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The Canadian Missionary Link

ANANDA

INDIA

Ye Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

MARCH, 1894.

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1894.

No. 7

SUNDAY SCHOOL DAY.—The last Sunday in March has been set apart as Sunday School Day for Foreign Missions. An interesting programme has been prepared, and will be sent to all the schools. In view of the great needs of the work and the exhausted condition of the treasury, it is of the utmost importance that the Sunday Schools make their contributions as large as possible. We trust that in cases where there may be danger that the matter will not receive due attention, the sisters will see to it that arrangements are completed, and everything possible done to make Sunday School Foreign Mission Day a success.

JOHN THOMAS.—We have been favored with a copy of an excellent little book, by Rev. A. C. Chute, of Halifax, entitled "John Thomas, First Baptist Missionary to Bengal, 1757-1801," with introduction by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. Dr. Thomas was both a predecessor and companion of Carey, and while he did not attain to the rank of a great missionary, he is worthy of being held in remembrance by the friends of missions. The sketch is well written and thoroughly interesting, and we take pleasure in commending it to our readers. It can be had by enclosing thirty cents to the author.

MISS HATCH IN TORONTO.—As announced in our last issue, a meeting was held in the Jarvis Street Church on February 22, to give the Baptists of Toronto, especially the ladies and the young people, an opportunity to hear Miss Hatch, our honored missionary. Her address on the educational work at Samulcotta, in which she has been for some years engaged, was listened to by a large audience with the deepest interest. Her visit to Toronto is a source of much pleasure to her many friends.

A GREAT MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.—One of the most successful and enthusiastic missionary meetings ever held in Toronto occurred February 13-16. It was entirely undenominational in character, and had as its central meeting

place the Y.M.C.A. Hall. This proved far too small for the crowds that thronged the meetings, and towards the close it required three buildings to accommodate those who wished to attend, the Y.W.C.G. Hall, and the St. James Square Presbyterian Church being used for overflow meetings, and all being crowded. The speakers were: Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. G. L. McKay, Hermann Warszawiack, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walton and Rev. J. H. MacVicar. Mr. Warszawiack, the converted Jew, who is carrying on a wonderfully successful mission among the Jews of New York City, told the story of his conversion, of the persecutions he has suffered, and of the way in which he has been led by God's providence into his present sphere of labor, and raised the enthusiasm of the meeting to its highest point. Drs. Pierson and Gordon were at their best, and awakened profound interest. Dr. McKay, the apostle of Formosa, who during the past twenty years has planted sixty churches among the inhabitants of this Chinese island, and has gained a widespread and profound influence over multitudes of people, was listened to with the greatest interest and respect. Dr. Pierson pronounced an address of his, one of the few greatest missionary addresses he had ever heard, and expressed a determination to secure a copy of it, publish it as a tract, and circulate it throughout the world. Mr. and Mrs. Walton spoke effectively about their work in South Africa, and Mr. MacVicar about his work in China. The freewill offerings received during the meetings amounted to \$2,000, or nearly \$1,500 more than the expenses. The surplus was to be devoted to such missionary object as the donors might designate. A lady put her gold watch in the collection plate, designated to Mr. Warszawiack's mission. Mr. Warszawiack doubtless received a considerable amount of assistance for his work outside of the contributions included in the collections. Similar meetings have since been held in Brantford and London, Dr. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Walton and others participating.

HEATHEN CLAIMS AND CHRISTIAN DUTY.

BY MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, F.R.G.S. AND HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

From an Address delivered at the Anniversary of the Oleaners' Union of the Church Missionary Society, in Exeter Hall, London, November 1, 1893.

It is not as a mission worker in even the humblest department of mission work that I have been asked to speak to-night, but as a traveler, and as one who has been made a convert to missions, not by missionary successes, but by seeing in four and a half years of Asiatic traveling the desperate needs of the un-Christianized world. There was a time when I was altogether indifferent to missions, and would have avoided a mission station rather than have visited it. But the awful, pressing claims of the un-Christianized nations which I have seen have taught me that the work of their conversion to Christ is one to which one would gladly give influence and whatever else God has given to one.

In the few words that I shall address you to-night, I should like (for I cannot tell you anything new or anything that you do not already know) just to pass on some of the ideas which have suggested themselves to my own mind in my long and solitary travels, and perhaps especially since I came home, full of the needs of the heathen world, and to some extent amazed at the apathy and callousness of the Christian Church at home. I have visited the Polynesian Islands, Japan, Southern China, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, Northern India, Cashmere, Western Thibet, and Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, and Asia Minor. In each of these countries I have avoided, as much as possible, European settlements, and have scarcely lingered so long as I could have wished at mission stations. My object was to live among the people, and I have lived much in their own houses and among their tents, always with a trustworthy interpreter, sharing their lives as much as possible, and to some extent winning their confidence by means of a medicine-chest which I carried. Wherever I have been I have seen sin and sorrow and shame. I cannot tell of fields whitening unto the harvest, nor have I heard the songs of rejoicing laborers bringing the sheaves home. But I have seen work done, the seed sown in tears by laborers sent out by you, honest work, work which has made me more and more earnestly desire to help the cause of missions from a personal knowledge of work in the mission field, but not among the lower races, or the fetish-worshippers, or among the simpler systems which destroy men's souls. The reason, perhaps, why I have seen so little missionary success is because the countries in which I have traveled are the regions of great, elaborate, philosophical, religious sys-

tems, such as Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism.

Naturally among those at home there is a disposition to look at the work done. On my own part there may be too great a disposition, possibly, to look at the work left undone, because to me it seems so vast and so appalling. The enthusiasm of Exeter Hall has in it something that to many is delightful and contagious. We sing hopeful, triumphant hymns, we hear of what the Lord has done, of encouragements which a merciful God gives to inadequate and feeble efforts, and some of us perhaps think that little remains to be accomplished, and that the kingdoms of this world are about to become "the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." But such is not the case, and I think that we may, instead of congratulating ourselves upon the work done, though we are thankful for what God has enabled us to do, bow our heads in shame that we have done so little and served so little. And I would like to-night that we should turn away from these enchantments, for enchantments they truly are, and set our faces towards the wilderness, that great, "waste, howling wilderness" in which one thousand millions of our race are wandering in darkness and the shadow of death, without hope, being "without God in the world."

The work is only beginning, and we have barely touched the fringe of it. The natural increase of population in the heathen world is outstripping at this moment all our efforts; and if it is true, and I believe it has never been contradicted, that four millions only have been baptized within this century, it has been also said without contradiction that the natural increase of the heathen world in that time has been two hundred millions, an awful contemplation for us to-night. It is said that there are eight hundred millions on our earth to whom the name of Jesus Christ is unknown, and that ten hundred and thirty millions are not in any sense Christianized. Of these, thirty-five millions pass annually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful procession into Christless graves. They are dying so very fast! In China alone, taking the lowest computation of the population which has been given, it is estimated that fourteen hundred die every hour, and that in this one day thirty-three thousand Chinese have passed beyond our reach. And if this meeting were to agree to send a missionary to-morrow to China, before he could reach Chinese shores one and a half million of souls would have passed from this world into eternity. Nineteen centuries have passed away, and only one-third of the population of our earth is even nominally Christian.

We are bound to face these facts and all that they mean for us to-night, and to ask ourselves how we stand in regard to this awful need of the heathen world.

We have in this country 43,000 ordained ministers. If we were to be treated as we treat the heathen, we should have but 220 workers for the United Kingdom, of which number seventy would be women. In China alone we have but one missionary for half a million of people, as if we were to have one minister for Glasgow, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or one of our large cities. I think we may say that to us indeed belongeth shame for this, our neglect. The Moravians, as perhaps most here know, have one missionary out of every sixty of their members. We have but one out of every 5,000 of our members. Theirs is an example that we can follow. Were we equally impressed with love and obedience, we should have 200,000 missionaries, and our contributions would be £20,000,000 a year. What an object this is to arouse the sleeping conscience with! We spend £140,000,000, or three guineas a head, upon drink; we smoke £16,000,000, and we hoard £240,000,000, while our whole contributions for the conversion of this miserable world are but one and a half million pounds, or ninepence a head. These statistics are dry enough, but they are filled with meaning, and an awful meaning if we would only dwell upon them, each one of us to-night in our own heart in the sight of God.

I think that we are getting into a sort of milk-and-water view of heathenism, not of African heathenism alone, but of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism also, which prevail in Asia. Missionaries come home, and they refrain from shocking audiences by recitals of the awful sins of the heathen and Moslem world. When traveling in Asia, it struck me very much how little we hear of, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned and deified and worshipped. There is sin and shame everywhere. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. The morals of Mohammedan countries, perhaps in Persia in particular, are corrupt, and the imaginations very wicked. How corrupt Buddhism is, how corrupt Buddhists are! It is an astonishment to find that there is scarcely a single thing that makes for righteousness in the life of the un-Christianized nations. There is no public opinion interpenetrated by Christianity, which condemns sin or wrong. There is nothing except the conscience of some few who are seeking after God "lest haply they might feel after him who is not far from every one of us." And over all this seething mass of sin and shame and corruption hovers "the ruler of the darkness of this world," rejoicing in the chains with which he has bound two-thirds of the human race.

