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The Canadian

Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising Sun

OCTOBER, 1893

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Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 2.

Editorial.

THANK-OFFERING SERVICE.—This is recommended for November, not December, as stated in September LINK. Miss Elliott says the money is coming in slowly, so there is need of this Thank-offering.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.—Miss Stark's address is changed to 50 Bismarck avenue, Toronto. Miss Tapscott's paper on Bands has been printed in leaflet form and can be had from the Bureau.

BAD NEWS FROM INDIA.—Mrs. Higgins, missionary of the Maritime Provinces, is so ill it is feared she must return home; and as she is too ill to come alone Mr. Higgins may have to come too. Mrs. Archibald is also very ill. Your prayers are asked for those sick ones.

By some accident, which the printer is not able to account for, about five hundred copies of the September LINK were lost before the edition was mailed. The discovery was made too late for the printing of additional copies. This left the club lists, which are near the end of the mailing sheet, unfilled. We regret exceedingly that this should have happened. If any of those who have been thus deprived of their papers are keeping the LINK on file and are specially anxious to have this number, we will make an effort to gather some copies from subscribers and to supply the demand as far as possible. Will any who can spare copies kindly send them to us for this purpose?

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.—The following sums were sent to our Treasurer, in the year 1891-92, to help to educate a medical student:

Nov. 9, 1891—Women of Hillsburgh church	\$ 50
" 14, " A friend	25 00
Dec. 16, " Hospeler, a friend	1 00
April 26, 1892, Small sums, per Mrs. Clem esha, Port Hope	2 00

The contributors of the above amounts are requested to write to the Treasurer, so that some satisfactory arrangement may be made.

VIOLET ELLIOT,

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

Treasurer.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETINGS OF THE W.B.F.M.S OF ONTARIO WEST.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held Friday, September 13th, at 2 p.m.

The kind invitation of the Chatham Church, for the Convention to meet there in May, 1896, was accepted. A committee of two were appointed to confer with two from the Home Mission Board regarding the expenses of Associational Directors. An offer was received of \$6000 to provide a boat for Miss Hatch. This was accepted and the sincere thanks of the Board extended to the unknown giver.

Letters were read from Mr. Craig and Miss Stone regarding a much needed bungalow on the Akidu compound; the estimated cost being \$2,000. The matter had to be deferred owing to lack of funds which could be used for such a purpose. One from Miss Hatch in reference to Miss Baskerville's buildings which are most urgently needed. The sum of \$1,000 was voted for this purpose, \$665 on hand in the building fund, the remainder being money which had been appropriated by the Board for other purposes and had been refunded.

The Board desire to express their appreciation of Miss Rogers' action in bearing all the expense of the journey home, also in declining furlough allowance.

A. MOYLE, Rec. Sec.

IF I HAD THE TIME.

BY A. M. B.

If I had the time, if I had the time,
I repeat it o'er as a measured rhyme;
And amid the bustle and din of life,
Amid its worry, and care, and strife,
And in songs of joy again and again
I hear it still as a sad refrain;
Oft mingling with earth's sweetest chimes,
If I had the time.

If I had the time, if I had the time,
It seems like the lessons of "Auld lang syne";
And I can it over and over again
Till the brain is weary and throbs with pain;
And the heart is sick with the longing there
To be more noble—"to do and to dare";
For life might chronicle deeds sublime
If I had the time.

If I had the time that I fain would take,
 I'd deny myself for others' sake ;
 I'd seek out those who were sick and poor
 And leave my gifts at many a door ;
 The naked I'd clothe—the hungry feed,
 Leave naught undone to supply their need ;
 The wants of others should be as mine,
 If I had the time.

If I had the time, what work so dear,
 As the saddened, lonely heart to cheer ;
 To comfort those whose dreams lie dead—
 From whom e'en the rainbow of hope has fled ;
 I'd lighten the hearts by sorrow pressed,
 And whisper of love, and home, and rest ;
 And joy should every heart entwine,
 If I had the time.

If I had the time, in His vineyard, too,
 I'd work for the Master the whole day through,
 Out into the highways and hedges I'd go,
 And gather them in by scores, I know—
 I'd tell them the love of the crucified,
 And show that for love of them He died ;
 I'd point them afar to the beautiful clime,
 If I had the time.

If I had the time ! When at heaven's gate,
 I stand and knock—and listen—and wait,
 When the angel keepers with saddened mien,
 Ask what my record on earth has been ;
 Can I answer, " My life has been full of care,
 But souls, like stars, or as jewels rare
 Upon my heavenly crown would shine,
 If I had the time."

If I had the time. Dear Lord, that each
 Might learn the lesson which Thou would'st teach.
 As we daily traverse life's harvest field,
 If we can not, like others, the sickle wield,
 In countless ways we can help cheer on
 The toilers who read till the set of sun.
 For labors of love, and for work divine,
 There is always time.

