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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA. — In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

Vol. XIII, No. 1.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lxi. [SEPT. 1890.]

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Official communication has been received that Miss Simpson has passed her final examination.

The Annual Meeting of the W. B. F. M. S. of Eastern Ont. and Que. will be held in the First Baptist Church, Montreal, on Thursday, the second of October next.

It is desirable that every Circle of the Society should be represented, and that all delegates communicate as early as possible with Mrs. D. K. McLaren, 184 Mance St., Montreal, or Mrs. Whitham, 69 Argyle Ave., who are the committee on hospitality.

NANNIE E. GREEN, Sec.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF CIRCLES.

It is very desirable that correct statistics from every Foreign Mission Circle shall be in the hands of the Associational Director by the 20th of September. Let every Circle report promptly so that we may have a complete list.

JANE BUCHAN, Cor. Sec.

The W.F.M.S. of Ontario will hold its annual meeting in the Park Church, Brantford, on Wednesday, Oct. 23rd, and further notice will be given next month.

ELLEN DAVIES, Recording Secretary.

THE annual meeting for the Society of Manitoba and the North-West was held in July. We understand that the meeting was a success. The Secretary reports a year of prosperity for the Society. The reports were published in full in the *Canadian Baptist* and the *N. W. Baptist*.

Lost Opportunities.

PAMELLA VINING YULE.

One walked beside me in my daily walks,
Of lowly mien and clad in homely vest,
Shared with me oftentimes my twilight talks,
And sometimes 'neath my roof found nightly rest.
Poor, friendless, lone, I knew him well to be,
Yet showed him scanty honor, till one day

His faded robes fell off, and suddenly,
White-robed and crowned, I saw him soar away.
Then, while my tears fell fast, in accents low
A gentle voice spake to me tenderly:
"What thou hast done, or failed at all to do
For mine, thou'st done, or failed to do for Me!"

II.

A little bird of homeliest plumage came
One morn, and, perching on my window sill,—
Sang all day long; and though I knew its name,
And loved its notes, small heed I gave, until
The twilight darkened all the house, and then
My heart misgave me; for I had not fed,
Or cheered, or comforted my guest; but when
I turned to do it, lo, the bird had fled!—
Then, as thro' tears, I upward gazed, I saw
An angel heavenward soaring swift and free;
And heard abashed—"What thou hast done this day,
Or failed to do for mine, has been for Me!"

III.

A lamb stood bleating at my garden gate—
Within were flowers, and fruits, and pastures green;
And, just beyond, clear waters, cool and sweet,
Flashing in morning sunlight might be seen.
I heard its cry and knew it was astray,
Far from the fold, weary and famishing;
And yet I waited half that summer day
Ere I went forth to let the wand'rer in!
Alas for me! another's hand had won
The gem I might have worn eternally;
Mine the rebuke—"What thou hast left undone
For this of mine, thou'st left undone for Me!"
Brantford, 12th May, 1890.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

An address by Miss Halse, of London.

You may wonder what connection there is between these words and mission-work, for it appears from a cursory glance as though they were altogether foreign to such a topic, nevertheless we hope to find something helpful from them.

When asked to write a paper for this Association there was a feeling of utter inability to do so, but in a little came the desire to do, if possible, something for the Master, and these words recurred again and again to my mind, hence their adoption as the basis of thought. You all remember the occasion which called forth these words,

the principal participants in the scene, and the gracious promise connected with the act.

The actors were Jesus, Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and the fault-finders. With the last we have to-day nothing to do, though they are to be found now as then, but our purpose is to look closely at the first two. Jesus said of the woman, "She hath done what she could." Why? Simply because she anointed His head with precious ointment. This afternoon we, by our presence here in connection with mission work, are at least saying that we desire to do something for this same Jesus. Should there be even one present without such a motive we trust she may be aroused to a sense of the great privileges women now enjoy of working in the Master's vineyard.

What was this box of perfume? It was costly. Do I hear some one say, "Yes, that is just it, now I have nothing costly to give. Why, it seems as though there is absolutely nothing that I can offer." Listen to the Master's comment on the offering of the widow's mites, "This poor woman hath cast in more than they all." But you say, "I have not even that." Yesterday when too late to properly insert in my paper, a very beautiful article came to me and thinking there might be some one here who has not even the mite, or that some of you might know of some one in your midst who has been laid aside from active work, I will just read it. It is written as a conversation between an oak and a violet.

"A violet shed its modest beauties at the foot of an old oak. It lived there many days during the kind summer in obscurity. The winds and the rains came and fell, but they did not hurt the violet. Storms often crashed among the boughs of the oak, and one day said the oak, 'Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am and how small you are; when you see how small a place you fill, and how widely my branches are spread?' 'No,' said the violet, 'we are both where God has placed us; and God has given us both something. He has given to you strength, to me sweetness, and I offer Him back my fragrance and I am thankful.' 'Sweetness is all nonsense,' said the oak; 'a few days—a month at most—where and what will you be? You will die and the place of your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand here some time—ages perhaps, and then when I am cut down, I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your life to mine?' 'But' cheerfully breathed the violet back, 'we are both what God made us, and we are both where He placed us. I suppose I shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly as I have lived fragrantly. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter whether I see a few days or a few ages, my littleness or your greatness, it comes to the same thing at last. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength. God gave me sweetness.'"

But to return to those who have the mites. Have you never thought that at least the tenth of your substance belongs to God? The Jews who were under the law gave that and shall you, saved by grace through the blood of the Lamb, give less? Besides there is the New Testament injunction, "On the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store as the Lord hath prospered him." If we obey this command there will always be the mite ready for the demand and it will be a consecrated mite, for has it not been set apart for this special work? Surely then your difficulty is removed and those who are more highly favored with earth's good things can apply the same principle, for He says,—"Freely ye have received,

freely give." Dear sisters in Christ let us look at this in a very practical light remembering that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

not only in sentiment but in each day's experience.

What I should like you to notice more particularly about this ointment is that it was very precious to her who gave it.

A beautiful poem written on the sisters of Bethany says that Mary, while visiting in Damascus, became engaged to a wealthy merchant and he had used some of the contents of this box to perfume her hair. He afterward died and it was placed among her sacred treasures. We can imagine her feelings when she took from its hidden receptacle this treasured memento to present it to, or use it upon her Lord. Whether any foundation for the above has been found in tradition we know not, but we do know that such a loving heart as Mary's would and could offer nothing less than its best to Christ. Are some present saying, "That sounds very pleasing, and were Christ here with us to-day we would willingly, cheerfully, and lovingly give Him our most precious things." Is He not here? We have His own word for it: "Where two or three are met together in my name there am I in the midst of them to bless and to do them good." And He knows what we are individually willing to give Him. Do not let us think that we are assisting certain missionaries or helping to educate a few boys and girls in our midst, but burn it into our hearts that our offerings are to Christ Himself. Think you He would bestow the encomium on us were He bodily present that "She hath done what she could?" We give, say, one dollar a year to each of the different schemes at work in our churches, assist in preparing boxes for distribution by our missionaries or in educating one or more native students and our consciences are lulled to rest. For the few this may mean much self-denial, but for the masses can this be said of them? How many of us are willing to deny ourselves one article of adornment whether personal or of the home? How many are willing to deprive ourselves a necessary of life? And if not so willing can we honestly say we are giving at all? Were a friend to offer us a gift saying at the same time it isn't of any use to me and if you would like it you are welcome to it, would we appreciate it very highly. Are we not doing similarly when we offer, what may be of value, but of which we do not perceive the want? Has any one present given out of her need to assist in lessening another's deeper need? If so, even now doth the remembrance thrill you with a quiet joy which comes from Him who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me." Let us think of it, take it home with us, tell it to those with whom we come in contact that the Master wants a part, not of our abundance merely, but of our toil to carry forward his work.