Just one or two remarks as to what these false faiths do. They degrade women with an infinite degradation. I have lived in zenanas and harems, and have seen the daily life of the secluded women, and I can speak from bitter experience of what their lives are—the intellect

dwarfed, so that the woman of twenty or thirty years of age is more like a child of eight intellectually; while all the worst passions of human nature are stimulated and developed in a fearful degree; jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue, running to such an extent that in some countries I have hardly ever been in a woman's house or near a woman's tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife, to take away her life, or take away the life of the favorite wife's infant son. This request has been made of me nearly two hundred times. This is only an indication of the daily life of whose miseries we think so little, and which is a natural product of the systems that we ought to have subverted long ago.

It follows necessarily that there is also an infinite degradation of men. The whole continent of Asia is corrupt. It is the scene of barbarities, tortures, brutal punishments, oppression, official corruption, which is worst under Mohammedan rule: of all things which are the natural products of systems which are without God in Christ. There are no sanctities of home: nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come, only a fearful looking for in the future of fiery indignation from some quarter, they know not what; a dread of everlasting rebirths into forms of obnoxious reptiles or insects, or of tortures which are infinite and which are depicted in pictures of fiendish ingenuity.

And then one comes to what sickness is to them. If one speaks of the sins, one is bound to speak of the sorrows too. The sorrows of heathenism impressed me, sorrows which humanitarianism, as well as Christianity, should lead us to roll away. Sickness means to us tenderness all about us, the hushed footfall in the house, everything sacrificed for the sick person, no worry or evil allowed to enter into the sickroom, kindness of neighbors who, maybe, have been strangers to us, the skill of doctors ready to alleviate every symptom.

All these are about our sickbeds, together with loving relations and skilled nurses; and if any of us are too poor to be nursed at home there are magnificent hospitals where everything that skill and money can do is provided for the poorest amongst us. And, besides, there are the Christian ministries of friends and ministers, the reading of the Word of God, the repetition of hymns full of hope—all that can make a sickbed a time of peace and blessing enters our own sickroom, and even where the sufferer has been impenitent, He "who is able to save to the very uttermost" stands by the sickbed ready even in the dying hour to cleanse and receive the parting soul. In the case of the Christian the crossing of the river is a time of triumph and of hope, and "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" sounds over his dying bed.

But what does sickness mean to millions of our fellow-creatures in heathen lands? Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The sick person at once becomes an object of loathing and terror, is put out of the house, is taken to an out-house, is poorly fed and rarely visited, or the astrologers or priests or medicine-men or wizards assemble, beating big drums and gongs, blowing horns, and making the most fearful noises. They light gigantic fires and dance round them with their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person with clubs to drive out the demon. They lay him before a roasting fire till his skin is blistered and then throw him into cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with aromatic mixtures or mud, and in some regions they carry the chronic sufferer to a mountain top, placing barley balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone. If there were time, I could tell you things that would make it scarcely possible for anyone beginning life without a fixed purpose to avoid going into training as a medical missionary. The woe and sickness in the un-Christianized world are beyond telling, and I would ask my sisters here to remember that these woes press most heavily upon women, who in the seclusion of their homes are exposed to nameless barbarities in the hour of "the great pain and peril of childbirth," and often perish miserably from barbarous treatment.

This is only a glimpse of the sorrows of the heathen world. May we seek to realize in our own days of sickness and the days of sickness of those dear to us, what illness means for those millions who are without God in the world, and go from this meeting resolved, cost what it may, to save them from these woes and to carry the knowledge of Christ into these miserable homes! What added effort can we make? The duty of all Christians towards missions has been summed up in these words, "Go. Let go. Help go." The need for men and women is vast, and I see many young men and young women here who perhaps have not yet decided upon their lifework. Then go. Young Christian friends, here is the noblest opening for you the world presents. A life consecrated in foreign lands to the service of the Master is, I believe, one of the happiest lives men or women live upon this earth. It may be that advancement in the professions at home may be sacrificed by going to the foreign field, but in the hour when the soldier lays his dented armor down, after the fight has been fought, and the hands which were pierced for our redemption crown his brow with the Crown of Life, and the prize of the high calling of God is won, will there be one moment's regret, think you, for the abandoned prizes of the professions at home? "Let go." Help others to go by rejoicing in their going, by giving them willingly.

Then comes the other great question of "Help go," and this subject of increased self-sacrifice has occupied my thoughts very much indeed within the last few months. Our responsibilities are increased by our knowledge. We pray God to give the means to send forth laborers. Has he not given us the means? Have we not the means to send forth missionaries, have not our friends the means? And when we pray to God to give the means, may we not rather pray him to consume the selfishness which expends the means upon ourselves? Dare we, can we sing such hymns as

"All the vain things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to his blood,"

and yet surround ourselves with these "vain things" the lust of the eyes and the vainglory of life? Our style of living is always rising. We are always accumulating. We fill our houses with pleasant things. We decorate our lives till further decoration seems almost impossible. Our expenditure on ourselves is enormous, and when I returned from Asia two years ago I thought that the expenditure on the decoration of life among Christian people had largely risen, and I think so still, and think so increasingly. Now, we have many possessions. We have old silver, we have jewelry, objects of art, rare editions of books, things that have been given to us by those we have loved and which have most sacred associations. All these would bring their money value if they were sold. May we not hear the Lord's voice saying to us in regard to these, our treasured accumulations, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" It is time that we should readjust our expenditure in the light of our increased knowledge, and not in the light of our increased knowledge alone, but that we should go carefully over our stewardship at the foot of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the light of those eyes which closed in death for our redemption.

The time is almost at an end, and yet there are one or two things I should like to say. There can be no arbitrary law about giving. If we readjust, by our increased knowledge, personal needs and Christ's needs at the foot of the cross, each one of us here to-night would be sure, I think I may say, to do the right thing. Let us be honest in our self-denial, and not think that we are carrying the burdens of this great, perishing, heathen world by touching them lightly with our fingers, but let us bear them till they eat into the shrinking flesh, and so let us, fulfil the law of Christ. Let us entreat him, even with strong crying and tears, to have mercy, not on the Christless heathen, but on Christlessness within our own hearts, on our shallow sympathies and hollow self-denials, and on our infinite callousness to the woes of this perishing world, which God so loved that he gave his only Son for its redemption.

In conclusion let me say that the clock which marks so inexorably the time allotted to each speaker marks equally inexorably the passing away of life. Since I began to speak-- and it is a most awful consideration--

two thousand five hundred human beings at the lowest computation have passed before the bar of God. And though the veil of the Invisible is thick, and our ears are dull of hearing, can we not hear a voice saying to each of us, "What hast thou done?" "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Every minute eighty-three of our Christless brethren and sisters are passing into eternity.

The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or he who has been sowing tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith he loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor," and we hear his voice to-night, ringing down through ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of his own. May he touch all our hearts with the Spirit of self-sacrifice, and with the inspiration of that love of his, which, when he came to redeem the world, kept nothing back!

THREE summers ago a dear friend, who was a minister in the Society of Friends, said to me in his quaint style, "Thou must remember that thou wast created for the purpose of helping to bring the world to Christ." This startled me; I had never thought of my life in this way; but since that day a sense of the great responsibility of living has grown strong in my soul, and I come to you with these words: "Awake, thou that sleepest!" "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." . . . Oh that we might echo and re-echo in our hearts and lives the words of the Christ-child when he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" I used to think that the emphasis should be upon the words, "My Father's business;" but of late years it rings in my soul with the word *must* sounding clear and strong above the rest. So let us "awake out of our sleep," and take for our watchword, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—*Ex.*

"PLEASE GIVE ME JESUS."

The season of gift-giving is scarcely yet over. In some families the boys and girls write lists of things they would like given them on Christmas Day, and from these *the gift* is chosen. Oftentimes toy-merchants have a man or a big boy dressed up as Santa Claus. To him the young people can hand their gift-lists. But in all the catalogues of presents that have ever been written, I do not believe there has been one single request like that made, one Sunday afternoon; of Mrs. Peoples, of Lakawn, Laos, by a little, brown heathen boy.

"This afternoon a boy I had never seen before, came to me and, kneeling down close to my chair, said, in Laos:

'Mother, dear, please give me Jesus!' When I questioned him, he replied: 'My mother is dead. My father does not love me. My stepmother beats me cruelly, and drove me away. I have eaten nothing -day.' You may be sure he was well-fed and his poor,

bruised body cared for, and, as one of our happy school boys, I hope and pray he may soon find Jesus."

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF NOT DOING.

Am I responsible for what I have not done—for what I am not doing? Conscience, the world, the Bible, decide that I am responsible to my neighbor, myself, and God for neglected or rejected opportunities for work.

In that cheerless attic near you a little child is starving; the pinched face and hungry eyes look pleadingly out at you. From your well-filled table you send not even a crust to the little one.

