mr. Beebe and myself for Ramapatam, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs for Assam. We need no urging to hasten us to our fields. Rev. W. E. Boggs came down to help us, so we will be all right going up country.

Although a good many are coming, we regret that several are compelled to return home. Miss Dr. Cummings from Ramapatam, Rev. Dr. Downie, the Bullards, and the Newcombs. I am glad to state that since my arrival I have been feeling better every day.

Yours for India,
Geo. H. BROCK.

BORRILL, Nov. 26th, 1891.

My dear Miss Johnstone:

The weeks and months go by and the year seems to be near its close, now that we are so near December. But still time enough for the Lord to show us wonders if this is His set time.

When I was away to the hills, one of my best pupils was married. She is only 10 years old, and after her marriage they sent her away to Vizianagram to the Maka Rajah's Girls' School, as her brother was attending the M. R.'s College in the same town. She took very ill and her father went and brought her home. After she got better she came to see me one day, and asked me to give her a book to read about Jesus Christ; that she was going back to Vizianagram and had come to bid me goodbye. I gave her one, in which were many pictures illustrating scenes in the life of Christ, and told her to show it, and read it to the little

Hindoo girls in the M. R.'s school; that probably many of them had never heard of Jesus. I also gave her a hymn book, and she promised to sing some hymns to them and read the book to them too.

Coming home from Sunday school a few weeks ago, I saw many Brahmans gathering and sitting around at the door of another Brahman's house. I asked my coolies what they were doing there. They said a little girl had been born in the house, and these had come to secure her for a wife. They said there was great joy when a girl was born, for then rich men would come and give a great price for the child for a wife; and no matter if the child died, the parents would have all this money. It seems so cruel for the little new born babes to be thus bartered away. Whoever gave the most money, had the promise of this child. He might be old, or ugly, or sick, or cruel, or what not, the biggest price commanded the wife, and the poor men have to do without, unless they can borrow the money.

That Sunday also, as I was coming home, a man of the goldsmith caste came running after me, and asked me to come and see one of their women. I called Siame and went. The woman had a fever. A child had been born five days previous. I told her mother and other women standing around, what I believed was the cause of the fever. Oh no, they said, I was wrong, and deliberately told me a lie about the case. I went to look at the woman further, and the mother said: "What are you going to do?" I said: "To see the woman, and then decide what we should do for her." "You need not see her or do anything for her." Who told you to come here? I know just what to do for her, have the medicine here ready to give her now. I did not send for you, and do not know why you came, and do not want you to do anything." "Do you wish me then to go home, and do nothing to help the woman?" I asked; "she is in great danger." "Oh this is nothing, I will make her well, and you may go, I do not want any of your help or advice, I know just what to do," said she. So we stood by the bed and told the woman the Gospel, took leave and came away, hoping I was mistaken in my diagnosis. On Wednesday, as we went to our Zenana woman's house we met a funeral, and on enquiry, what was my sorrow to learn that it was this woman's dead body that was being borne along for burial. She heard the Gospel once, and only once I expect, as we had not been in that street before.

Our June rains failed almost entirely and now our October rains have failed entirely, and thousands of acres of the rice crop in this district are burned up with the hot sun, and so famine of both food and water is just ahead of us. The Lord have mercy on the people. If by this means He brings them to His feet we will praise Him, even for famine.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Missionary Sketches; From Darkness to Light; Our Gold Mine; Heroes of the Mission Field; Work on the Congo River; Our Eastern Sisters; Hindu Women; Days of Blessing; Telugu Mission Scrap Book; The Lone Star Jubilee; William Carey; Lady Missionaries; In Brightest Asia; The Unfulfilled Commission. Send 5c for postage. Miss Stark, 65 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

MISSION BANDS—GENERAL READINGS.

Bob's and Bertha's Bricks	\$0	02
The Q Q's (story for boys)		02
Banachandray and Easyrama (Hindu Sketch)		02
Hadn't you better see if Aunt Sally wants water		02
Golden Days and Golden Deeds		02
Silver Basins of a Second Sort (girls' story)		02
The Wounded Lip (boys' story)		01
Coral Workers		01

HELPS FOR BAND LEADERS

Offerings to the Genius of Christianity (programme exercise)	\$0	02
Aunt Polly (dialogue for girls)		01
Light of the World (a missionary service of music, readings and recitations)		05

MISS STARK.

65 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

WHITBY.—The interest in mission work here seems to be deepening both in Circle and Mission Band. Last month the Circle held a very successful "At Home" at the house of Sheriff Paxton, when a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Eleven new members were added to the roll, and if each one is filled with a desire to have souls brought from darkness to light, a great work may be done during the coming year. The Mission Band is quite promising, the children seem to have grasped the idea of mission work and are working from a spirit of love for the heathen children. The monthly meetings held by the Band are largely attended. The class of boys in the Sunday school who are making an extra effort to raise money, sent \$5.55 to the North-west Mission this month. Bertie Paxton again heading the class for this quarter. The money in every case has been earned by the boys themselves, and given willingly, "as unto the Lord."—MARY RAY, Sec'y.

WINGHAM.—Since the beginning of 1890 up to the present time we have contributed to missions about \$76. In addition to this our Circle has undertaken to clear off the mortgage now resting on our church. On thanksgiving night we held an envelope social, the proceeds amounting to \$13. We also secured subscriptions amounting to \$212 to be paid a year from that night. Some of the sisters are paying their subscriptions by paying one cent a day out of their household expenses. Pray for us that we may soon become a self-sustaining church.—MRS. A. MCGREGOR, Sec'y.