Lichfield, Minn.

THE APPEAL OF 1889.

The large reinforcement of two families and the better half of a third which goes to India this fall, will give our staff of workers and the Telugu Christians a wonderfully encouraging impetus. We were preceded in our home journey by a special appeal from the thirteen churches of the Godavari Association, asking for missionary reinforcements *this year*. The response will be to them a direct answer to an oft-repeated prayer, and will strengthen their faith and increase their hope. All the missionaries of both Canadian missions present at the Bimlipatam Conference in 1889, assured me before leaving that the appeal then sent home was still the desire of their hearts, and expressed but inadequately the real need of the fields. That appeal, as we all remember, asked one missionary family to every 50,000 of the people.

Three millions of Telugus are dependent upon the 80,000 Baptists of all Canada for the Bread of Life. That means that each Canadian Baptist is responsible

for 37 heathen Telugus. Sixty missionary families and a proportionate number of single ladies should be at work where we are now represented by only 15 families and 10 single ladies. *Forty-five missionary families and single men are still called for, twenty-eight to be sent out by the Maritime Baptists and seventeen by the Upper Provinces.*

The latter are sending two men this year. Where are the other fifteen? Where is the money to send them? The Maritime Baptists are struggling over the possibility of sending out an old and well-tried worker, already included in their six families of missionaries. They feel too hopelessly and despondently poor this year to make an attempt at any advance into the 28 families which their great northern field of 1,700,000 souls still calls for. There are noble, devoted and faithful bands of foreign mission enthusiasts amongst our Maritime Baptists. But the body as a whole, for the last twenty years, have stood almost still in foreign mission enterprise. There is now just one mission family and one single lady more than landed in India twenty-two years ago.

No power on earth, not even the greed for gain, could move our people to make the offerings, say, investments, necessary to send out and equip the 45 needed families. The Baptists of Ontario must needs invest only \$40,000 as an initial expense, to get their 15 families out to India, housed there and ready for the best effective work on the field. Then at an annual outlay of, say, about \$70,000, they could keep a staff of 26 men, a large number of single women, native agents, schools, and all the essentials of an active campaign hard at work.

The Maritime Baptists, by immediately investing \$70,000, would be in a position to forward, house in India, and prepare for most blessed service, the 28 men called for. Then, each year, an investment of \$90,000 would keep the entire staff of 34 men, of many single women, hosts of native agents, and all the accessories of a most efficient mission, carrying on the holy war in the very citadel of the enemy's country.

No power on earth, not even the greed for gain, could move our people to such a magnificent enterprise. But the gentle, all-pervading and omnipotently-constraining power of the love of Christ, which cometh down from above, is moving on the hearts of our Baptist hosts, to do what no other power will do.

At present, a few, a very few only, of our people are in severe, self-sacrificing seriousness about the commission of Christ: "The Gospel for all men before they die." And yet, during the twelve months ending with May of this year, those few in Ontario and Quebec alone contributed over \$35,000 for Foreign Missions. In three months they cleared a deficit of \$10,000. Right on the back of that, and a year of hardened stress in many matters, they assume the support of two extra families.

If these things be done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green? If the few can do so much, what will the many not do when God gives them the will to do? Brethren of the large hand, sisters of the large heart, let me extend to you the right hand of great joy, and open to you the heart full of deep gratitude. Three thousand five hundred of your Telugu brethren in Christ, your nine missionary families, your eight single ladies—join me in rapturous joy over the faith, the hope, the

love that have stirred you to such munificence. We, with you, shall join in prayer that the blessed contagion of a liberal spirit may catch and spread amongst the churches, till the tithes shall all be brought in and the windows of heaven are opened and the great blessing comes pouring down.

As a seal upon your hope and faith and good works, Mr. Craig reports 35 baptisms on his field during April, May and June, the hottest and usually the most unfruitful season of the year.

During the first three months of the year, as an encouragement and a stimulant to the large endeavor which resulted in the special donation of \$10,000 to the deficit, and the sending out of five new missionaries, the Lord added by baptism 205 converts to the Ontario and Quebec missions.

Of these, four were from the Yellamanchili field, and one at Narsapatnam. These four are the only living first-fruits of our five years' labor at Yellamanchili. Yet they are not the direct result of that labor, only God's seal upon it. Two of them came from the sphere of influence consecrated and blessed by the life of that devoted laborer of the Lord, George H. Barrow, now gone home. The other two are straight converts from heathenism, out of a family of whom three have already been baptized. One of the boys from that same family came to the boarding school founded by the Barrows at Narsapatnam, but now removed to Yellamanchili. Two of the girls were sent to the girls' school at Tum.