Yonder a bright-faced boy glides swiftly, joyously over the crystal surface of that beautiful lake. Suddenly a crash, a plunge, and the dark water closes over the sunny face; you see him struggling in the icy water; you offer no help.

One lies dangerously ill in your house. Fever parches the lips and torments the nerves. You give not even a drop of cold water; you call no physician. Death comes to the starving child, the drowning boy, the sufferer in your house. Who would not hold you responsible for such inhuman cruelty, such fatal neglect?

Are these extreme, impossible cases? Indeed the truth outreaches these. Death like this is not half so hard as a heathen woman's life. And Christian women have left these sufferers to their fate. Are you and I responsible for what we have not done for them?

MRS. G. P. DURHAM.

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

MISS SIMPSON.—Our high caste school gets more and more encouraging all the time. I have eighteen who can read now, and they are so interested in the New Testament stories. They try too, a good many of them, to put into practice what they learn. The Hindu feasts are sources of contention between our girls and their mothers. Yesterday pilgrimages were made to Bicolé, a village about sixteen miles away, where a festival in honor of some of the gods was celebrated. Several of our girls refused to go, one of the larger girls who did go explained this morning that when she refused to go her mother besought her with tears to go with her, so she yielded.

I am more encouraged about work than ever before.

MISS ROGERS.—I had a little experience in one of the villages. The murriff's wife was down with fever and he came to me for medicine. I gave him a dose of pills intending to follow it up with quinine; in the middle of the night I was roused up and told that after she had taken my medicine she became speechless and apparently unconscious. I knew there was nothing in the medicine I had given, but of course they thought so. I went to see her praying all the way and when I got there I found her conscious and on inquiry found out she had been taking opium. I felt like giving up the case, but concluded to persevere and was rewarded by seeing her quite better before I left the village. You would be surprised to know how common opium eating is, every little village has its shop where one can buy from a pie's worth upward to as much as you want. I do hope that this opium investigation though it seems like a farce may result in good not only to China but to the people of this country. The people do not understand, it gives them relief for a time and the habit is formed, and they cannot stop but have to keep on increasing the dose, and if in addition they cannot buy good food they get fearfully emaciated, but of course you read all about it. This year will

doubtless bring me greater responsibility, and in a greater degree. I shall need wisdom from above to "enable me to come in and go out before this people aright."

MISS STORVL.—I wonder if you will be surprised and disappointed that the boat is not finished yet! In this India things move slowly—very slowly, but after many delays, the work has fairly begun and promises to be done early in January. There is a possibility that I may spend New Year's Day in our new house. I like the name chosen—"Glad Tidings" and am having it put on in English and Telugu.

Do you remember that before I started for Bangalore I had a class of heathen women studying the life of Christ, and that these same women were attending our Sunday services in the Chapel? I think I wrote you about them; of course my going to Bangalore broke up the class but they continued to attend the services and I was hoping that the great annual feast would have no attractions for them this year, but no, they could not break old customs; "had not this feast been held for generations back and what were they more than their forefathers that they should set it aside!" So they argued for days. Thursday the 12th was the first day of the feast which usually lasts fifteen days. On that evening just before sunset I held a children's meeting on the spot where they should pour out milk and water to the goddess. The following evening at the same hour I asked the elders of the caste to meet me there to talk it all over and again the hour for pouring out the milk and water to the goddess passed by. Six days they hesitated: Some among them (the whole caste quarter) in favor of dispensing with the feast, others determined to have it; on the seventh day the latter prevailed, but it is rather a failure. Some who for years have been the leaders in it all are refusing to have anything to do with it. I was much disappointed, but there is a bright side to it—all the country round are talking of these Malas who even dared to suggest that they would not have the usual feast. No one, not even the eldest had ever heard tell of such a thing before. We hope for something next year. Were these people Christians no one would question, but they are not and those who are taking part in the feast have proved their unfitness for baptism, but after all we must not forget how weak these people are and what "custom" means to them.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY REV. E. CHUTE, PALMUR, INDIA.

FROM THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

The Hindus are in the habit of holding annual festivals in certain villages in honor of the village god when the idol is taken from the temple and put upon a cumbersome, four-wheeled vehicle called tara (or chariot), to which long ropes are attached, and it is drawn by those attending the festival. Many thousands of people from the surrounding country are in the habit of attending these festivals. Some attend to trade in merchandise, some to buy and sell cattle, some to spend a holiday and enjoy the society of their friends, and some to worship the idol. We sometimes attend them for the purpose of selling Christian literature. But we have generally found them to be very unprofitable places for preaching, as the people are not contented to remain sufficiently long in one place to hear enough of the gospel to be of any use to them. One morning before daybreak we struck tent and set out for a village six miles distant. On the way we had to pass a village where one of these festivals was to be held on that day. I had not intended to stop at this festival, fearing the time might be wasted, as we were near the end of our tour, and had sold all our books; and as the hot season had now well set in, I (having been attacked with fever a number of times while on this tour) thinking it unsafe to remain longer in tent, was anxious to be pushing on toward Palmur.

When we arrived at the village where the festival was to be held, more than a hundred people, chiefly Brahmins, had

already gathered there. When they heard that it was my intention to camp at the village beyond, they surrounded our carriage and plied every argument they thought would have any effect to persuade us to stop to the festival. They said that there would be more than thirty thousand people there, and that there would be an excellent opportunity to preach to them; that there was good shade near the festival grounds in which we might pitch our tent, that there was plenty of good water, and that they would supply provisions for ourselves, horse, and buffaloes. Still I determined not to stop, feeling that we had no time to lose.

Then a Mohammedan who, having seen a few English people before, though he knew more about the customs of Christian civilization than the others, said: "I will manage it. These English people are not like us; we care nothing for the preference of our women, but they will always do what their women-tell them. I will persuade his sister, and if she asks him to remain he will." So many of them began to besiege my sister, to persuade her to consent to stop. Seeing their earnestness, and fearing they might be offended should we proceed on our journey, I consented to remain, and pitched our camp under two large tamarind trees near the festival ground.

The festival continued three days. We remained two days, during which time the tent was crowded from morning until night, and far into the night, and oftentimes as far out as our voice could reach, with interested hearers, who after listening for hours would still continue to ask questions wishing to hear more. On the second day I was attacked with a severe fever, but I had my bed moved into the back room or bathroom of the tent, and the preaching continued undisturbed. Seldom have we had a more blessed time for preaching the gospel. I am confident that many were the seeds of truth spoken those two days that will spring up in the hearts of many to yield an abundant harvest.

I could relate many other incidents in connection with this tour that were interesting to us, and would without doubt be so to you, but time and space will not permit.

The great need of the people is the gospel. In the district where they have not yet felt the influence of Christian civilization they are sunken in ignorance and vice beyond conception or belief.

If those in Christian lands who say that the heathen can be saved without the gospel could see these people as they are and were able to converse with them for a short time, they would be ashamed of their assertions. How much they need the enlightening and purifying influences of Christianity can be properly appreciated by those only who are conversant with them. This need is observed in their physical as well as their spiritual condition. In many of the villages the people almost wallow in filth. There are holes filled with decaying garbage and standing water, emitting their foul odors on every side. If you enter their houses it is no better. Cattle, horses, buffaloes, and people occupy the same apartments. I have seen more than twenty cattle, eight or ten buffaloes, and two horses enter the house of the Brahmin *keranam* (the chief officer of the village), to be stabled for the night in the same apartment with the family. This house was about thirty by fifty feet in size. The houses here are constructed with mud walls and flat roofs about eight or ten feet from the ground, with eight or twelve inches of mud on the top, without windows and with but one door in the side, common for cattle and people alike. No air can enter except at the door, and as that is always shut at night, you can form some idea of the stench the family must endure during the close nights of this hot country. Who can wonder that plague and pestilence carry off whole villages within a few days?

While on our last tour one of our high caste Christians (a farmer) asked us to visit his family. His house was about twenty by thirty feet, all in one apartment. One third of the house at one end was raised about three feet from the ground, to prevent the cattle tramping upon the people while sleeping.

This part was occupied by the father, mother, three daughters, the youngest nearly full grown, and one grown up son. The cattle were always to pasture during the day, and the door was open, yet we were almost suffocated with the odor arising from the dirt and mud floors, and had to bury out where we could breathe the fresh air.

While passing along the streets of a large town, I saw a man standing beside his door with his four-year-old child in his arms. The child's whole figure was swelled out round and taut with dropsy, while from under the door and to some distance out into the street was a running stream of filth from the stable. "A good subject for the artist--filth and its effects," I remarked.

The moral state of this people is loathsome in the extreme. It is doubtful if there is a pure man among a thousand. I have seen the chief men of towns and villages stand without shame and argue that it was a meritorious act to commit fornication or adultery.

