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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

And Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

FEBRUARY, 1899.

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CLINTON

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Editorial.

B. Y. P. U. Students will find THE LINK always helpful for their missionary meetings. The lessons in the Y. P. Department are especially appropriate just now for the February union studies.

AGENTS.—Has your Circle a LINK agent? If not, please bring the matter before the next meeting and have one appointed. It would be a great help if subscribers would hand their subscriptions to the agent, or have it ready at the house when she calls for it, or arrange some way to save her extra trouble. Most of our agents are very faithful. Without them we could not publish the paper. Help them all you can. It would help us in keeping the list, and also save considerable loss in money to the Society, if our agents would remember to inform us of all who will not continue to take the paper before their subscriptions are several months in arrears. We hope that all our friends will make an effort to increase the list of subscribers at the beginning of this year. We are sure from the many letters of appreciation received, that the paper is worthy of the effort.

CIRCLES and Bands in Eastern Ontario and Quebec are reminded to send in funds on hand to the Treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, 6 Thistle Terrace, Montreal, every quarter, if possible, and as the months of November, February, May and September are considered the last months of each quarter, Treasurers are requested to forward any money before the first of March.

ETHEL C. AVER, Cor. Sec.

WORD has come from Miss Simpson and Miss Morrow that they reached their destination (Ocanada) about 6.30 p.m. on the 19th of December.

Miss Morrow writes:—"I do not think I am a bad sailor at all, but I am glad to be here. I enjoyed the Atlantic better, I think, than the rest of the way; but I enjoyed the company better on the *Shannon*. We had about twenty missionaries in all, and had some very nice Bible study meetings. . . . Miss Stovel was the first one of the missionaries I met. She came four miles to bring us breakfast and a welcome. She got on the train and we had breakfast together, then she got off at the next station, and took the train back, having the four miles to tramp again. . . . At Samulcotta, Mrs. Craig,

Miss Baskerville and Miss Murray met us. I have not seen Mr. Craig, as he was away on tour. When we got to Ocanada, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stillwell and children and Mr. Laflamme were at the station, and Miss Folsom was at the bungalow when we reached here. . . . The natives gave us a royal welcome too. They had the verandah all decorated with palms, plantains and flowers, and had garlands of flowers which they threw around our necks, and all seemed so glad to see us. Of course a great deal of it was for Miss Simpson. Her girls were delighted to see her, and crowded around, hugging and kissing her. How I wish my descriptive powers were a little better that I might give you an impression of what it was like.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

One of our exchanges says,—“The serious nature of the plague in India is not easily realized by us at home, but it might be seen if we were to take some solitary instance of its ravages. Bangalore, for instance, a city 120,000 inhabitants, will be depopulated in five months from the present time at the present death-rate. We hope and believe that the authorities will successfully deal with the scourge, but in the meantime the losses are terrible, and the people are fleeing for their lives. The hindrance of the plague to Christian work is very great. Schools that had 600 scholars have only 100, or perhaps as few as forty; and even were the calamity now to cease it will be years before the lost ground can be recovered. Our sympathy should be with our brethren in their great trouble, and our prayers should be for it to be overruled for the spread of the Gospel and for the good of the whole country.”

It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. John McLaurin are in Bangalore.

GENERAL GORDON'S QUIET HOUR.

It is told of General Gordon, during his first sojourn in Soudan, that each morning there was one half-hour during which there lay outside his tent a handkerchief. The whole camp knew the significance of that token, and most religiously was it respected by all there, what soever the color, creed, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent so guarded; no message, however pressing, was carried in. Whatever it was, of life or death, it had to wait until that guardian signal was removed. Everyone knew that God and Gordon were together alone. The men of spiritual power to-day get their strength by being much alone with God.—*Christian Union Herald*.

HEARTILY.

Is the work before you heavy?
 Is the pathway long and steep?
 Does the darkness thickly settle
 Where the sunbeams used to creep?
 Uncomplaining journey onward
 With a heart of patient cheer;
 Fairer is the morning's splendor
 That succeeds the night of fear.

Is your part to cheer the lowly,
 Walking where no sound of praise
 From the world can reach you ever
 Through the length of weary days?
 Let the light of love about you
 Gild the path for other feet,
 And the blessedness of giving
 You will find divinely sweet.

Is your work to lift the fallen
 From the dreadful curse of sin?
 Do it bravely, let no shadow
 Mar the gleam of hope within.
 With a touch of love and pity
 Draw the wanderer back to right,
 To the realms of truth and honor,
 From the darkness and the blight.

Do your duty with a fervor
 And a heartiness of will
 That shall banish all the doubting
 From the world of wrong and ill;
 Do it bravely, whether beauty
 Fill one measure of the way;
 Loving thought and loving action
 Its own service will repay.

—Selected.

THE REVERSE SIDE.

PROF. L. M. BARNES.

Almost every one, at some time, feels a more or less ardent longing to become a missionary. This desire is aroused and fostered by a delusive half-knowledge of what missionary life is. How vague and illusory are the ordinary notions in regard to the actualities of life in heathen lands! How little of the reverse side of that life is ever really apprehended? What is missionary life? Is it not thought to be teaching those who are docile and anxious to learn; telling the Gospel story to those who hunger and thirst for the Word of Life, and who receive it with joy and alacrity? Then there is the background of those wonderful foreign lands with their strange teeming wealth and beauty. Of course there are some unpleasant features—the parting from home, the rude conditions of life, opposition perhaps—but these will all appear but trivial and will be but slightly felt when engaged in so noble a work, when doing so much. Then in the distance is a vision of return with a crown about the brows; or of a glorious death, the recounting of which in the far-away home-church on some quiet Sabbath day shall send some fresh young life to take up the work laid down. This is, perhaps, the usual idea of missionary life.

The black man and the yellow man are disliked and avoided here; they will not be there. The comforts of

life are essential here; they will not be there. Misery, vice and sin are repulsive and loathsome here; they will not be there. Ignorance, stupidity, injustice excite contempt and hatred here; they will not there. "Be not deceived." The horror of these repulsive, hateful, awful conditions will overhang the missionary like a cloud—darker and more palpable with the passing years, because nearer seen and better understood. Besides, these dwellers in heathen lands have no welcome for this missionary, no regard for his message. He is an alien and an intruder, and must work as such. And what is the price he must pay for this privilege or sufferance?

It means forsaking home and country. Those who have never been in a foreign country can have no adequate conception of the nature or strength of the tie that binds them to their native land and to their own people. Being among strangers in a strange place only begins to reveal the existence of this tie. They, who go where they do not hear their mother-tongue, learn how deep-rooted it is. But only they, who live in a strange clime among another race, realize what home, country, people mean. Is it Livingstone or Stanley who has recorded his o'ermastering joy at seeing white men? After months spent in the interior, he reached the coast. Just at sunset, he climbed the hill overlooking the sea and town; and there, in the road before him, were some native Caucasian merchants, in flowing white robes. Their faces were brown and tanned; their garments, yellow and travel-stained; their speech, broken and imperfect English; yet, to his heart-hungry eyes and ears, their robes were dazzling white; their faces, fair as those of his own kin; their voices, sweet as the softest song that ever stirred the air.

He who would be a missionary must lay down his life. He gives himself to unremitting toil in uncongenial and unhealthful climates. In health, in sickness, in strength, in weakness, he must work; until, long before age overtakes him, the step is slow; the form, bent; the face, marked and seamed with those lines which only care and toil bring. Unhealthful, unappetizing, repulsive food; rude, unpleasant dwellings must be his continual portion. He submits to the dwarfing of his mind. He, who puts himself out of the strong current of intellectual life, will not only be deprived of development which contact with intellect and with newly-discovered truth gives; but consents to the gradual deterioration and death in his intellectual life. The constant companionship of those who are savage or primitive, the continual dwelling upon the elementary subjects suited to their uncultivated minds adds to the process of intellectual decay. The missionary must be willing that "that which he has," intellectually, "shall be taken from him." He must resign himself to become, as years pass on, more and more like those among whom he labors. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

He who would be a missionary must possess courage—not bravery—something higher, nobler. He must have the power to labor, undiscouraged, without result, year after year; the power to endure, quietly and sweetly, opposition, calumny and insult as a daily portion; the power to look calmly and silently upon all manner of oppression, crime and wretchedness; the power to be unmoved in the continual presence of all that stirs the Saxon blood to fever heat; the power, too, to speak and act, at the right moment, fearlessly, faithfully authoritatively, "at all hazards, at whatever cost."