WINDSOR, ONT.—The Circle of Bruce Ave. church held their annual meeting on the evening of Dec. 3rd at the residence of Mrs. Campbell. The Circle having

felt the desirability of co-operating in the work of Home Missions, the constitution was altered to take up this work. Election of officers and a short programme followed. The Circle have decided hereafter to send the money through the respective treasurers of the Woman's Societies instead of the general treasurers as formerly.—MRS. MACCOLL, Sec'y.

SCHOMBERG. This Circle and Band have just held an entertainment which proved very satisfactory both as to programme and financial results. Amount from sale of articles made by the members, from sale of refreshments, and all other sources, \$27.

OWEN SOUND. Since we last reported to the LINK, our Circle has been steadily increasing in membership. This year we have adopted the plan of having our collectors visit monthly the members who cannot attend the regular meetings, keeping them informed concerning the general work of the Circle. These collectors, of which we have two very efficient workers, also can vas for new members, and have succeeded in obtaining twelve additional members within the last few months. We have had to part with several of our most enthusiastic workers quite recently, but are glad to find others coming to take their places. During the last few weeks we have been trying to do some Home Missionary work, making up a box which we have sent to Muska. Our monthly meetings are both helpful and enjoyable.—JULIA WALLIS, Sec'y.

FOREST.—The interest in our Circle is increasing. The meetings are better attended. A few have been added to our number, two sisters coming with us who were members of the Circle where they came from. For this progress our hearts go out in gratitude to the Master, and we feel encouraged and stimulated to go forth in our much loved work. Our Mission Band held a Carey Centennial entertainment on the evening of the 5th of Feb. The President of our Circle, Mrs. J. J. Burns, took charge of the programme assisted by Miss Bentley. A Sketch of Carey's boyhood, his mission career and the results of it were given, while some of the responsive readings in the Foreign Mission programme were used. Recitations were given by some little folks, and dialogues and readings by older members. A nice Scripture dialogue was given by nine girls, each carrying the emblem in her hand of the text she repeated. A collection was taken and amounted to \$3.75. J. K. M.

PENTH. The annual meeting of the Home and Foreign Mission Circles was held in the prayer meeting room on Monday, Jan. 4th, Mrs. D. Robertson, Pres. Home Mission Circle presiding. After devotional exercises, the financial reports for the past year were read, indicating progress in the work, more especially in the amount raised for Home Missions. This, we believe, is due to the fact that last year it was decided to separate the work of the two societies. The following officers were then appointed for Home Mission Circle: Mrs. D. Robertson, Pres.; Mrs. J. F. Kennedy, Vice-Pres.; Miss Hall, Sec'y-Treas. Foreign Mission Circle: Mrs. Gigg, Pres.; Mrs. J. F. Kellock, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. H. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas. Notwithstanding that we have recently lost by removals to the Northwest several of our most active members and that the church is also this year, which is our jubilee, making a special effort to pay off a debt of \$2,000, still the Mission Circles expect this year that there shall be no falling off either in interest in missions, or in the amount raised.—A. A. ROBERTSON, Sec'y F. M. C.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—The yearly meeting of the Baptist Telugu Mission Band met in conjunction with the Sunday School on the 21st. of June, 1891. A very encouraging report was given by Miss E. Ferrier, the retiring Secretary. The offerings amounted to the handsome sum of \$62.30. The membership for 1890 was thirty, a considerable increase above last year. Mr. Cripps then gave a map exercise on the Telugu country where there are thirty-five missionarages. The quartette "Under the shadow of His wing," was sung by Misses Robinson and Ferrier and Messrs. Turner and Cripps. The offering for the year is to go to the support of Miss Booker, Telugu missionary.

GUELPH. On Tuesday, Feb. 9th, the members of the Mission Band of the First Baptist Church, were given a sleigh ride and supper, followed by the regular meeting. Several new members were added. All were interested and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We hope to increase in every way, and do more for Christ. L. LINTON, Sec'y

NEW CIRCLES.

STOUFFVILLE. Band organized. Pres, Miss F. Ratcliffe; Sec'y, Miss Nora B. Morden. Treas., Alexander Brown. Began with 16 members, now have 39.

BROOKLIN. Band organized Jan 2nd. Twenty-seven members. Hon. Pres., Pastor Leehy. Pres., Miss Annie Dryden, Sec'y, Burnet. Treas., Angus Doolittle.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM JAN 18 TO FEB 17, 1892 LUSIVE