Four years ago when we had about seventy coolies employed in building the mission bungalow, a fire broke out among the thatched houses in the town. The dry thatch of straw and leaves burned like tinder. The occupants were attending a festival some miles distant. One third of the town would soon have been swept away, but on seeing the flames I sent my overseer with the coolies to put out the fire. When they came near the burning houses they saw more than two hundred people gathered there, not one of whom was making any effort to stop the progress of the fire, but all were laughing and enjoying it as our people would enjoy a bonfire at home. My overseer ordered the coolies to take water from a large irrigation well near by and quench the fire. A number of men near by forbid them touching the water, saying that it would defile the well, many of the coolies being outcaste men. Though a Christian, this was too much for the patience of my overseer; in anger he struck some of those who stood near, and they were all afraid and ran away. The coolies then dipped up the water, and the fire was soon subdued. The poor people on returning from the festival blessed us for saving their homes.

While camping at a village, a boy while taking water from a well, fell in, and was liable to drown, while his sister stood near beating her breast and could render him no assistance. An out-caste boy seeing the occurrence jumped into the well, and brought out the drowning boy. The chief man of the village, in anger, abused and threatened the boy severely, saying that he should have let the boy drown rather than defile the well.

A Brahmin, who has been in the habit of deceiving the people in this district, for some time, came to the mission bungalow to-day. He claimed that through the assistance of the deities, and by reading the stars, he could tell any word that we might write in secret. Desiring to find out and expose his deception to the people, I determined to examine his claim if he would agree. I told him that I doubted his ability to do as he said, but would examine if he would permit. He gave me a piece of paper, a pencil, and a book to write on, and told me to write a word in Telugu. I took it a distance and wrote a word, and put it in my pocket, returning the book and pencil to the Brahmin. He went to the other side of the bungalow for a minute, and then came and told me the word I had written. I was somewhat surprised, but thinking he saw me while writing, and therefore knew the word, I took another paper from him and wrote the word in a private room. He soon returned and told me the word I had written.

I was much surprised, and it set me thinking how I could account for it. I began to think that it must be in the book that he gave me to write on. The book was covered with brown paper, so I thought that he must have some black copying paper between the brown paper cover and the book. I took another paper from him to write on, took the book and pencil as before, and went into a private room and

examined the book, unfolding and taking off the brown paper cover. I found, as I expected, a sheet of copying paper, and under that six or eight sheets of white paper. This was the arrangement on each cover of the book. I carefully replaced everything as I found it, and wrote the word, placing the paper on the table, and not on the back of the book, and handed the book and pencil to him as before. He went as before, but came back, saying that I must write again. I gave the paper to my sister, and told her his trick. She wrote a word and we asked him to tell what she had written, but he soon came back and said we must write again. Mr. Scott also took the paper and wrote, but the Brahmin soon returned, saying that the stars were not good to-day and therefore he could not tell the words we had written.

We then turned off the cover from his book and showed him and a number of others from the town, who had come to see him perform, his deception. We took the copying paper and placed it between sheets of other paper, wrote on it, and showed them how it would copy. He was a sorrowful man, but we were happy that this prop to idolatry could be taken away, and thereby many other such props weakened. He begged of us all not to expose the trick, saying that it was the only way he had of making a living, and that rich Brahmins and kings had offered him hundreds of rupes if he would reveal to them the secret, but that he had shown no one. I lectured him for some time upon the wickedness of such a course, and showed him that he was not only going to ruin himself, but deceiving and dragging thousands of others down with him. But nothing could make any impression upon him. "His God is his belly," and this he must do for his stomach's sake.

Such a state of humanity as is illustrated by the above mentioned examples is the legitimate offspring of idolatry. How can such a people, cruel, unsympathetic, and selfish, steeped in iniquity, with almost the last traces of modesty and morality erased from their consciences, be said to be fit to enter heaven, that pure and holy place, the first law of which is love and self-denial for the good of others, without the enlightening and purifying influences of the gospel and the convicting and converting influences of the Holy Spirit?

BANGALORE, Jan. 20th, 1864.

Dear Readers of THE LINK:

"My days are gliding swiftly by, and I, a pilgrim stranger, would detain one long enough to write a few words to you to tell you how often I think of you, and to thank you for the prayers which I know many of you are sending up for me, as well as my fellow-missionaries. Perhaps, too, you would like to hear something from one who has so lately come to India that everything seems strange and new.

Of course you have heard from many sources what a delightful voyage we had all the way from Boston to Madras, with a pleasant week in old London. I cannot enter into the details of the trip, but just let me say that I count it one of the great events of my life. I feared perhaps the voyage would grow monotonous, but it did not; every day brought new scenes, and when we had nothing especially to look at but sea and sky, we brought out our work--we ladies, I mean--and reading and chatting, and a very little working filled in the bright sunny days. The gentlemen of our party regaled themselves often with shuffleboard, which is an extremely noisy game, and afforded excellent exercise to their lungs as well as their biceps.

When we landed at Madras we were all--Americans and Canadians--much better for our trip, but glad to get to our adopted country. A very hearty welcome awaited us in Madras. We felt the help of sympathy from brethren already in the work. Madras is rather a discouraging place for the new recruit to see first, I think. It struck me as such a hot, dusty, glaring red city. Crowds of screeching coolies surrounded us on landing at the wharf, anxious to relieve us of the burden of our

hand-luggage, and so pressing were they in their attentions, that had not older, and consequently braver, missionaries been with us, I don't know whether any of us would have escaped to tell the tale. A great contrast to these half-clad, repulsive coolies were the quiet, gentlemanly Christian natives who had come down to welcome us. What a relief it was to look in their faces and feel that you could trust them. It gave our hearts a great throb of pleasure to grasp these by the hand, thinking meanwhile of how once they were in the darkness, but now are in the light. It was an encouragement to meet these on landing at the shores of this heathen country.

After a few days of shopping our party separated, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Misses Priest and Murray for Cocanada, Mr. Chute to Palmur, to visit his brother, and myself to Bangalore. On arriving here I found all well--mother just recovering from her attack of fever. For a couple of weeks I did nothing but unpack and get used to my new surroundings, and very pleasant this occupation proved to be.

Bangalore is delightfully cool, and the English part of the city is rather pretty. I did not expect to find it such a pretty, cultured city as it proves to be. There are some very pleasant well-kept parks in the city, one of which compares very favorably with Queen's Park of Toronto.

Since beginning Telugu my days have been full. I have about two hours a day, conversation with Mrs. Veerasawmy, my papa's helper's wife--one hour a day, and I study two hours a day by myself. That makes five hours a day for Telugu. I find that is about enough to devote to one subject. It leaves me two or three hours for taking the air as well as time for my correspondence and other duties. Some of my friends in Canada told me that Telugu would come back to me, because I had spoken it as a child. But I cannot say it. Perhaps I am laboring under a delusion, it may be coming back; if so, my sympathies are with those to whom it is *not* coming back. It is not extremely difficult, but I find it requires hard work, just like any other subject I ever attempted to master. The time when I shall know it well enough to begin real work sometimes looks unattainably distant, but I remember that only by faithfully learning each day's lesson can I arrive at the long-desired point, when I shall be able to command the language. I want to get to work, and I hope I shall in the Master's good time. I imagine some one asking, "Are you glad you went to India; are you as enthusiastic over it now as you were here in Canada?" To these I would answer "Yes, I am glad I am a missionary. If I wanted to be one at home, I want much more to be one now than I am here; I want to partake in the work." The conference at Samulcoota is just over; we have heard no reports from it yet. You may imagine how I longed to go, but duty seemed to call me to Telugu. The journey would take many days. It would take too much time from my study. But I went with father to the American Conference at Vinukonda. I wonder if you know what an undertaking it is to travel in India? When I was in school reading "Bellum Britannicum" I used to read how when Caesar and his company marched they always had some men detailed to look after the "impedimenta," which we translated into "baggage." And when we travel in India we do it with considerable "impedimenta" along--cots, bedding, luncheon, water, besides your valise of clothing. Travelling is rather slow. Vinukonda is about 300 miles from here, and it took us thirty-six hours to go. The delay is chiefly at stations. I used to think the guard got out and had a smoke and a nap at each station. But at last we did arrive in the dead of night, and after greeting the resident missionary, and the guests who had already arrived, we put up our cots and snatched a few hours of sleep before morning. There were between fifty and sixty missionaries present, besides a large number of native brethren. The Conference proper lasted from Friday Dec. 29th until Tuesday Jan. 2nd. Every day was full of meetings, which I believe, were enjoyed by all. The questions of fuller organization for conference, and of Telugu examinations were fully discussed. I think

most of those present were in favor of a more fully organized conference and of Telugu examinations. We had one or two very good prayer meetings, when God came very near to us, and gave us the blessing he has promised to his waiting children. Personally I enjoyed the Conference very much. I could not have been made more welcome had I belonged to the Mission, and the intercourse and helpful exchange of ideas regarding the work did me good. I feel that my outlook is broader. I have touched "the Kingdom" at more points than merely those of our own Society. Some of the reports from stations were very encouraging, some not so much so, but each missionary seemed resolved to work harder next year, and thankful for mercies of this year. It is much more inspiring to hear the report and see the giver's face, than to read it printed in a magazine.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. There have been so many things to tell you of, that I am afraid my letter is rather erratic as far as composition is concerned. When I am at real work, I hope to have something more interesting to tell, but suffer this from a raw recruit.