The environment of the missionary subjects him to peculiar dangers. The enervating tendency of tropical climates is well known. Its torporific and deadening influence on all enterprise needs no proof. This insidious foe, the missionary must daily, hourly, fight with a determination that increases as his physical strength is undermined.—*The Missionary Monthly*.

A REASONED SOUL.

MARY PORTER GAMEWEL.

A motherless child was sold by her own father before she was ten years of age. She was brought up for the market and resold into a large house of ill-fame, at the age of fourteen, and there passed five terrible years. Then, at the age of nineteen, deprived of all the sweet freshness of childhood and girlhood, and diseased, she was brought to the Elizabeth Sleeper Davis Hospital, by a man who called himself her uncle, and who threatened her with violence in case she should tell the truth about her condition.

She was unclean, within and without, and the dull smile on her heavy face, her lounging attitude, her listless manner, the tone of her voice, and her words, all told the story—sadder than death—of a life that had never known self-respect.

With the other patients, she heard in the hospital, of the Deliverer, and one day she responded to the Bible-woman's urging with a dull "No use in my hearing or believing your doctrine, for I have got to go back to what I came from."

The words indicated the beginning of interest within this soul, that never before had been brought into contact with anything clean and pure. As the days went by she aroused enough to tell her story fully, and finally to hope for rescue.

The women of the church and in the training school became much interested, and Sai-na, once one of our dearest school girls, now a preacher's wife, said, "If we do not save this girl from returning to her life of death, what shall we say for ourselves on Judgment Day, for we shall have to meet her there?"

The first step towards saving the girl was to buy off the parties who owned her, body and soul. Once bought off, what then? Where could shelter be found for a life that had been bred in uncleanness, that it might grow strong in the way of pure living? The Chinese are a people rich in expedients. If there is anything that they can do better than another, it is to manage affairs—to devise ways and means of bringing things to pass. But here was a life to redeem. The sphere of their operations was shifted to spiritual grounds, and the difficulties in the way were as a high wall before them.

The Bible-woman, the training-school women, some of the church women, the preacher, the preacher's wife, and even good, old Mr. Lee, in the boys' school, talked and counseled together, but were at their wits' end. Baffled, perplexed and empty of suggestions, the women began to pray. They promised the Lord to do their part as He should show it to them, however difficult it might be.

Every day they prayed. As they prayed, doubt and trouble gave place to faith and trust, and a waiting for God's moving. Probably it was the first time that any of them had come to God so empty of self and sug-

gestions—the first time that they had let faith do its perfect work in them.

Negotiations for the girl's release were interrupted by many tricks and dodges of the owners, who were loth to loosen their clutch on the girl's life—all the more loth since they would thereby lose the opportunity to revenge themselves upon her, for bringing them into trouble by revealing the true state of affairs.

One day, when negotiations were in progress, the girl had occasion to step into the hospital gate-court. She had just reached the shelter of her own room, when the gate-keeper rushed in and warned her to keep out of sight, as the old woman who wanted to catch her had just passed into the hospital waiting-room. The gate-keeper was not in the gate when the girl came out, nor when the old woman passed in. If they had met in the gate, nothing could have prevented the old woman from whisking the girl out of the gate, into the cart and off, before any one could come to the rescue.

The girl, realizing her narrow escape, was violently agitated. In a great fright she flung herself upon her knees and cried, "True God, save me—True God, save me!"

A soul black as night had at last turned to the source of Light. It was faith born of desperation, but the girl's regeneration began in the moment of that desperate cry. And now God's answers gathered rapidly. Money bought the girl's release. A profligate young man, who had been recently converted, asked for the girl in marriage, and proposed that they begin together to live the new, clean life. Missionaries paid her ransom and provided her with a wardrobe; and one evening the lamps were lighted in the training school schoolroom, and our young preacher stood up to pronounce the two redeemed souls man and wife.

The bride goes in and out among the church-goers now, with a light on her face that transforms it beyond possibility of recognition as the face of the girl who lounged, so listless, inert and unclean, through those days, that were the beginning of the end of the days of her bondage.

God brought things to pass by ways that were past the imagination of the women who prayed so faithfully. By ways that they knew not of, He redeemed a life, saved a soul, set two lives on a course of mutual help, and taught a company of praying women a lesson on faith and prayer, that advanced them, in Christian experience, beyond anything they before could know.

The women speak among themselves of the wonder of it all, and, with sober smiles, whisper one to another, "God did it."—*Womans' Missionary Friend*.

THE IDEAL MEMBER OF A MISSIONARY SOCIETY

In the first place this Mrs. Ideal is a very busy woman. She looketh well to the ways of her household. Her children are the objects of her tenderest care and sympathy. Her ministrations reach out to the poor, the sick, the lonely ones. We often wonder how she accomplishes so much, but she has let a few of us into her secret. It is hard for her to attend the meetings. Many would say they were tied at home, but she says a great deal can be done by a little careful planning; that things must have system, and by hurrying up this piece of work and putting off that, she finds on the afternoon of the

meeting that she is free to go. She makes a great deal of planning her work ahead. At the meeting she has a cheerful word for everybody, takes her part willingly and promptly; generally has some interesting item of church news to tell, and shows by word and look that it is a pleasure for her to be there. She was always at "our last meeting," and expects to be at the next.

In the mean time she thinks over the subject, reads up the magazine, loans it to her neighbors, secures their subscription for it, tells her friend what a helpful meeting the last one was, invites her to the next, conscientiously looks after her tent, and beat and most helpful of all, she lays the whole matter before the Lord in prayer. She has actually been known to kneel down in prayer before going to the meeting, and then pray all the way there, while there, and all the way home again. She has great faith in prayer. She says the way to make public praying easy is to do a great deal of private praying. But this woman has some queer ideas. She says the daily cares and worries that come to her as a housewife and mother, instead of narrowing and cramping her mind, as is generally supposed to be the case, only serve to broaden her views and enlarge her sympathies. This certainly is very queer. But this is the way she explains it. She says at night when she bathes her children and puts them to bed, all sweet and clean, she thinks of the fifty thousand orphaned Armenian children for whom there is no such loving care, and her heart is moved to pity, and she prays the dear Father in heaven to hear the orphan's cry, and to send them help in this awful time of need. Many times a day she allows her ordinary duties to call up high and noble thoughts, and thus bring a blessing to her. She says some days her duties are so many and varied that by nightfall she has been over most of the world in heart and mind.

She cannot imagine any circumstance that would keep her from being interested and even helpful in the cause of missions; because if one's hands are tied it is impossible to bind the mind and soul, and so she expects always to be able for something. She can at least—and nothing is greater—pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out laborers into his harvest.

These, dear friends, are some of the characteristics of the ideal member. She seems different from some of us, doesn't she? Does she belong to your society? Are you on intimate terms with her? Have you noticed that all these characteristics are simple in themselves, that each goes toward the making of a helpful Christian life? Are they not worthy of imitation? *Mrs. L. H. Gordon*, in *Woman's Missionary Magazine*.

"Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will."

SONG—ILLUSTRATING VILLAGE FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

The body of a village bride has been taken to the burning ghat on the bank of the Ganges. The procession has returned to the village and the women sing this song and weep.

What of the joys of life? Death comes on the head;
The torrent was dry—now it comes rushing.
Death has come. Wailing, they have gone to the burning
ghat of Bindara Ban.

Oh, villagers! Oh, milkmaids, too, of Bindara Ban!
Why do you weep? Go home. I will wail and cry:
Ah me! they have not called, thee have they called away.
Had they not, thou wouldst be sleeping in the village, thy
veil hung over thee.

The mountain torrent has come and swept thee away!
Thy bones burn like sticks, thy hair like grass.
Thy beautiful body is burned. None could come near.

Death vanquishes, too, the families of kings.
City and village may again be peopled, but the dead ones
never return.

Has sleep come to thee? Has youthful joy?
Nor sleep has come, nor youthful joy.
The bier has come, with its bearers.
How did thine eyes change? How did thy soul leave?