Toronto—First Ave. M.B., \$4.55; Lakefield M.B. for Parasa John, a native preacher, \$10; Stouffville M.C., \$1.80; Toronto—Immanuel Ch. M.C., \$14.15; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) Girls' M.B. for D. Sust, Tum, \$4.61; Toronto (College St. Girls' M.B. for a girl at Cocanda, \$5; Colontig M.C., \$2; Fingal M.C., \$5; of this, \$1.47 is commission earned by canvassing for the *Baptist*. A friend, per Mrs. Newman, 25; Salford M.C., \$6.25; Sault Ste Marie M.U., \$2.13; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$65.27; Gables M.C., \$20; Woodstock (Oxford St.) M.C., \$6; St. Catharines—Lyman St. M.C., \$3.75; Beachville M.C., \$1.80; Guelph (First Ch.) M.C., \$7; Hamilton—Wentworth St. M.C., \$5; Whit by M. B. for Battula Sundramma, \$8.50; Whitevale M. B., \$1.04; Toronto—Jarvis St. M. B., \$5.53; York Mills S. S. M. B., \$6; Toronto—Beverley St. S. S. Adult Class for Todet Philemon, \$6.25; London (Grosvenor St.) M.C., \$2.75; Oshawa M.C., \$3; Port Arthur M. G., \$15; Owen Sound M.B. for M. Chinn Cassie, \$25; Glamis M.B., \$3.06; 2nd Markham M. C., \$5; London—Adelaide St.) M. C., \$10; Toronto (Beverley St.) M.C., \$3.40; Toronto—Beverley St. M. C. for Venkatarama, overseer at Akidu, \$17; total \$20.40; Norwich M.C., \$1; Paisley, M.C., \$7.35; Courtright M.C., \$5; Bethel M.C., \$2.50; Belleville M.C., \$13.20; Brantford (First Ch.) M.C., for Miss Priscilla Beggs, \$25; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$25.35; London South

Y.P.M.S. for Pantagan Reuben, \$4; Malah de and Hayham M.B. for Geddani Turapatayya, \$2.50; from Orlo and Elijah Pound for Mrs. Brown's boat, \$1.50, total \$4; Toronto (Tecumseth St.) M.C., \$5; total, \$107.71.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas
109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. F. MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Oliver, \$28.50; St. Amedee, \$2; Athens, \$1; Roxboro' Willing Workers, \$5; Roxboro' Circle, \$5; Rockland, \$8; Perth M.B., \$17; Perth Circle, \$17; Abbott's Corners, \$5; Kingston Light Bearers, \$17; Kingston Circle, \$5; Rockville, \$16; Ottawa, \$10; Mulgrave, \$3; Carlton Place, \$12. Total received \$151.50.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas
37 City Councillors St

W. B. M. U.

EDITED BY MISS A. E. JOHNSTONE.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH. For Miss MacNeil our young lady missionary at Bobbitt, that she may realize the promise contained in *Josh. 1:9*. That she may be successful in acquiring the language, and be filled with power from on high for her work.

THE following is the programme recommended by the Prov. Sec'y for N. B., for use in our monthly Aid Society meeting: Singing; Scripture reading; prayer, roll call, each member responding with a text of Scripture or verse of a hymn; reading of minutes of previous meeting, disposing of any unfinished business, prayer, music, reading of letters; selections, etc., etc., closing always with prayer.

LEAVE members this year: Mrs. Robert Fizzle, Miss Florence A. Steeves, Mrs. Mary Hierlihy, Mrs. Hiram Fulmore, Mrs. Richard Christie. It is possible there may be others. We ought to have a great many more before August, and would remind our sisters that \$25 paid for either Home of Foreign Missions will constitute a life member of the Union.

We would remind our Aid Societies that \$1,500. to be paid in quarterly instalments, was the sum pledged by the Union, at our annual meeting for Home Missions, viz., Maritime Home Missions, \$750; Grande Ligne, \$150; Northwest Missions, \$600. It was felt by the Com. on Home Missions that it was best to leave the sum to be raised to each society. We believe this has hitherto been done by mite boxes, concerts, and thank offering meetings.

To the work, to the work,
Ye are servants of God.

MONIES RECEIVED FOR BUILDING FUND.

MONIES RECEIVED.

	shares	\$	cts
Sydney Miss. Band	2	00	00
Amherst Point Miss. Band	2	00	00
Great Village	1	00	00
Halifax, N. church	5	00	00
St. John, Germain St.	1	00	00
St. John Germain St.	1	00	00
Woodville Knitting Circle	1	00	00

MONIES RECEIVED.

Woodville S. S. Miss Band	1 share	\$10 00
Kentville Sunday School	"	10 00
Cambridge Miss. Band	"	10 00
Guysboro	"	pd \$5 00 12 00
Sandy Cove	"	pd \$12 15 20 00
Waterside	"	10 00
Canning	"	10 00
Dartmouth	"	30 00

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE W. B. M. U. FOR QUARTER ENDING JAN. 31, 1892.

	P. M.	H. M.	TOTAL
Rec. from Nova Scotia	\$712 12	\$67 02	\$779 14
" New Brunswick	319 51	26 68	346 19
" Prince Edward Island	68 25	5 00	73 25
" M. B. and S. S., N. S.	121 72	11 00	132 72
" M. B., S. S., Y. P. S., N. B.	90 04	5 00	104 04
			\$1455 34
Drafts sent J. March, Treas. F. M. B.			\$1485 00
" A. Cohoon, Treas. H. M. B.			187 50
" H. E. Sharpe, Treas. N. W. M.			150 00
" Joseph Richards, Treas. G. L. M.			75 00
Mrs. Martell, postage for reports			1 72
Drafts and postage			4 75
			\$1906 00

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

Amherst, Jan. 31st, 1892

FOR AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS.

The quarterly meeting of the Aid Societies of King's Co. N. S., was held in Wolfville, Feb. 12th. The snow storm of the season the previous night threatened to lessen the attendance. Still, a large number were present in the vestry in the afternoon. All the fourteen societies were represented, and only three by letter. The reports were encouraging and showed good work being done.

