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The Canadian

Missionary Link

ANANDA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

FEBRUARY, 1898.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1898.

| No. 6.

We learn that some good friend in Toronto has given \$300 toward Miss Baskerville's school building.

We were quite pleased lately to receive a subscription to THE LINK from a grand-daughter of Carey, the missionary. She lives in Montreal, and we presume she is a Baptist.

MISSIONARY ALBUM.

The Album of Photogravures of our missionaries, promised in our December number, is now ready, and to be had by sending to Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Howland ave., Toronto, or to Mr. G. R. Roberts, 9 Richmond Street west, Toronto. Price, 30 cents each, or by the doz. at 25 cents each.

TO THE CIRCLES OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

There is still \$70 lacking to make up the full amount of our deficiency of \$205. Some of the Circles have responded nobly to our appeal. Will not the Circles who have not yet done something towards this object, make some special effort to wipe this off?

ETHEL CLAXTON AYER,
Cor. Sec.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE BOARD OF THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

MONTREAL.—The Board of the W. B. F. M. S. of E. O. and Quebec, celebrated their majority in the Lecture Hall of the First Baptist Church, the birthplace of the Society, on Friday evening, December 3rd. The room was prettily decorated with palms and cut flowers, while flags and bunting lent quite a festive appearance to the scene.

Representatives from the Baptist churches in the city were present, and although the attendance was not as large as could have been desired, yet, those who were there were enthusiastic missionary spirits, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

The chief object was to raise money for the deficit; this was done by means of Birthday offerings which were deposited in two pretty baskets stationed at either door.

The gifts amounted to \$32.61, and were accompanied by appropriate verses or greetings which were read in the course of the evening.

In the absence of the President, Mrs. E. W. Dadsen, Mrs. Donald Grant presided in a most pleasing manner. The programme consisted of a few words of welcome from the Hon. President, Mrs. Claxton, who, though still suffering from her recent accident, was able to be present. An historical sketch of the Society, by Miss Green, which was a beautifully written account of the work carried on by the Society since its formation, twenty-one years ago, an address on the W. C. T. U. Mission work in Australia, by Mrs. Ardell, of Sydney, and vocal and violin solos given by Miss Taylor and Mr. Wallace, respectively, these added pleasing variety, after which a social hour was spent.

ETHEL CLAXTON AYER, Sec.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

Written for the Annual Meeting.

As this is a representative Missionary Meeting, I suppose everyone here is willing to acknowledge that Foreign Missions have brought a great blessing to them. It has emphasized the command of our Lord, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields"! and turned our thoughts occasionally from the pressing home ties, the work in our own church and land, to the work God is doing among the nations of the earth. Your presence here to-day proves that you have heard the command and have looked, and the result has been that one part of India has become to us something more than a place on the map. Around names of villages are grouped mission buildings, the missionaries who occupy them, and Telugus whose names and work are familiar. The people stand before us, they are real. THE MISSIONARY LINK and the words of friends who have lived among the Telugus have done this for us.

We who feel how sweet a thing it is, to be thus brought into sympathy with God's great purpose—"Who would have all men to be saved"—naturally desire to interest others in this blessed work. The great question is how to do it. As people will not take an interest in generalities, we must try and make the Telugus rise above the vast millions which form the great heathen world, and become distinct and individual. How did they become

so to us? Was it from the words of a missionary who had lived amongst them? Then we will probably seek to get those whose help we desire, to hear missionaries speak of the field. Or did the reading a description of the labors of some devoted enthusiastic soul in heathen lands, first kindle a desire to share in such work, and our thoughts naturally turned to the field which God has given Canadian Baptists to evangelize? If so, how important to try and persuade others to read similar books or leaflets.

The use of Missionary Literature has proved one of the most efficient means of increasing the interest in Missions. The Rev. J. S. Forbes has said such wise things on this subject, that I have taken the liberty of copying some of his remarks:

"The mission enterprise has a great literature. Are we using either its great books, or the lighter and more ephemeral form it assumes—its periodicals—as we might, to quicken the hearts of Christian people? We want something to keep the stream of interest and benevolence always bubbling up fresh and strong. The whole cause depends on love and interest, and one great instrument for fostering this remains largely unused. We have got a new devotional library in Missionary literature, and if our ministers and people would use it more, the spiritual temperature of the churches would rise right away. There have been a number of Missionary biographies published within the last few years that it is impossible for any man to read, as they should be read, without indescribable emotion, and without the perfume of the presence of the Master being sensibly felt. The Holy Spirit uses these books. The power of God is in them. The doubter deplores the cessation of miracles. The missionary shows him facts that make him question if they have stopped at all. The Apostles never laboured amongst savages. They never had to give a written language to their converts in which to enshrine New Testament teaching. Missions are doing all this, and more; to-day Christianity is winning for itself new homes, and its proof is along the lines by which appeal is best made to the modern man. It is continuing spiritual experiences the counterpart of those at Pentecost, that demonstrate the incoming of a new force into the world. The cry about the decay of conversions in modern times does not find justification in the mission field. 2,000 Telugus have been baptized in one day, 10,000 in a year. Five years' labor for not a convert among the Kols; then, in eighteen years, 10,000, and the Gospel spontaneously propagating itself. Fiji, cannibal sixty years ago; to-day with 100,000 in church attendance, and mission work of its own. Hawaii, with 1,700 converts admitted in a day and 27,000 in six years. The Karens, touched by a mission that has passed through a baptism of blood—a missionary dying on an average every year for forty-eight years—to-day a Christian nation; and so forth.

"Many in the churches are not helping, nor giving, because they do not know what is going on; they must be made to know. We might make a greater effort to put in people's hands cheap and attractive editions of great missionary biographies. There are no books so influential; a multitude of soldiers, statesmen, scholars, and thinkers have been made by reading lives, and a multitude of missionaries.

"Just look, even in our times, at the power of one book. Besant writes 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' and the People's Palace rises to bless the dull lives of the East End. Booth sends out his 'Darkest England.' Money pours in, and his rescue homes and colonies begin. Paton writes his Autobiography, and a stream of interest, bearing gifts and service, sets in towards the New Hebrides Mission, and every other Christian mission, wider and deeper than ever before."

In both of our Women's Societies there are a number of books and leaflets at present unused, which in the hands of those now indifferent to missions, might change the course of their lives. Enthusiasm is most contagious. Let us get our own zeal kindled by reading of the zeal of others, and then looking to God to bless our efforts, try to induce others to take the books and read them.

When we think of Foreign Missions, does it not seem as if we had climbed to a mountain top, the strong breeze of a new and varied life was blowing upon us, and the great world lay stretched before our sight? As the different countries pass before our mental vision, men who were and are mighty in faith, walk through the cities, stand on the lake shores, pass up the rivers, and pointing to throngs of former heathen, bid us see how the grace of God has enabled them also, to love mercy, to do justly and to walk humbly before God.

Do you want the Victoria Nyanza to be more than a name to you, then read McKay of Uganda, and the Wagundas will throng its shores, and show you how the African can not only love, but die for Christ? Do you want the Congo to be something more than a black line on the map, then read the records of its mission work, and see Grenfell, Comber, Richards and others among the very cannibals which Stanley saw, who are now clothed and in their right mind and praising God by lip and life. ✓

Montreal.

AMELIA MUIR.

"THE PROSPECTS OF MARTHA."

BY ANNE JAY, AUTHOR OF "MEL, MAID OF ALL WORK."

"It's my prospect's, my dear, as keeps me goin', an' old friend of mine explained one day. She and I were sitting in her little room, one of many others in a long row of brick cottages and facing a similar line of monotony on the opposite side. I used often to wonder to myself, what life would be like, if passed amid such commonplace, colorless surroundings.

But Martha could not be happier, had she been born a princess and lived in a palace. Her one room was bright and beautifully clean, and the dull papered walls gay with colored prints and cards. In one corner stood a small bed, covered to the floor with a spread of staring cretonnes. It had taken a lot of conjuring, Martha assured me, to piece the frill. On the other side of the fireplace was a high shelf draped to match the bed, and holding all Martha's possessions in glass and china. Underneath, it served as a storeplace for coal.