Slowly, thine eyes changed and in a twinkling thy soul left.
Not with feasting, but leaving all, thou hast gone,
Beloved of thy mate, thou didst leave without looking back,
and now dost call.

To-day art here, to-morrow in a foreign land.
Let foreigners dwell in foreign lands. Stay thou in thy
country.

My queen has become dust, and her voice is beyond the
waters;
To what land thou art gone—that land tell to me!

Men gather round the bereft one to give comfort. One says: "Sahib, since she has gone, the mourning has been great in the village." The Priest was there also, and said: "Brother, what has been, has been. In this no one has power. But the one who is gone was good and lovely. This is a great blessing, that she has straight gone to heaven. Dying comes to me, to you, to all—to some sooner, to some later."

Translated by A. L. D., in *W. Work for W.*

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Miss Baskerville writes:

Here in Cocanada not long ago an incident occurred in which you and your readers will be interested, I know, so I am going to try to tell you about it.

It is well known that of all classes in India Brahmans are the very hardest to reach; there may be many reasons for this, but perhaps the strangest of all is that

they themselves are objects of veneration and worship ; and to come down from their high estate to the level of the lowest outcast—as they must do if they become Christians, for there is no respect of persons with God—is neither natural nor easy.

The doors of their homes do not open very readily to these who bring Glad Tidings. After fifteen years or so of work among the women in Cocanada, the Brahman houses on the visiting list number only about half-a-dozen ; so when a new Brahman house is opened to the messengers of Christ, it brings great joy to their hearts.

Much has been said and written from time to time, I understand, as to the advisability or unadvisability of using the magic lantern in missionary work. Some have said, "Give up magic lantern exhibitions and preach the Gospel!" In this place the lantern has preached the Gospel, and very effectively too. Some four months ago Mr. Lafamme organized a regular magic lantern campaign, and night after night, at different preaching centres in the town, the lantern drew and held the crowds—chiefly caste men—that otherwise would not have listened to the Gospel.

Not long after, an unheard-of thing happened. A young Hindu lawyer, a Brahman, living in Jagganai-kapur, invited Mr. Lafamme to give an exhibition for women in his home. That he should invite a missionary—and a gentleman at that—when he knew that the Gospel of Christ would be preached, was remarkable; doubly so, because his parents are living and gave their consent. It would be difficult to find many instances in which those of a former generation would be willing to fall in with the advanced ideas of their more liberal-minded sons.

But to permit Mr. Lafamme to talk to the women would be too radical a violation of their long-established prejudices, so Miss Murray and I were asked to explain the pictures.

The evening of Tuesday, November 1st, was fixed upon, and in the afternoon Mr. Lafamme sent up the slides in order that we might make a selection. After prayer for guidance we chose about thirty, ten of which were illustrative of the life of Christ—as follows:—the shepherds, the presentation in the temple, the visit of the wise men, the massacre of the children in Bethlehem, the cleansing of the temple, Jesus blessing little children, stilling the tempest, walking on the sea, the crucifixion and the ascension. The others were interesting views of people and places, on land and sea, in India and elsewhere; but our interest centred in the ten, and we gave more time to explaining them, because some of those women might never hear again, and we needed to improve the precious opportunity.

The interest was well sustained throughout—about an

hour and a-half, I think—though at times it was manifested in remarks to one another that interrupted some what the addresses; yet the order was wonderfully good, considering the fact that there was a goodly representation of the "small boy" element in the foreground. But these little fellows made us feel at home—no one always feels at home among the children—and were a help, not a hindrance.

Some of our Christian hymns, suited to subjects illustrated, were introduced with good effect, and were much enjoyed as we afterwards learned.

The sheet for showing the views was stretched between two pillars in the square court or hall, enclosed by the living rooms on all sides. On one side of it, the table that held the lantern stood in front of a door—and behind that door—one of the young men of the house informed us, in a significant whisper—was the room where the women kept their gods! There Mr. Lafamme stood, and from before the closed door of that dark room, the light—[Here we must stop, as the rest of the letter could not be found]—Ed.

[An accident befell this letter of Miss Baskerville's, for which we are very sorry, and we know our readers will be also, as it deprives them of some parts of a most interesting letter.

On our way to the post office the other day with a bundle of things to mail, we lost the envelope with copy for the printer. On returning to look for it, we found that the envelope had been opened, and the contents mutilated and scattered.

We have been able to piece up the largest part of Miss Baskerville's letter, and will have to leave you to imagine the rest. Miss Baskerville must write us another letter soon to compensate for our loss. What we have of this gives us a wonderful story. Just imagine those Brahmins inviting the missionary to give this entertainment to the women. In the latter part of the letter (which is lost) we remember Miss Baskerville said there were about a hundred present; that one widow, who was ceremonially unclean and could not therefore come in with the other women, was allowed to sit on the veranda and see through the window.

Surely this means great progress in Cocanada]—Ed.

COCANADA, INDIA.

Mr. Lafamme writes in a private letter: "Misses Simpson and Morrow arrived on Monday, the 19th. They looked very well indeed and the plague inspection officer who examines every arrival from Bombay soon got through with two such healthy looking subjects, though the rule is that they must appear before a medical officer each day for ten days at least for inspection. So you see there is a real danger of infection from even

travelling through a plague haunted place like the West Coast of Bombay.

At present, the Stillwells from Samalkota are here. Mr. J. R. Stillwell as you have doubtless heard, has had a very serious break down and with the family is now at my place. He is a great deal better now, but the doctors, several of whom have pronounced upon his case, all agree that he must have as absolute mental rest for the next six months as is possible. So, early in January they will go up to Coonoor, where they have taken a little cottage not far from the McLaurin's, who have moved there lately, and will remain till the end of June if all goes well. What may take place then none of us can tell. In the meantime, a number of us met here in consultation, including Messrs. Priest, McLeod, Davis, Orain and myself, and it seemed good that Mr. Craig should take the Seminary for the present. So the Craig's will soon experience their third settling since coming out a little more than a year ago. Three moves are as bad as a fire to the ordinary English officer. This does not hold good of us with much shorter moves, but there is a deal of wear and tear in it all.

An epidemic of most violent form of whooping cough has been raging in these parts for some time; many native children have died of it. The little Davises have had a hard time of it, and are at it yet. The mother is about worn out as she has been endeavoring to get on without a nurse. That in a land where one is shut out from any such help as friends can give at home is not the best economy, but with a family at home and one here and other incidentals, there seems to be no other way out of it.

With the beginning of the new year Miss Simpson will take up her former work, Miss Murray will take over the Girls' Boarding School, and Miss Baskerville will visit some of the other stations previous to the furlough which she so well deserves. Her term will have been ten years and a half long when she leaves India. That is too long a term. Though Miss Baskerville has enjoyed the best of health, still the enervating climate has told upon her, and those who know her very well agree that the last few years have taken more out of her than any one, be their strength ever so great, can afford to spare. Her work is of such a nature as to be a constant burden night and day except in the holidays. Then the children are all at home and off her hands. The care of eighty-five girls, the mothering of them with all the discipline, the oversight, the caution, the provision and the nursing have told heavily on her. Last year was an exceedingly trying one to her, as to all of us. When the cholera crept into the compound and attacked the school she segregated the girls held in its awful grip, and herself watched them night and day. You put black diphtheria and smallpox into one and you have an approach

to what Asiatic Cholera is in its native haunts, and you will be able to appreciate the devotion, the nerve and the love that would keep her at her post and in contact with the contagion. She did it all so quietly that I do not know as I realized it all till the other day, on reading Mrs. Walker's letter in the *Baptist* about their fearful experiences at Pedapuram. I was sick in bed at the time and she and Miss Murray did not let me know all about it.

At our last monthly meeting I gave the right hand of fellowship to fourteen women, twelve of whom were little women from Miss Baskerville's school. The strong Christian influences of that place are bound to tell for the salvation of those precious souls. In India and amongst our Christians these schools at Cocanada and Samulcotta, and the other smaller boarding schools in the various stations are permeated with some such influences as have made Woodstock notable in the formation of Christian character, and as one of the most potent factors in the extension of that section of the Kingdom of God that has fallen to our people. Others are inquiring the way of life in the Girls' Boarding School, and Miss Baskerville says she does not believe there are many of them who are not trying in their own way and light to live a life that is well pleasing unto God.