A very interesting letter was read by Mrs. Chipman from Bro. Higgins, Miss Blackadar and Miss Healy, the one representing the young women of the Acadia Seminary volunteers for foreign service, and the other the Y. M. C. A. of the Seminary, thrilled all hearts with their earnest words, and the spirit of consecration which showed in all they said.

The Holy Spirit seemed very present in this meeting, and work was done which must tell.

The evening session was held in the audience room of the church.

The programme, which was a long one, was intensely interesting. Every department of our mission work was represented. The Foreign by Mrs. Currie, the North west by Mrs. Tufts, Grande Ligne by Miss Tetch, and this Centennial year by Mrs. Young. The Acadia Missionary Society was represented by Mr. A. Murray, and the "Work of the volunteers" by Mr. Avery Shaw. A capital paper on "Faith and Obedience in the Mission Work," was read by Mrs. Craudall, and some selections from "The Crisis of Missions," given by Mrs. Jenner.

It is easy to send the above, but it meant days of work for our Co. Sec'y, though she knew it paid.

The value of such meetings cannot be overestimated. Will not other Co. Secretaries go and do likewise?

A NOTE from Mrs. C. P. Wilson, of Campbelltown, N. B., informs us that an Aid Society was formed there in December with eleven members, and a strong hope that many more will be added to the ranks in the near future. Our sister says that the church is a small one, having been organized about five years, and is the only Baptist church in the county. It seems difficult at first to start "but in answer to believing prayer, the Lord helped, as he always does." A visit from Mrs. Gunn, of Belmont, N. S., at Christmas, helped the matter forward, and our sisters, although feeling isolated at times, are now members of the great sisterhood of these maritime provinces, who, in daily increasing numbers are by prayer and work, striving to win this world for Christ.

FALKLAND RIDGE. We had a social tea the first Friday in December. Realized \$3. Have used the mite boxes with success. MRS. McNAUL, Sec'y

GASPÉAUX FORKS W. M. A. Society organized officers: Mrs. S. Langin, Pres.; Mrs. A. I. Fleming, 1st Vice-Pres.; Mrs. M. S. Cox, Sec'y.; Mrs. Rufus Demmons, Treas. Some organization we have been encouraged by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, M. S. C.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S AID SOCIETY OF WALTON.

The chair was taken by the President of the W. A. S., and the meeting opened by singing, "What hast Thou done for Me?" Prayer by Rev. G. Wethers, pastor of the Baptist Church. Scripture reading by Mrs. Nalder, of Windsor, our indefatigable and highly esteemed Corresponding Secretary. On account of the illness of Mrs. Bancroft, Secretary of the Walton Society, the annual report was read by Miss O'Brien, and adopted by the church.

After prayers by several brethren, our Corresponding Secretary addressed the audience, thrilling it with descriptions of the trials and hardships of our missionaries, and earnestly appealing for the prayers of "Christians at home."

This inspiring address was followed by one from our beloved pastor, with even more than his usual earnestness.

Mrs. Nalder sang a beautiful solo, Miss Florence Fullmore, organist of the church, playing the accompaniment. Mrs. N. then sang a Telegu hymn, and the collection was taken, amounting to \$3.38.

Thus ended one of the best meetings ever held in Walton, and we hope its results will hasten the day when the heathen shall be given unto Christ for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

FEMINA

Walton, Oct. 16th

MARY D. STARRATT PROMOTED!

PROMOTED! This was the word that first astonished and then gladdened us, as we read it over the notice of the death of Julia Ames, the gifted young editor of the *Union Signal*. Yet, why should the word astonish us in connection with the departure of those who have been "fellow workers with Christ." Is it not said of them in the Heavenly world, "His servants shall serve Him." Miss Starratt has been thus "promoted" from a service for our Master here, which never flagged;

from labor in the Home Circle, the W.C.T.U., and the work of missions, she has been called by her King only to a higher form of service. Here, she must have often wearied not of, but in her work. There, she knows only the delight of labor; no dulness, no weariness, no fear or mistakes to mar her work. We miss her. We had been looking forward to the time when from other duties there might come a respite which would enable her to assume the duties of Co. Sec'y of Yarmouth. But we do not grudge her the higher service, nay, we thank Him, who through His blood has fitted her for it. And then, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" "Wherefore comfort one another."

INDIA LETTERS.

CHICACOLE, Nov. 7th, 1891.

Dear Miss Johnstone:—A few words for the LINK. On the 22nd we took our little girl and went out to Calinga to meet the Barss's. They arrived on Sunday, 25th. We all stayed in Calinga and had a good Sabbath there. Monday about 3.30 a.m., our bandies were all loaded and we were soon off for Chicacole. When we arrived at the house we found all the Christians packed upon the front steps. In front was a large arch with "Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Barss," in large letters. The decorations of the arch were very gay, and revealed a large amount of taste and ingenuity. The Christians are cheered three times, and then sang an original Telugu hymn composed for the occasion by P. David. After this, the last chorus was accompanied by the clapping of thirty pairs of hands. The lower row contained the boarding children, while behind them stood the older ones. After the singing, the centre was broken up and the thirty pairs of feet lined the both sides of the steps from the ground to the front door. Then the welcomed new comers filed up the steps and received welcome "salaams" on either side as they passed. It was a capital reception and made our friends feel that they were indeed welcome by those for whose welfare they had come to this land. The best part of it all was that the Christians had planned the reception and carried it through with little or no help from us. To the Barss's the whole thing was a surprise and was highly appreciated. In the evening a welcome meeting was held, when an address of welcome was read (in English.) Mr. and Mrs. Barss responded fittingly. Prayers were offered and hymns sung, and all of us seemed very happy. On the following Sunday we had a grand day. At 6.30 a.m. three happy believers were baptized. In the afternoon thirty or more of us sat down to the Lord's table. The Lord's supper service was an unusually impressive one.