Dear friends, do not forget me when you are speaking to the Father; I need His blessing, and believe me when I say I remember before Him the work at home. I see now, more than ever before, how important the home side of the work is, and I thank God for the faithful workers there. It is "hard times" this year, givers, so we hear. Well, it is hard, hard times in the Lord's Kingdom out in dark India. Souls are starving for the living bread, thirsting for the Water of Life, and you women in Canada are responsible for some of these souls. Are your times harder than theirs?

And now, good-bye. As I write, dear readers, I am thinking of many, whose hands clasped mine, and whose faces looked sympathy into mine, at the various meetings I attended before leaving you. I cannot mention you all by name, but I like to think of you doing God's work at home, and sometimes remembering in prayer one who feels the need of the Divine blessing, and it is to you that I send from over the seas my warmest love and greeting.

KATH S. McLAURIN.

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following books will be sent to the address of any of our sisters in Canada on receipts of 6cts. (to cover postage) and may be retained for two months.

BOOKS ON INDIA.

Serampore Letters (about Carey), Wm. Carey, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Everyday Life in India, Hindu Women, From Darkness to Day Light (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough), The Unfulfilled Commission (Hindu tale by Mr. Stillwell), Telugu Scrap Book, Lone Star Mission, India by G. T. Gracey, India--What It Can Teach Us, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Decennial Missionary Conference at Calcutta, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, The History of The Telugu Mission (Dr. Downie), Four Heroes of India, The Brahmin's Plot (Henry Martyn), One Hundred Years of Baptist Missions (Stillwell), Report of Canadian Telugu Mission, 1893, The Story of Two Hindu Friends, The Miracles of Missions.

CHINA.

The Crisis of Missions, Pagoda Shadows (Chinese tale), Days of Blessing in Inland China, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of The Mission Field, Lady Mission-

aries in Foreign Lands, Our Gold Mine, Women's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, Griffith John (Founder of the Hankow Mission), Robert Morrison (Pioneer of Chinese Missions), The Miracles of Missions.

BURMAH.

Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Prize Essay on Missions, Women's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, History of Our Baptist Missions in Burmah (by Mrs. S. G. Titterton), The Miracles of Missions.

AFRICA.

Robert Moffat, David Livingston, Samuel Crowther, Thomas Comber, Mackay of Uganda, Work on the Congo River, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of the Mission Field Our Eastern Sisters, Prize Essay on Missions, Thomas Birch (Missionary to Gold Coast), Alfred Saker, The Miracle of Missions.

JAPAN.

In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Missionary Heroines, Our Eastern Sisters, Missionary Sketches, Prize Essay on Missions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do Not Say, Self Giving, Missions in Greece and Palestine, Bright Bits (Collection of choice missionary readings and recitations), History of our Baptist Missions in Europe and South America, James Calvert or From Dark to dawn in Fiji, Henry Martyn His Labors in India and Persia, John Williams The Martyr Missionary to Polynesia, Bishop Patterson The Martyr of Melanesia, James Chalmers Missionary of New Guinea, Hans Egede Missionary to Greenland.

MISSION BANDS

Children of India, Children of China, Children of Madagascar, Children of all Nations, Children's work for Children, Mission Band Folios Nos. 1 and 2, Concert Exercises, etc. Nos. 1 and 2, Mission Band Hymnal, Bright Bits (Collection of choice missionary readings and recitations).

Address all orders to Miss Stark, 64 Bloor Street E., Toronto.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

LONDON.—A very pleasant "At Home" was held on Friday evening in the school-room of the Adelaide Street Baptist Church, it being the annual gathering of the Young Ladies' Circle in connection with that church. In former years their much beloved president, Mrs. G. F. Robertson, has entertained the Circle with the honorary members in her own home, but during the past year the Circle has so increased in numbers that it was thought best to meet in the basement of the church. The young ladies in connection with the Circle spared no pains in making the room attractive and pleasant. Miss and Mr. G. F. Robertson were the hostess and host. The president opened the meeting with a short address of welcome, and spoke very encouragingly of the work attempted by the Circle for their Master, extending a hearty invitation to any present who were not members to join the Circle as soon as possible. A short but very pleasing programme was provided, including a solo by Miss Minnie Hartson, recitation by Miss Kate McKerricher, a pretty exhibition of club-swinging by Miss Ella Robertson, an excellent paper on mission work by Miss L. McLeod, and a duet by the Misses M. and E. Hartson, Miss

Nellie Rendell lending her able assistance as accompanist; after which light but very tasty refreshments were provided by the young ladies. Two-minute speeches from some of the gentlemen were then called for by the president. Pastor D. M. Mihell, Messrs. G. F. Robertson, A. J. Clark, C. G. Moorhead, A. G. Clark and J. E. Adkins responded in a happy vein, the gathering closing with singing "God be with us till we Meet Again." Altogether the meeting was highly enjoyed by all present, its success reflecting no little credit on the ladies who had charge of the arrangements.

WILLOWDALE.—A Mission Band was organized on July 1st, 1893. Name, "The Busy Bees." Number of members 17. Officers, Miss E. McDonald, President; Miss E. Sibbald, Vice-President; Miss M. Sibbald, Secretary; Miss E. May, Treasurer.—A. E. KENDALL, Director Northern Association.

* THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIVED FROM JANUARY 18TH TO FEBRUARY 17TH, 1894.

INCLOSIVE:

FROM CIRCLES:—Norwood, \$2; Ailsa Caig, \$6.80; Hillsburg, Thank-offering, \$10; Toronto (College St.), \$20.65; Leamington, \$1.27; Paris, \$14.40; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.), \$14.25; London (Talbot St.), \$15.10; St. Catharines (Queen St.), \$11.11; Bethel, \$3.22; Paisley, \$9.38; Plattsville, \$3.26; Plattsville, per a Friend of Missions, for Arla Surayya, \$5; Theford, \$2; Zone, \$5; Cheltenham, \$2; Salford, \$9; Toronto (Bloor St.), special \$15; Whitby, \$5; Gobles, \$18; London (Adelaide St.), \$10.50; Toronto (Bloor St.) Young Women's Auxiliary, \$6; Petrolae, \$8.40; Guelph (Trinity Ch.), \$4; Guelph (First Ch.), \$7.37; St. Mary's, \$3.75; Sarnia, \$11; Howick, \$4; St. Catharines (Lyman St.), \$6.25; Meaford, \$2; Waterford, \$14; Wheatley, \$3.62; Brantford (First Ch.), \$30, \$25 of this for Miss Priscilla Beggs; Minesing, \$3; Lindsay, \$11; Hespeler (collection at meeting addressed by Miss Hatch), \$6.30; Port Hope, Thank-offering, \$43; Toronto, (Bloor St.) commission on "Canadian Baptist," \$2.50; Ingersoll, \$10; Total, \$359.13.

FROM BANDS:—Norwood, \$3c; Paris, \$3; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) Girls, for D. Susi, Tuni, \$2.42; Toronto (Bloor St.) Union M. B., \$6.50; East Oxford, for Pasala Patnam, \$9; Whitby, for Battula Sundramma, \$8.50; Wingham, \$1.75; Brooklin, for Karu Sangasi, \$9.50; Toronto (First Ave.), \$4.50; Belleville, Extra-cent-a-day M. B. for a Bible woman, \$30; Brantford (First Ch.) Boys M. B. for Baddu Merullu, \$5; Total, \$81.00.

FROM SUNDRIES:—Beachville S. S. Birthday-box, \$4; W. B. H. and F. M. S. of Manitoba; Hartney M. C. for Nalli Pulamanamma, \$9; Hamilton (James St.) S. S. Birth-day-box, (Primary Dept.) for the little children of India, \$5; Holmedale Mission Primary Class, \$5; Total, \$23; Total Receipts, \$463.13.

DISBURSEMENTS, (To General Treasurer).—Regular monthly remittances, \$566.66.

CORRECTIONS.—The amount for the Carey Centennial Fund from Hamilton, (James St.), should have been credited to the Church, and not to the Circle, and so should not have passed through my books. That makes the receipts from Circles in November, 1893, \$94.83 instead of \$122.33 as previously published.

This also alters the amount credited to our Society as a "special" in payment to the General Treasurer, December 1st; the amount should be \$566.66, instead of \$594.16, as this gift is from one of the regular sources of revenue for the work conducted by the General Board.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W.B.F.M.S. OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 20, 1893, to Feb. 20, 1894.

Brockville, \$23.00; Montreal, First Baptist Sunday School and Circle, \$12.87; Montreal Olivet, \$19.40; Delta, \$10; Miss Harlow, Nova Scotia, \$4; Kingston, Young Ladies, Band \$17. Circle \$3. \$20; Pt. St. Charles, \$6.25; Ottawa (Second Church), \$17; Diaville Circle \$10. Band \$7, \$17; Grace Church, \$5; St. Andrews, \$7; Ottawa (First Church), \$30; Athens, \$5; Abbott's Corners, \$5; Drummond, \$7; Perth Circle, \$13; Ottawa Cheerful Cleaners, \$34; Carleton Place, \$5; Rockland, \$17; Quebec, \$25; Vankleek Hill, \$5; Total, \$287.52

M. A. SMITH, Treasurer.

8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

AMHERST, Jan. 31st., 1894.