The break in the mass of hard heathenism on the Yellamanchili field and the unprecedented blessing of 205 acquisitions on all the fields during the first three months of the year, seemed so planned by the all-wise Father, that the news might reach the home people at the very time when they had, by their loving devotion, consecrated \$10,000 to wipe out the deficit, as a fitting sign of the Master's approval.

What will the wonder-working power of God not accomplish in response and reward to that whole-hearted enthusiasm, which will send forth every needed worker to the great harvest field?

H. F. LAFLAMME

Wolfville, Sept. 13, 1895

THE PRESENT NEEDS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF OUR FOREIGN MISSION FIELD.

Dear Sisters, I feel that it is impossible for me to say anything new, or anything more than has been said concerning the needs of our Foreign Mission field. And yet the facts should be kept before us, that we may not lose sight of these pressing needs. The Maritime B. M. Field embraces 5,261 square miles, with 4,977 villages, and a total population of 1,710,000. We have on the field five missionaries and their wives, and three single ladies. These workers receive more or less assistance from forty natives who have been won from idolatry, and who are working in the capacity of preachers, colporteurs, teachers, and Bible women. Thus we see there is one missionary and five native helpers to every 213,750 people. What can so few do among so many? and yet we wait eager and expectant to hear of men and

women forsaking their idols and worshipping the true God. The wonder is *not* that so few learn the way of salvation, but that so many even find the way to Christ. If each missionary could confine his or her efforts to a reasonable number, as our ministers at home do, we might rightly expect as large returns in Telugu from the same amount of labor expended as at home; notwithstanding the odds are vastly against the foreign workers. But instead of concentrating their labors, each upon one village or town, the destitution in all the region round about appeals so strongly to them, that our missionaries, filled with an all-absorbing love for these perishing souls, go on tour for weeks at a time, visiting several villages daily.

In the summer of '93, Mr. Archibald spent eight weeks on tour, during which time he visited 131 villages, making in all 225 visits. The majority listen eagerly on these occasions, but before they have opportunity to learn more of the wonderful Gospel, they forget and impressions are dissipated. What can so few do among so many? If, in the destitute parts of our Maritime Provinces, only one or two sermons a year were preached, how many conversions would probably result? And yet we have none but know of the way of salvation, while the heathen Telugu has not even the alphabet of the Gospel. How the hearts of our missionaries ache for these poor souls famishing for the Bread of Life and dying by the thousand without even a crumb. If forty missionaries were laboring for the emancipation from idolatry of these 1,710,000 souls, instead of eight, we could claim a fulfilment of God's promises and would soon hear of the Telugus coming to Christ in numbers. I believe it is not wholly nor even chiefly, the trying climate nor yet the hard work, although either is sufficient, that is breaking down the constitutions of our missionaries, but continually seeing these people going down to death without the power to give them a draught of the Water of Life. This oppresses and grieves them more than we can think. If all these people could be brought under Gospel teaching and influence, the power of individual effort would be vastly increased - the labors of one would help the other. A continuous chain of religious influences winding in and out among these villages these groups of human beings - of immortal souls, would be obeying the command for us Maritime Baptists: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature."

When a town here and a county there adopts the Scott Act, it is all but impossible to enforce it. Some will go outside the pale of the law and drink alcoholics, others will procure the stuff at border saloons and bring it home for use; whereas, if all the province or provinces were under the law, total abstinence would be the rule. Get all our Telugu land under the law of Christ, and idolatry will be wiped out; caste will be abolished, souls saved, and God honored and glorified.

*An address before the W. B. M. C. of the Maritime Convention.

The future prospects of our mission—what are they? For some time I have feared that a part, if not all of our missionaries would resign and seek a field where they could more reasonably expect fruits of their labors, unless substantial aid were speedily sent. From this point of view the prospect is, that our field will soon be abandoned.

But this idea we *can* not, and *will* not, for a moment entertain. We have become identified with this field, and every station is more or less dear to us.

Abandon our Telugu mission! No!! A thousand times No!!! There is another standpoint from which we may view its future. Much pioneer work has been done. The seed has been faithfully and persistently sown, and it has been watered by devoted and unceasing labor, by earnest importunate prayer. The Gospel leaven is spreading. The power of Christian living is having its effect. The Telugu mind is awaking—enquiring, and becoming more receptive of truth. God's word will not return unto Him void. "The fields are white unto the harvest."

Where are the additional laborers? Who will go and thrust in the sickle and help garner these souls for the Master? Let us keep clearly in mind the *Gospel fact*, that whatever failure or inefficiency there *has been or is* in our mission work, the cause rests with *us*. No matter who or what fails, the promises of our Heavenly Leader *never fail*. They form a solid foundation upon which we can *always* rest in *perfect security*. He makes the conditions of His blessing such that it is possible for us to meet them and receive the blessing.