Let us ask God to help us search out our precious things and lay them at His feet.

Eighteen hundred years have come and gone since our forefathers received the gospel and what has been done for others in return? 'Tis true there are missionaries scattered over various parts of the yet unchristianized world, but coming home what have we Baptists of Canada done

We have sent a few loyal, brave and true men and women, who have kept the gospel banner unfurled, forth to India; and nobly undertaken to assist those at home less highly favored than we. But have we done what we could? Have we striven to enlighten ourselves as to the true condition of the women of India? Have we thought,

are we willing to acknowledge that they are our sisters? Are we ready to satisfy conscience as to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is often easier to remain ignorant on some points, but so sure as God reigneth and we misuse our opportunities in this particular He will call us to an account.

Then what of China, Africa, the Isles of the Seas, South America and our own N. W. Territories? Shall we not share with others the glorious work in those parts? O! let us rise in our might and do valiantly for Jesus. Today a loud cry is heard from India, are we ready to answer "Here am I send me!" And if when we have so answered and are assured of God's acceptance are we in very truth willing to separate from those who cannot accompany us for a few years, to resign legitimate pleasures and comforts for toil and privations, to walk in rugged, winding, thorn-bestrewed paths instead of those from which (I was going to say), the pebbles have been removed? Yes, are we willing to yield our precious selves to this work? But were that the only way of answering this call, few could enjoy the privilege. He who knoweth our frames, but circumstances and conditions of life has opened up a way for all, the way to the throne.

Lives are not sufficient, money alone is not enough, time and intellect cannot prevail, but continuing these and cementing them with prayer "the strongholds of Satan" must be destroyed, idolatry abolished, and Christ's kingdom extended over the whole world. We need to pray the Holy Spirit to teach us how to pray. "We ask and receive not." Why? Surely it must be because we ask amiss, because we are so cold, so half-hearted.

Just for a moment look at the Master's commendation, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also, that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." We do not expect this to be literally fulfilled in our case while on earth but we shall hear at the last great day our commendation, "Well done good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." May our aim henceforth be to devote every talent to the Master's work.

Sister Simpson's Sheaf.

BY MRS. J. J. BAKER.

I.

There was more than the usual tremor in sister Simpson's voice while she tried to sing—

"Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life."

Sister Simpson was a good woman; for thirty years she had been a shining light in the little church at Westwood: She had watched at the bed-side of the sick and dying; she had fed and clothed the poor at her door, and had carried brightness into many lonely homes. But the time had come when all that sister Simpson had done was forgotten, and she remembered only what she had not done. She remembered that during thirty years of Christian life she had not been the direct means of winning one soul for Christ, she remembered that she had never invited a sinner to accept Him, nor told an anxious one of His loving kindness or willingness to save. "Nothing but leaves," indeed, she whispered; "O Lord forgive me, Thy faithless servant and give me a soul for Thee—one sheaf to lay at Thy blessed feet."

It was Monday morning, and Highland Mary, the faithful old washerwoman, stood at the tub rubbing vig-

orously. During a lull in the work, sister Simpson ventured to say—"Mary, you are a Christian, I know, but how about Donald?" "Ah! ye hae it noo, Mistress Simpson," said Mary. "Donald, alas! is far frae the kingdom. For mair than three score years an' ten he's lived wi' a high han' an' ootstretched arm, an' the guide Laird canna hae mercy on him forever. Oud ye not speak to him, Mistress Simpson?" "I will pray for him Mary, and perhaps I can find an opportunity of speaking to him."

II.

A few days later sister Simpson found her way to the McLeod cottage. The old man sat alone in the doorway, his form was bent with the weight of years; the almond tree had blossomed, and the grasshopper had become a burden. He passed the days in lonely listlessness, content with an ancient smoking pipe and an occasional village newspaper. Sister Simpson spoke of God and His goodness, but Donald replied indifferently:—"The A'mighty wi' na be troublin' Himsel' about the like o' me, an' we dinna ken muckle about wha's comin'. I'll na frat."

"But we know that death and the judgment and eternity are coming, because God has told us so, and they are coming very soon to you, Donald; you have nearly lived your day; the shadows are gathering around you, when the darkness comes where will you be?" A few more earnest words were spoken and Donald was again alone. From the doorway he watched the last ray of the sinking sun grow dim and saw the darkness cover the earth; and a shadow darker than the night fell over his heart.

III.

Sister Simpson was alone in her room making supplication for a soul. Her prayer had reached the throne of the Eternal and the Holy Spirit was nearer than she knew. The silence was disturbed by the entrance of brother Simpson who led the way for Highland Mary and Donald her husband. With slow and uncertain step the old man moved toward sister Simpson and said in a tone of childish helplessness, "Is there ony hope, Mistress Simpson, can He hae mercy on the like o' me?" Over and over he asked "is there ony hope? is there ony hope?" Then the story was told the old story of Jesus and His love, and it fell on the old man's heart like summer rain on the parched ground. Donald McLeod had not wept for a score of years, but as he listened to the good news long-bound tears covered his face. "Pray" pleaded sister Simpson, pausing in her earnest supplication. "Brother Simpson prayed—prayed as he had never prayed before, just for that one poor soul. Highland Mary prayed, and Donald prayed too. His was the prayer of the publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" and it moved the arm of the Omnipotent; the angels heard and rejoiced; the windows of Heaven were opened and the blessing came down like a gleam of glorious light. The old man's sins were forgiven, he went his way rejoicing in a new-found hope and praising the God of his salvation.

The King of Siam has donated to the Baptist Mission at Bangkok \$240,000 for a hospital and school.

How wise and happy is the man who continually endeavors to be as holy in the day of life, as he wishes to be found in the hour of death!—Thomas A. Kempis.

THE WORK ABROAD.

A visit with the Christians on the field.

Our first call was made at Merrasiapard, a village 26 miles from Cocanada, in which there is a school taught by Sundrama a former school girl, a pretty attractive girl, who evidently takes an interest in her work, as her scholars when questioned showed that they had received faithful instruction. As the men were still in the fields at their work we spoke to the women and children who gathered around as we went out into the street and then returned to the boat to await the coming of the Christians with whom a prayer-meeting was held later in the evening.