The other evening while calling there my ears were greeted with the sound of many tears falling. They do not fall noiselessly in this land as often at home. Eight of the girls were being sent home because they had failed twice in succession at the prescribed yearly examinations. The disgrace of it all was very poignant to some of them as they are to be married this Christmas. Still it was a needed lesson to others who are apt to be as careless and indolent as some of these have been and will serve as a warning to those who enjoy the splendid advantages of such a school not to neglect their opportunities.

The friends are all looking for a young lady to come to take up the work of the Timpany School when the present capable principal must leave for her next furlough. A young woman with a teacher's training, some knowledge of instrumental and vocal music, a little painting and drawing and a great motherly heart to care for the girls there. We are hopeful that Miss Folsom will be able to hold out till her temporary successor may be able to get the language so that when Miss Folsom returns she may enter on the Telugu work while Miss Folsom resumes her own duties at the school.

Dec. 19, 1898.

INFORMATION.—I am persuaded that the greatest want of the churches and of individual Christians, in regard to foreign missions, is accurate information concerning the state of the heathen world. That, if you could but see and know (you who have the mind of Christ), your pity, and love, and hearts' deepest sympathy would all spring into zealous activity.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

FOR CIRCLES.—Duties of Auxiliary Officers, 1c. ; The Auxiliary Member, 1c. ; The Experience of an Auxiliary President, 1c. ; Arguments in Favor of and Against Missionary Work, 3c. ; Stewardship and Proportionate Giving, 5c. ; Have you a Mite Box, 1c.

FOR BANDS.—The Measuring Rod, 1c. ; The Unfinished Ladder, 2c. ; T'other and which, 1c. ; Bricks for Builders, 5c. ; Clare's Part, 2c. ; Laying Foundations, 3c.

MUSIC.—He was Not Willing, 3c. ; Behold, the Fields are White, 3c. ; Mite-Box Song, 3c. ; Tell Me His Name Again, 3c.

EXCHANGE DRAWER, FREE.—A suggested programme on our Work in India, bound as a whole or in part ; Our Educational Work ; Work of our Single Ladies ; Beginning of our Work ; Med. Work ; The Davies' Memorial Compound.

Send for free catalogue.

MRS. C. W. KING.

318 Earl St., Kingston.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

CORRECTION.—In report of Woodstock, Oxford St., Thank-offering, it read, "The result was not satisfactory." We learn that it was most satisfactory.

BURK'S FALLS.—The Women's Mission Circle of the Burk's Falls Baptist church held a Thank-offering service on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. At the close of a very interesting programme, bearing mostly on mission work, we took up our Thank-offering, which amounted to \$6—half to go to Home and half to Foreign Missions ; and we pray that God's blessing may go with it.

(MRS.) WM. WHELPTON.

AYLMER.—The semi-annual meeting of the mission circles of the Elgin Association was held at the Aylmer Baptist Church on Thursday, Sept. 15. Invitations were extended to all Circles in the Association, also all local circles. The meeting opened at 2.30 p.m., the President in the chair. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. Hoyt ; response by Mrs. Cohoon. The President's address was then given by our President, Mrs. Timpany. Verbal reports were then given by each Society, which was both interesting and instructive. Mrs. Dr. Clark, of Winnipeg, gave a very interesting talk on the North-West Indian work, telling us of the progress of the work and

the great need of means to carry on this work. She thanked the ladies of the East for the help they had received from them and asked an interest in our prayers in behalf of this great Mission. A very excellent paper was given by Miss Murray, of Knox Church, on consecration. The collection was \$6, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The meeting was closed with prayer by our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hoyt. Our annual Thank-offering Meeting was held on Nov. 17. Refreshments were served at 6 o'clock. The programme consisted of music and recitations. Proceeds of the meeting, \$27.50, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

M. E. ROGERS, Sec.

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

Receipts from December 16, 1898, to January 15, 1899, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—St. Thomas, Centre St., \$7.30 ; St. Thank-offering (\$13 from Mrs. A. W. Graham, to complete her life-membership, and \$25 to make Mrs. Jas. Hales a life-member), \$39.90 ; Woodstock, Oxford St. (\$6.39 Thank-offering), \$11 ; Paisley (\$3.70 Thank-offering), \$5.10 ; Peterboro', Murray St. (\$11.66 Thank-offering), \$21.43 ; Calton, \$19.25 ; London, Talbot St. (\$25.25 Thank-offering), \$38.85 ; Norwood (\$1.80 Thank-offering), \$3.30 ; Burk's Falls, Thank-offering, \$3 ; Fort William, Thank-offering, \$5.60 ; Hamilton, James St. (\$11.35 Thank-offering), \$21.15 ; Brooke, Thank-offering, \$2 ; Hespeler (\$2.15 Thank-offering), \$7.15 ; London South, \$6.10 ; London South, Thank-offering, \$2 ; Sullivan, \$2 ; Uxbridge, \$3.75 ; Gilmour Memorial Ch. (\$4.25 Thank-offering), \$8 ; Attwood (\$2.11 Thank-offering), \$3.39 ; Mount Forest (\$5.25 Thank-offering), \$11.30 ; Wallaceburg, \$2.75 ; Clinton, \$3 ; Gladstone, \$3.65 ; Grimsby, Thank-offering, \$4 ; East Nissouri, \$2.60 ; Park Hill, \$2.70 ; Windsor, Bruce Ave., \$5 ; Wyoming, \$5.75 ; London, Maitland St. (\$1.15 Thank-offering), \$4.31 ; Burford, \$4 ; Brooklin (\$6.50 Thank-offering), \$8.50 ; York Mills, \$3.50 ; Scotland, additional Thank-offering, 75c. ; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$25 ; Cramahe, \$3.75 ; Bethel (\$3.17 Thank-offering), \$8.34 ; Glammis, \$4.56 ; Wyoming, Thank-offering, \$1.73 ; Colchester, \$3.15 ; Port Burwell (\$4.65 Thank-offering), \$9.40 ; Toronto, Ossington Ave. (79c. Thank-offering), \$6 ; Barrie, \$7 ; Port Hope, \$11.45 ; Owen Sound, Thank-offering, \$9 ; Sarnia Township, \$4.25 ; Woodstock, Oxford St., for Engala Nokamma, an extra girl, \$4.50 ; Hamilton, Wentforth St., \$2.43 ; Ailsa Craig, \$5 ; London, Adelaide St. (\$1.40 additional Thank-offering), \$12.75 ; Walkerton (\$7.63 Thank-offering), \$10.63 ; Hartford (\$4 Thank-offering), \$7. Total, \$408.02.

FROM BANDS.—Goodwood, for Nedimelli Subbamma, \$6 ; St. Williams, for Bolivia Mission, \$4 ; Brigden, \$2.93 ; London South, for Jangam Abraham, \$17 ; Hartford, \$3 ; Toronto, Bloor St., \$2.26 ; Peterboro', Murray St. (\$3.88 for Tota Maryamma), \$10.18 ; Toronto, College St. Y. W., for Degala Mary, \$3.50 ; Gilmour Memorial Ch., for Lydia, \$7 ; Walkerton, \$3 ; New Sarum, for student support, \$5.25. Total, \$64.12.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Thank-offering from sisters of Alvinston Ch., 63c. ; London South, Infant Class, 48c. ; Woodstock, First Ch., portion of Thank-offering, \$4.66 ; Misses Isabel and Hattie Edwards, \$2.10 ; Mrs. Willard, Hamilton

Beach, for a Bible-woman, \$20; Thank-offering from sisters of West Lorne Church, \$1.25; A Friend to Missions, Aylmer P. O., \$5; York Mills S. S. Class, for "extra girl," \$1. Total, \$35.12.

Total receipts during the month, \$507.26.