A grand future is in store for our mission, if we will only meet God's conditions. Then the burdens, which are crushing the very life out of our missionaries, will be lightened, they will work with new zest, God will be honored, and there will be no lack of cheering news from the field.

Sisters, what have we to do with the future of our Telugu mission? Do we owe anything to the Gospel of Christ? What do we *not* owe to it? In proportion as Christ's Gospel is received, understood, and *lived*, is woman's condition bettered; her physical, mental and moral status elevated. Christ *was* and *is* emphatically woman's friend and champion. He is always the friend of the oppressed, and, without the Gospel, woman is oppressed, degraded and tyrannized over. Do we not see in this, dear sisters, an added reason for making a supreme effort that our Telugu sisters may have this Gospel and enjoy with us its benefits and blessings? Have we thought of our responsibility in this light? That the command, "go ye" is laid upon us not only as *Christians*—as those redeemed by the blood of Christ; but as *Christian women*, as those emancipated from the most degrading serfdom, and given social and educational advantages—everything that makes life desirable.

How much do we owe our Lord on this score? Suppose a revelation of the plan of salvation were made known to *one* of us—that the truths of the Bible—the news that Christ gave His life to redeem us from eternal death were revealed to *one*—*only one* of us, and all other women were totally ignorant of this precious knowledge; how would that one feel? The responsibility of being sole possessor of such glorious tidings would so press upon her that she would hasten to make it known; she would "go tell it" to all around—seek out opportunities to publish the glad news. Nor would she rest while any were ignorant of the saving knowledge. This is the feeling we should have about this message to our Telugu sisters. God does not hold us accountable as societies only—or as groups of women, or leading officers; but as individuals. He keeps a separate account with each saved woman. He takes account of stock. Talents, money, time, etc., are placed on the debtor side. On the credit what do we find? (I am speaking now of our obligations to our heathen sisters only.) A dollar a year as membership fee in the Aid Society for *some*, an hour a month to hear of, and pray for, our missionaries and their work—*sometimes*; but I forbear. Let each one sum up the items for herself and see if all is satisfactory—if, in her judgment, the account balances. If not, How much do you owe? how much do I owe?

In the M. and V. of Jan. 3rd, 1894, Mr. Higgins writes of how much they need two small tents in their touring. He told the native Christians of self-denial week among the Salvationists, and asked them how they would like to adopt the plan to raise money for the tents, so that the people in the surrounding villages could have the Gospel preached to them. Many of them were already giving one-tenth of their income, but this was to be an extra. The members of the different families were willing to go to bed hungry for Jesus' sake, thus cutting down the rations one-quarter and put away its value each night for a week. One Bible-woman promised, in addition, to sell her necklace, which would bring about \$1.25. Half the price was to help clothe her two boys who were in the boarding department, the other half was for the tents. The pastor David and his wife agreed to give up coffee, as well as cut down the rice. Is there a lesson for us here? Can we learn anything from this self-denial for "Jesus' sake" practised by these native Christians? Mr. and Mrs. Higgins joined with these natives and relinquished the use of sugar in every form for one week.

How many of our Maritime women give to missions to the point of self-denial; how many in this room give for "Jesus' sake" till we feel the pinch? I am not sure that Christ's law for Christian giving requires His followers, either in India or America, to retire hungry; but I am sure that a plainer diet would, in some cases,

make possible better work for God and humanity, and leave a good surplus with which to carry on that work.

Woman's mind is fruitful in devising ways and means. Let this gift be exercised for the benefit of our Telugu mission, until the funds are equal to the demand. Christian women thoroughly in earnest, desiring to do God's will, and trusting Him fully, accomplish whatever they undertake. Let each delegate, each sister enjoying the privilege of those semi-jubilee meetings, go home with a heart so surcharged with intelligent love and sympathy for the perishing souls on our mission field, that she will enthuse others: she will foster and increase the interest in this work where it already exists, and beget an interest where none is found - an interest that will survive the frost and snows of winter, and not evaporate with the heat of summer: an interest that will continue and increase until one Telugu shall not need to say to his neighbor, "Know the Lord," "for all shall know Him, from the least of them unto the greatest of them."

A MODEL AUXILIARY.

MRS. LYDIA HOWENAN.

An Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society, as defined in the constitution, is "an association of women banded together, whose object is to aid the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in its work of engaging the efforts of Christian women in the evangelizing of heathen women and children: to assist in sustaining female missionaries and teachers, or other special laborers in foreign or home fields, and to raise funds for the work of this Society."

An Auxiliary, like all organized societies, consists of its officers and members, and in considering what would be required to constitute a model Auxiliary we will look at the subject from these two points (1) What qualifications are necessary in the officers to bring it up to the standard of a model, and (2) what is requisite in the members?