At Faggarabarda, the new village, several of the Christian women came to see us during the day and in the evening we went over to return their call and see the village. After threading through numberless little lanes so narrow that we could almost touch the houses on either side, in which were babies of all sizes and ages running, walking and creeping, lying on mats or mats and hung up in cloths, crying or laughing, shouting or screaming, according to the caprice of the moment, we arrived at the house of the widow of Narah David, one of our workers who died last year. After a few minutes conversation she brought out a roola (a large block of wood with a cavity in one end in which they pound their rice) for me to sit on, and as seven or eight houses opened into the little lane within a stone's throw of her door, we began to sing; soon a crowd filled the little space and a message from the old yet ever new theme was delivered. As we moved away to visit the widow-of-another of our workers who died last year, many of our hearers followed and begged us to sing another hymn; thus the time passed until the darkness gathered around us. At Murrauanda we found the Christians suffering from the injustice of the village officials who refused to allow them the use of a small part of the village commons to dry some bricks, to build a church which they are struggling to put up. As this village is a mile and a half from the canal, Mr. Davis and the preachers set out to make further inquiries and see what could be done while our time was occupied in receiving calls from all the Christian women who could leave their work to come to the boat. Among others were Sarah, Miss Hatch's Bible woman, a bright, lovable woman, and her daughter Cassia, another of the Cocanada school girls who is a standing example of what Christian education can do for our girls. The latter brought with her seven or eight of her scholars, children from five to seven years of age, who repeated the Ten Commandments and the first 10 verses of John, 3rd chap., meanwhile glancing shyly at the new Dora-San and the little white baby whom they have never seen before. The next day three men from a new village came to the canal and were baptized, thus the light is set to shine in another place. Pray, for the light bearers that they may ever keep their lamps trimmed and burning brightly. From here we moved on to Topashoram, and all, i. e., Mr. Davis and several preachers, Tamar the Bible woman who came with us and I, went out together, a large crowd quickly gathered and were unusually quiet and attentive. Soon the women began coming around by twos and threes to the side where Tamar and I sat, until they had all gathered around us, where they stood asking questions and listening respectfully to the answers and to Tamar as she told them the way of life. One old woman brought forward her granddaughter and laughingly offered to give her to us to take into the school. The child thinking her in earnest was very much alarmed and hastily slipped out of sight among

the crowd and ran off. The next evening was spent in Mondapette in much the same manner. As this village is some distance from the canal we were quite late in returning and eleven o'clock found us standing by the water in the midst of a little band of Christians while two who had accepted Christ were being buried with him in baptism; the trees casting long, picture-like shadows into the water and the beautiful moon shedding a halo of glory over the scene. At Aluru where three women were baptized, the daughter of one, a young woman about twenty, wept bitterly all the time, but when some of the Christian women who know her came up to speak to her, she brushed the tears quickly from her eyes and turned away as if she were ashamed to be noticed. After calling at Totapudi, where two more were baptized, we turned into another canal and as the boat was moving slowly, got out to take a walk, when we were met by a Christian man and his wife whose son had died suddenly that morning. Our hearts ached for them as they told us how, surrounded by heathen, with not one Christian friend to speak a word of sympathy and the preacher who visits them as often as possible, so many miles away, that they could not let him know of their trouble, they dug a grave with their own hands and laid their loved one away to await the resurrection. But there was a note of triumph in the sorrowful dirge as they told how he had received Christ as his Saviour a few months ago and died rejoicing in that perfect faith that is so often manifested in the Telugu Christian's death.

After visiting another village or two we called at Kardafahunka; here too we found the Christians in distress owing to a fire that had swept over the Mala pilli and carried off the roofs of their houses. As many of the heathen women here had never seen a missionary's wife before, and not having gathered until after our arrival, did not see me walking in with the others, they took me for a goddess and asked the preachers if I could walk and if they all went away would I go too or must I be carried?

This was the last place we visited, but while on our way home a new preacher Nersimlu and his wife Martha came in from their village, three miles from the canal bringing with them five who were asking for baptism. They have only been in this village (which was formerly under the care of Nara David) for a few months, yet Martha has opened a little school which is attended by five or six children from whom she is collecting small fees, and the villagers bear witness to their earnest faithful lives.

Fifteen in all were baptized on this tour and as we move slowly homeward under the fiery noonday sun we long for that time when the Sun of Righteousness shall shine so brightly over this dark land that there shall not be one village or one soul unlighted by His rays.

L. L. DAVIS.

Cocanada.

For your encouragement, just a few words concerning an interesting baptism that took place this morning, in the bathing tank near the gates of the Mission Compound. From the south country a Tamil Brahmin of the priestly caste, the highest of all, journeyed north to wash away his sins in the holy water of the Ganges, at the far-famed sacred city of Benares. From place to place he went, seeking rest and finding none; he visited many places, among them the shrine of Jaggmath. In his own country he had heard the

gospel, but did not receive it; in three places in the North he heard it again, and the message was sweet to the sin-sick soul. From a countryman of his in Calcutta he borrowed a Tamil New Testament, and read the story for himself. At last he found what he had been longing and striving for so long, what he had travelled so many miles to find, *peace*, the peace that passeth all understanding. His next desire was for baptism, he wished to obey Christ. All the way on his southward journey he was seeking for followers of Christ. In Samalkot it was thought best for him to wait, but he could not wait. Coming on here, he made himself and his desire known a week ago. This was such a strange story that some doubted, thinking he was making the "loaves and fishes," but from it was finally decided that a wordly point of view, he lost far more than he gained and that there was no reason for refusing immediate baptism to one who was believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; so this morning, before Christians and heathen, he renounced his caste and standing among his people henceforth to stand on a level with the lowest outcast in their estimation. We note this baptism, not because we think that in God's sight the Brahmin stands higher than any other, but there is no doubt that they give up more in following Christ than any other class. For centuries they have been considered as gods, and who shall say that this wordly honor is something to be lightly exchanged for scorn and contempt? When a Brahmin comes forward voluntarily, and gives up for Christ's sake, that which otherwise he would rather die than lose, shall we question his sincerity?

Pray that this man may be a power for good among his own class. A large number of those who had gathered at the tank to witness the baptism, followed to the church and remained during the whole of the service, so this is the first result; may it be but the beginning of great things in this wicked town of Cocanada.

May 25th, 1890.

A. E. B.

A Native's Experience.

The experience, given below, of the young man who publicly confessed Christ by baptism last Sunday, has been specially written out for the readers of the LINK. He, being one of the high caste men of India, they will be able to form some idea of how difficult it is for this class of people to declare themselves all for Christ. This young man has now severed all connection with his family, and until they learn to know and trust the Saviour whom he has found precious, must be separated from them. We believe that there are many of these higher caste people who really believe in Jesus, but in the face of the opposition which they must meet, were they to acknowledge Him, and the terrible thought of separation from wife and children, father and mother, brothers and sisters, they are hiding the light which has been given them. Pray for them that they may be so filled with the love of Christ, and filled with love for those who are without Him, that they may be constrained to publicly confess Him, in order that they may proclaim Him to the perishing ones.

Yours in love,
S. SIMPSON.

I am an inhabitant of Narandrapoor, am Amlapur, Telugu. I am a Brahmin, son of Gorguntula, Gopala Kristunnah Garu. My name is Narazanamoory. I first heard the Gospel through a Christian at Amlapur,

when there on Court business about a year ago. He also was a Brahmin. Afterwards, I again heard through another, along with whom I bought with pleasure a few books and went home. While I was reading them my people seeing them, tore them up. I bought again, and they destroyed them again. After it had so happened three times, and as my faith in the Lord was increasing all the time by God's grace, I went to Rajahmundry to confess Christ, but while learning a little more of Him from the Christians there, my friends came and carried me away to my village.

After a time I went again to Rajahmundry. They took me home again, keeping me separate, giving me my meals alone, outside. They wished to send me on a pilgrimage to Benares, but believing that the Lord alone is my true Benares for the salvation of my soul, I again went to Rajahmundry and remained with Christians there for fifty days eating and drinking with them. After I had been there for some time I asked for baptism which they delayed about giving. In the meantime, I learned that their manner of administering the ordinance—sprinkling—is not baptizing, and that immersion only, is true baptizing, when again my people came and took me home.