DISBURSEMENTS.—

To General Treasurer:

On account regular estimates.....\$ 784 00
 Extra:—For Miss Morrow and Munshi..... 43 75
 For Bolivia Mission, from St. Williams Band..... 4 00

Total.....\$ 831 75

Home Expenses:—

Collection on cheque from London South..... 15

Total disbursements during the month..... 831 90

Total receipts since May 1, 1898..... 6138 62

Total disbursements since May 1, 1898 (including \$50 from the "Special Account")..... 7099 00

There was added to the Special Account on Dec. 31st, bank interest amounting to \$5.35. The balance of this fund for a Medical Lady is now, \$170.46.

Included in the total receipts are Thank-offerings from 65 Circles, 6 Bands, and 4 other Organizations amounting to \$382.62.

CORRECTION.—The amount from Forest entered in the list from Mission Bands with an interrogation mark proved to be from the Young Ladies' Mission Circle. So the Circles last month should be credited with \$2.25 more, and the Bands with \$2.25 less.

NOTE.—The Treasurers of Circles and of Bands are reminded that they should close their books for the Convention year on March 31st. Kindly endeavor to have all money due paid in to them and entered in their books on or before that date. They should then forward the amount on hand for Foreign Missions to me.

ALL the money they receive in APRIL they are requested to hold until May, and include it in their next year's account.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from October 2nd to December 24th, 1898, inclusive.

Phillipville Circle.....	19 00
Carlton Place, M. B. Circle.....	4 00
Bees Plain.....	8 40
Dempsey.....	3 01
Utica, First Baptist.....	5 02
Tayside.....	14 00
Fur deficit at Convention (Indisiduals).....	1 70
One-half of Home and Foreign Convention collection.....	8 75
Pembroke, Circle.....	14 54
Quebec, M. B. Circle.....	5 25
Kinston, Circle, First Church.....	24 00
Orleans St. Union St. Circle.....	9 00
Orleans, Circle.....	28 00
M. B. Circle.....	6 75
Olivet, Circle.....	17 00
Montreal, First Baptist.....	15 25
Delta, Circle.....	4 00
St. Andrews, Union Circle.....	13 00
Barnston.....	5 00
Almonte.....	13 00
Lanark.....	4 00
Donation (Mrs. McDougall).....	2 00
	1 00

Thurso, Y. W. Temperance Union.....	15 00
Missville.....	5 00
Clarence.....	6 00
Kenmore, M. B., credited by Mr. McDiarmid.....	5 00
Drummond.....	6 00
Addison.....	11 00

Total.....\$207 94

(Mrs.) MARY A. SMITH, Treasurer.
 6 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY. For Kimeby—Thanksgiving for the work done there during the past year, and that many more souls may be won to Christ.

For our Missionary Societies—that every woman in our churches may become interested in this work.

Are these Prayer Topics very real to us?
 Are they remembered every day or only at the monthly meeting?
 Are we asking with a faith that will not be denied?
 Do we really want the answer? Do we believe?
 These are serious questions. Let us answer them.

"This is the confidence that we have concerning Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

In *Woman's Work for Woman* are a few words addressed to the Missionary Societies at the commencement of the year. They appeal to every woman of every church, that we copy them with the prayer, that they may bear a wider message than the writer at first intended, and that thus greater glory may come to His Name.

THE YEAR TO COME 1899.

We are at the end of another year, and the last year of the great "missionary century" is about to dawn. The opportunities which our God gives us for doing His work, slip past us like the moments—soon they will all have passed. What shall distinguish this crowning year of the century in our work for the Master?

Shall it be signalized by some great achievement—some mighty deed? Let it be rather marked in our calendar of years as one in which we tried to do even the smallest things faithfully for the sake of God's dear Son; for it would really seem, when properly appreciated, that the quickest way to evangelize the world would be to enlarge your own missionary Society, by adding all those to it who are not yet interested in this broad work. If your Society grows, the Board grows, the mission force grows, and redeemed souls are multiplied. Let our controlling principle be, then, to aim at great things through smaller ones, and our motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,"—laying stress on the first and last words. And so dear fellow-workers, a busy, hope-full, faith-full, love-full year to us all throughout our thousands of societies, be eighteen hundred ninety-nine.

JANE M. MILLER.

GOOD NEWS.

"Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Mr. Sanford has been touring on the Bobbill field with Brother Gullison: Two were baptized. While at Chikagunda they were much pleased with the spirit manifested by the Christians. Twenty-eight in all sat down to celebrate the Lord's Supper. Three years ago there were no Christians here to observe the Supper. Now there are more than thirty.

Mr. Higgins writes of three baptized. One, an old woman of sixty or more; one, a man of about thirty; and the third, a boy of eight or ten years. During the meeting this lad was asked if it would not be better for him to wait for his elder brother or his parents. His answer was, "No, I think I ought to be baptized whether they are or not." The old woman is the mother of Kunchema, "that noble woman, who for five years has lived alone in the Yatsa St., upon a verandah, ostracised and persecuted." Now that her old mother has taken Christ as her Saviour, Kanchema will have a comfortable home. Let us pray that her son will soon find Christ.

Mrs. Gullison writes, "We have some jewels here in Bobbili. Siamma and her family are treasures. Siamma is respected by high caste and low, by rich and poor, and can command the attention of the people as well as any woman I ever knew at home."

Baptists have shared largely in missionary heroism and missionary success. They were the first in the field of modern missions, and can show an army of missionary heroes unsurpassed by any other body of Christians. And as to results, we stand to-day at the head in church members on Foreign Mission fields. "Marvellous have been God's blessings upon Baptist missions to this heathen. And great is the moral dignity of the missionary enterprise."

What part have we in this work? Eighty-four years ago the Baptists of America began Foreign Mission work with three missionaries. Adoniram Judson and wife and Luther Rice. To-day this work has developed into the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Southern Baptist Convention, the Ontario and Quebec and the Maritime Baptist Foreign Mission work has nearly six hundred missionaries, over twenty-eight hundred native workers, about eighteen hundred churches with over two hundred thousand members, while during that time about three hundred thousand have been baptized.

Still as yet we have been playing at missions. Christ commands his army to advance. Let each one ask, what do I owe this work? Let no one say my little will avail nothing. God asks according as you have. If out of your little store you give as God has given you. His blessing will be upon you and your gift. God measures our gifts not according to what we give, but according to what is left after the giving. Seek the Holy Spirit's direction; follow it, and I am sure there will no longer be any who never give anything for missions. Your chief business here is to give Christ to those who have Him not. Remember, too, that he who is not a mis-

sionary Christian here, will be a missing Christian before the great white throne.—*Extract from article by Rev. R. Osgood Morse.*

Do we give praise when these souls are won to Christ? Are we not rather apt to think more of the number? If we could only estimate the value of one soul!

COME AND GO.

AIR—"More love to Thee."

Lord, Thou hast bid me come
To Thee for rest,
That I may truly love
And serve Thee best.
To shew my love for Thee,
Whate'er the service be,
Jesus send me, Jesus send me.

Make me Thy carrier dove:
Send, Lord by me
Thy message of love,
Divinely free.

Lord, Thou hast bid me come;
Full well I know
'Tis the same heavenly voice
That bids me go.

Lord, Thou hast bid me go;
Yet not alone.
The Master ne'er forsakes
Nor leaves His own.

So labour shall be rest,
Pain, ecstasy;
Since He who bids me go
Journeys with me.

M. E. A., in *Helping Hand*

His love "for thee," not a cold, beautiful, far-off star, but a sunshine that comes and enfolds us, making us warm and glad, and strong and bright and fruitful.

The deepest trust leads to the most powerful action. It is the silencing oil that makes the machine obey the motive-power with greatest readiness and result.

HOW TO MAKE MISSION BANDS INTERESTING.

BY MAUDE KING.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. U. at Truro.

We all admit the importance of Mission work. We make up our minds regarding it as with Temperance. We must make it a part of the education of our children in order to insure its growth and development.

Let them be filled with the missionary spirit at that time in their lives when impressions are most readily received and retained, and we have done something that will grow and strengthen with the child.

Mission Bands have been organized for this purpose. They are composed largely of children from 10 to 14 years of age, and the first thing we must do is to gain their attention. We cannot compel attention but must try to cultivate it by appealing to those strongest char-

acteristics of child nature—curiosity, sympathy, and love of activity. Children have not the power, even if they were so disposed, to fix their attention on a subject for a long time, so whatever is done to implant in the young a knowledge and love of Missions must be done in a way to hold the attention even in spite of the will. In our M. B. we tried an experiment. We have a membership of about 30, mostly between 10 and 14 years, some younger. The aim was to make them familiar with the different Mission stations and Missionary enterprises, and to impress them with the fact that they were concerned with the success and progress of the work. This, it was thought, would interest them in the Missions and make them more eager to help all they could.