The remaining bits of furniture could scarcely be accommodated; but there was space on the window ledge for a few geraniums and old books. Above the chimney-piece, with its array of photographs in frames, and funeral and birthday cards, hung a faded motto that I never tired of reading.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

The lines are by George Herbert, and were done in India ink by the only mistress Martha had ever known.

To-day, as the old woman sat sowing with her clever left hand, I asked if she ever wearied of her solitary life, for Martha was the last of a large family.

"My dear," she answered me, "if I do tire of sittin' here all alone and thinkin', I begin to bustle about a bit. And I think to myself it's not goin' to last for ever or for long. 'T's my prospec', you see, as keeps me goin'."

"You'll be havin' a change soon to 'the green pastures and the still waters,' Martha," said I, "and won't that satisfy you?"

"It may be, my dear, I think too much about that blessed place, till I get restless with longin', and want to hurry in. My mother often used to say, 'Why, Martha, child, you've got no waitin' in you'; but I've learn't to wait better in seventy years. I was barely seven when mother died, yet I know her face quite well, for I see it in my dreams. How I do love my mother! I've been savin' up things to tell her all these years. It was after her last baby was born, dyin' the day after, that she went right off her head, and had to be taken away. I missed her most of them all, bein' crippled one side and different from the rest, and I ached to see her again. But a few months later as I lay in bed by my sisters, I seemed to see her face once more. She seemed to come into the room softly, without makin' any sound, and takin' my lame hand in hers she bent down and kissed it. I was so overjoyed, that I screamed out with delight that mother was home again! It was the middle of the night, and father came into our room rather cross at bein' disturbed. 'You've been dreamin', child, he said sharply; 'lie down again, and don't be wakin' us out of our sleep at these hours of the night.' So I lay down and cried myself to sleep. I wanted my mother to come again and kiss me. The next day there was a loud knock at our door. A letter had come from the asylum, sayin' my mother had died in her sleep! I had always loved work of any sort, and on washin' days my mother would give me a wooden box to scrub, to keep me quiet. When she was gone my sister needed all the help I could give her. She used to stand me on a stool to be nearer the wash tub, out of which I sorted the clothes. I was only seven, and my sister would laugh and tell me that I was wringin' my little hands instead of the wet clothes."

"Martha," I exclaimed one day, when vainly urging her to start a cap, "you are over seventy, you know, but; your face is round and your cheeks are red, and you

laugh and sing like a girl. Do you never mean to grow old?"

"Never, my dear, if I can help it," said she. "I don't seem to have lived long enough in the world to feel old yet."

"Ah! Martha," said I, you were wise after all to stay an old maid. You have no care to bother your life and wrinkle that smooth brow of yours."

Her eyes twinkled for a moment. "I think so now," she answered; "but there was a time when I fancied a home of my own. But there, dear, when I see the sorrows of the married people, and the trials they have to put up with, why I thank the Lord who kept me by His grace"; and the old woman bowed her head and folded her left hand over the lame one reverently.

Then for the twentieth time Martha told of the days when she kept a dame school, and how a certain Jim walked with her to church. "I wasn't much to look at, by all accounts," she explained dryly; but I had fair hair like my mother, and blue eyes, before I cried the color out of them. And on Sundays when I wore a white straw bonnet, lined with blue, I used to like to look in the glass, and 'Patty, girl, you do look fine!' I would say to myself. But I've been took down since then, my dear, and I only look now in that bit of glass to see if my hair is parted straight."

When service had proved too much for Martha's wiling pair of legs, she took a tiny cottage, and for love of little children, taught them all she knew. She had never had much schooling besides learning to read and write. Needlework took the place of suns in Martha's school, and as she sometimes would say, "The world wasn't so forward forty years ago." After a time, Jim left off coming, and walked to church with somebody else. But Martha grieved more when scarlet fever broke out and scattered her tiny scholars. Then her own health gave away, and then her brain. She went "melancholy," and was sent away to a neighboring asylum. There she employed her time in mending the clothes of the other inmates. It was the only way to keep her from singing hymns all day, the nurses said. After she had been nine years in the asylum the doctors told Martha they had done all they could do for her. She must wait on in patience.

"Then I will go to the Great Physician," she had answered them quietly.

"And so I did," Martha told me. I asked the chaplain to write all about me on a paper. I said it was for a partic'lar friend. When all were asleep in the ward that night, I crept out and kneeled down and laid the letter on my bed. 'Almighty Lord,' I said, 'I'm not good at speakin' for myself, and there are things I forget. But it's all here in writin', and how I want to get well. Thy will be done. Amen.'

"I knelt there a long time, till I was sure He'd heard, and then I lay down to sleep. After a year I got better and came away."

"And then, Martha?" I would say, for she loved to tell the whole story.

"Then, my dear, I went back to the place where I'd kept school and into the parish infirmary. They said it was the best thing for me. And after a bit I settled down and helped nurse the sick and was content. The matron soon found I could do needlework, and she gave me plenty of stuff gowns and coarse sheets to sew. She said I worked like a Briton. It's a wonder to me now, how this little left hand got through so much. But a new master came, and he made me go into the house. And oh! my dear, I couldn't bear myself with the women

there. It was 'most like livin' in Sodom and Gomorrah. So I bough't me how my Lord had unlocked the great door of the asylum and let me go, and I asked Him to undo the door of the workhouse, too. The women found me prayin' in an empty place under the roof one day, and they said I should see ghosts. But I looked to see God's angel come and let me out, and I wasn't afeared of ghosts. The Guardians gave me leave to go at last, and a visitin' lady found me a room in the parish. I walked down the hard stone pavin' that day like a bird set free from its cage, and I sang, too. My room was up some narrow stairs, and smaller than this, but it only cost me eighteen pence a week, and I could see my old church from the window. I used to sing all day at first, but the landlady said she wasn't musical and the noise disturbed her at her work. So I took to hummin' the tunes instead. To be sure it was a bit dull before I got used to sittin' by myself. 'But it's only lodgin' you are here, Patty,' said I to myself, 'and heaven is your home.' And, my dear, that's why I'm careful to leave things tidy at night before I go to bed. There's no knowin' if I mightn't be home before mornin'."

"And how did you make ends meet, Martha?" I inquired.

"The Board allowed me half a crown a week and a loaf, and my ladies gave me a shillin' and sixpence between them. So with a little sewin' I managed to scrape along."

"No, I wasn't to say *teel* off," Martha acknowledged, answering my rather incredulous look; "and I only had meat for a treat. But my worst days were Sundays, if I hadn't saved a penny for the box. I used to feel so ashamed before the Lord, and my face went scarlet when the boxes passed by—specially the time when they collected for the Jews."

"And why the Jews?" asked I, ignorantly.

"Why, only think what we owe them, my dear! It was them Israelites who preserved our Bible when all the world was drowned!"

I did not argue the point, and Martha continued her history.

"But things are lookin' up now," said she; "friends have come to me, one after another, and none of you will ever let me want—least of all, my Lord. It was only last Saturday night, when I had cleaned up my place and myself, too, and got into bed by the light of the fire—it was then, when I had repeated 'Tomorrow, Lord, is Thine,' as my mother taught me, and was lookin' round my little room, that the thought of my comforts overcame me. And I was bound to say it out loud, my dear, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!'"

Sundays are gala days to the little woman, and now that she is passing rich on six shillings a week, she gives double to the Jews. On "the Day of days" she rises an hour earlier than usual, and is the first of the congregation to arrive at church. I often wonder whether Martha altogether understands the sermons. But because she goes, expecting to be taught, she never seems allowed to come empty away.

"I was always partial to ministers," Martha tells me, "and I hope to stand near them in heaven."

When quite a tiny child she would follow the funerals into the cemetery and keep close to the clergyman in his white surplice.

One day I happened on a grievance that had lurked for years in the old woman's secret soul. To have been

named Marthas instead of Mary, was a trouble she had never quite got over.