While they were thinking of cleansing me by sending me, in attendance with the Vondas and Shasters (which they were showing me) on a pilgrimage, etc., I came to Cocanada, and wishing to join the children of the Lord, was baptized and joined the Church of the Lord, trusting that pilgrimages are vain, and that except through Christ, the Lord's appointed way, there is no salvation.

Therefore, I beg of you all to pray for me that I, the new Christian, may be strengthened in the faith, and stand steadfast in the Lord, overcoming all difficulties which happen to me.

Your most obedient and loving brother,

GARGUNTULA NARAYANAMOORY.

Cocanada, June 14th, 1890.

To the Baptist Missionary Society of the Church that is called the Beverley Street Church, in the City of Toronto:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The things which I, Venkatarazu, would write you, are as follows:—I am the first son of my father's first wife. After my mother died my father married another woman. To her there were six daughters. While things were thus, now and then there came to my village preachers who preached the gospel of Jesus Christ, and caused it to be heard. Their preaching was exceedingly hateful to me; moreover, I was devoted to the religion of my fathers, so that the preaching of the Christian religion was to me like the drinking of poison; nevertheless, I used to read, or listen to the reading of the Christian tracts, but I did not understand the depths of their meaning. By-and-by there came to me a great desire to see my aunt, and so I left my home and went there. This was but the plan of the Lord to lead me into His way. Having staid there a few days, I was returning, and on the way stopped in Cocanada, and there learned through Mr. Jonathan Burder, all about the Christian religion. After staying with him in his house for 23 days, I was fully convinced that in no other religion than this Christian religion was there forgiveness of sins, and asked for baptism. The preachers there having learned my state, baptized me, and imme-

diately afterwards Mr. Craig came, to Akidu. Therefore, my father, relatives, and friends of my caste, came to the bungalow in Akidu, and having seen me, cried greatly. Mr. Craig comforted them with a few words. I, too, told them not to sorrow, and now I am praying that as I have believed in the Lord, so they all may believe. I desire that you also will pray for them.

Dear friends, concerning my family, all is sorrow. Now, my father, too, is dead. My aunt has died, and so has my brother-in-law. Because of all this I grieve over the state of my relatives.

The above-mentioned aunt married me to a very little girl; she (my aunt) loved me very much, and treated me very kindly, but because I believed in Jesus and joined with the Christians, she was very sorrowful. Two of my sisters are widows, and my aunt saying that her daughter (my wife) would be as a widow too, unless she came with me, endeavored to send her to me. The people of our caste having heard this, thought, "just as Venkatarazu has joined the Christians, so she (the aunt), is going to join"; so having consulted about the matter, they killed her one night. Alas! alas! The religion of our caste! That its foundations may be destroyed, pray earnestly.

Even up to this time my wife is small. They are refusing to give her sufficient rice for fear she will grow to be a woman, and I will take her away. Oh, you who love me, see what temptations and trials have come to me because I have left my people and become a Christian; nevertheless, I have great comfort and happiness in the Lord. I have also my friends in the Lord. Because you, too are my friends, and have desired to know my state, I am rejoicing.

Although I may never see you in this world, I believe that I shall both see and know you in heaven.

In the year 1888, Mr. Craig having given me permission, I went to the Seminary and read in the 3rd class, and in '89 in the 4th class, but only for six months, for the reason that a message came to me saying that my brother-in-law was dead, and that my relations were in great trouble. So I took leave from the Seminary and came to Akidu, and now I am superintendent of the works going on in the compound, and telling words of comfort and of life to those who come in my way.

Also, I am helping Miss Stovel in her Sunday school, and now and then I go to the village to preach. All this I am doing with the permission of Mr. Craig.

I am desiring much to see your photograph, and am praying that you will send it to me quickly.

Yours obediently,

V. VENKATARAZU.

Akidu, April 3rd, 1890.

W. B. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, of these, ye have done it unto me."

PRAYER SUBJECT.—That the power of the Holy Spirit may rest in a very special manner this month upon every missionary and every missionary station.

WORK FOR THE YEAR.

What this will be, every member of our Aid Societies will know before the September number of the LINK reaches them. This last has been a year of progress, both in the mat-

ter of giving and in attendance at the monthly meetings. Let us remember too, 1 Chron. xxix : 13-16.

In sending the new motto which heads our column to-day, our President says—"If we catch the spirit of that verse, our gifts will be greatly multiplied; and our own souls richly blessed."

It very often happens that after the extra work which the last quarter has brought, that the first finds us, if not exactly indolent—yet resting more than we should.

Let the September meeting find us all in our places. The prayer of every sister is needed. Christ can, and will do the work without us, and if we fall we lose the glory of being sharers with Him in the work.

At the quarterly meeting of the Aid Societies of Halifax and Dartmouth which was held in the Dartmouth Church the following resolution was moved and adopted, the members standing to record their vote:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst during this year one who has been connected with our missionary work from its very beginning, and whose presence at these meetings was always felt to be an inspiration.

Therefore resolved, That we place on record our heartfelt gratitude to God, for the work our sister Mrs. Seldon was enabled to do for so many years in the cause of missions, our deep sense of the loss we have sustained in her removal and also our warm sympathy with her family.

Report of the Corresponding Secretary of W. B. M. U.

Our Sixth Annual Report, covering as it does the twentieth year since the organization of the W. B. M. Aid Societies of which the Union is composed, calls for an expression of gratitude and praise to the Lord for having so manifestly set His seal of approval upon all our work.

At the first we were few in number, banded together to support one sister, who, her soul all aglow with love to Jesus, desired to go to the perishing heathen to carry to them the gospel of our Redeemer. In this we hoped to succeed, and according to our faith so it was, and has been from that day until the present.

Eight young ladies have been employed by this Society and have done most effectual work for the Master. Two labored in Burma, and six in India. Of these, five, after serving us faithfully for years, married missionaries; some on our own field, some on the Ontario field, and some on the American Telugu field.

They rank high among missionaries, wherever in the providence of God they have been placed. Our heavenly Father has in this way broadened the influence of our Union, and carried out the purposes of His own will.

Among the first money sent to India for building purposes by the F. M. Board was an appropriation from the funds of our Society for building at Kimidy, which property was afterwards sold, and the money used towards purchasing the compound at Chicacole.

In consulting the records of the F. M. Board, we find that about eight thousand dollars of the money raised by our Societies has been expended in buildings at Chicacole, Bimlipatam, Bobbili, and Visianagram, all of which has been given with the understanding that in the mission house at each station, there should be two rooms prepared and reserved for the lady missionaries whom we should choose to send out and support, so that they might feel that they were under their own vine and fig tree, and at the same time under the protection of the missionary family, all surrounded by the prayers of

thousands of homes in the home land, and the benediction of heaven resting upon them.

The work of our lady missionaries has been chiefly among the women and children; but men and boys also have heard daily from their lips the story of the Cross.

The precious word of life has been for twenty years thus scattered by our representatives among the heathen, that word which "shall not return void," but is the "good seed" which will spring up to the praise of our Saviour, who has the promise that "the heathen shall be given to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession."

It would be impossible for one at all interested, not to see year by year from the reports of the missionaries, that great inroads have been made upon heathenism and the foundations thereof giving way among the thousands to whom they go preaching and teaching Jesus Christ.