Upon the president, as the chief and controlling officer of the society, rests a great responsibility, which she ought to feel; but how? Not as a burden, which she must carry in her own strength, but as something laid upon her by her loving Heavenly Father, who is ever standing ready and willing to give unto her wisdom to perform the duties of her office. No person can be a successful presiding officer without good command of language, and acquaintance with business forms and parliamentary rules of order and debate. They should be prompt and firm in deciding and enforcing rules of order, and able to command their own temper and feelings. They must also understand and be in thorough sympathy with the aims and workings of the society.

A woman cannot be an efficient president of an Auxiliary without being energetic, systematic and possessing the power to govern. Governing power is the capacity to call into action and render effective the latent powers of the different members of the Auxiliary. System must characterize all government, human and Divine. Energy is the magic wand to which all obstacles yield. System has the work completely planned and thoroughly

organized. Energy is the power that inspires its movements.

The power to govern by winning the respect, confidence and love of those over whom you preside is to govern through the highest and most ennobling of motives. "We love God because He first loved us."

And lastly, to attain to the highest measure of success, the president must be a woman devoted to God and the cause of missions: a woman who fully believes that as truly unto her as unto the disciples of old was the commission given: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." A woman whose own soul is so filled with love to God and man, that she counts it her highest privilege to, in any way, extend her Master's kingdom, and bring others into the enjoyment of the great love that permeates her own being.

Although the responsibility of the other officers is not so great as that of the president, there cannot exist a model Auxiliary without each officer faithfully fulfilling the duties of her office.

The vice-president should be ready to take the chair in the absence of the president, and in every way possible assist her in the work of the Auxiliary.

The secretary's minutes should be a clear and concise record of the proceedings of the last meeting, such as would give to those who were not present a knowledge of what took place, but she should avoid enlarging for the purpose of giving her own views.

The treasurer should be accurate in keeping the accounts, and be ready with her report at each meeting. She should not only be able to give the sum received since last meeting, but what has been realized since the first of the year, so as to keep constantly before the members the state of the finances.

The corresponding secretary should also be prompt in the discharge of her duties, and in giving any item that may come into her hands which would prove inspiring to the work.

Every Auxiliary should have a programme committee upon whom devolves the responsibility of providing the literary and musical part of the monthly meetings. This committee should meet early each month to arrange their programme for the next month, so as to give the busy wives and mothers, of whom our Auxiliaries are mostly composed, sufficient time to prepare the work assigned them. By just as much as any officer proves inefficient or fails to do her very best, by just so much does she detract from the efficiency of the Auxiliary.

Having spoken of the duties of the officers, I will now consider the responsibility of the individual members. No matter how well qualified and devoted the officers of an Auxiliary may be, unless each member feels she has some part in making it a success it will never be a model Auxiliary. The day is past when a Christian woman can truthfully say she cannot do anything. So many avenues for work have been opened up that the woman with only one talent can use it for the glory of God. If she cannot publicly speak, or sing, or pray, she can distribute literature, or like Andrew of old, invite some disinterested friend to the meetings. No woman should think when she has paid her fee that her duty is done. Her presence and her prayers are needed, and she needs the information and inspiration she ought to receive there to keep her own heart in touch with the work. If we are to have a model Auxiliary the members must become acquainted with the workers and their work. Without food the body dies, so without a knowledge of the work being done and the persons doing it we cannot pray for them or sympathize with them as we should. Then, we must have a consecrated membership, willing, not only to do what they can to assist the officers, but willing also to bear when opinions are conflicting, that God's work be not hindered. There is one individual, no

Auxiliary requires, and that is a faultfinder. Little brains will make a grumbler, and yet one grumbler can destroy the work of many earnest members.

The meetings of the Auxiliary should not be entirely given up to business, with devotional exercises to open and close. Let the business be done certainly, but by all means make the meetings interesting by diffusing information about the work. This can be done in various ways; by reading letters from those in the field; by having members prepare and read papers on some department of the work; by having each member give some item of missionary news found during the month, or by normal class work.

Good, hearty singing is very essential to an interesting meeting; an occasional solo or duet by those gifted in song, is also an attraction. These and other ways which fertile minds may suggest, ought to sustain the interest of the most indifferent.

As women have no scruples about entering this work, for did not the Master at the sepulchre commission Mary to tell His disciples of the resurrection?

Woman owes more than man to Christianity. When we remember that in all heathen countries woman is unwelcome as a babe, untaught as a child, enslaved as a wife, despised in widowhood and considered unworthy of immortality, and then think of our own rights in the home, in the Church, in society, and, when necessary, defended and protected by the laws of the land, we ask ourselves, What makes this difference? Surely God put no difference between us and them? If the life and love of Christ has lifted us in point of privilege to be equal with man, then "how much owest thou unto thy Lord?" The Macedonian cry, "to come over and help us," which has been echoing and re-echoing from shore to shore down through the ages, reaches us to-day, and should find a ready response in the heart of every Christian.