"Maybe it was to keep me humble," she admitted sorrowfully, "or I might be settin' up to be better than I am. But I never could abide that busy-boddy woman, and she findin' fault with my Lord! But there," exclaimed my old friend, her face suddenly clearing, "if I be named Marthas instead of Mary, He knows I have chosen the better part."—*St. John's Parish Magazine.*

COLLECTING.

EXPERIENCES REPORTED BY SOME OF THE COLLECTORS.

GIRLS.—Good morning, ladies.

MISS C. I.—I hope you bring us plenty of money, and that you have enjoyed making the visits, too.

ALICE.—We really have enjoyed it, though in various ways. Shall we tell our experience?

MISS D.—Yes, if you please.

CARRIE.—First, we called on Mrs. Brisk. That call was finished in a hurry, I assure you. "Missionary offering!" said she. "Yes, indeed! Walk right in; it's all counted out! Thought you'd be here soon. Here it is. Can't say I wish 'twas more, because it's just according to my means, and the Lord has the regulating of them. I won't ask you to sit down, for I suppose you've ever so many places to go to; besides, I'm as busy as a bee myself!" So off she flew, and we walked off, having obtained the money in less time than we have taken to tell it.

MISS A.—Where next?

SUSIE.—We went to Mrs. Kindly's, Mrs. Allright's, and Mrs. Ready's. They all had a pleasant word for us, and cheerfully gave their contribution. Mrs. Kindly said it was very good of us to go round so, and save people the trouble of sending in their money. Here are their gifts. Now, Alice, you tell the next story.

ALICE.—Well, then, our next visit was to Mrs. Splendid. "Mission-school money?" said she. "What mission-school?" So I told her about the mission-school we support in India, how hopeful we were of the good it was doing, and how glad we were of the good it had done. I thought I was making such a moving speech!

CARRIE.—It proved so; for Mrs. Splendid said, "I have many calls for my money, young ladies; I have nothing for you to-day." And she moved in, and we moved out. Just think of it! Such lots of money as Mrs. Splendid has!

MISS C.—Here, girls, is a lesson for you: when you meet such rebuffs, take them in a gentle spirit. Judge not, but try to feel kindly toward the selfish and ungenerous, and then dismiss them from your thoughts, as Mrs. Splendid dismissed you from her door.

SUSIE.—Can't we call her shabby?

MISS D.—"Not a bit of it!" as you girls say. Just say nothing about her.

ALICE.—Then we went to see lame Jenny. We didn't think she ought to give anything, she is so very poor; but Susie said we would go in and tell her what we were doing.

MISS A.—Poor patient sufferer! What did she say to you?

CARRIE.—She clapped her little thin hands, and said she was so glad we had come! She had been thinking so much, since she cannot go to church and Sunday-

school, of the heathen children, who never had a church or Sunday-school, and who know nothing about the Heavenly Father's book.

MISS B.—But, of course, you didn't ask her to give anything?

SUSIE.—Ask her! We hadn't the chance! She said at once, "you must make my mission-offering, only you will have to wait while I go to the bank for it."

MISS C.—Go to the bank, when she cannot walk a step!

ALICE.—Yes. She took her little tin saving-bank, and made believe knock at the door. "Any money for me to-day?" said she.

"How much do you want?" she made believe answer from within.

"All you have," said she. "What for?" "For my mission-offering," said Jenny.

"Yes! here it is. Come down the chimney and get it. You know they have to turn the pennies out at the chimney-top; so she counted them out and made us take them.

CARRIE.—I asked if she wouldn't need it for something. She said no; it was given her to buy sweets with; but if missionary sweets tasted better to her than any others, she ought to have her choice.

MISS D.—Oh! girls, I don't need to tell you to learn a lesson from her sweet self-denying spirit!

SUSIE.—I think we did. We were intending to buy us each a new ribbon on our way home; we had been choosing between blue and pink. When we left Jenny's Alice said, "Girls, how would you like missionary color for our ribbons?" We took the hint, and all decided to have that color.

ALICE.—Only, ladies, as we are indebted to Jenny for the plan, we think the money ought to go against her name, and we have put it so.

MISS A.—That's right! She will be so happy when she knows her humble example has influenced you in the right way.

MISS B.—Did you go to Mrs. Dillydally's?

CARRIE.—Yes. She said, "Well, she'd see; she didn't know. How much did the deacons' wife give? How much did the pastor's wife give? For her part, it seemed as if there was always something coming. We might call again; she'd see about it.

MISS C.—And Mrs. Sharpe?

SUSIE.—Oh! she said Mr. Sharpe gave enough already! She couldn't be bothered! And she said good morning as quickly as Mrs. Brisk; but oh, in such a different tone!

MISS D.—Here is more money than your list of names accounts for; how's that?

ALICE.—I'll tell you. It was so funny! We saw Mr. Cross coming down the street. You know he is as rich as can be, but don't believe in missions, nor Sunday-schools, nor anything of the kind. Carrie said, "Let's storm the enemy's fortress, and see what we can get."

CARRIE.—So I told him our mission-work, and politely asked for a contribution.

MISS A.—What did he say?

CARRIE.—He lifted both hands and rolled up his eyes and said, "The beggars are coming to town!" That roused me! I told him we were no beggars; that the mission cause was God's cause; that we were very young, but we meant to try and do what we could for the cause, and for God; and if he pleased, I preferred he would never call us beggars again!

MISS B.—I hope you did not make him vexed.

ALICE.—I rather think not. He looked steadily at Carrie as if thinking of what she had said. Then the queer man said, "Hold out your hands!" We did so, and he dropped a penny into every one, saying, "that's for your mission. Then he made a low bow to Carrie, and said, laying a sovereign in her hand, "respected madam, that is for your preach!"

MISS C.—Well done, Carrie! I never knew a mission "preach" have any effect on him before. I hope it may be lasting.

MISS D.—You had Mrs. Flutter's name; what did she say?

SUSIE.—She said, "Deary-me, no! She just couldn't. Everything was so high! Bad as war-times! Elizabeth Eliza was taking music lessons, and deary-me, it cost so much! And Elizabeth Eliza must have a new silk dress, and deary-me 'charity begins at home,' and deary-me, she just couldn't!" So she didn't.

ALICE.—Oh! but the last place was so different! Dear Grandmother Eld gave her money, with her poor trembling fingers, and then she talked to us so sweetly!

CARRIE.—Yes. She told us how glad she was, we were beginning so young to work in the dear Lord's vineyard. Then she showed us a little ivory box on her shelf, in which she had kept her mission fund for forty years.

SUSIE.—And she said, "Next year, when you come, I don't think I shall be here. I think I shall be in the beautiful city, whose gates are of pearl. But my offering," said she, "I shall leave in the box, and you may open it, and find it, and take it. Then she prayed God to bless us, and we came away.

MISS A.—Young ladies, we are highly gratified at your report. You have not only brought us a good large sum of money, but your experience has been both useful to yourselves and pleasant to us. And we shall certainly move at our next meeting that you all be re-appointed as young lady collectors for the coming year.

Work Abroad.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

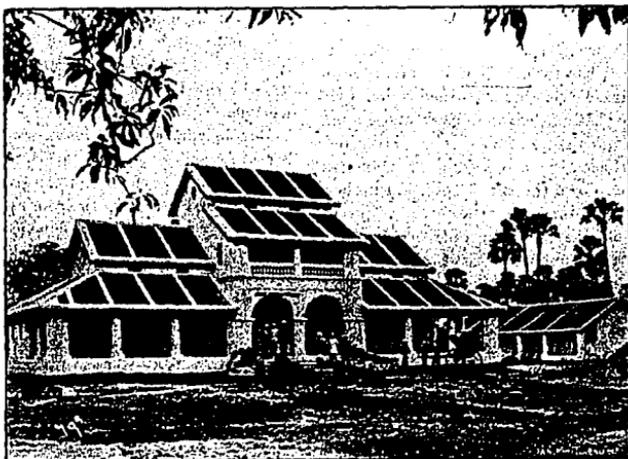
"In their village is also a petty Rajah, and as the teacher thought the Ranees would receive us, we went. The fort is well protected, as we had to pass through three gateways in immense walls, before we reached the Ranees' compartments. Two of these gates stood 16 feet high, I presume, and were studded with iron spikes, but they were all open when we went. We waited for some time before we obtained permission to enter, but after passing through all these gateways we still had another door in a wall to pass through before we saw the women standing in their different doorways in the open enclosed square. Here we saw three chairs set for us (Miss Priest was with me), so we took seats, and her Majesty came also and sat down in a chair. She also is a widow, but seemed to have quite a number of daughters-in-law, and she is related to the Ranees in Ramachandrapuram, whom we visit. She seemed to enjoy our visit, and to nearly everything we said she would say, "That is good." So this is the third Ranees whom we visit. The one in R.,

the one in Dodambelta, of whom I wrote in THE LINK, and this one. You will probably think the Rajah's are rather cheap in these parts, still, not nearly every village has a Rajah, and these villages which have them have only one. I am glad to tell them of Jesus, born of the royal house of David, and yet born in obscurity, that He might lift us up out of our obscurity and make us kings and priests with God.