We have been praying this year for sixteen souls on this field. God has thus far given us twelve. We feel sure that our prayers will be answered and that the other four will be given us.

There are twenty-four in the Boarding Department. All are doing good work. Pray for us.

W. V. HIGGINS.

As Mrs. Higgins and our little one-year-old were in need of a change I took them with me on the 25th ult. for a tour in the neighborhood of Tekkali. Our camp was pitched in a lovely mango grove, and for two weeks we enjoyed exceedingly the experience of tent

life. After six months of enervating heat, a necessity for heavy blankets at night, and the experience of teeth-chattering in the early morning, were very welcome. It was our plan to remain in tent three weeks before going on to Kimediy. Finding that there were about fifty villages lying around Tekkai within a radius of four miles, we wrote out the names and decided to visit as many of the villages named as possible. We rose early, dressed by candle light, ate a hearty lunch, spent a few minutes in prayer, and then started off for a walk of several miles to some of the villages. The more distant places were visited in the morning, and the nearer ones in the evening. After spending an hour or two in telling the people about the Saviour of men and the way of life, we returned to the tent about 10 o'clock tired and hungry. Frequently I have a bullock bandy in waiting to bring us all back from the village, and we are thus saved much fatigue. At four in the afternoon we go off again returning at dark. During the two weeks at Tekkali we visited twenty seven villages, and for the most part found ready listeners, though the people everywhere complain that the crops have been destroyed by drought, and the prospect of famine makes them wear long-drawn faces. The palm of the hand is placed upon the stomach, and then the empty fingers are lifted to the mouth—significant gestures by which the Telugus express their desire for help, and the prospect of "hard times." I wish I could graphically picture to you the scene which we often behold in our visitation of the villages. Suppose our visit is to a Mala hamlet. The village may contain a few (or many) small circular huts huddled promiscuously together, or there may be a long narrow street lined on either side with a continuous block of houses. In either case the thatched roofs reaching almost to the ground make the houses look like so many stacks of old hay. If the people live in a block of huts along the side of the street, there is generally a narrow mud verandah along the front side of the house, over which the roof of the house extends. While we stand in the street these verandahs are often filled with the more timid among the women and children and with the more lazy and disinterested among the men. As we sing a crowd gathers around us, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. The inner circle consists of naked boys and girls (as dirty as pigs, noisy as crows, and numerous as grass hoppers often are—but withal an interesting and welcome lot), who generally sit upon the ground in front of us. In the case of these children frequently the hair is entirely shaved from the head with the exception of a small spot at the back where a long tuft is allowed to grow, and waves in the air. When the children have colds in the head the need of a handkerchief is variously illustrated. Behind the children crowd men and women who generally stand. Some of our hearers as they emerge from beneath the low eaves of the house, are scarcely awake and do little but yawn and rub their eyes or shiver with the chill of the morning. Babies at the mother's breast are busy getting their breakfast while the mother stands in front of us cleaning her teeth with a twig and occasionally making unfavorable comments about our teaching. Suddenly we become aware that satan is busy (we knew he was there from the first but did not before realize his presence so vividly). In one quarter a mother is trying to pacify her screaming child. He yells and cuffs, and the child's screams make things pretty noisy, but to help matters along three or four other babies begin to howl simultaneously, each on a different key. Then two women have a tongue fight,

the vehemence of which is something astounding. A stray dog happens along, and soon a dog fight ensues. Pigs chased by naughty boys help the confusion by running hither and thither, squealing according to their swinish nature. Sheep bleat, dogs bark, hens cackle, roosters fight, women abuse each other, men yell—all at once. The missionary must then surrender to the "powers (and noises) that be." It is no use to be annoyed, one must just look on and watch the interesting proceedings. By and by partial peace is restored (unless perchance a flock of crows come along and start up a deafening "caw! caw!") and we try again to speak. Frequently we leave the noisy village feeling that Satan has entered into everything and everybody, and has defeated us. But doubtless some good seed has been sown and we shall hear from them hereafter.

A HAPPY DAY FOR TEKKALI.

On Saturday, Dec. 5th, at our conference four women were received for baptism, and one young man (who had been excluded) was restored to church fellowship. The women gave good testimonies and are promising converts. Two of them are Sudras—one the wife of one of our Christians, and the other the betrothed of another of our young men. The other two are wives of Christians. Hence, we may say that four families become "one in the Lord." This addition to our numbers makes sixteen since the year began. Others are coming. Pray for the work at Tekkali.

W. V. HIGGINS.

Tekkali, Dec. 9th, 1891.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

FOR THE CHILDREN.

MANY of you children often think of India I know, and wonder what we see in this far away country. Let me tell you about a few things. A few weeks ago while riding about two miles west of my bungalow, I saw about forty antelopes: such beautiful and graceful creatures. At first they did not seem, but when they did, off they went just like the wind, so fast did they run and jump.