We are glad for the success that has attended our efforts, and yet, when we consider how small a percentage of the Methodist women have yet been enlisted in this work, we realize we will have to work and pray a little longer ere we can claim the promise of heaven's windows being opened to pour upon us that great blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

Whatever our Lord might have done, whatever He may do, His reliance is upon His friends. "Christ, the same yesterday and to-day," would still seek the lost, but He would do it on our feet; He would still minister, but He would do it with our hands; He would still warn, comfort, encourage and instruct, but He would do it with our lips. If we refuse to perform these offices for Him, what right have we to call ourselves members of His body in vital union with Him? Moreover, Christ teaches that the needs of men are His needs, that He is in the world hungry, naked, sick and in prison.

Dr. Starr says: "Not in song, not in conference, not at the Sacrament, not in prayer for personal blessing do we come so near to His kindly and loving heart, as when we reach out in desire and plan to the ends of the earth, that they may also see His salvation. His promise to be always with us will only illustrate itself in our experience when we are going by prayer and gifts unto all the world."

For God in man brings man to God through faith and love and sorrow, And toll and strife that lift the world towards a brighter morn'g.
And blast are they to whom the gift ineffable is given
Through tears, through tolls, through martyr fires, to light men on to heaven"

— *The Missionary Outlook.*

In British India there are something like 500,000 of blind people. How are they to get the Word of God? Well, Mr. Knowles, a missionary, has invented an alphabet for them, in which 87 of the languages spoken in this peninsula may be printed. It is proposed to found an institute at Bangalore, where the blind will be taught to read.—*Mis. Review.*

JUNGLE WORK.

"What is the jungle work you missionaries so frequently speak and write about?" said a bright young friend to me. It may be there are other bright young friends with the same question on their lips.

The missionary generally chooses a central or large city for his permanent home, having in his mind the outlying district with its hundreds of small villages. All this surrounding country is called jungle. Four or five families will, for mutual protection, build their houses as near as city neighbors live, and dignify their place as a village. Jungle villages often contain sixty or seventy houses, and jungle work means going to villages and telling the story of our Christ to men, women and children, who would never hear unless a special messenger took the message. The Burmans are perfectly content to be Buddhists, content to follow the path their fathers trod, perfectly satisfied with the father's surroundings, his country, his race, his religion.

In these villages there is no accommodation for the travelling public, but for a small sum you can easily persuade a householder to give you his entire house for a few hours, consequently, you are obliged to carry with you a few necessities of life,—a mat to sleep upon, cooking utensils, medicine for the sick, unlimited leaflets, and all the grace and patience, the brightness and the joy, the religion of Christ affords. As the missionary turns from his home, he knows he is leaving "creature comforts" for creature torments. You will be welcomed to the village by dogs, several rushing out from each house. As the average Burman follows implicitly the rule, "Never to do to-day what can be deferred until to-morrow," "Never to do himself what he can compel another to do," there are always "gentlemen of leisure" ready to listen to the "teacher of the white book religion." Your preaching place may be the shade of a fine tree, or the veranda of your borrowed house. A motley congregation, especially after sunset, will gather and listen to your words. The good-natured caviller will come and be sure to have some sneering question for the teacher concerning the birth of Christ, or he will have some questioning about the death on the cross, especially if the teacher dwell on the thought that our God is a spirit, without beginning or end. Groups of children with bright, attractive faces, clad in "nature's own," will stand on the outer edge of the circle, and join heartily in the laugh which a keen and witty reply to the poor caviller may bring on his luckless head.

The Nicodemus type will be there, and frequently hours will pass in careful investigation of Christ, as a Saviour from sins. If the missionary's wife is present, she will gather the women around her and tell them of a God who loves women. Perhaps there must be many a repetition of this thought in many ways before the truth will enter the poor ignorant woman's mind, and she realize that God loves her.

Much of the jungle work is simply seed-sowing, but occasionally you find a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

One night my husband had a large company of men listening to him. We had been presenting "Christ as able to forgive past sins, able also to give new hearts, pure desires, and wills which would rejoice to do right." A man quite under the influence of liquor had been listening quietly, but at length in most earnest tones asked, "Could your God cure me? Could He take and save me from drinking?" "Yes, if you will believe on

Him and accept Him as a true and only God." "Can He do it now?" the man persisted in asking.

Mr. George saw the man was under the influence of liquor and said, "My brother, go home now and come in the morning and I will show you the way to get rid of your sins," but the man repeated, "I want help now." Seeing his need, he taught him a prayer, simple but complete; "I believe Thou art the Son of the true God, forgive my sins, and take from me this love of drink. I ask this in His name."