Their hearts have been cheered by seeing numbers coming out and telling what a Saviour they have found, and following Him truly; and while they and we regret that we cannot count the number of church members by the thousands, yet we have great cause for thankfulness to Almighty God, that we can count them by the thousands who understand the way of life and salvation; and many of them sweetly trusting in our risen Lord, who, but for that great barrier, *caste*, would speedily confess Him. It cannot be but that we shall see multitudes of these dear ones in the eternal world, who shall be stars in all our crowns.

The constantly increasing demand for the word of God, the growth of the Sunday and day schools, in which the Bible is a special study, the increasing number in the boarding department, the rapidly increasing numbers of native workers and Bible readers, speak loudly of the under-girding power of the Most High; and it is to us a strong token that the day is not far distant, when the windows of heaven shall be opened and a nation shall be born in a day.

It gives us much pleasure over to make special mention of the work of the wives of our missionaries, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Archibald, and Mrs. Higgins, the latter having but recently arrived on the field, and beginning her work. The first two have spent about thirteen years in trying to win these perishing souls to Jesus, and have proved towers of strength and bright lights in that dark land.

Mrs. Archibald, after spending twelve years in India has recently returned for a well earned rest. Her labors have been abundant, and eternity alone can reveal the blessing she has been to the Telugus. For those above-named sisters there is awaiting in the sweet by-and-by. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joy of the Lord."

Miss Fitch whom we sent to Bobbili last autumn to aid in the work there, is about to be married to Mr. Laflamme of the Ontario Mission. We are sorry to part with her, but we will not murmur for we believe it is the Lord binding more closely these missions with bonds of love that earth can never sunder. Great God! Thy benediction still upon these Bands send down, and may the nations ever know that Thou their work has crowned. Miss Gray's work at Bimlipatam has been carried on during the year as usual—regularly and successfully; Mrs. White, three Bible women and a Christian teacher are her assistants. The villages out on the field have claimed more of their time and attention than the previous years. They have spent 45 days touring, and have visited 145 different villages.

In many of these villages the high caste women had

never heard the sound of the Gospel, or the name of Jesus. Scripture portions and tracts have been distributed to thousands of women and children, who in most cases hear the story of the Cross gladly. Miss Gray says they have gained access to many more houses, and have visited many more Brahmin women. Her most intensely interesting report will be given in full.

Miss Wright, at Chicacole, has seven Bible women. She has spent 48 days out on tour visiting 45 villages; travelled 672 miles and distributed 11,682 gospel tracts. The story of the Cross has been told to about 20,000 hearers, and 215 Bible lessons have been taught. Two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven visits have been made by the Bible women.

Her cheery report will be read and published in full. On account of Mrs. Archibald's necessary departure for home the departments of work she so efficiently managed have been given to Miss Wright in addition to all her own. This is no light work. These facts and figures speak for themselves; and call loudly for more help. A very earnest appeal has reached us from Visianagram for a young lady, and another from Bobbili. Miss May Macdonald who is under appointment to go is studying medicine, and will not be ready to leave this autumn. Miss Jackson, who also had been received by our Board, has lost her health somewhat, and cannot go. But there are hosts of others who are ready and can go. We pray that God may lead them into these destitute places to gather in His sheep and His lambs, and feed them with the bread of life without which they must most certainly perish. His sweet voice must fall on the ears of many at this time, "Lovest thou Me?"

The work taken up by us to do during the past year was as follows:

| | |
|---|----------|
| To aid in the purchase of the property at Visianagram | 82000 00 |
| Salaries of Misses Gray, Wright and Fitch | 1500 00 |
| Travelling expenses Miss Fitch | 450 00 |
| Outfit | 250 00 |
| Female helpers on field | 200 00 |
| Travelling expenses on field | 75 00 |
| Schools | 200 00 |
| Books and tracts | 30 00 |
| Literature for home distribution | 35 00 |

Total..... 84740 00

This has been paid to the Foreign Mission Board in regular quarterly instalments, and we have a balance of This amount added to the moneys raised during the year makes a grand total of \$52,500. This money has been expended by our Foreign Missionary Board in accordance with the appropriations made from time to time by the old central Boards and more recently by the Union in the various departments of our Foreign Mission work. Our aid societies number about 150 with about 4,000 members.

See how the Lord has let us on,
Made, blest and prospered all our ways,
Has kept us still in His own light,
And ever tuned our hearts to praise.

O, what are we that He should make
Co-workers of us with our God;
To speak His gospel to the lost,
To spread abroad His precious word.

But thus it is, yoked up with God,
We learn of Him His mind and will,
And so we rest within His love,
In light and joy will serve Him still.

Our thoughts linger to-day on the dear faithful workers whose smiles so often cheered us, and whose words have so often helped us, but now we see them no more. The veil for them has been parted, and they have been permitted to behold "the glory of the Lord."

Among the number was our much-loved sister, Mrs. Stephen Seldon, who from the heavenly mansions beckons us on to-day.

She was among the first members of our Aid Societies, and of her it could be said, "Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A great song of praise will ascend to our Heavenly Father for sparing them with us so long, and for the promise, "They shall be mine, when I make up my jewels."

Signed on behalf of the Executive Board of the W. B. M. U.

M. E. MURCH, Cor. Sec.

Yarmouth, Aug. 22, 1890.

ESTIMATES FOR THE COMING YEAR.

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Salary of Miss Wright..... | \$ 500 00 |
| Salary of Miss Gray..... | 500 00 |
| Miss Gray, Bible woman..... | 100 00 |
| Miss Wright, Bible woman..... | 100 00 |
| Miss Wright, for boarders..... | 250 00 |
| Miss Gray, for boarders..... | 35 00 |
| Miss Gray, schools..... | 50 00 |
| Miss Wright, schools..... | 40 00 |
| Miss Wright, travelling expenses on field..... | 50 00 |
| Miss Gray, travelling expenses on field..... | 40 00 |
| Schools out on the field..... | 345 00 |
| Travelling expenses of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw..... | 800 00 |
| For building at Kimeedy..... | 1000 00 |
| Colportage..... | 125 00 |
| Literature for home distribution..... | 50 00 |
| Salaries of male missionaries..... | 1015 00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$5000 00 |
| For Home Missions..... | 1000 00 |
| | <hr/> |
| Grand total..... | \$6000 00 |

Bobbili.

DEAR LINK.—I think I have not told your readers about the little waif who was brought to the mission house in Bobbili last September.

One morning two men came on to the back veranda. In the arms of one was a little emaciated wailing baby. It did not seem to be more than seven months old, and had been so starved that it was only skin and bone. One of the men had often worked for us, the other was a stranger, and he said the child was his. Its mother had died six months previous; he was very poor and there was no one to take care of the child.

He was going to Cocanada for work, and could not take her, and had no one to leave her with, and asked me if I would take the child. I was ill at the time, and it seemed as if it would be a great burden to take such a young child.

I went to my room and asked guidance, and the answer that seemed to come was, to take the child. When I came again to the veranda, Ohinnie, who was a waif herself 8 years ago, pleaded with me to take the child, and let her take care of it. I pointed out to her the trouble it would be to her at night, and how much she would have to do for it, but I could not discourage her, she still urged me to take the poor little thing in. At last I said I would take it if the father would give me a writing to

the effect that he would never come and take it from me if it lived, of which I was very doubtful. It had a bad cough and looked very sick as well as starved.

After the writing was made out and signed, he said, you must give me something for her: I have nothing for my journey. O, I said, I see, you want to sell your child! That is very wrong, and I cannot buy her, for that would be wrong too; so he picked her up and started away. I said to the other man what will he do with her? Sell her to the dancing woman, said he; he was going to sell her to them, but I persuaded him to bring her here.