Some time ago when I wrote to a Canadian Baptist minister about these antelopes or little deer, he replied, "Why, I thought India was full of people, where is there room for antelope?" But there is plenty of room, for sometimes we travel through the jungle and do not meet a single man for many miles. The other day in the jungle I saw four large peacocks with such beautiful tails. These birds were quite wild for this is their native land, and they live in the thorny jungle and get plenty to eat, and make just the same funny scream which the tame ones do that roost on the top of the barn at home.

While walking near Tuni one day a wild mountain sheep ran along the side of the road and then across a field and through a hedge and disappeared. Then we often see a small animal called a mongoose, which is like a big weasel, and is a very useful little animal because it kills snakes which we all hate. Besides these animals there are others which are large and terrible. One night when I was camped out near a rice field, my wife and myself stayed for several days in a tent. The man who owned the rice field said, "This missionary has come here with his wife and his tent, and they will protect my rice field so that I need not watch it at

night." But one night several large wild boars came from the hills and ate a lot of his rice. The wild boar is a very savage animal. They have large tusks, and are not afraid of a tiger but will sometimes drink out of the same tank that the tiger is drinking at. Then there is another animal named the cheetah or panther, which is very quick and very fierce. One day when out riding near Tuni we saw two men carrying a dead goat, and when my wife asked how it died, they said that a panther had killed it. Men go into the jungle and shoot these animals. Last week I baptized a man named Kamadu, who is a hunter, and who had lately killed a panther. This man lives in a village called Chendurty near a big jungle where tigers live. Just a month before I baptized this man, a policeman saw a tiger near this village, and he got so frightened (the policeman I mean, not the tiger,) that he climbed a tree and waited for the tiger to go away. Last year in this same big jungle, I met an Englishman with a gun who was seeking for two tigers that were seen in this place. The way these men shoot the tiger is to tie a poor little goat at the foot of a tree and then climb the tree and wait for the tiger to come, when they shoot it. Away beyond the Tuni Hills are the biggest and fiercest animals of all; the wild buffalo with hides so thick that men shoot them with steel pointed bullets.

But, worse than all these wild animals is sin, which makes people lose their temper and tell lies and do wicked things. Satan is like a roaring lion, and he is in every country, is he not? But there is one safe place; now can you tell me where that is to be found?

From your friend,

R. GARSIDE.

FIVE SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

AS BROWNLOW NORTH lay on his deathbed he enjoyed, according to his own confession, "perfect peace." To a by-stander he said: "You are young, in good health, and with the prospect of rising in the army. I am dying, but if the Bible is true, and I know it is, I would not change places with you for all the world." Mr North wrote the practical counsels which follow:

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. — Heb. ix, 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading, and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that we are to speak and act upon what he says. I believe that all back-sliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. — John v, 39.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, then ask yourself, what am I doing for Him? — Matt. v, 13-16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. — Col. iii, 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. — Romans xiv, 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such people do so and so, therefore you may. — 2 Cor. x, 12. You are to ask yourself, how would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow Him. — John x, 27.

SOME of the Indian women on the Yakama and Puyallup reservations have asked that women evangelists be sent them.

THE CURSE OF EMPTY HANDS.

At dawn the call was heard,
And busy reapers stirred
Along the highway leading to the wheat
"Wilt reap with us?" they said.
I smiled and shook my head,
"Disturb me not," said I, "my dreams are sweet."

I sat with folded hands,
And saw across the lands
The waiting harvest shining on the hill;
I heard the reapers sing
Their song of harvesting,
And thought to go, but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done,
And homeward, one by one,
The reapers went, well laden as they passed
There was no misspent day,
Not long hours dreamed away
In sloth that turns to sting the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near,
"What!" cried he, "Idle here?
Where are the sheaves your hands have bound to-
day?"

"Alas!" I made reply,
"I let the day pass by
Until too late to work. I dreamed the hours away."

"O, foolish one," he said,
And sadly shook his head,
"The dreaming soul is in the way of death
The harvest soon is o'er,
Rouse up and dream no more!
Act, for the summer fadeth like a breath

"What if the Master came
To-night and called your name,
Asking how many sheaves your hands had made?
If at the Lord's command
You showed but empty hands,
Condemned, your dreaming soul would stand dis-
mayed."

Filled with strange terror then,
Lest chance come not again,
I sought the wheat fields while the others slept
"Perhaps ere break of day,
The Lord will come this way,"
A voice kept saying, till, with fear I wept.

Through all the long, still night,
Among the wheat fields white,
I reaped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain.
I dared not pause to rest,
Such fear possessed my breast.
So for my dreams I paid the price in pain

But when the morning broke
And rested reapers woke
My heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands,
For came he soon or late
The Lord of the estate
Would find me bearing not the curse of empty
hands. —Selected.

A MISS AGNEW, of New York, it is said, when only eight years old, gave her heart to mission work. She went to Ceylon and spent forty-three unbroken years. A thousand girls passed through her school. She led six hundred girls to Christ. Forty Bible women in India were trained in her school.

DANGEROUS PRAYERS.

"I WANT you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," said the pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a costly experiment."