Over and over the poor soul repeated the words, went out from the meeting and in a lone place sought God's help. In the morning he came again to the teacher. They talked and prayed much, and God heard their cries, delivering the poor soul. "Christ mighty to save" *saved* him. Never again was he tempted to drink.

Once in speaking of his past, he said, "God even made me hate the smell of liquor." His story was full of interest. He was a lawyer, a man of unusual talent as a pleader; but drink had ruined his life. He told how he had tried in his own strength to overcome this habit, told how he had gone to the heathen god and made repeated offerings only to fall lower and lower until he became more like a brute than a man. His whole after life was a psalm of praise; a continual object lesson on the power of our God. "Jungle work pays." By it, the "poor have the Gospel preached to them." MRS. C. L. GEORGE, in *Helping Hand*.

Work Abroad.

TUNI.

DEAR LINK, I wonder if you will say a few words for me to some of my friends. You go into their homes every month, and if they are like I used to be, the first thing they ask you is if you have any news of the missionaries they know. You have not been able to tell anything about me lately, but to-night I am going to give you a message. It's such a comfort to know, that although so many hundreds of miles are between us out here, and the dear friends who support us over in the home land, our hearts are one. Our common interest binds our hearts together, even that of making known the love of Jesus and the way of salvation to those who do not know it. It will be two years next month since we left Toronto, and one year and ten months since we landed in Cocanada. Perhaps you wonder what we have been doing all this time. If you could have been listening round a corner somewhere, you would have heard some queer sounds, as we were trying to twist our tongues round these strange Telugu sounds. Then awhile after, we were struggling to twist our English sentences into such queer shapes, it would be hard for you to recognize them at all. At the end of the first year, the first examination took place.

As soon as that was over, we began to think about the second and third, which we may give as soon as we like afterwards. While learning to talk, I often tried to tell the little stories that came in the LINK and *Baptist*. If

any of you think it an easy thing to be a missionary, it seems to me if you would come and learn Telugu, you would change your mind. But He who calls us to this work, knows all about it, and just what is needed to fit us for it, and has helped us to conquer so far.

In July, we all met in Cocanada for our Conference, and those of us who were to be examined, gave our final. It is such a treat to meet together once in a while, and pray and talk together about this great work.

At that time it was decided that I was to stay in Tun for the present, and my brother is to begin his study of Telugu here. You may imagine a little of our happiness and thanksgiving on account of the prospect of reinforcements. Sometimes, when I think of the multitudes yet untouched, my heart aches so at the thought, and the question of the disciples about the five loaves and two fishes. "What are they, or *or*, amongst so many?" keeps saying itself over in my mind. Then the precious truth that it is the same Jesus who multiplied the loaves, who has brought us out here, comes to my mind and comforts me.

And now you may think of me going out every day, trying in a very imperfect way to take up and carry on the work that dear Miss Rogers so faithfully carried on here. This afternoon Martha and I started out together with books and a Bible picture. You have read about Martha before. Her face is often an inspiration to me. We went to a widow's house first. She has heard often before, and listens with such good attention. We found her busy sowing and teaching her little boy to help her. I wish I could describe the funny little corner we sat in. There is a street door in the wall, and just inside a raised place of mud. It was just right for Martha and me. A crowd of boys gathered in the street and listened as we sang, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Several women sat right in front of us and listened so well as the hymn was explained.

I read about the ten virgins, and just as Martha was finishing explaining it, another woman came and wanted to be told. On this, the widow before-mentioned said, "You come this evening, I understand all the words they have said, and I will tell you." She then told us that she used to go to all the festivals when her husband was alive, but what did it profit her? Now she was so glad to hear about Jesus, and tells all she hears to the women who come to her. Her face was so bright, and my heart longed so that she may truly experience the rest and peace Jesus gives to those who come to Him.

From there we went to a place that, by the smell, one might think was a barn yard, so this was in a way. Buffalo calves, chickens, dogs, etc., wandering right up to the doors, and sometimes going inside at their own sweet will. Funny little houses, so close together. In this rainy season these yards are not the most desirable place to sit down in. Do you wonder we found there

were several sick there. One night fixed itself into my mind—the thinnest baby I ever saw—just a skeleton. They wanted to know if I could do anything for it. No wonder Jesus' heart was moved with compassion when He saw suffering humanity. But I must not go into details of our visit there, will only tell you one thing. A man came and sat down near by, and began to talk to us, saying, "You come and teach us not to worship idols, and you worship them yourself. Don't I know? I wanted to see for myself, so went to one of your temples when in Cocanada. What did I see? Idols all around, and the people bowed to them too." This was said very earnestly. We knew at once he had been to the *Roman Catholic church*. This was his impression. I told him we did none of that work; he should come to our temple and see. He listened so carefully as I told him that God had given to men a book in which He made known His will. We read that book and act accordingly, not following any man's word, and he repeated over and over what I had said to some women who were standing near. And so we are endeavoring to sow the good seed of His word—you at home by your gifts and prayers, and we out here going in and out amongst the people. It is very quiet here in Tunj now. The school is not to be opened this year, and a number of the girls have gone to Cocanada. This is already rather a long message, so I will say good-bye for this time.