To engage the activities of the members and make them feel that they were workers, certain of them were chosen to prepare and give lessons on the different Mission stations. A black-board was used for the outlines of the lessons, and each day the previous lessons were reviewed. In this way even the younger members soon acquired a good knowledge of the Missions. It was found that this method was more effective in holding the attention of the Band than having an outsider give the lessons. This order was varied by having occasional temperance and Gospel meetings, all by the Band themselves. The zeal with which they carried out the work was very gratifying to the friends of the movement.

In order to get the forces in line, and to keep the members working in harmony, it is most desirable that the President or leader be a person who understands the child nature she has to deal with—one of the older members who has skill and tact in marshalling the ranks and keeping them all in touch and sympathy with both herself and the work—with herself—that they may be willing and anxious to do all they can to help her carry on the meetings—with the work—that they may be made to feel and know that they are really doing something to help those poor despised heathen boys and girls, who know nothing of Jesus and his love for little children. Once get the minds filled with this thought and this knowledge, and this sympathy, and we have done much—nay, we might say everything we can do towards the accomplishment of our aims.

TIDINGS FROM AFAR.

THE WEATHER.

Some weeks ago things looked serious in this part of the country. The crops were rapidly drying up and the year's "bread" (or rather rice) seemed likely to perish, and leave the people again face to face with the awful horrors of famine. The sky was cloudless, the ground was parched, and as each day passed the people looked more alarmed. A few more days of cloudless sky and the crops would be beyond resuscitation. It was not quite time for the autumn monsoon, and rain could hardly be expected unless it came in some unusual or extraordinary way. But the Lord, in great mercy, heard somebody's prayer, and suddenly a cyclone storm from the Bay burst upon us like a veritable flood. For several days we were drenched, and the heavens seemed to have an inexhaustible supply for the thirsty land and the withered crops. We thought it must be the monsoon, but it proved to be simply the Lord's timely sending of special torrents for that special and terrible need.

What a change it wrought in the appearance of things, and in the spirits of the people! We laughed for joy and praised God, while we watched it pour from above. The famine was averted and now the chief need is for a thankful people to appreciate the deliverance.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

Those who have to write many letters for foreign post, are doubtless rejoicing in the prospect of enjoying the benefits of the reduced rate of postage. We missionaries shall now, I hope, be able to write more frequently to pastors and churches at home, in the interests of our common work. Let me say that we are always glad to hear from those at home whom we represent. We do occasionally hear from a few of the pastors and from some of the workers in the churches. But we could stand a good deal more of this luxury than we now have. Remember we are isolated out here from genial society, and have not the Christian privileges that you have at home. Will you not send us some letters now and then? I shall always be glad to hear from the young people who may wish to ask questions about India.

HOW WE GOT INTO A ZENANA.

I presume most of you know that a zenana is a word applied to the seclusion of Indian women. These women are called "gosha" and are not allowed to be seen by men outside of their own household. All Hindu women are not "gosha," and some are much more strict than others, even among the "goshas." The husbands are extremely jealous and suspicious of their wives, especially if they are beautiful. According to Hindu notions, unchastity among the men is no fault, but the women must be chaste, even if their chastity has to be maintained by compulsory seclusion in the zenanas. For them to speak to a man who does not belong to the family would be a great sin and cause of jealousy. The result of this system is that thousands of these zenana women live and die in this seclusion, not permitted to have social intercourse with any but their own sex. While on a tour recently Mr. Corey and I visited the palace of a native prince, and also the village adjoining the palace. We went out to this place upon our "wheels," and carried with us as usual some medicines, in case we should find any sick. While talking to the Raja upon the veranda of his palace, some one handed me a slip of paper, upon which was written a request to go to see some sick woman. Taking leave of the Raja, we followed the man to the street where the Brahmins live. Crowds of people followed us to the door of the man's house. We were there met by the husband of the sick woman, who told us about his wife. We saw that she was one of the "gosha" women, and we were rather elated at the idea of getting into the inside of a real zenana. Of course we could never have gotten into such a place, except as medical men (the few medicines we had with us made us, in their estimation, full fledged doctors). The rabble were driven from the door and we were allowed to enter by a narrow opening, after which the door was quickly closed and fastened. The sick woman was then brought to us for treatment. She had probably never seen a white man before in her life, and you can hardly realize what it meant for her to allow herself to be seen by us. It was with great difficulty that they persuaded her to come near us. She came very slowly and with such a frightened look as if

she would any minute flee like a frightened deer. She was about 16 years old, very pretty and possessed a certain air of refinement. I mean by that, that she was not like the bold, coarse, uncleanly women of the lower classes who are daily seen upon the streets. Her husband was a man of forty or more. She was suffering from nothing more serious than a bad gathering in the head. The treatment of the sick among the heathen is so crude and often so cruel that much unnecessary suffering is endured. We called upon her several times and showed them how to relieve her suffering. From that zenana we went to another where we found a child-wife. She was only 10 or 12 and her husband was probably 35 or 40. Lest we should see her face, she backed into the veranda where we were sitting. She had a large boil upon the back of the head. This we succeeded in lancing, much to her relief. After this she turned to us and smiled an expression of grateful thanks. I do not think the evils of child marriage and the cruelty of uniting a girl of 12 to a husband of 40 ever impressed me as it did when we visited that zenana. As we came away we said to each other: "We have had an experience to-day. Think of it! We men have really seen the inside of an Indian zenana." So much for the assistance of a little case of medicine.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

Throughout the year we have been preaching daily to the people wherever we could find them. But our hearts were sad because there seemed little evidence that souls were turning to Christ. This stolid indifference, this utter unconcern, is harder to bear perhaps than open opposition. There will be an attentive hearing and often an assent to the truth, but not the slightest apparent sense of responsibility or disposition to turn from their long established customs, unless perchance they fancy they see a hope of financial gain. However our hearts are all the while cheered by evidences of God's working in some hearts. We have some bright boys who come to morning prayers and who are drinking in the truth, in a way that makes us very glad. Among the Malas, from whom we have not yet had any converts here, there seems to be an evidence of the working of God's grace. Pray for us and for this work "that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

Tekkali, Ganjam District, India. W. V. HIGGINS.
Oct. 22.

AID SOCIETIES AND BANDS.

The Band at the North Church, Halifax, have constituted Marian Morse—the little daughter of our missionary—a life member of their Band—\$10.00.

Now suppose another Band presents Cedric Carey with a life membership. Cedric is very young, but his mother will appreciate it for him.

We have only two children in India, but Mrs. Higgins has some little people here at home. Shall we make them all life members? Remember, girls and boys, this is over and above your membership fees.

The boys and girls in the Dartmouth Band spent several weeks in preparing Scrap Books, which they sent at Christmas to the wee ones in the "Infants' Home." A bit of H. M. work.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Bishop, our Secretary in King's Co., N. S., resigning her position as Co. Secretary.

Owing to family cares, it is impossible for Mrs. Bishop to longer continue in the work. Our sister is grieved that, ever since she has taken the work, her "hands seem to have been tied," but, as she says, "I believe my dear Heavenly Father has over-ruled, and so it is all right."

Our sister "has done what she could." Who will take her place?

Young People's Department.

JEMMY BUTTON.