AMOUNT RECEIVED BY THE W. B. F. M. U. DURING QUARTER ENDING JAN. 31ST., 1894.

	F. M.	H. M.	Total
Received from Nova Scotia,	\$557.49	\$121.48	\$678.97
" " " Mission Bands	207.97	47.11	255.08
Received from Nova Scotia Sunday Schools	13.82	13.51	27.33
Received from New Brunswick	334.54	129.08	463.62
" " " Mission Bands	29.00		29.00
Received from New Brunswick Sunday Schools	37.00	2.00	39.00
Received from P. E. Islands	60.90	7.12	68.08
" " " Sale of Retrospects and Reports \$5.70, Tidings 49c	6.19		6.19
Received from Sale of Literature \$5.59, Div'd Miss. Link 22.11	27.70		27.70
Received from Coll's taken by Pres' Sec'y in Digby and Anna. Co.	41.53		41.53
			\$1634.50

Dr.

End J. W. Manning Treas. F. M. B.	\$1675.00
" H. E. Sharpe " N. W. B.	200.00
" printing Reports	69.78
" " Tidings	3.75
" Secretary's expenses	19.61
" Miss Johnstone postage	6.00
" " Literature fund	3.99
Drafts, discounts, postage	3.00

\$1981.13

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

W. B. M. U.

MOITTO FOR THIS YEAR. — "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH. — For our Missionaries and native workers at Visianagram.

"ONE GLANCE CAN SAVE."

"One sin can lose a human soul,"
I heard them say with sinking heart,
For, oh! if one sin loses all
How can I ever claim my part
Of heaven's love?
Then spake a voice, "One glance can save,
One glance above!"

Oh, Lord! thou knowest every thought,
My deepest heart thou canst inquire.
If one long-planted sin be caught
Lingering there in darkness dire,
Oh, pity me!
One glance, thou Saviour on the cross,
I cast on Thee!

Then, when I see thy precious blood
For all mankind about to flow
In one grace-giving, hallowing flood,
I can rejoice, and do, to know,
Tho' strong the ill,
One glance on Thee can save, for Thou
Art stronger still!

And shall I rest or sit in peace,
Saved by the love that pitied me,
While all around the crowds increase,
Who never cast a glance on Thee?
Or could I rest

Until to all who pass, I have
Thy name confessed?

My life should tell it every day:
My joy must show it while I live,
I'd make it known through life's dark way,
That Christ the Saviour will forgive
Sin's weakest slave;
And there is hope for the most lost:
One glance can save.

"Home," Bucharest.

F. SPEDDING.

GATHERED GOLD.

"I have finished my course," 2 Tim 4:7

A Christian whose life was ebbing away
Was thoughtlessly asked "the time of day;"
When this was the answer, faintly given,
"Thank God, that it wants but a minute to heaven."

A. Ball Kutter.

"TRUTH, LORD, YET!"

Truth, Lord, yet, is the sum and substance of faith. Truth, Lord, "sin hath abounded unto death," yet "hath thy grace reigned much more abounded unto life." Truth, Lord, "cursed is everyone that abideth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," yet "He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Truth, Lord, is the sea of our guilt, and the righteous anger of our God, yet is the rock of Christ's redemption and love. Truth, Lord, is a view of self, yet is a view of Jesus. — A. Saphir.

THE SURRENDERED LIFE.

In all my actions teach me to square myself to thee.
Whatever I am about to do, or speak, or effect, let me think,
"If my Saviour were now on earth, would He do this that I am now putting my hand unto? Would He speak these words that I am now uttering? Would He be thus disposed as I now feel myself?" Let me not yield myself to any thought, word, or action which my Saviour would be ashamed to own. Let Him be pleased to manage his own life in me, that all the interest He hath given me in myself may be wholly surrendered to Him, that I may be, as it were, dead in myself while He lives and moves in me." — Bishop Hall (1608).

Daily living seemeth weary
To the one who never works;
Duty always seemeth dreary
To the one who duty shrinks.
Only after hardest striving
Cometh sweet and perfect rest;
Life is found to be worth living
To the one who does his best.

— Selected.

Instead of the programme for the Aid Meeting for March, we give the following outline for a Bible Reading for that month.

AT HIS FEET.—At His feet for teaching. Luke 10: 39 cf. Psalms 143: 10, with Matt. 28: 19-20 cf. the intimate relation between teacher and pupil, Deut. 33: 3.

At His Feet for Service.—John 12: 3 cf. Numbers 16: 9.

To anoint the head in eastern lands was no uncommon service, to do so to the feet was. Mary devoted the best she had to even the least honorable service for Him.

At His feet for comfort. John 11: 32.

Our own hearts often need comfort, even we who belong to Christ, but O, the world's need of comfort! How could we attempt to stem the awful tide of sorrow but for the comfort we have had at His feet, cf. 2 Corinthians 1: 3-4.

"Yea Thou hast kept me near Thy feet
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee
The hope of endless life."

At his feet for help. Luke 8: 4.

Notice, Jairus wanted Jesus to come to his house. So it is to-day. Only the presence of Christ, Christ Himself can heal the sores which sin has made.

Surely Mary found that the "secret source of every precious thing" was to be found at His feet.

A CALL FROM INDIA.

Quite different from the usual appeals from the Mission fields is the following letter. It was sent by an experienced missionary to a "cheerful giver" in England. Names are withheld. This letter should be carefully and prayerfully studied. May it be used of the Spirit to arouse many to consecrate themselves to direct and immediate obedience to our Saviour's great command:—

"God is blessing this small Mission work. We are on clear Gospel lines, and I am sure the Lord is calling us to lengthen and strengthen and enlarge. But how can we do this unless we have the proper co-operation and aid? Here are hundreds of millions of heathen before us; hundreds of thousands of nominal Christians unsaved, and so a grievous hindrance to the spread of the Gospel; fields all white ready for the harvest, yet we cannot take up a hundredth part of the pressing work.

And why? Probably you now expect an appeal for money, but I must disappoint you! In reply to your kind intimation that you shall be able to send pecuniary help if needed to this Christlike work, it is with regret, and even shame, that I must admit that I do not at present need money. I ought to need it. I am ashamed of the great hosts of Christians who ought to be eagerly and zealously pressing out to these Mission fields, yet who are staying at home.

"I have only two helpers. I need a dozen more at once. I cannot get them. We make no appeal to men for support. But I have no more fear for the support of twelve more disciples of Jesus here than I have for my own needs. My personal expenses, food, clothing, etc., are about thirty shillings per month, and I live comfortably. The God of the Universe who so loved the world as to come in the person of Jesus to die for sinners, can easily send the £200 per year to keep twelve workers here. But where are they? Why do they not claim a crucified and sanctified experience, and go to the front in God's Holy War?

"If the Lord bids you send me aid I cannot decline it, but at present my only need from the earth-side is holy workers. Workers at the front and givers at home should join fervently in pleading the Lord of the harvest for more laborers. God

only can call them, but He may sometimes send his message through us, if we are humble, cleansed, and watchful. Further, cross bearing, and obedient souls will not wait for some human pledge of support, but will look to God for guidance, support, and power. India needs 1,000 such new workers in 1894, and these, my little Mission wants a dozen or a score. "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

Bay View, July, 1894.

DEAR SISTERS,—In the loving kindness of our heavenly Father we have been permitted to meet again at this our annual association as workers together for the Master.

We are living in a wonderful age, the Christian world is a vast waking up to the importance of this great work of giving the gospel to every creature, a very great work has been done but it seems so little compared with what remains to be done. Among the Telugus, where our missionaries are, there are seventeen millions who have scarcely heard of the gospel of Jesus. "Tell your people how fast we are dying and ask them if they cannot send the gospel a little faster," are the words of a poor heathen woman. What a glorious privilege has been conferred upon us that we are invited to help on this great work, to be labourers together with God. We cannot all go to India, but we can all give as the Lord has prospered us, and we can all pray for our missionaries, take each one separately to God in prayer, we can all try to influence others to give. The great need seems to be money; there are many willing to work at home and in foreign lands; but the treasury is empty, dear sisters, this should not be. The silver and the gold are the Lord's. Have we any right to withhold that which He has given us in trust to carry on his work? Is He not sitting over against the treasury watching us cast in our gifts? What a precious gift He gave when He gave His dear son a sacrifice for our sins. Jesus died that we might live. Shall we not make known those glorious truths until all the world shall hear of Jesus our Saviour, and be led to love and trust and follow Him. Let us take Carey's motto, "Expect great things from God and attempt great things for God."

I would like to say a few words to the sisters who have been working and praying for the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom; do not be discouraged. Work done for Jesus will never be forgotten; we must still continue to work and give. A true zeal for missions should lead us each one to do something, or do without something for Jesus' sake. We are not our own, we are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, and should we use the Lord's money on ourselves, instead of carrying on His work?