"When I wrote you before, I was in Cocanada. I staid a few days and went back, and finding the wife of one of our teachers very ill, out of her mind in fact, I assumed the care of her, for my heart was deeply troubled for her. The villages thinking such are possessed with a demon, treat her accordingly, and beat her, and so on. If they would only thus harshly treat Satan in their own hearts we might have some hope of their salvation. I brought her to the compound where the dresser in R. treated her,

before. The Lord has been very gracious to me, and while for a few weeks at first I thought I had perhaps been over presumptuous in letting Miss McLeod go, I feel sure again that it was the best thing. She, too, has made one trip in the Peddapuram field and the houses in Peddapuram itself a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, have been opening to her in a remarkable way. So her work there will be well begun before the Walker's must leave for home. I feel happy in the Saviour, and believe He has wonderfully helped me and blest me, blessed be His name. Different ones are coming to stay with me, and tour with me, so that I shall hardly be alone before the missionaries return; but it is not that I need them so much, only, of course, I shall be glad of their help and their company.

"S. I. HATCH."



MISSION HOUSE AT RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

and she was on her way to recovery apparently, when I again began to feel miserable and as Mrs. Smith had been inviting me to visit Yellamanchili to see some of the work there, I went there, thinking the change would do me good. I went and saw the work in Narsapatnam, specially where Mr. Barrow used to work, and where Miss McLaurin has been working amongst the women. We had a real good time. I spent a few days in Tuni, on the way home, and brought Miss Priest back to tour with me, and have been touring almost ever since. She staid two weeks. I went in to some special meetings to Cocanada, spending two Sundays there, and touring meanwhile in some of our villages near. I have been very well, indeed, since I came back from Yellamanchili, and haven't thought of being lonesome at all, so I know now that it was because I was run down that I felt as I did

A WELCOME MEETING.

We arrived in Cocanada December 1st, 1897. After a long wearisome journey by land and sea, it was a joy to be back in the Mission House once again, surrounded by fellow-missionaries and native Christians whom we had learned to love in the years gone by. During the short space of twenty months changes had taken place on the field among the Christians. Some families we had known well had been divided. Women whose faces bore traces of sorrow came to us with their little ones, to tell the sad news that cholera had taken away their husbands. Other faces were missing, and on inquiry I found that they too had gone to the better land. But many came with gifts and smiles, expressing their gratitude because of our return.

On the 10th of December our missionaries all came in from their various stations, and after much prayer and deliberation, appointed us to our fields of labor.

We were appointed to take charge of the work on the Ramachandrapuram field. So we planned to go out and see the house and find out what furniture and other supplies would be needed for the work. Miss Hatch kindly arranged to send her boat to Kadium, a village about 15 miles from Ramachandrapuram, to meet us, and we took the train from Cocanada to that point, a distance of about 33 miles. We arrived at the station at 5 p.m., but no boat was to be seen on the canal. We sat on a bench outside and wrote home letters till dark, and still no boat appeared. There was no waiting room at the station, but the station-master kindly invited us into the telegraph office and gave Mrs. Davis a stool and a place at his table to write, while I walked down the bank of the canal looking for the boat. As it was nowhere to be seen I soon returned, and after partaking of a lunch we had brought with us, we carried in the bench from the outside and made up a bed for our little boy and soon he was fast asleep. Mrs. Davis then returned to her writing and I continued visiting the canal bank and inquiring from passing boatmen if they had seen the Missama's boat. About 10 o'clock Mrs. Davis joined me and we walked some distance down the canal bank, but no boat appeared. We then returned to the little telegraph office and looked about the room for a place to lie down and rest. We saw two cupboards in which were kept the tickets, stationery, etc., belonging to the Railway. We had some boxes removed from the top of these cupboards, and by the aid of a high stool we ascended and laid ourselves down to rest.

My anxiety to reach Ramachandrapuram before sunrise, together with the hardness of the bed, kept me from sleeping. So from that time till 5 o'clock in the morning I was up every hour and down to the canal bank, looking for the boat. Each time I heard the boatmen's song, I hoped it was our boat they were pulling. But boats passed and repassed till 5 o'clock in the morning, when I sent a messenger down the canal to look for it. Soon after this I learned from other boatmen that Miss Hatch's boat was about 4 miles down the canal. So Mrs. Davis, Georgie and I started to meet it. We had walked about a mile, when we suddenly saw it coming around a bend in the canal. We were soon aboard: and having called fresh coolies and turned the boat around, we set in motion towards Ramachandrapuram. We arrived at Passalipudi lock about noon and got into a little single ox-cart and were driven a mile and a-quarter to the Mission House.

Here we learned that the boat Serang had disobeyed orders and had tied the boat up to the bank of the canal all night, instead of having it pulled up for us.

This delay reminded us that we were back in India, where the maxim is, "never do to-morrow what you can put off till the day after."

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon some 35 Christians assembled to say farewell to Mr. Walker, and welcome to us. Mrs. McLaurin, the mother of our mission, was visiting Miss Hatch and received a hearty greeting from the Christians. We assembled in a house the walls of which were built of mud and the roof made of bamboo poles and palm leaves. The floor also was made of mud, and the white ants had nearly eaten up the roof. The walls also were all honeycombed by the ants, and here and there parts of the walls had fallen down. Here, within this crude enclosure, a few Christians who had come from the outcasts and were consequently poor and ill clad, gathered to welcome us. I could not help contrasting this welcome meeting with the farewells given us in Jarvis St. church, Toronto. There, a congregation of men and women of wealth and culture, amid beautiful surroundings, bade us farewell. Here, the poor and ignorant—those who are considered to be lower than dogs by the Hindus—gathered in a cattle shed to bid us welcome.

But their hearts were just as warm as the hearts of our brethren and sisters in Jarvis St., and their welcome just as hearty as the farewells given us at home. Most of them had given up their work in the fields and had lost a day's pay to come and welcome us. This means a good deal when we remember that they only get about 7 cents a day, and rice and all other kinds of food are still very dear.

As we laid ourselves down to rest at night in the comfortable bungalow built by Bro. McLeod, we remembered that he and Mrs. McLeod lived for 8 or 10 months in that old mud shed where the Christians had welcomed us in the afternoon. And our hearts went up in prayer for our devoted brother and his sick wife down by the sea.

The next day, as the boat had gone away with Mrs. McLaurin, Mrs. Davis and I called two single ox-carts and got in with our baggage and little boy, and rode 11 miles to the nearest railway station and took the train for Cocanada. The night on the cupboard in Kadium and the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles' ride through the hot sun in a jolting ox-cart was rather much for Mrs. Davis. But a few days' rest has restored her strength.

We are now waiting for the arrival of our boxes and are securing furniture and other supplies needed for the prosecution of the work on the Ramachandrapuram field. We are greatly in need of a new boat and a new chapel. We believe the Lord will fulfil both of these needs, when it is for our good and His glory.