Once upon a time there was a good, brave captain living in England. His ship was named the *Beagle*, and many a long voyage of discovery had been successfully finished. On one of these Capt. Fitzroy had visited the "Land of Fire," so called because the nations had kindled large fires along the coast when they saw the ship coming. These natives were very cruel and fierce. Many a ship-wrecked crew had been killed and eaten by them. Capt. Fitzroy was an earnest Christian and wanted to do something to teach these savages about Jesus. As his ship was employed by the British government to go on exploring expeditions, he could not stay in these heathen countries himself. He decided to try and get some of the children to go home with him to England, where he might have them educated at his own expense, and have them become teachers to their people afterwards. One of these children was a bright, little fellow, whose parents had sold him to Capt. Fitzroy for a pearl button, so he was named Jemmy Button. He was full of fun and learned English quickly. On the return voyage to Tierra del Fuego, Jemmy was a great favorite with the sailors. It was Christmas week in the year 1831 when they left England. A missionary, named Mr. Matthews, had decided to go with Capt. Fitzroy and be left with Jemmy among the natives. One of the passengers on the *Beagle* on this voyage was Charles Darwin, who afterwards became such a famous naturalist. As they came near the shore, fires were lighted along the coast, and groups of Fuegians rushed out of the forest, shouting and waving their cloaks, which were made out of skins of animals they had killed. One man had white feathers fastened all around his head, making a great contrast to his long black hair. His face was painted in red and white stripes, and after the captain had given him some scarlet cloth as a present, he seemed quite friendly, patting and slapping both Mr. Darwin and the captain to show his affection for them. There were no houses to be seen, only wigwams made of trees or rushes. Numbers of the natives had no homes but their canoes, and in the fierce snow

storms no clothes except the cloak made of skin, worn over their shoulders. Jemmy Button told the sailors that in the long winter, when food was scarce, they always ate up all the old women who were no longer able to catch fish. Jemmy guided the captain to his old home, where his mother and brothers were still living. Mr. Matthews resolved to begin his mission work among them, so goods were landed, a wigwam built, and the ship sailed away to survey some other islands. But ten days later the ship came back just in time to save Mr. Matthews' life, as the natives had robbed him of everything and were going to kill him. Jemmy Button was left alone to see what he could do, but a year later when the ship called again he seemed to have quite returned to his savage life, although delighted to welcome his old friends. Darwin gave his opinion that it was folly to think of sending missionaries to such low savages, so low that he thought in them he had discovered the missing link between men and monkeys!

About 27 years later, when a missionary ship called at Jemmy Button's home, they found him with a wife and three children, ready to welcome the party, and remembering much of the truth he had been taught in England. They were taken to the nearest missionary station, kept five months, and then returned to set up a Christian home in their own land. After many precious lives had been sacrificed, the mission to this part of South America was fully established, and Jemmy Button's last days were his best. One of his sons, named "Three-boys," was taken to England for training in mission work, but died and was buried in the sea. During his last illness, he often repeated passages from the Bible, or hymns. The Lord's Prayer was often on his lips, and he longed to live that his life might be spent in telling his countrymen of Jesus. After seeing the results of the Tierra del Fuego mission, Darwin wrote enclosing a subscription to its funds, and saying how surprised he was at such great success where he had expected utter failure.

A good testimony from a well-known man as to the success of Foreign Missions.

SISTER BELLE.

MISSION BAND LESSON.

REV. A. V. TIMPANY.

Leader—The year 1874 is an important one for us; it was then our work for the Telugus was separated from the American Union and we became an independent Mission. But there is another date that we Baptist ought to remember, and that is the year 1867. All Canadians ought to know that date well, as it is the year of Confederation, when the scattered provinces of Canada became a Dominion; but to Baptists it has an additional interest, because then our first Foreign Missionary left Canada to go to the Telugus. During the year before,

our wise statesmen were travelling over Canada persuading the people to join together and be a nation; and at the same time Mr. Timpany was visiting the Baptist churches and persuading the people to think of the heathen and send him to tell them of our Lord Jesus Christ. We will think of his life to-day and four different members of the Band will tell us something about him.

PRELIMINARY TO LEAVING CANADA.

First—Mr. Timpany was born in 1840. When he was nineteen he gave himself to Christ, and the next year he entered Woodstock College. He often thought of the heathen dying without knowing about God and heaven, and before he finished his theological course he went to Boston and offered himself to the Missionary Union. They decided to send him to the Telugus. But Mr. Timpany not only longed to go to the heathen himself, he wanted the Baptists in Canada to share the joy of such work with him. They were doing nothing to spread the Gospel beyond Canada, and as several others thought something ought to be done, a few met one day in 1866 and formed an Auxiliary to the American Baptist Missionary Union. The first year all that the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec gave to foreign missions was \$1,169.27, and most of this was collected by Mr. Timpany. In October, 1867, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany left Canada for India.

HIS WORK WITH THE AMERICAN UNION.

Second—When Mr. Timpany reached India he spent two years in Nellore learning the language and helping Mr. Jewett, who wrote home "A new era in the Mission begins with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany." At that time there were only two stations, Nellore and Ongole, and the native Christians numbered 253. In 1870 Mr. Timpany was sent to open a new station at Ramapatam, and was greatly blessed in winning souls: a great revival began among the Telugus and hundreds at the three stations applied for baptism. As there were so many native Christians to be taught, it was decided to build a seminary at Ramapatam and Mr. Timpany was the principal of it. We can imagine how hard he worked; he spent four months of the year travelling and preaching in the villages, had the oversight of the church, and the entire charge of the college. But his heart was full of joy for the little band which met in his sitting-room at Ramapatam for the first service, composed of his servants and a few others, had grown to 500 in four years. Mr. Timpany remained at Ramapatam until 1876 when he came to Canada and severed his connection with the American Union.

HIS VISIT TO CANADA.

Third—Our second missionary, Mr. McLaurin, had begun work in Cocanada two years before, and Mr. Currie had gone out to help him. Mr. Timpany's great desire was to arouse the Canadian church to take a greater interest in the work. With a heart full of zeal and love he travelled over Ontario and Quebec and called upon the people to arise to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Many thank God to-day for his burning words, for he showed them not only the great heathen world and its need, but also what horrid, selfish things they were. Mr. Timpany's heart was also set upon another thing, and that was to get Canadian women to work. So he came to Montreal and Toronto and persuaded a

few women to meet and organize the two Women's Societies. And what a blessing that has been to us and how many Telugus we have been able to help. It was Mr. Timpany who persuaded Mrs. Froeland to publish the Missionary Link, and how could we have kept up our Circle and Band without it.

HIS WORK IN COCANADA.

Fourth—In 1878 Mr. Timpany returned to India and took charge of the Cocanada field while Mr. McLaurin came to Canada for a rest. And there he labored incessantly for over six years. The year 1885 is the darkest in the history of our Mission. For years before the five missionaries on the field had sent message after message home asking for more workers, but none were willing to go. So Mr. Timpany saw the mission house at Tuni closed and Mr. and Mrs. Currie leave for Canada. The mission house at Akidn closed and Mr. Craig with his little motherless girl leave for Canada. Mr. McLaurin prostrated with fever go on board a vessel bound for Rangoon. With only Mrs. Timpany, Mrs. McLaurin and Miss Frith to help him, Mr. Timpany sought to overtake this great field. On Sunday, the 15th of March, he preached on "Jesus," and as he spoke of His beauty and the glories of heaven, he exclaimed in a state of rapture, "Sun of my soul." Five days later the veil that prevented the full view of the Sun was taken away, and he saw Him in all His glory. He took the cholera and after a short illness the spirit left the poor tired body. Then three women stood in the Mission house at Cocanada and cried to God for help.

Leader—It was with a very gentle voice that God called Mr. Timpany to Himself, but it was with the voice of a trumpet that He spoke to the churches in Canada, and after that there was no lack of men and women willing to go on Foreign service. During the next five years five men and their wives and six single women were added to the Mission staff.

AMELIA MUIR.

Montreal, Jan., 1899.

(The next Mission Band lesson will be on Tuni.)

GODAVERY DIST., INDIA.

Dear Young People:—Had you been present at the Telugu Baptist Chapel on the morning of Sunday, October 16th, you would have been much interested. It was Sunday School Day, and instead of the regular church service, a children's service was held. All the workers in the native Sunday Schools united to make this service a memorable one, and were busy until late on Saturday night making necessary preparations. The children were interested, I can testify, for I spent some time one day searching in boxes, among old clothes and scraps of cloth for pieces large enough to make new garments for two little boys, who wanted to look "like other boys" on that day.

At 8 o'clock the children of the different Sunday Schools in town began to arrive, each school marching in a body and carrying a banner. These banners, the work of the teachers, were made of kindergarten paper, in various designs, each bearing a text. Some were very

elaborate indeed, all were pretty, and one, heart-shaped, bearing the text, "My son, give me thy heart," in gilt letters on a red background, was particularly striking.