What would we be, dear sisters, without this precious gospel? Look at India, Africa, China, we would be just the same. How thankful we should be for our Christian homes; for the glorious gospel which gives us life and love and liberty; helps us to bear our burdens and our sorrows and which gives us a hope of a home with Jesus and with loved ones gone before, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Let us not be discouraged, but press forward, trusting in Jesus, remembering His promise, "Lo, I am with you always." Can it be possible that any of our sisters are not yet interested in missions. If they have found Jesus precious, have felt the joys of sins forgiven, have they not felt the command of Christ bidding them "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." If we are laden with provisions and pass a ship with all on board starving and we refuse to give them food, surely it is wrong; we are doing this if we refuse to give the gospel to the perishing. They are dying by thousands, starving for the Bread of Life, surely we will be responsible for the lost if we do not send them the gospel. Some one once asked Mr. Spurgeon "If the heathen would be saved without the gospel?" His answer was, "The question is, whether you will be saved if you do not send it to them." We shall have to give an account of our stewardship for the way we have used our talents and our

means which God has given us. Let us all work while it is day, soon the night will come and we shall be called to our account.

There is work for each one, dear sister in Jesus. No one need be idle at home or abroad. Abroad there is labour, at home it is precious to work, watch, and pray for the Kingdom of God.

Are we sure we are doing all we can for the mission treasury? Are we giving our full share, are there not reasons why we should give more this year than last? The debt to our Heavenly Father is greater and our time to work is shorter, are we trying all we can to interest others in this work of woman's work for women? If every Christian woman would do what she could there would be enough and to spare. Remember, the widow's store increased in the spending.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. There is that withholdeth, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat." Now that we are commencing another year let us each try to do more and better than ever we have done before.

We have one dear sister in India from our Island, who bids fair to be a noble missionary, who is able now to tell those dark sisters in their own tongue of Jesus and his love, and one sister loved one is now attending the Missionary Training School in Chicago, preparing to go out next year. Let us up-bold them by our gifts and our prayers.

Yours in Christian love,
MRS. J. C. CLARK,

Vice-President of W.B.M.U. for P. E. I.

N. B.—Miss Clark, who is attending the Training School in Chicago, is a daughter of our Vice-President. Miss Clark is doing herself in the best possible way for her future life.

A. E. J.

WORK IN LUNENBURG COUNTY.

In August 1893, the Sabboth School at North West was organized into a Mission Band. President, Miss Herman; Secy.—Treas., Miss Demone. The meetings are held the fourth Sunday afternoon of each month.

Taking advantage of the Christmas vacation I left home Jan 2nd for New Canada. A meeting had been arranged here for Tuesday afternoon, and, although the day was cold, quite a number of the sisters were present. We had an enjoyable time. The president in the chair. I admired the business-like way in which everything was done. Tried to bring before our sisters the needs of the year, which is going faster than the money is coming into the treasury. One new name to the society. They purpose having a concert on the first of March. Grandma Mader, one of the charter members of this society, felt very badly last fall when her apple-tree yielded no fruit, but she trusted that God would provide her a lamb as He did Abraham of old, and her trust has been rewarded, the dollar is almost gathered in. Let this be a lesson for those who hold back because they do not know where the dollar is to come from.

From New Canada I went to New Germany, but owing to some misunderstanding in regard to the time of meeting, not many were present. In this I was disappointed, yet God overrules even disappointments for our good. We enjoyed a blessed season of prayer. Talked a while of our responsibility, individually, in regard to our Saviour's parting words. This is the banner society of the county.

Thursday afternoon went to Foster Settlement. Here we had quite a large gathering, Aid Society and Mission Band. At the request of the president I presided at this meeting. Earnest prayers were offered by members of both the Aid and the Mission Band. I felt that there was some work to be done in this meeting. Hearts not interested in this work had been awakened. It was the old, old story so often told, but the Master was with us and blest the words so feebly spoken.

All very ready to give themselves anew to the Master's work. The meeting was indeed a very great blessing to all. Four new names were added to the list of members, one very old lady who hesitated for some time, fearing she could not be of any use, finally consented, saying, "I will do the best I can." Are we all doing the best we can?

Friday evening I reached home, feeling thankful to my Heavenly Father that He had given me this privilege of doing a little work for Him.

Feb. 10.—Arranged that a number of the Mahone Bay W. M. A. S. members meet with the sisters at Lunenburg. Saturday dawned none the best, and a threatening storm. But the meeting is announced, and go we must. Seven planned to go and seven went. The sleighing was rough and smooth, but we had a good teamster. The Lunenburg sisters gave us a hearty welcome, and we had an enjoyable meeting. This society, organized last July, has doubled its number since then. We prepared for home at 4:30 p.m., and arrived there as soon as the storm did. How good the Lord was to us. Two new names for the LINK.

Sisters of other societies are you going to follow our society at Mahone, and pay your neighbouring societies a visit? Remember, "they helped every one his neighbour."

A. M. VEISOTTE,
Cor.-Sec'y.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

We are glad to hear from the Secretary of Wolfville Aid Society that the President is recovering from her long illness, and was able to attend the January meeting. During her absence sisters Currie and Kempton have taken charge.

The Society at Mahone Bay, writes a friend, is doing a good work. Such good prayer-meetings, and the attendance large, so far, this year. A public meeting is talked of in the near future.

PARADISE.—Four new members had been added, others were expecting to join. The required amount had been raised for the support of a Bible woman in India. This is a special offering for this year.

PARRSBORO Secretary writes that their meetings are held regularly, though not so well attended as they might be.

A CHESTERING letter comes from River Hebert, Cumberland Co., N.S. The Mission Band had held a sale and entertainment which realized \$42.00. This was Nova Scotia's banner band last year; and bids fair to win this year also. The President writes that several of the girls had gone away, which made the way look dark at times.

But those who are left must work the harder. Close up the ranks girls, yours is a long pull, and a hard pull, but your Leader is One who always conquers, and with Him a few will often do more than the many. At your next Band meeting look up 2 Chron., xiv. 11.

Of the Aid Society at River Hebert, the President writes: "Was at our Aid meeting this afternoon. Twenty present, including members of the Mission Band, and several visitors. We had a good meeting. Do you know, we have \$20.00 towards another life member. The greater part of this sum was raised on Crusade day."

W. M. A. S. ANNIVERSARY.

Feb. 13th, 1894.

The Clarence W. M. A. S. held its 21st Anniversary on the evening of January 11th. in the church, the Rev. R. B. Kinley presiding. After the opening exercises by the pastor, the following programme was carried out. "History of the Society during 21 years," by Secretary Mrs. A. Marshall; full report from Treasurer, Miss Addie Jackson; Essay,

"Burdens or Wings, which?" by Miss Emma Jackson; "Reading the Promise of the Father and the Word," by Miss Annie Chesley; Essay, "What a Christian woman can do in the Church," by Miss A. E. Parker; prayers were then offered by Deacon E. J. Elliott after which addresses were given by the pastor, the President, Mrs. S. N. Jackson and others, the whole being interspersed with appropriate music by the choir with Miss Annie Marshall as organist. A collection was taken up amounting to \$15 for Home Missions, \$25 for Foreign Missions the latter being given by Miss A. E. Parker constituting herself a life member of the Union.

Owing to the prevalence of la grippe in the community the audience was not as large as anticipated, and there were also blanks in the programme, but a very agreeable as well as profitable evening was spent by those present. May the work prosper.

ALBERTA A. MARSHALL, Secretary.

Clarence, Anna. Co.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

"BRING ME A PENNY."

(MARK XII. 15).

Just a penny a day
For the sad and the sighing,
In lands far away.

Just a penny a day!
O give while you may,
In darkness they're dying.

Just a penny a day
For the sad and the sighing.

Just a penny a day!
You have sympathy: show it!

O give while you pray
Just a penny a day.
Think of souls far away,
Redeemed and don't know it --

Just a penny a day,
You have sympathy: show it!

Illustrated Missionary Magazine. S. S. McC.

MISSION BAND LESSON NO. 6.

CEYLON.