Yours, in His vineyard,

J. E. DAVIS.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

PAINLEY.—We held our Thank-offering meeting on Sunday, November 28th, at the hour of our usual morning service. Our President, Mrs. Stevens, presided, and led the devotional exercises, after which Miss Maggie Fisher read a very interesting and profitable paper on the work. The Secretary then gave a report of the year's work done by the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Societies in Ontario, Quebec, and the North-West, after which Hester Campbell gave a very suitable recitation. The collection was then taken up by two of the sisters, in envelopes, which was given reasons for thankfulness; the reading of these formed part of the programme. Then followed an address from our pastor, on the work done throughout the land by the women.

The church choir rendered suitable music throughout the programme. The collection amounted to \$12.04, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

We take 30 Visitors and 13 Links.

Mrs. BUCHANAN, Sec.

P.S.—We have 23 members now in good standing.

Paisley, December 24, 1897.

KING, BETHEL.—On September 13th, we held our annual open meeting, when interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Miss M. Rogers, of Toronto, and Rev. Mr. McAlpine, of Whitby. The latter speaker favoring us with several selections of music, accompanying himself on his guitar. Reports from sister societies were then read, and a report of the year's work done by our own Circle showed an increase in membership, in funds and in interest. Hoping that the Master may still continue to bless our efforts in this work, and to His name will we ascribe all the glory.

L. E. N., Sec.

St. GEORGE.—The annual Thank-offering service of the Circle was held in the church, on the afternoon of Nov. 17th. Our President, Mrs. E. Patten, occupied the chair. After singing, "To the Work, to the Work," an appropriate portion of Scripture was read, and Mrs. Collins, of Paris, led in prayer. We were then delighted to hear from Miss Simpson. She gave us a vivid and interesting account of her work in far away India. Miss Simpson has charge of the Caste Girls' School at Cocanada. A solo, "Just for To-day," by Miss Allie Bell, was much appreciated. A recitation by Maudie Allaway was well rendered. A pretty solo, "The Morning Breaks upon the Gloom," was sung by Miss Lilly Mihell. The ladies put their offerings in envelopes with a suitable text of Scripture. These were opened by two

sisters and read. Thank-offering \$10, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The meeting closed with singing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." After the meeting a very pleasant time was spent in a social way. **M. B., Sec.**

NORWICH.—Wishing to have a larger attendance at our Thanksgiving meeting and, if possible, increase the number of members of our Circle, we wrote special invitations to the women of our church, asking them to meet with us on Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Quite a goodly number responded. Our Pres. Mrs. Newton, took charge of the programme. After a short Bible lesson and a few extracts had been read, Mrs. (Rev.) D. B. Coho, whom we are glad to welcome as a new member, addressed us on the subject of the "Physical Condition of the Women of India." A cup of coffee, with bread and butter, served to complete a pleasant and profitable afternoon. The visible results were some new members, a thank-offering of \$6, and we hope it will result in an increased attendance at our regular meetings.

L. M. GRAY.

PETROLEA.—The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Baptist church held a special Thank-offering meeting on Dec. 7, 1897. The attendance was larger than usual. Vice-President, Mrs. Stonehouse, occupied the chair, and made an earnest appeal to the ladies to become more interested in mission work. A short programme was listened to with pleasure. The envelopes were opened which contained choice verses of Scripture and other tokens of thankfulness. The receipts amounted to \$5.35, to be equally divided among Home and Foreign Missions.

Mrs. J. DIAMOND, Sec.

UXBRIDGE.—Sunday, Nov. 28, the anniversary of our church, was observed as Missionary Sunday. The offerings taken at both services and Sabbath School, as well as proceeds of the lecture the following evening, were devoted entirely to Home and Foreign Missions. We have been blessed during the past year, many have been converted, numbers have been added to the church by baptism. Our church has been repainted inside and out, and according as we have been prospered, cheerfully we give unto the Lord.

At the close of the Sabbath School we met with the children and formed a Mission Band, known as the "Happy Workers Mission Band," and trust these dear children will be worthy of their name. We have organized with a full staff of officers and a membership of thirty-three, and hope to more than doubly increase our number before our next anniversary, and that the children will all be inspired with a true missionary spirit and a love for God's work.

EMMA TOPPING, Cor.-Sec.

ST. THOMAS.—The annual Thank-offering service of the Mission Circle was held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 1st. Meeting opened with singing, "Thanks be to Jesus, His mercy is free," followed by responsive reading on "Systematic Giving." Prayers were then offered for the different missions. Several papers were given bearing on the work done during the year. The envelopes were gathered and opened, containing offering and text of Scripture; these were read aloud. Mrs. Hartley led in prayer, asking God's blessing on the offering. Tea was served at 6 o'clock to a large number of members of Circle and friends. At 8 o'clock a public meeting was held. The programme for the evening consisted of music, recitations and an interesting address by Rev. Mr. Reekie, who spoke of the religious habits and customs of the people of Bolivia. The meeting closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Hartley. The Thank-offering amounted to \$40.70.

K. McCALL, Sec.

HAMILTON.—The Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circle, Victoria Avenue Church, held their annual Thank-offering meeting on Thursday evening, November 2nd, the President, Mrs. Barker, in the chair. There was a good attendance.

The following programme was given:—

Hymn—"Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim."

Prayer—Rev. J. F. Barker.

Reading of Scripture, by the President.

Quartette—"Lend a hand," Mrs. Howland, Miss Armstrong, Messrs. J. E. Wodell, C. W. Upsdell.

Recitation—Miss Edna Steer.

Reading of minutes of open meeting of December, 1896, by the Secretary.

Reading—"Thanksgiving Ann," by Mrs. Millar.

Duett—"Scatter sunshine," Mesdames Howland and H. Shork.

Recitation—"Wanted for the King, by Miss M. Bird-sall.

Solo—Mrs. H. Walker.

We had with us Mr. and Mrs. Horne, returned missionaries from China, who gave addresses, telling of their work in that far-off land. They return in January to their much-loved work. Mrs. Horne is a member of our church. We pray that God may bless their labors in the conversion of precious souls.

Hymn—"Jesus shall reign."

Closing prayer and benediction, Rev. J. F. Barker. The Thank-offering was \$15.

Refreshments were served at the close, and a very pleasant and profitable time was spent together.

— — — Sec.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following books will be sent to the address of any of our sisters in Canada on receipt of 5c. (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 Daylight (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 Heroines of India, The Brahmin's Plot, One Hundred Years of Baptist Missions (Stillwell), Report of Canadian Telugu Mission, 1893, The Story of the Two Hindu Friends, The Miracles of Missions, John Thomas.

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 Missionaries 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, In the Far East.

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. Titterington), The Miracles of Missions, My Child Life in Burmah.

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

Fiji, Henry Martyn, his Labors in India and Persia, John Williams, the Martyr Missionary to Polynesia, Bishop Paterson, the Martyr of Melanesia, James Chalmers, Missionary of New Guinea, Hans Egede, Missionary to Greenland, Fuel for Missionary Fires (suggestions and programmes).

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), Fuel for Missionary Fires, Missionary Songs.

Address all orders to

Mrs. C. W. KING,
318 Caro St., Kingston.

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

Receipts from December 16th, 1897, to January 15th, 1898, inclusive.