The children literally "had the floor." As they arrived, the children were seated upon the floor, each Sunday School in its allotted place, until, with the exception of a space at the rear occupied by grown people, the floor was covered with children.

At 8.30 the service was begun. As called upon, each school arose, sang a hymn and repeated in unison the text inscribed on its respective banner. The singing was hearty, if not always melodious.

One lone banner and sad-faced teacher indicated that one Sunday School had not materialized. When the teacher went early in the morning to bring his children, he was met by suspicious parents, who angrily accused him of coming to kidnap their children, and ordered him to be gone. The children, having been frightened by their parents, were no where to be seen, so there was nothing for the teacher to do but sorrowfully retrace his steps, which he did, followed by some of the angry crowd, who continued to abuse him.

Of course no program is complete without a speech or two, and so we had some addresses. Miss Baskerville gave an interesting ten-minute talk on the "Feeding of the Five Thousand," illustrating by means of a picture and some real loaves and fishes. Jesus was spoken of as the "Bread of Life," and the little boy who gave so willingly to feed the hungry people was held up as an example to Sunday School children to pass on to others what they learn in the Sunday School. The Superintendent spoke briefly, urging upon the parents the importance of sending their children to the Sunday School. I also had the precious privilege of urging the children to give their hearts to Jesus. After speaking of the gifts of the wise men to the child Jesus, I showed the children a brass plate containing rice, plantains (bananas), camphor, frankincense, a red powder, saffron, a woman's cloth, etc., the usual offerings to the goddess, and asked them if those were what Jesus wished them to give Him. They replied that Jesus wished them to give Him their hearts.

There was singing, with violin accompaniment, by N. Abel, one of the teachers, but the part of the program most appreciated by many of the children was a hymn entitled, "Jesus Standing at the Door." This was sung by Pastor Jonathan, who had felt almost too ill to be present, but after coming had been prompted to sing this touching hymn, which deeply affected some of the children.

And thus ended a most interesting service. May those young lives be dedicated to His service. There were present 400, of whom 340 were children.

Asking the prayers of all who read this on behalf of our Sunday School work in Cocanada, I am

Yours in His service,

A. MURRAY.

NEWS FROM BANDS.

PORT ROWAN.—We organized our Mission Band on Nov. 27th, 1898, the following officers were appointed:—Mr. Caldwell, President; Miss Lizzie Biddle, 1st Vice-President; Miss Ellis, 2nd Vice-President; Miss Audia Smith, Treasurer; Miss Leota Ellis, Organist; Lee Duncan, Murray McCornell and Charlie Killmaster, Solicitors; and myself as Secretary. The fee is to be 2c. a month, and we have decided to hold our meetings the second Sunday in every month.

JENNIE KILLMASTER, Sec.

LONDON.—The Mission Circles of the Talbot Street Church always have good meetings, but the Thank-giving services are particularly interesting, and the last was no exception.

The first heavy snow-fall of the season and a strike among the employees of the Street Railway were not among the list of things for which we felt grateful, but the memory of former meetings and the promised presence of Mrs. Eva Rose York counterbalanced the unfortunate combination of stormy weather and no street-cars.

A large number gathered to listen to Mrs. York's most enjoyable and profitable address.

Our much loved and painstaking Secretary, Mrs. Geo. W. Stuart, was presented with a "Life Membership Certificate" (Home), an honor which she had been coveting for another. Her surprise was complete, and our pleasure equally so. Attached to the invitations sent out for our meeting, were tiny silk bags, so dainty as to suggest gold dollars only, but while many had it in their hearts to line the pretty receptacles fittingly, our gifts were perforce smaller. We were glad to place them in the hands of Him who could feed five thousand with five barley loaves. His blessing fixes the value of all we do, give, or say.

Miss Johnson, of Adelaide St., and our own choir furnished the music, and after refreshments were served, our meeting closed, leaving us thankful that we were permitted to be thankful.

(Offering, \$51.50.)

M. E. S.

BEWLEY.—"The Cheerful Givers" Mission Band of Bewley Baptist Church was organized on June 14th, under the leadership of Miss A. Benson, who acts as President.

Our Band has 23 members, most of whom are quite young. The Band meets every two weeks, on Wednesday afternoons. We read some chapter together, and then the members select and explain verses which refer to missionary work, and one or more give missionary

readings. Then part of the work of some mission is explained by the President.

We have taken up the names and stations of the different missionaries, and the work that is being done in India, Quebec and among the Indians.

On August 10th, we had a very successful picnic on grounds near the church. The afternoon was spent in playing games, after which we had our tea.

A successful entertainment was given by the Band, on the afternoon of November 16th. Many interesting missionary readings and recitations were given by the members, and two instructive essays were read on the Grande Ligne and Canadian Telugu Missions.

The Band sang several very suitable songs. An offering was taken up, which amounted to \$4.48. The Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick closed the meeting with prayer, after which refreshments were served by the ladies of the church.

At our last business meeting it was found that we had \$6.90 in our treasury. This we decided to divide among the missions, giving \$3 to the Canadian Telugu Mission, \$1.25 to each of the Manitoba and Grande Ligne Missions, and \$1.40 to the Home Mission.

E. MAY HENDERSON, Sec.

BARDVILLE.—Now for your questions, Bardville! It's a sort of village—a farming community, as for what association, in the words of the small boy, "We hain't got no association."

It's eleven miles north of Bracebridge, of which church I am a member.

No, there is no Baptist Church here, and no Mission Circle. It is a Methodist centre. The Salvation Army occasionally come. It is not strongly anything—unless careless.

I hesitated a little about proffering my request to be allowed to use the church and organize a Baptist Mission Band, but there was no hesitation worth mentioning in letting me do so.

When I spoke to the Minister about it, he said, "Allright, it will be a good thing for the children, and for the rest. I'm not afraid."

So the "I'll try" Band meets every other Sunday at 3 p.m. in the church. We have taken up the lessons of Miss Bard, lessons No. 1 and 2, and intend to go on pretty well through the series.

Every Tuesday it meets to sew. Beside the quilt, which is still in progress, thirteen photo frames, three sofa cushions and one pin cushion, have been sold, made first of course. We charge as little as possible for these and have only realized \$3.65 from them.

But we are enthusiastic. For instance, when there was a call for feathers to make dusters, two of the chil-

dren spent most of the morning chasing the poultry around with the laudable desire to secure feathers for the Band."

Willie told me, with a beaming face, that he had "got a handful from the big rooster's tail."

I gave them full credit for having proved their titles to belong to the "I'll Try" Band, but endeavored to show them that the "big rooster" would not appreciate their missionary efforts, especially at this season of the year.

No one seems to want more cushions and frames just now, so we intend to direct our energies towards dusters and iron-holders. We tried tooth-picks, but the united efforts of one family for a week only produced one, which was confiscated by an elder brother on his leaving home.

Already one boy—an earnest Christian lad of fourteen—is turning his thoughts and I pray the Father is turning his heart, towards life in India as a missionary.

Yes, I take the LINK and VISITOR, and sometimes read to the children selections from them.

MISS M. F. LANGTON.

[Miss Tapscott, having received this letter in reply to some questions she asked a band-leader, has sent it to us with the privilege of making any selections we wish for the LINK readers. The letter is so interesting, that we give the most of it.—Ed.]

I tolled; my tools were taken from my hands,
I sought for more, and straightway laid them
down.

"What shall I do?" I sobbed. Then saw I stand
O'er me my Master; and without a frown,
Thus did He pitying answer me; "Be still—
This is thy time to bear, and Mine to show
To thee and in thee, all My holy will.
And what I do to-day thou canst not know;
But thou shalt know hereafter," said my Lord;
"On thee, not by thee, must My work be
wrought."

And thereupon some echoes of the Word,
That with a keenly hearkening ear I caught,
After hard struggles, brought me peace at length;
"In quietness and trust shall be thy strength."

The highest culture is to speak no ill;
The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth,
And by his own discreet, well-ordered life,
He best improves the erring.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,

My heart?
One matches all with One most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest.

Thou knowest that what God wills must be,
For all His creatures so for thee,
The best.

PAUL FLEMING.

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