I thought and prayed over it again, and the answer came as before. I could not bear the thought of turning a little girl from my door, when I might save her from such a life of sin and shame as hers would be, if the Sani women bought her and she lived; so I called the man back, tried to show him the terrible sin of what he contemplated doing with his child, took her and gave him something to buy food with for his journey. A few days after we learned that the man who brought the child was not its father, but that he was a man of the Sani caste, and that this child had been bought of a Telugu caste woman, by a dancing woman some time previous. The woman however took sick and the child not having sufficient food became ill, and cried so much, that she was anxious to sell it again and get rid of it. She had sent it to Paristapore and Salur, but none of her caste would buy it, as it did not look as if it would ever be useful as a dancing woman, so she sent this man to sell it to me. I was not pleased with the deception that had been practised upon me, but there was another side to it, I believed the Lord had a hand in sending the child to me and wished me to keep it and save it from the life they intended it to live.

The poor little thing was a great deal of trouble the first few weeks, cried so constantly, and I feared Ohinnie would get tired of her self-imposed task of caring for it, but she evidently took it into her heart, and kept it there. At first it would eat nothing, would not even drink milk, but after a time it seemed to get ravenous, and wanted to eat all the time, and when it was not eating, it was sure to be wailing, except the little time that it slept. I gave it milk and cod liver oil, and looked after its health and food carefully, and in a month no one would scarcely know it was the same child. The hair began to grow on its little bald head, and its whole appearance was changed. When I came to see more of the child I found it was not less than 2 years old, so as it came to us on Sept. 2, the day after Bessie's birthday, we call that its 2nd birthday. I wrote to Bessie for a name for our little Telugu girl, and she wrote me to call her Dora. Now "Dora" is the name the natives give to an English man, or Doraguru, and at first I thought it not suitable, but on second thought concluded to add "Ummal" to it, as most of the names for women end thus, and call her Dorumma; and now I think it a very proper name, as the little thing is supported by the Dora Sani (English woman or missionary's wife). One day after I had had the child two or three months a number of dancing women came to see me. While I was talking to them, the child came in; they looked at it, and then at each other, and said something very low, and then asked me whose child that was. I said she is mine. Then they asked Ohinnie about her, and I told her not to answer. I presume they had known that I had taken the child what once belonged to one of their women, but could scarcely believe that this was she. I gave Ohinnie special charges not to allow the child to be out on the street alone, as they might send and steal her away, now that she had grown so interesting. She has improved very much every way, is nice looking, very intelligent and a

very happy, healthy little girl, and I want the sisters who read this to pray that I may have wisdom and strength to train her for the Lord's work, and that He may use her for His glory when she becomes a woman.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Mr. Mihell's Illustrated Lecture on Our Mission Fields in India.

A few months ago, while preaching on Missions, and reading the "appeal" from the pulpit, our pastor wondered if he could not in some way which no one else thought of, help in the fulfilment of the great commission. He had purchased a magic lantern, and concluded to try if he could obtain views of our buildings and portraits of our missionaries, which might be shown on canvas, and prepare a short lecture. Mr. Mihell commenced immediately with the work of gathering photographs and preparing the lecture, and the result was a very interesting entertainment, held in the pretty little Baptist church in Belleville, last Thursday evening. It was with very pleasurable anticipations that we attended this lecture. The well-known hymn, "Jesus shall reign where 'ere the sun," was first thrown on the canvas; this being sung with energy by all present, prepared us to look upon "commission," printed in plain type, together with a summary of last year's F. M. report. Then followed a map of the Telugu country, the various stations, missionaries and helpers. The sweet-faced Carey was shown, who, nearly a hundred years ago, braved public opinion, and the hardships of a pioneer missionary life, to tell the "old story" to heathen India. Mr. Judson and one of his good wives, claimed our attention. Our own first missionary, the "beloved Timpsey," who set the women to work, and insisted on the publication of a monthly paper, himself sending out the first copy of the LINK, was the next portrait. All were excellent likenesses of our missionaries, and the native helpers in their picturesque dress, were well exhibited. "Go ye into all the world," was shown and sung, followed by the pictures of native servants, etc. Then "Greenland's Icy Mountains" appeared, and was sung with spirit, as it always is, and pictures of the horrible idols, priests, mendicants, fakirs, beggars, etc., were seen in all their ugliness, and we longed for the time when "Earth's remotest nation shall have learned Messiah's name." The lecture and views brought before us in a very realistic manner, the great necessity for more earnest work for the Master.

E. S.

Belleville, June, 1890.

News From The Circles.

From Forest.

It is not because we can report much progress in our Circle work that we send a few items to the LINK, but we would like other weak circles to know that we still exist, and although we have had difficulties to encounter and sad changes have taken place, a small band of us remain to carry on the mission work so dear to our hearts.

Death has been busy in our midst, and the first break in our ranks occurred last Oct., when Ruth Burns a bright member of our Mission Band was called home to

heaven; then in the following January, after enduring a great deal of suffering and bodily weakness, Mrs. McFarland, a member of our circle passed away to be with Christ which is far better. We miss her pleasant face and cheerful words of encouragement in our meetings, but the ruthless hand of death was not stayed yet. Last month he again entered the home, and Maggie eldest daughter of Mr. McFarland joined her mother in the better world. But in her death the Young People's Missionary Society lost one of its most active members. Surely God has been calling loud to each of our Mission Societies in the church. Oh! that we would listen to his voice and work while it is called to-day. Another change which took place in our Circle this last spring, was the removal of our President, Mrs. Burns, from us to reside in Parkhill. We hope our loss will only be for this summer and that her stay from among us will only be temporary, as she has been our President since we organized, and we miss her very much. Our Mission Band which was organized last June has now 33 members in good standing. The children are very much interested in the work, which makes it encouraging for us to work among them and indeed we think the influence some of them have carried into their homes has interested their parents, who hitherto were indifferent about missions. Since we organized they have raised by voluntary collections \$11.75; this has been divided among Home and Foreign Missions and Grand Ligne.

Our Circle report for the Associational year for Home, Foreign and Grand Ligne is \$38.10, making a total of Band and Circle to be \$49.85. We are thankful to the Master for allowing us even to do this, and we are hoping and praying that through our Band and Circle we will accomplish more this year than ever.

J. MARKEN.

TAYSIDE.—This Mission Band successfully closed their first year of work. They have fifteen members all under fifteen years, who all take active part in the meetings. They have raised \$13.27 and intend next year supporting a student in India. They have taken a pledge to abstain from strong drink, tobacco and profanity. The officers for next year are: Pres., Mrs. J. A. Fraser; Vice-Pres., Mrs. D. McDiarmid; Sec., Bella McDiarmid; Treas., Mary McDiarmid; Financier, Robbie McDiarmid.

ZORRA CIRCLE held its first quarterly meeting July 8th. The meeting was open to the public and was a success. Collection \$4.

BAYHAM AND MALAHIDE CIRCLES met in the Jubilee Church on afternoon of August 14th. A large attendance and interest good. A public platform meeting in the evening addressed by Rev. E. Bosworth, Rev. Geo. Mason, and Mrs. Welter. Collection \$20.00.

SCHOMBERG.—Saturday, Aug. 16th, Circle and Band met at the pastor's residence and had a pleasant social time, after which a meeting with suitable programme was held. Then followed the packing of a barrel for Grande Ligne.