FROM CIRCLES.—Listowel (\$1.80 Thank-offering) \$3 20; Port Perry, \$2; St. Catharines, Queen St., Thank-offering, \$1.60; Scotland (Thank-offering, \$10 80), \$16.80; Durham, \$5; Norwich, Thank-offering, \$3; Strathroy, Thank-offering \$5; Cicapside, \$5; Beachville (Thank-offering \$3.33) \$4.59; Nissouri, East, \$5 55; Toronto, Bloor St. Circles, Thank-offering, \$34.03; Bloor St., Y. W. Auxiliary, \$4.15; Bloor St., \$37.70; Parliament St. (Thank-offering \$3 55), \$7.40; College St. (Thank-offering \$5) \$5.80; Cayuga, North, \$2.50; London, Talbot St. (Thank-offering \$18.70), \$32.35; Colchester, \$2.50; Haldimand (Thank-offering, \$1.96) \$4 35; Mount Forest (Thank-offering \$5), \$10.62; Wingham (Thank-offering, \$8 65) \$10.40; Park Hill, \$6.35; Bethel (Thank-offering, \$2.50), \$7.25; Forest, \$1.90; Hespeler (Thank-offering, \$1.87), \$5.87; St. Mary's, \$1.10; Barrie, \$9 68; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd (Thank-offering, \$8 07), \$12.15; Ossington Ave. (Thank-offering, \$1.93), \$7.80; Western Ch., Lansdowne Ave., Thank-offering \$6.65; Walkerton (Thank-offering, \$6.53), \$11.55; Brooklin, \$8.50; Cramahe (special \$2), \$4; London South (Thank-offering, \$1.45) \$6.70; Peterborough, Murray St. (Thank-offering, \$3.75), \$13.67; St. Catharines, Queen St., \$20; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss Macleod, \$25; Hillsburgh, \$1.75; Houghton, 1st (Thank-offering, \$2 60), \$5.10; London, Adelaide St. (Thank-offering, \$8.15), \$20.40; Toronto Junction, \$3.49; Clinton, \$5; Calvary (Thank-offering, \$2), \$3; Shedden, \$5; Pine Grove, \$3; Toronto, College St., \$9.40; Immanuel Ch., \$15 10; Brantford, Park Ch., for Miss P. Beggs (Thank-offering \$12) \$20; Atwood (Thank-offering, \$2.50), \$4; Hamilton, Westworth St., \$3.50; London, Maitland St. (Thank-offering \$2 91) \$4.33; Port Hope, \$12 75; Sarnia (Thank-offering \$4.05), \$10.30; Villa Nova, \$4.60; Woodstock, First Ch. \$17; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (Thank-offering, \$7.25) \$14.00; St. Thomas (Thank-offering, \$17.72, to be applied on Life-membership fees), \$27.22; Windsor, \$12. Total from Circles, \$561.63.

FROM BANDS.—Palmerston, \$3 25; London, Adelaide St., Junior Thank-offering; \$0.55; Paisley for Pitta Kotamma, \$8.50; Braebridge, Young Ladies, for Samalcotta student, \$3; Braebridge, Junior, for do, do. \$1.60; Wingham, \$1.20; Barrie, for Karri Duncan, \$5; Georgetown, \$1.40; Walkerton, \$3.41; London, Maitland St., \$8; Hamilton, Westworth St., for Maddakuri Annamma, \$7; Westover, \$1; Belleville, Extra-cent-a-day Band, for Sarah, Bible-woman \$20. Total from Bands, \$63.81.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. L. C. Barber's class, Boston, for "extra girl", \$4.50; " " " " additional \$0.06 Waterford, Junior B.Y.P.U., \$19. Total, \$23.66. Total receipts during the month, \$648.90.

DISBURSMENTS.—To General Treasurer for regular work, \$508.83; For special estimate, \$41.00; Extra, for "Engala Nokamma" \$4.50; For "extra girls" \$4.50. Total to General Treasurer, \$558.83.

TO HOME EXPENSES.—For 100 postals for Miss Moyle, stamped, \$1.00. Total Disbursements during the month, \$559.83.

Total Receipts since May 1st, 1897, \$4123.24.
Total Disbursements " " " " \$5497.15.

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

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

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

So far 61 Circles have reported Thank-offering meetings, the amount received from this source has been \$458.16, and five Bands have sent in \$12.37. This is now somewhat better than for last year to the same date. V. E.

FIRST QUARTERLY REPORT OF WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

RECEIPTS.

Cash in hand from annual meeting	8 15 43
Collection at Kemptville	6 61
Miss Wallace, Boston	2 00
Quebec M. B.	10 00
Maxville C.	8 40
Winchester.	2 50
Cornwall C.	2 50
Brockville C.	6 00
" (for deficit)	15 00
Rockland C.	30 00
" (for deficit)	5 00
Oxleyde C.	5 00
South Gower C.	11 06
" (for deficit)	3 25
" (from Sunday School for deficit)	1 25
McPhail Mem. and Ist Ch. (Ottawa, for Deficit)	21 00
" " M. B.	15 00
" " (for deficit)	5 00
Lenark C.	3 15
Metcalfe C. (deficit)	7 67
Mrs. Tomlinson, Ottawa (for deficit)	75
Lygoode M. B.	17 00
Montreal, Ist Ch.	4 50
" Olivet C.	19 25
" Baptist Ch. (deficit)	22 61
St. Andrew's Union	4 54
Mrs. D. C. Cowan (Tanonouque)	10 00
Kingston, Ist Ch.	11 00
" Ist Ch. J. B. Y. P. U.	15 00
Carlton Place C.	7 60
Vanklee Hill (deficit)	23 00
Total	\$329 05

EXPENDITURE.

Rev. Mr. Brown, Convention Expenses. \$ 12 50
Balance 8310 53

Respectfully submitted,
SARA B. SCOTT, Treasurer.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.—For Mr. and Mrs. Corey and Miss Clark, that many souls may be won to Christ in Kimedy. That Mrs. Corey's health may be fully restored.

We are fairly into our winter work now. Let us not forget the amount pledged by us at our annual meetings. For Foreign Missions, \$7,300; for our Home Fields, \$2,000. Many things at the commencement of the year seemed to discourage. Among others, the Windsor fire, and the losses among our fishermen along the coast. Let our workers spend much time in prayer, that these seeming obstacles may not hinder; that hearts and hands may be made willing, among those who have not heretofore given.

A note from Miss Archibald in to-day's "column" in the *Messenger and Visitor*, tells us that she is enjoying the voyage, the strange sights and sounds as she passed through the Suez Canal, etc. At this date (Jan. 13) our travellers must have reached India.

More attention is being given to Mission Band work this year than for some time past. This is as it should be. No church should be without its Mission Band. The Y. P. U. need be no barrier, indeed it should be an aid. There are always some who cannot attend the evening meeting of the Union, who can come to the afternoon meeting of the Mission Band. Young Christians with hearts warmed and knowledge gained at the Conquest meetings of the Union, should be helpers in the Band work.

WANTED.

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day,
Now while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the frost sweet morning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labor,
The fields are broad and wide,
And the harvest waits the reaper
Around on ev'ry side;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in His service holy,
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen,
Wanted! young eyes to see,
Wanted! young hearts to answer
With throbs of sympathy,
When on the wild waves sighing,
The strange, sad tale is borne
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn.

—Selected.

FACTS ABOUT INDIA.

Another name for India is Hindustan. Its two great rivers are the Ganges and the Indus. The population of India is said to be 290,000,000. Ninety-eight distinct languages are spoken there, and many more dialects.

The East India Company was founded by the English in 1600, to prevent the monopoly of commerce by the Dutch.

The great Mutiny was in 1857.

Religious liberty in India was granted by Victoria.

India has 330 millions of gods.

The Hindus believe that a woman has neither mind nor soul.

The Telugus number about twenty millions and are believers in Hinduism.

Hinduism is a mixture of many beliefs. Some profess to believe in one God the Creator, but He has many manifestations, and they are vile.

Hinduism teaches the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. Sin may be expiated by passing through the bodies of many lower animals.

Among these Telugus, American and Canadian Baptists are laboring.

BIMLIPATAM, Nov. 10th, 1897.

My Dear Sisters.—This is a dark, rainy day! We have had two such days, and everything about looks so fresh and green. How different the scene from one year ago! Then, how anxiously we watched for the least sign of rain, and when a cloud was seen in the sky, our hopes would rise, thinking that perhaps even yet rain would come.

The monsoon rains we usually have in June, were very late this year, and this monsoon, which was due the middle of October, has been late, too.

The hearts of the regots (farmers) must rejoice, now, as they look forward to a bountiful harvest. Last year, it was a sad sight to see far-reaching paddy (rice) fields being dug up, and the withered stalks fed out to the cattle.

What suffering poor India has endured, during the past year! Famine, earthquake, pestilence and sword! Your missionaries have been in the midst of the famine only.

The earthquake caused no damage in any part of our mission, though the shock was felt as far as two hundred miles or more south of us.

The plague has broken out in the Madras Presidency, within the last two months, but as every precaution is being taken against its spread, we hope it will not be as serious as in the Bombay Presidency last year.