"Costly?" they asked in surprise.
"Ay, costly," he cried. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savages, and after two years of blessed work, it cost him his life. Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into His harvest; and lo! it is going to cost our country five thousand young men and women who have, in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the work. Be sure it is a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you cannot pray and withhold your labor, or pray and withhold your money; nay, that your very life will no longer be your own when your prayers begin to be answered."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

Western education is producing a new and rapidly spreading type of Hindu, no longer fawning and subservient, but ambitious and self-asserting. One of the latest developments of this growth is seen in the appearance of the first number of *The Hindu Magazine*, devoted to the propagation of that faith. Upon this *The Times* says:—

"Everywhere the necessity for a reconstruction of Indian society is felt: for an adaptation of ancient usages and beliefs to the teachings of modern science and the needs of modern life. The struggle is whether the reconstruction shall be from within or without. Hinduism, not less than Christianity, feels confident that it contains within itself the solution of the problem."

But a system which, like Hinduism, can worship almost everything *except* God, and is little better than "a religion of despair," can never raise or purify India either socially or religiously. Dry-rot is fastening upon the ancient religions of the East, and the old superstitions are being violently shaken. Christianity is to take their places, the home churches must send forth more labourers into the Lord's harvest.

THERE are indications that the time is at hand for a great blessing in India. This "slow old land" is beginning to arouse from her sleep of centuries and respond to the tender touch of a faith that regenerates. Dr. Phillips writes almost enthusiastically of the outlook. There are open doors on every side. Prayers are being answered, and long, patient labor is having its reward. All India is ready for a forward movement. In *Life and Light* we are told of a wide-spread restlessness and a spirit of inquiry in India. In a Madras paper these lines are given as the cry of the multitude to-day.

"We are weary of empty creeds,
Of guides who shew no man the way,
Of worship linked with lust and shame.
Life is an ill, the sea of births is wide,
And we are weary—who shall be our guide?"
Thank God for these consciously weary and heavily laden, to whom the missionaries may carry the pitying
'Come with me, and ye shall find rest for your soul.'

MISSION STUDIES, NO. 8.

A TRIP TO COCANADA.

WILL THE boys and girls who attend our Mission Bands take a mind journey with me for 11,000 miles, and visit India? Each one who is ready for such a trip, get your geography, sit down by the window, and look out the places as we talk about them.

Starting from Quebe we take a steamer for Liverpool and after eight or nine days on the ocean are very glad to be in England. Here we will rest for a few days, then take another steamer, sail through the English Channel and Bay of Biscay. Here we go through the famous Strait of Gibraltar into the tideless Mediterranean Sea. Now each day will bring new sights to us. At Port Said, one gets a fair picture of eastern life and customs, meeting Egyptians, Jews, Arabians, Hindus, Chinese, and many other strange people. We sail into the Suez canal, 20 miles long, and pass ships of many nations. As we enter the Red Sea the heat becomes more intense. We realize a little of what our missionaries endure year after year. Very different from the health-giving climate of Canada. Now through the Strait of Bab-el mandeb into the Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean, pass the famous Island of Ceylon. Then we enter the Bay of Bengal and land at Madras, one of the chief cities of India. Here we see the people of that land in native costume, hear them speak, but cannot understand a word. We visit Miss Day, daughter of the first American Telugu missionary, in the new building of the American Baptist Mission, hear her tell of her Zenana work among the women in their homes, see her school for caste-girls, and the earnest Bible women starting out on their journey through the neighboring villages. We must visit the grave of Mrs. Drake. Many of us knew and loved her in Canada as Miss Alexander. You have read in the LINK of her devoted life and sudden death. So weary, and yet teaching God's truths to the needy heathen until within a few hours of her death. Then God gave his beloved sleep.

But we are still two days distant from Cocanada and are anxious to reach that city, where Rev. Mr. McLaurin founded our Canadian Baptist Mission in 1874, and gave many of the best years of his life to supply its needs. Here too, Rev. Mr. Timpany lived, labored so earnestly, and died; his last service being for the girls of India. As we visit the different mission buildings we realize that "his works do follow him." We see another grave in this consecrated ground: that of Rev. Mr. Currie, whose life we shall study when we visit Tuni. Here, too, the first wife of Rev. Mr. Craig, of Akidu, lies asleep in Jesus. Her unselfish, consecrated life still speaks to us. Josiah Burder, the native preacher, lies near by. One precious memory we have of him is his saying to Mrs. McLaurin one evening, "My rice never tastes sweet to me at night unless I have told somebody of Jesus during the day."

Here we are at the Mission House where Mr. and Mrs. Davis give us a hearty welcome. The new missionaries find a pleasant home with them while studying the Telugu language. We hear him tell of the successful year's work among these people, and of his joy at welcoming others who will help him save these perishing heathens. We visit the Zenana Home and see Misses Simpson and Baskerville who have taken up the work which was begun by Miss Frith, our first lady missionary. After five years of service in that far off land her health failed and she had

to return home. Many of us have heard her plead earnestly that more helpers be sent to aid in this great work, and our hearts grow warm as she tells us of things she has seen and heard in India.