New Circles.

HESPELER.—Circle organized for H. and F. Missions 24th June. Officers: Pres., Mrs. McQuarrie; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Hoffman; Sec., Miss Starnaman; Treas., Mrs. Winfield.

COLLINGWOOD Circle re-organized 19th June with excellent prospects. Pres., Mrs. Taylor; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Miller; Treas., Miss Russell; Sec., Miss Bella Tait.

COLLINGWOOD Band organized August 9th. name "Cheerful Givers." Officers; *Pres.*, Miss Taylor; *Vice-Pres.*, Miss Tait; *Sec.*, David Tait; *Treas.*, Maria Montgomery.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Students in Samalkota Seminary.

FOR THE YEAR BEGINNING WITH JULY, 1890.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Senior Class.

Students' Names.

Supporters' Names.

1. Martha Cornelius, London, Adelaide St., M. B.
2. Bellam Lazarus, Coaticoke.
3. " Thomas, St. Thomas, M. B.
4. Ramakuri Noah, Delhi.
5. Martha Prakasam, Quebec, M. C.
6. Potula David.
7. †Mutyala Benjamin.
8. Nakka David.

Junior Class.

1. Kommuguri Peter, Mrs. Friend, Ontario, Cal.
2. Dundi Lakshmayya, a friend.
3. Bonn Daniel.
4. Palipe Ramaswami, Paisley.
5. *Kunati Kotayza.
6. *Karre Laban.
7. *Vanga Samuel.
8. *B. Sukriah, Maritime Provinces.
9. *Goddam Tirupatayya.
10. †Gotru Mariyamma.
11. †Balla Chonna Baaavayza, Maritime Province?
12. †Balla Mariyamma, Maritime Provinces.
13. †Pala Varti Moses, Lindsay, M. B.

BIBLE DEPARTMENT.

Senior Class.

1. Pantagani Guananandam, Lond., Talbot St. Y. P. M. S.
2. Tuluri Isaac, Peterboro S. S.
3. Arla Prakasam, Smith's Falls S. S.
4. †B. Barnabas.
5. Vinnakota Yesudas, Boston M. C.
6. Ventru Cornelius, Hamilton, James St. S. S.
7. Pamu David, London South, M. B.
8. Pulukurti Aaron, Brantford 1st Church M. C.
9. †Pulukurti Benjamin.
10. Parasas Enoch, Duffield.
11. Morampudi Michael, Barnston M. B.
12. Eamu Jacob, Ingersoll M. B.
13. Kuncham Chinnayza, Maritime Provinces.
14. *Gulla Andrew, Misses McDonald and Andrews.
15. †Gotru Bhusaunam, Maritime Provinces.
16. *Chintada Lakshminarayana, Maritime Provinces.
17. *Goli Sangana, Maritime Provinces.
18. †Gotru Satyanandam.
19. *Karre Zesudas.

Middle Class.

1. †Katuri Satyanandam.
2. Thalla Lazarus, Sarnia M. B.
3. Kuchupudi Peter, Beamsville M. C.
4. Korata George Mason, Calton M. B.
5. Kommuguri Samson, Wyoming M. B.
6. Merakanapalla Solomon, Woodstock M. B.

7. †Kirohupirdi Jacob, Schomberg M. B.
8. †Chetli Samuel, Osgoode S. S.
9. Talari Yesudas.
10. Korra Isaac, a friend.
11. Kodali Anandam.
12. †Lodetti Yohann.
13. †*Karre Choudari.
14. †Gandipe Joseph.
15. *Korada Narayana, Maritime Provinces.
16. †*Vottipalli Venkataswami.
17. †Komm Samuel.

Junior Class.

1. †Epuri Joseph.
2. Addipalli Roubon.
3. Muqtabattula Venkayza.
4. †Patchimalla Tirupanyam.
5. *Rachapalli Appanna.
6. *Varasala Appanna.
7. *Pulavarti Daniel.
8. *Pulavarti Isaac.
9. *Lodeti Philamon.
10. *Pulavarti Samuel.
11. *Karn Saugasi.
12. *Bonu Appalaswami.
13. †Mutyala Mariyamma.
14. †Katuri Chendravati.
15. *Katuri Peter.
16. †Kowemse Rachel.

Preparatory Department.

1. *Yella Daniel.
2. *Kankipudi Kondayza.
3. *Bellam Nukayza.
4. *Kominu Tattheyza.
5. *Nunna Solomon.
6. *Morampudi Venkataswami.
7. *Ambati Venkayya.
8. *Challa Yesudas.
9. †Epuri Marthamma.
10. †Ruchupudi Saranna.
11. †Chintada Lakshimamma, Maritime Provinces.
12. †*Karre Nilavatanma.
13. †*Vottipolu Rachel.
14. †*Patchimalla Gangamma.

The Senior Class Theological department of last year, with the exception of Pasale Samuel, who left just before the term closed, all graduated with honors, and are now filling independent positions as preachers and teachers.

D. J. Paldas has become a preacher on the Tunji field, in Mr. Garsido's charge.

D. Amoutal is about to be appointed head teacher of the station school at Tunji.

K. Solomon is preaching in the Akidu field, in Mr. Craig's charge.

P. C. Samuel is teaching school in Kalasapudi, on the Akidu field.

C. Meshech is touring and preaching with Philemon, an ordained preacher on the Akidu field.

Pasale Samuel has been made Inspector of schools on the Akidu field.

Of the Junior Class Theological department of last year, P. Guaranandam only, has not returned. He is touring and preaching while his wife, Mary, teaches school on the Akidu field.

Of the Senior Class Bible department of last year,

*New Students. †Married Students. †Wives of Students. †Not returned yet, but expected.

Parase Jobanes has not returned. He also is touring and preaching, while his wife, Kotamma, teaches school also on the Akidu field.

V. Venketazu, of this class, has become one of Mr. Craig's overseers, and has not returned.

V. Krupanandam died.

Of the Middle Class Bible department the following are not returned:—

P. Johanna, teaching school on the Akidu field.

G. Samuel, teaching school on the Akidu field.

P. V. Ramanagia, who has married a wife and cannot come.

Of the Junior Class Bible department—

A. Nagazza has not returned. He is teaching school on the Akidu field.

A. Mark, inefficient.

Of the Preparatory department, the following have not returned:—

K. Guanachdam, teaching school on the Akidu field.

K. Daniel, inefficient.

V. Thimpanyam, inefficient.

A. Pothirazula, inefficient.

V. Moses, ill.

P. Lazarus, who lost his foot by a snake-bite.

V. Davidu, who is farming.

Of the students' wives, the following have not returned:

P. Kitamma, who is teaching school.

K. Elizabeth and V. Lutchamma, widow of Krupawandage.

If there are any mistakes in the above, with reference to those who are supporting the students, we hope they may be corrected at once, and the corrections sent either to Miss West, 51 Huntley Street, Toronto, or to me.

Those who have been supporting students who have not returned, will please take notice, and if they wish still to support the student as a preacher, or a teacher, they must raise the amount subscribed to \$35 or \$40 a year; but if they wish a new student let them apply to Miss West, who will correspond with them with reference to a change.

None should decide upon a new name without writing either to Miss West or me, concerning it, for some in doing so have caused much confusion. The cost per year for the support of a student is \$17.

Will correspondents to India please remember the 10 cent stamp for every letter; and remember also that only one-half ounce comes for 10 cents. Dollars and dollars have been lost on this side through thoughtlessness in this respect.