The scene of the war is so far away up in the North, that we hardly realize it is really in India.

Last week's papers give us a heart-rending account of a recent cyclone at Chittagong.

One million of people have been made homeless and about five thousand lives were lost.

We know the Lord must have some wise purpose in sending these many afflictions upon the people of this land. Oh, that they might hearken to His voice and turn from their foolish worship of idols of wood and stone and worship Him, who is the only true God!

We have seen enough of the famine, to know what want of rain means, to these poor people.

Saturday morning, from far and near, the people crowd outside the Compound gate, and wait for us to distribute grain to them. At first we gave rice, and then decided, if all who came were really needy, they would be glad to get a coarse kind of grain, of which, for the same amount of money, we could get a much larger quantity. This we did, and the numbers did not decrease. We have counted from two hundred to two hundred and seventy at one time.

I sometimes think my heart has grown hard, seeing so much of want and misery, since I came to India, but even yet, I know I have some keen heartaches, when I go among these poor sufferers and see their wretchedness. Many of them are so greedy, never seeming to care whether the one sitting next gets anything or not.

We have them sit in rows, and tell them to keep in their place until all are helped, but some times one who has been helped moves along slyly and sits among those who have not yet received their share, and so gets a double portion. Another manoeuvre is for one woman to claim a certain child and ask a share for it, then when we get along a little farther among the crowd, we find another woman possessing the same child, so as to get a double measure. I have keenly felt this ingratitude and then have been brought to examine myself and see that I am more ungrateful for what my Heavenly Father gives me than these people can possibly be, for what little we give them.

You remember in my last letter I told you that Somalingam's wife seemed near the Kingdom. The work of grace has been going on slowly and steadily, and about seven weeks ago, she asked for and received baptism. We had been praying and looking for this since her husband's baptism in the beginning of '94.

The wives of Veerachayalu and Esvarou seem to show little, if any, interest in the gospel. Will you join with us in praying that they may be brought to feel their need of Christ, and give their hearts to Him who yearns over them and longs to make them His own?

When the Christ-life appears how it transforms and brightens! If Christ dwelt in each heathen home in Bimli, what a transformation this would be!

This has been a good year throughout our Missions, and we feel encouraged. I know you have rejoiced with us, that so many have been brought into the light of the gospel of Jesus.

Yours in Him,
LILLIE P. MORSE.
- Tidings.

INDIA AS A MISSION FIELD.

There are at least four things that strongly recommend India as a field for missionary enterprise, and furnish reasons why the money of the Church, to even a still greater degree than heretofore, can be wisely expended there.

1. *The British government.* The immense importance to the missionary of friendliness on the part of the civil ruler can hardly be exaggerated. While the Christian worker may not desire active interference on his behalf, and would even repudiate any organic connection between Church and State, believing that all should be treated precisely alike, with even-handed justice, whatever their creed, nevertheless he does wish for complete protection

both for himself and his converts, and a hundred times in the year he sees what a difference the favorable influence of the secular power makes in his work.

The events of the past few years have shown with startling emphasis how easily and speedily a hostile government can greatly impede, if not entirely destroy, labors, that for a generation have been struggling hard for a foothold. We have seen how little regard a Roman Catholic or Greek Church power was disposed to give Protestant missionaries, and how even German officers, nominally Protestant, would not hesitate to hamper or prohibit the action of English-speaking preachers in the territories they acquired.

The disgraceful conduct of the French in robbing the London Missions at the instigation of the Jesuits in Madagascar, and the utter intolerance of Russia at all points, are well known; while the American treasure and blood has been nobly poured forth, seem likely to be wiped out through the cruelty of Turkey, the covetousness of Russia, and the heartlessness of Germany.

In bright contrast with all this is the unobstructed and unjeopardized ground for activity in British India. While the government is professedly neutral, as it should be, nevertheless its policy is decidedly helpful to the Christianization of the country. Through its grant-in-aid system a very large amount of money is bestowed upon the mission schools.

Its officers, both civil and military, are in very many cases decided Christians in something more than a nominal sense, and by their generous private contributions as well as personal influence largely aid the missionary. The latter has no hesitancy in appealing for protection in any exigency that may arise. It is promptly and effectively given, and his poorest convert is upheld in his rights, against every sort of persecution, by the whole force of the paramount power.

How much this means, and how very much it is worth, no one probably can fully appreciate who has not been in some of the trying situations so frequently arising on a mission field, where vast numbers of non-Christians surround a little handful of despised departers from the faith of their fathers.

What the missionaries themselves think of the advantages they derive from the British government may be seen from the resolution, unanimously and most heartily adopted by a standing vote at the great Clifton Springs meeting of the International Missionary Union last summer, where one hundred and fifty-five foreign workers convened. This is what they said:

"We recognize with devout gratitude to God the gain which has accrued to religious freedom in the world during the period of the reign of her majesty, Queen-Emress Victoria. As missionaries of various nationalities we rejoice in the liberty of speech and of the press secured to all persons in the United Kingdom and throughout the colonies of the British empire, and among the vast heathen and Mohammedan populations subject to its domination; and also in the legal and peaceful abolition of terrible iniquities and abominable customs which had existed in India, sanctioned by, though not an essential part of, the religions of its peoples. Wherever the British flag floats it affords equal protection to professors and propagators of all religious faiths. American and other non-British missionaries also now have in cases of need, often occurring in some regions, assistance as readily and fully extended to them by British officials as if they were loyal English subjects. The almost ubiquit-

tous protection of the British flag in missionary fields in which it is of greatest value, deserves thankful acknowledgment, which at this time of felicitation we gladly give, as especially due to her Majesty, whose personal character and influence during the sixty years of her reign have done so much to secure this happy condition and other great benefits to mankind.

While this government, then, is so firmly established in India, and shows in multiplied ways so high an appreciation of the assistance rendered by Christian preachers and teachers in elevating the millions whom Providence has intrusted to its care, it certainly seems as though it was the part of wisdom to turn our resources very largely in that direction.

2. *The healthfulness of the climate* is also a very important factor. In some lands a long term of service is practically impossible, if indeed a very few years do not eventuate in a breakdown. This is not so at all in India. The *Indian Witness* gave the other day a list of eighty-one missionaries who had served from thirty to sixty-one years, the average of the whole being thirty-eight and one half. There were seven who had been there fifty years and over, eight between forty-five and fifty, and eleven from forty to forty-five.

With the changes that are possible to the hills, the excellent sanitary arrangements of the stations, the comfortable houses, and the furloughs, a missionary in India has about as good a chance of long life as anywhere, much better at least than in some other fields. And this should encourage free expenditure there, for veterans are worth a great deal to a mission both from their own acquaintance with the work and their ability to rightly and economically disburse the funds intrusted to them.

3. *The devoutness of the people* tells strongly in favor of good effects from toil in India. It is so deeply religious that it sees God everywhere, and does everything religiously. It produces two of the great religions of the earth, and by its zealous missionaries propagated one of them throughout the larger part of Asia. The earnestness in this same direction, which now finds vent in its millions of fakirs and consecrated devotees, needs but to be turned to a more enlightened quarter, and fired with love to Christ to make a conquering host fit to capture the world for Jesus. The Christianity of India will some day put to shame that of England and America. Let it be speedily developed and have a chance.

4. *The wonderful results* already achieved are a bright earnest of what may be legitimately expected in days to come. Nowhere has expenditure been better rewarded. Nowhere is the horizon brighter with brilliant promise.

The hopes of the Church have not been frustrated in India. With greater truth could it be said that the hopes of India have been frustrated by the Church; and when a little advance has been asked to enable the panting toilers to take advantage of the unexampled uprising, their request has been met by a ruthless reduction of what was before painfully insufficient, though expended with cruel economy to meet the pressing need. This is not right.

When will God's people rise to meet these sublime calls of the Master; and enable the Saviour to see the travail of His soul in the redemption of the three hundred millions of that mighty empire of the East? It is our candid and mature conviction that in all the elements that go to make up a magnificent mission field, where money and strength can be laid out to greatest advantage and with an assured certainty of rich return, India stands unequalled. — *Presbyterian Record*.