What, another island? Yes, we are not half through with our glimpses at the mission fields on the islands of our world. The LINK for February told us of Dr. Paton's work for God in the New Hebrides. If we take a steamer from there, sailing across part of the Pacific Ocean through many groups of islands to the Indian Ocean, and then just before we reach the Bay of Bengal, our sail ends at the beautiful island of Ceylon. The breezes blowing through these groves of cinnamon trees near its coast, remind us of the missionary hymn beginning,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Do you remember what Bishop Heber said about Ceylon in it? I think it would be a good plan for every member in our Mission Bands to learn the whole of this hymn, and then ask somebody its meaning. Its earnest words have awakened an interest about missionary work in many hearts. This is one verse:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

Ceylon is a pear-shaped island, 266 miles long and about 140 miles broad. The traveller here is often reminded of the scenery of Switzerland, (the most beautiful country in the world). We find high mountains with many beautiful streams running down their sides, uniting into broad rivers and flowing through the fruitful valleys. There are nearly three thousand different kinds of flowers and ferns growing in Ceylon, but the chief beauty lies in her trees. Perhaps the coconut tree is the most useful, for the natives eat its fruit, build their houses with its wood, make the roof with its leaves, and make dishes out of the empty shells. Then did you ever hear of the jack-tree? Its fruit is too large to hang on a stem, so it grows right out of the trunk or large branches. One of these would be a good load on a native woman's head as she goes to "bazaar" or market as we would call it. Inside the prickly shell are found kernels something like beans. Then the large groves of cinnamon trees are very useful. The bark is peeled off, dried, and sent in ships to other countries. Children in Ceylon help to gather and prepare this bark for sale. But I was reading to-day of a still more wonderful tree growing on this island called the talpot tree. It is very tall, and the top is covered by a cluster of round leaves so large, that one would carpet a good sized room. One single leaf cut into three-cornered pieces would make a tent. Fans and books are also made out of these leaves. This tree bears no fruit until it is fifty years old, then a large bud is seen rearing its head in the midst of the crown of leaves. This bud bursts with a loud noise, and a yellow flower appears so large that it would fill a room. It ripens into fruit, and that same year the tree dies. We may also pay a visit to the sacred "Bo Tree," which people say was planted 288 years before Christ was born, so how old would it be now?

Many thousand dollars worth of precious jewels are found in Ceylon every year. This island now belongs to the British Empire, and is under the rule of our gracious Queen Victoria. Colombo is its chief city, where the English Governor has his residence, but away up in the mountains lies a city called Kandy, where the heathen kings used to live. Very cruel and wicked they were, and delighted to witness human beings suffering. One king had a verandah built out over a large court-yard, for the purpose of watching the dying agony of his wretched victims! Many of the people worship Buddha, one of India's idols, and large, beautiful temples are erected in his honor all over the island. His image is kept in an inner dark room of each temple. In the city called Kandy more than two thousand years ago, a temple was built for the express purpose of worshipping a sacred tooth out of Buddha's head. There it is to-day in a box of gold, gleaming with precious stones. On certain days this tooth is taken out by the priests and admired by thousands of its worshippers. The priests are dressed in long yellow robes, have their heads shaven, and go about in their bare feet begging from door to door, exchanging their

"blessings" for food. Other people in Ceylon worship Mahomet, that Arab soldier who tried to convert everybody to his religion with the sword. Away back in the jungles the wild people worship the devil! Buddha taught them that there was no God, but many devils. So when their people get sick they send for the priests, who tell them that the devils are angry with them, but if they pay large sums of money to them they can be made well. Then the priest dances, shouts, sings, plays many loud instruments making the most hideous noise, falls down, jumps, and for days and nights will continue these performances until the sick one is cured or dies.

In 1751 Francis Xavier tried to make all the people of Ceylon Roman Catholics. By and by the Dutch conquered the island, and tried to force them all to be Lutherans, but under English rule there is religious liberty. Missionaries from nearly every church have visited this island preaching and teaching about Jesus Christ. You remember we had a lesson in the LINK some time ago about that white-haired hero, Dr. Coke, who when nearly seventy years of age persuaded the Methodist Conference to send him to Ceylon as a missionary, and this was after he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times to plant missions in America and the West Indies. So he with others sailed for that island in 1814. The Lord came to his little room on board the ship, and carried Dr. Coke's soul away to Heaven, but the Methodist mission work in Ceylon, commenced at his earnest prayer, has been a grand success.

Our lesson is growing too long, so it must close with the information our good missionary, Rev. J. R. Stillwell, of Samulcotta Seminary, gave us in his good book called "A Hundred Years of Baptist Work in Heathen Lands," which I wish you could all read when you are old enough. He tells us Mr. Chayer was the first Baptist missionary to Ceylon, and labored there from 1812 until his death in 1827. This mission has continued with little interruption ever since, more than eighty years. Dr. Lechman, in 1850, wrote of its work: "I saw enough to fill my heart with gratitude, and to urge the society onward in the work of the Lord." In 1873 there were nineteen Baptist churches with a membership of 643.

Let us all pray for the missionaries on Ceylon's lovely island, and thank God for their success.

CHINESE GIRL'S SMALL FEET.

A FREAK OF FASHION THAT CAUSES FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING.

Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide empire of China are subjected to a ruthless process which crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their tender feet, until at last a revolting deformity is produced, and the foot, crumpled into a shocking monstrosity, becomes almost valueless as a means of locomotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated cripple, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, having become as hideous as they are useless.

At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveler writes, and the charitable agitate; but the poor chil-

dren never benefit. For them there remains always the same ruthless bending of bones, the same agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between the general refinement and cultivation of the Chinese on the one hand, and this callous cruelty on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologies for the appalling custom.

Some people say that, though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not very painful, after all. The bones are soft, they say, in early youth, the sinews supple. Twisting, crushing and wrenching are operations that may be performed without much suffering on baby foot, whereas adults may be maddened by the torture. To this the writer replies:

"Let no one talk of the yielding character of young bones or the pliability of baby sinews. We have listened with our own ears to the cries of a little girl undergoing the torturing process. Such agonizing wails never before fell on our ears. They were the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to its heart-broken cries.

"Think that this fiendish barbarity is being practiced daily and hourly throughout the length and breadth of a land containing 300,000,000 inhabitants. Not alone are the tender bodies of the poor little girls ruthlessly racked and tortured, but the purest sentiment of humanity, the love of parents for their children, is perpetually outraged. Such unnatural cruelty could be tolerated only in the presence of the worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation, when fathers and mothers in deference to a mere freak of fashion, consent to inflict on their daughters, day by day, torture that well nigh maddens the baby brain and wrings shrieks of excruciating agony from the little lips. This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation."—*Japan Mail*.

THE MITEBOX NEST.

BY CARRIE JEWELL.

It was so long ago, that it seems as if "when I was young" were the way to begin; for I am not so old yet, but that twenty years ago seems "long" to me. There were no "Buds of Promise" nor "King's Daughters" in all the Cincinnati Branch; indeed, I'm not sure that there were any "Auxiliaries" then. But in one of the southeastern counties of Ohio there was the true missionary spirit. An earnest-hearted woman, with husband and large family of children, worked hard on a farm to make the apples and potatoes last until the spring vegetables came. Some of the daughters had grown to young womanhood, and were earnest, faithful Christians like their mother.

Though so poor, they were readers. The eldest saw in her church paper accounts of a new society which had been started among Methodist women,—our

W. F. M. Society. She read of the plans for work and for organization; but there were no other women around her interested enough to help form an auxiliary, and she could learn of none near enough to which she could send her name. But she must help that Society,—she must do something.

What could she do to help that work? Then she read of "miteboxes." Yes, she could have a box; so when the holiday time came, and she went home from her busy days of sewing, she spoke to her mother about a family "mitebox." It was in the days of paper collars. A little round paper-collar box was soon found, the cover fastened on, and a slit cut in the top; string was passed through the side, and then the box was fastened to the wall in the sitting room. On this was written, "Mitebox for the W.F.M.S."

Then she said to her mother: "I will mark some of God's blessings to me by sending offerings to go in this box with the rest of the family. At the close of the year please open it, and send the money to the nearest Society." The mother gladly accepted the trust; and husband, daughters, all, were urged to make sacrifices, and drop pennies and nickels into the box when they could, as thank offerings for special blessings. They promised that as soon as the box was full it should be opened, and the contents counted and sent off.

Sometime after, it was noticed that the box began to look heavy; then that the bottom was beginning to break away from the side. Cord was wrapped round it from back to front. It grew heavier, and more cord was wrapped round and round, from side to side. Still the weight increased, and the strain on the poor little box grew worse. Again cord was tied around from back to front, then over the nail in the wall, then round the box again; and so it was braced and wrapped, and tied, till I don't know whether there was more box or cord. A mother-bird, repairing the ravages of time in the nest which sheltered her birdlings, could not have watched more anxiously, nor cared for them more tenderly, than did this mother in Israel watch and care for her treasure, the precious box which held a little help for the perishing sisters so far away.

Month after month, the pennies dropped, and the strings were wound. Sometimes it seemed that the box would give way in spite of all, but it held; and finally the mother said the box was full. With great interest and curiosity, it was tenderly taken down.

Moist eyes watched the counting of the sacred pennies and silver, for each piece meant some sacrifice or some special reason for thanksgiving. When it was announced that over twelve dollars had been sheltered in this oddly woven missionary bird's nest, there was great joy over their first collection. Where could it be sent? There was no Society near, and this sacred money, had to be sent out of the state, to find a channel by which it might reach the waiting ones who knew not Christ.

But its work was not all done over the seas, for more than once has this story of a woman's faithfulness and earnestness deepened the feeling of responsibility in other hearts. And if a broader circle now read of the box and cords, we pray that the interest awakened may bind other hearts to those who "sit in the darkness," with a "Three-fold cord of love."

Foochow, China.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

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