We shall always be very glad to answer any questions, or translate any letters that are sent from the students.

S. I. HATCH.

Samalkot, India, July, 1890.

Akidu Girls' School.

—My dear boys and girls.—Soon after I wrote to you in February, seven new girls were admitted into the school. Their names are Burepalli Ruth, Motepalli Katharine, Motepalli Naomi, Komuguri Sundamma, Pallem Mary, Pallem Miriam and Varasola Tamar. Ruth, Katharine, Naomi and Sundamma are all from Bodagunta, near the Kistna river, and Mr. Craig brought them with him when he returned home in March. Ruth is a sister of Burepalli Samuel, who once attended the Seminary, but is now preaching in the villages near his own home. She is a nice looking girl of fourteen or fifteen, and was baptized in April of 1886.

Katharine and Naomi are the daughters of Jane, the Bible-woman at Bodagunta. Katharine is probably about fourteen years old and Naomi eight. Both are bright little girls.

Sundamma is the little girl whom I wrote about in February, and if you look up some of the old LINKS I think you will find out something more about her. She is the one who is married, and her husband is one of the Seminary boys. I was very glad to see her come back again.

Pallem Mary and Pallem Miriam are cousins, and come from Asaram, a village twelve miles to the south-west of Akidu. Miss Stovel brought them in when she returned from there in February. Miriam is the daughter of Joseph; the ordained preacher at Asaram. She is about nine years of age, but very small. Mary's father is a farmer. She is probably a year older than Miriam, and is quite pretty and bright. Tamar comes from Ganapavaram. Her mother is a poor widow who has been receiving help from the church for some time. She has had small-pox, and is badly marked, but is very bright and pleasant looking, and is getting along nicely at school.

Ruth and Katharine are in the second class, but all the others are still in the infant class. Of these seven girls, Ruth is the only one who professes to love Jesus, so all the boys and girls who read this should pray for the others; that they too may soon learn to know and love Him.

School closed the middle of June for the holidays, and as soon as possible after that the girls went to their homes. We give them leave at this time instead of in the hot season, because this is the transplanting season, and even little girls can earn from six to eight cents a day transplanting the rice. It cannot be very pleasant work though, for they have to stand in the water all the time, as the fields are covered with water, and the little plants are put in the mud at the bottom. We hope to see them all back the 1st of August, when school re-opens again.

July 18th, 1890.

A. S. CRAIG.

GIVING LIKE A LITTLE CHILD.

Not long since, a poor widow came into my study. She is over sixty years of age. Her home is one little room, about ten by twelve, and she supports herself by her needle, which in these days of sewing machines, means the most miserable support.

Imagine my surprise when she put three dollars into my hand and said:

"There is my contribution to the church fund."

"But are you able to give so much?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon of three months since, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?"

"I do."

"Well, I went home and cried all night over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister—don't know how poor I am, or he never would have said that.' But from crying, I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears."

"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this—'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child,'—and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered the money all in pennies."

"But has it not embarrassed you to lay aside so much?"

"Oh, no!" she responded, eagerly, with beaming face.

"Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in. So many are coming to see me that I never knew before."

"But didn't you always have money in the house?" I asked.

"Oh, no! often when my rent came due, I had to go and borrow it, not knowing how I ever should find means of paying it again. But I do not have to do so any more; the dear Lord is so kind."

Of course I could not refuse such money.

Three months later she came with three dollars and eighty-five cents, saved in the same way. Then came the effort of our church in connection with the Memorial Fund, and, in some five months, she brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box I had given her. This makes twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents, from one poor widow in a single twelve-month. I need hardly add, that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.

Who can doubt that, if, in giving, as well as in other graces, we could all become as little children, there would result such an increase in our gifts that there would not be room enough to contain them?—*Selected.*

A Missionary Hymn.

BY REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY. (G. M.)

Come Saviour Christ and claim thine own,
Redeemed by blood divine;
Display thy power, ascend thy throne,
Earth's kingdoms shall be thine.

Before thy feet, our hearts in tears,
Behold thy Church, O Lord!
We mourn our sins, our doubts, our fears,
Now magnify thy word.

Pour out deep floods of saving grace—
Thy sin conquering power;
Win to thy love our erring race,
While yet 'tis mercy's hour.

Thrust forth more lab'ers to the field,
The harvest ripe to glean;
So souls redeemed all earth may yield:
Thy Truth, thy Life be seen.

For this we toil, for this we pray,
With burdened souls to thee;
This world is thine: O haste the day
Come Lord, earth's King to be!

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from June 18th to July 28th, 1890, inclusive.

London (Grosvenor Street), M.C., \$2.62; Waterford, M.C., \$15; Toronto (Bloor Street) M.C., \$25.05; Galt, M.C. \$16.85; Forest, M.C., \$4.35; Beachville, M.C., \$2.18; Paris, M.C.,

\$31.90; Paris, M.B., \$8.51; Peterboro Annual Meeting, \$2.64; London (Talbot Street), M.C., \$25.25, of this \$5 is the quarterly payment for a Samulocotta student by Mrs. M. C. Jones; Theford, M.C., \$3; London South, M.B., \$14, towards the support of Pann David; Hamilton (Lock Street Mission), M.B., \$1; Selwyn, M.B., \$6.60; Selwyn, M.C., \$2; Toronto (Jarvis Street), M.C., \$51.81; Grimsby, M.C., \$4; Atwood, M.B., \$2; Mrs. Barber's S. S. class, Waterford, \$20, for the support of Anna, Mr. Craig's Biblewoman; Hamilton (James Street), M.C., \$9.25; Lakeside, M.B., \$15, towards the support of Paras John; Wheatley, M.C., \$5; Woodstock Association Annual Meeting, \$3; Guelph, M.C., \$11; Mount Forest, M.C., \$3.80; Norwood, M.C., \$3; Uxbridge, M.C., \$3; Woodstock, M.C., \$10; Blytheswood, M.C., \$1; Mrs. W. R. Marsh, Gladstone, \$5; Toronto Association Annual Meeting, \$5.55; Hillsburg, M.C., \$3.54; Teeswater, M.C., \$2.75, towards the support of Rhoda, a Biblewoman; Teeswater, M.B., \$5.50, towards the support of D. Peramma; Schomberg, M.C., \$4; Toronto (Parliament Street), M.C., \$8.05; St. Thomas, M.C., \$7; Port Perry, M.C., 29c.; Wbithy and Lindsay Association Annual Meeting, \$3.71; Toronto (College Street), M.C.; \$10; Platteville, M.C., \$8; Greenock, M.C., \$9; Brampton, M.C., \$3.75; Orangeville, M.C., \$3.47; Boston, M.C., \$10.22; Norfolk Association Annual Meeting, \$12.78; Owen Sound, M.C., \$5; Tiverton, M.C., \$5; Palmyra, M.C., \$3.50; Toronto (Dovercourt Road), M.C., \$10; Farewell, M.C., \$1; Ailsa Craig, M.C., \$16. Total \$412.92.

Will the Treasurers of Circles please remember that the reasurer's books will be closed October 10, and that all contributions for the year 1890-91 must be in by that date.

NOTE.—Errors in June LINK.—Omitted, Guelph, M.C., \$8. Correction, Wyoming, M.O., credited with \$3, should be \$9; Plympton, M.C., credited with \$4, should be \$3.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas.

109 Pembroke street, Toronto.
June 17th, 1890.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

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

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

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

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