Here is the Matron's Home and girls' quarters. We see them busy preparing their rice, and hear them singing songs of Jesus their Saviour. Let us follow these girls into the comfortable building on the mission compound, known as the "Girls' Boarding School." It was built by Mr. Timpany in 1879, and for twelve years has been doing good service for the Master. Girls who attend this school learn to be better wives and mothers than most of the women of India. They learn many things besides lessons from books. Miss Baskerville is the head teacher, and has three native teachers under her. In 1890 there were 31 boarders part of the time, and 26 scholars. Boys are admitted as day scholars. There were 23 of these. The older girls after studying the Bible themselves in the morning, assist in teaching the junior Bible classes in the afternoon under Miss Baskerville's supervision. They also go with Miss Simpson and her Bible women and visit some of the Zenanas, and on Sundays teach in the different Sunday schools. A class of those who wish to become village teachers or Bible women receives special care. Girls from the Tuni and Akidu schools are sent to this class. Miss Baskerville also gives them sewing lessons. The girls do not have to consult fashion books as much as our girls in Canada do, for they all wear the same style of dress all the time. It is neat, pretty and easily made. On Easter Sunday, Miss Baskerville tells us that four of the girls were baptized on giving satisfactory evidence of their faith in Christ. Nearly all of the girls are Christians now or desiring to become such. Let us thank God for the good done by this school, and pray for His blessing on it this year also.

And this is the Rest House where our sick missionaries from other stations come when in need of a physician, for Cocanada is the only one of our mission stations where a doctor's services can be secured. We see the great need of medical missionaries, and rejoice to know that Miss McDonald will soon be ready to start for India to engage in that work.

Here is the Chapel School House where so many natives have laid aside their idols for the one true God. How Mr. Timpany rejoiced when it was ready for use, and what joy there has been in Heaven over the many souls "born again" within its walls.

We must not forget to visit the English Chapel built in 1880, and where our new missionaries can at once begin to preach Christ to the English-speaking people of Cocanada. Here, too, Miss Folsom had her school, and here many Bible women received their first training.

But we must say good bye to Cocanada and next month will visit Sanulcoita Seminary.

SISTER BELLE

IF I WERE A BOY.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

IF I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other, And I should chew it well and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours, even if I had to have four regular meals a day. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleansing my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and

treatment; never sit up late at night, unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when time came for getting up; never neglect to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel and then with a dry one; never drink more than three or four table-spoonfuls of ice water at one time, and so forth, and so on. But all this takes will-power. And that is all it does take.

If I were a boy I should keep my own secrets, except when I revealed them to my father and mother for the sake of securing their advice; I should never speak a word to any one who might be worried by it; and speak kind words of others, even of enemies in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my memory and imagination, and no foul words on my tongue; give no smiles, but give the rather black frowns and prompt and fierce reproof, to any comrade who dared in my presence, to utter a filthy speech. I should want to say, as the pure-minded and noble Dr. George H. Whitney, president of Hackettstown (N. J.) College, can say: "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfortunate—and all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents, a help to the next century, and in the seventh decade of it should hope to be a wise and cheerful old man, who learned when he was a boy to govern himself, to be firm in right willing, and to keep up the terraces in God's garden on the hillside.

If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do all the manly sports. Love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard (with a will) when the time came for study; read the best literature—works of the imagination, history, science and art, according to my taste and need; get a good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately, and to pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sundays reverently; try to be a practical every day Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use the world and not abuse it;" treat old men as fathers, "the younger men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, in all purity;" and thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous, a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice; a builder of terraced gardens on the hillside—man's will and wisdom in them, and God's grace, beauty and blessing abiding upon them.

Oh, if I were a boy!—*Home Maker.*

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUEB.

Rev. G. M. Barrow, *Tuni*. Miss A. E. Baskerville, *Cocanada*. Miss L. H. Booker, *Otocamund*. Rev. J. G. Brown, B. A. and wife, *Vuyyuru*. Rev. John Craig, B. A., and wife, *Akida*. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, *Cocanada*. Rev. R. Garside, B. A., and wife, *Tuni*. Miss S. I. Hatch, *Samulatta*. Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife, *Yellamanchili*. Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife, *Cocanada*. Miss Martha Rogers, *Tuni*. Miss S. A. Simpson, *Cocanada*. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A. and wife, *Samulatta*. Miss F. M. Stovel, *Akida*. Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife, *Cocanada*.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rimlipajam.—Rev. R. Sanford, M. A. and wife; Rev. L. D. Morse, B. A. and wife; Miss A. C. Gray.
Bobili.—Rev. G. Churchill and wife; Miss Kate MacNeill.
Chicaco.—Rev. W. V. Higgins, B. A. and wife; Rev. W. Barrs, B. A. and wife.
Visianagram.—Rev. M. B. Shaw, M. A. and wife.
At Home.—Rev. I. C. Archibald, B. A. and wife; Miss Hettie Wright.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, 356 Markham St., Toronto; 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.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec. Mrs. Bentley, Cor. Sec. Miss Nannie E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas. Mrs. F. B. Smith, 37 City Councillors St., Montreal; Sec. of Mission Bands, Mrs. J. C. Radford, 15 Pard Ave., Montreal.

Lower Provinces: Pres. Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie St. Halifax, N. S.; Treas., Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.

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.

SPECIAL.

TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

The Canadian Missionary Link

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. Mary A. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

Subscription 25c. per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers will please make inquiry for them at their respective Post Offices. If not found notify the Editor at once, giving full name and address and duplicate copies will be forwarded at once.

Send Remittances by Post Office Order, when possible, payable at Yorkville Post Office, or by registered letter.

Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing for new subscribers.

W. S. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS,
67 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.