Young People's Department.

RALPH'S LESSON.

"What is systematic giving?" said Ralph Anderson looking up from the Children's pages in the *Missionary Studies*; "that is to be our topic for the next missionary meeting."

"It is giving regularly, according to a plan," said Miss Graves, his beloved teacher, who was spending the evening with the Andersons while their papa was away.

"I do not see any use in bothering with a plan for giving; why can't we give when we have the money handy?" said Ralph.

"Well, God is the Great Giver, let us see how He gives to us. Does He let us go without a harvest two or three years, and feel pinched and hungry, and then give us one or two?"

"Of course not," said Ralph, "we have a harvest every summer, but does God plan for it beforehand?"

"Yes, He made a beautiful plan long, long ago. Just turn to Gen. 8:22, and read aloud," said Miss Graves.

"It says," said Ralph who was quick to find things in his Bible, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease."

"You see, said Miss Graves "that as God has a large family—a whole world full of children to provide for, He planned about it before men lived on the earth at all."

"How Miss Graves?"

"Well, where did that beautiful glowing fire come from?"

"It is coal; it came from the mines," said Ralph.

"Yes, but God planned to store that coal, and covered it up to sleep in its bed centuries before the earth was ready for man. He stored the oil and the gas in the same way.

"I see," said Ralph rather unwillingly, "but you see, sometimes I need all my money for myself, and it would be easier to give my money some other time! It is very easy for God. He has plenty of everything."

"But does the 'other time' ever come?" said Miss Graves.

"Of course it does! Don't I love the Morning Star and the Bridgman School and the Hadjin Home and the Glory Kindergarten? Do you suppose I never give any thing?" exclaimed Ralph indignantly.

"No; not just that, but I was afraid if you have no plan, the 'other time' might not come often enough to keep your share of the children in these schools from suffering."

"My share! Have I a share?"

"Certainly. Our Father has so many to care for, He employs agents, and you are one."

"I'm too small to be an agent!"

"Not you," said Miss Graves, "He employs many kinds of agents much smaller than you, and he wants them to work regularly. About ten or eleven years ago he set an agent at work in your side (whose name begins with H) to keep your blood in motion, and two more in your chest (whose initials are R. L. and L. L.) to draw in fresh air and keep the blood pure. He told them to go on, night and day until He tells them to stop."

"I know what they are!" said Ralph, smilingly.

Now suppose H. should say to R. L. and L. L. to-night, 'We've been working ten years without a bit of vacation, let us stop for just half an hour; we can work harder when we begin again,' and suppose R. L. and L. L. should agree to it, do you know what would happen?"

"Yes" said Ralph looking very sober, "but, does God say that we ought to give systematically?"

"When He was teaching the Jews how to live aright, He told them to do it. Turn to *Duet. 14: 22.*"

"It reads 'Thou shalt surely till all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year,' said Ralph.

"Tithes means, give a tenth, and surely we could give no less, for the Jews did not have half the comforts then that we have now," said Miss Graves, rising to leave.

(To be continued.)

BARNABAS.

Barnabas is the son of Abel, a preacher on the Tunisian field. He is one of the brightest young men in the mission. His teachers were so pleased with his moral



BARNABAS A NATIVE STUDENT.

and religious character, as well as with his mental powers, that they decided to give him a higher education than the Samulcotta Seminary provides. For the last two years he has been studying in the Ongole College. He is being supported by a country mission Sabbath school.

When his education is finished, and he is in a position

to command a salary, he is expected to pay back the money that is being spent on him, so that some other boy may be educated. We trust that the Lord may so use this young man that the readers of the *Baptist* may hear of his work in the future.—MARTHA ROGERS.

INDIAN IDOLS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—The happy Christmas time is over and you have all heard the sweet old story of our Saviour's birth: How "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." If we have accepted Him as our Saviour our hearts are filled with joy. Then, because we live in a land that worships ONE God, you have churches, Sunday-schools, happy homes, and many other things. Try to think of them all and you will feel thankful that you were born in a Christian land. More especially will you be glad when you hear about the strange beliefs of the heathen countries, and the many idols they worship in India.

The first things little girls and boys are taught in India are silly tales about their gods and goddesses. They are taught that the gods hate them, and that most of them are very wicked. They may hate the gods too, but they must be very polite to them, worship them and give them presents, or else the gods will make their lives miserable.

You will be surprised to hear that there are 330,000,000 gods; and you will say "They cannot worship that number." That is true; but each family takes their choice among them and have an idol made to represent it. This little image is set up in the house and worshipped morning and night. They offer to it, rice, sweets, fruit and other good things, and a priest comes, says prayers to it, too, and claims the offerings.

The gods are represented by horrible images coarsely painted or carved in wood or stone. There are sometimes figures of men with the heads of elephants or some other animal. It is said "That almost anything can be made into an idol by putting a patch of red paint on it." There are, however, shops where idols are made and sold. If you went into one you would find in one corner a heap of arms, in another a pile of legs, and in another place the bodies. You would hear the noise of hammering as the different parts are being fastened together. Then the priest prays or washes it in Ganges water, and this is what is called "Putting the god in it." It is then ready to be worshipped. In some parts of India the idols are treated as if alive. They are washed, fanned, feasted, and when sick are nursed.

It would take too long to tell about them all, so we will only talk about a few. The three principal ones are Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer.

Brahma is pictured with four heads, probably as lord of the four regions of the earth. His wife, Saraswati, is the goddess of learning. She is pictured as sitting in a water-lily, playing on a lute. She is worshipped in all the schools by both teachers and pupils. They often worship ink and paper because these make books, and books come from Saraswati.

There is also a god of learning, *Genesa*. It is reported that one day he lost his head while playing a strange thing for so wise a god to do, and his mother thinking the people would laugh at him when they came to worship, hunted up an elephant's head, which does him very well.

Vishnu, the preserver, is described as having four heads, of which one is free while the others hold a shell, a discus and a club. His wife is the goddess of love, grace, marriage and wealth. The cow is her holy representative upon earth.

Siva, the destroyer, holds a trident as a symbol of his power, a lasso or sling, an antelope, and sometimes a flame of fire in his hand. He has a third eye in the middle of his forehead, and sometimes a necklace of human skulls.

Kali's wife has four hands all painted red, to imitate blood, and the body is dark blue. The long chain around her neck is made of 40 skulls, and her girdle of the hands of giants. The tongue is protruding, and it gives her a terrible appearance. She is the goddess of cholera and other epidemics.

Darjah is such a dreadful goddess that all the people are afraid of her. She has three eyes and ten arms. Every year they hold a feast in her honor, three days long. An image is made of her, and the third night at 12 o'clock a gun is fired and the goddess comes into the idol. Then they throw the image into a pond or river and make a new one next year.

Another god worshipped in the south is *Juggernaut* (the king of the world). There are many large temples built for his worship, and you can always tell them by the large car in front of them. A festival to him is held every month, at which time the idol is brought from his temple and placed on an enormous car sixty feet high and drawn by long cables, through the streets by thousands of worshippers. Great numbers use it to throw themselves under the car to be crushed to death, but that is forbidden now by the British Government; but they still bring out the car.

Krishna is another form of *Vishnu*. He killed a giant that used to interrupt the gods and goddesses at their prayers. Whom did they pray to? So they have a feast to commemorate it, and the more wicked they can act the better.

Each of the gods have a distinct care. When small-pox prevails they call upon *Polaramma*, and when they fear snakes they offer gifts to *Nagaramina*.

There is one god in the form of a stone pebble in a silver box fastened on a chain which the people wear around their neck.

You may have heard the story of the family who were afraid that their god would repeat all the naughty things which they had said and done. So they promised him beautiful presents to keep still, and still not sure of him keeping silent, gave him sticky food to fasten his lips so that he could not speak if he wished to do so.

There are a great many more interesting facts about these idols which represent the heathen gods, but I must not make the story too long.—Ps. cxxxv., 16, 16, 17, describe these idols, and the 18th verse. "They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them," contains a sad truth. Will you not pray and give, that these poor people may hear about the true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

MRS. GRAHAM, Montreal.

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