Yours sincerely,

E. PLEST.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MISS KATE McLAURIN, OF TUNJ.

What glorious news we have received, and how we are thanking God over here! We were so doubtful and fearful, the outlook for the Mission seemed so discouraging, but now God has been better to us than our thoughts, and has shamed our weak faith by His love and His gifts. How could we limit Him so? We said, "Oh dear! just think of that debt! Impossible for more men to come out this year," forgetting that He is infinite. All we can do is to look always unto Him, so as not to be one mustard seed of faith, and to be ready for His movements.

I have been doing more house to house visiting lately, some of it very discouraging, and other visits not so. God gives us the "downs", that we may not be too exalted over the "ups." One house I visited was the native dresser's. A dresser is one who has taken a short, partial doctor's course, and who is in government employ as a healer of the sick. They give medicine free, and often do much good. The Tunj dresser at one time wanted to come out and be a Christian, but his family made it hard for him, so he "went away sorrowful," like the young man whom Jesus loved.

Well, we went to see his wife, and found her a pretty little woman, clean and nicely dressed, fairly loaded down with beautiful jewels, and a great necklace of sovereigns hanging nearly to her waist. We sang, and then told of Lazarus being raised by Jesus. She seemed interested, but her mother who sat near by was a great hindrance, for she had no eyes or ears for anything but her idolized daughter, and kept fussing over and talking to her, so at last we felt it was simply wasting time. I felt so sorry. It is possible for one to keep another out of the kingdom just because she loves her so. Poor, misguided love! Do pray that these women may be convicted of their need. Some of these poor, jewel-laden wives and mothers remind me of the Laodicean church as the Spirit speaks of it in Rev. iii. 17 and 18.

After we left the dresser's, we went to see some women of the gold smith class. We walked right into the yard back of the little mud house, where the men were blowing the bellows and holding the metal on the fire on the front verandah. There we found such a lovely little woman winnowing grain. As soon as she saw us, she cried out, "Oh, you've come! What a long time you've been!" Who's this new miss, mamma? Can she talk Telugu? When did she come? Where did she come from? Has the other one gone? (Meaning Miss Rogers.) Is she sick? Oh, dear, too bad! Gone back to her own country? Oh, dear, dear! She was so good, so kind! There, sit down! All this in one breath, and then she called, "Oh, Atchamma, Oh, Benamma, Oh, Papamma, come here. The missionaries have come!" Then they flocked, a jolly, lively crowd, laughing, and full of questions. After their curiosity was satisfied, they said, "Sing." So we sang and talked to them. I told them that Jesus died to take our sins away, for the talk turned on sin, and one of the women seemed quite concerned. We carried on a conversation, to which the rest listened. She really seemed to take it in that there was only one way her sins could "go," as they say, and that way was through faith in Jesus, who died for our sins. They had it rather a "stunner" to be asked to believe this truth. Their gods would not die for them! Our visit was very encouraging, because they all seemed so interested. Oh, surely some day we shall see the fruit of all the sowing that has been done in Tunj.

Work at Home.

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

RECEIPTS FROM AUG. 15TH TO SEPT. 15TH, 1895, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES. Orangeville, \$2; Gladstone (\$4.75 towards a Life Membership), \$8.75; Hartford, \$12; Woodstock (Oxford St.), \$2.22; Toronto (First Ave.), \$11; Toronto (Jarvis St.), special for Bible woman, \$7.5; Brantford (First Ch.), for Miss McLeod, \$25; Midland, \$1; Teeswater, \$2.40; Toronto

(Sheridan Ave.), towards a Life Membership, \$7.25; 2nd Markham, \$2.50; St. George, \$4.50; Tiverton, \$4; Cheap side, \$4.50; Sault-St. Marie, \$2; Paisley, \$5.85; Scotland (82 cents, being from Mrs. Benjamin Smith's S. S. Class), \$9.75; Hillsburg, \$2.40 Total, \$182.62.

FROM BANDS. Lobo, for Koti Nathan, \$3; Springfield, \$2; Woodstock (Oxford St.), special for General Treasurer, \$10; Dixie, for Darise Vesudau, \$2.83; Georgetown, 50c.; St. George, for Thalaru Esther, \$5; Port Hope (\$11.39 from mite boxes), \$17.87. Total, \$41.20.

FROM SOCIETIES.—Toronto (Bevlarly St.) Bible classes, for Todeti Philomen, \$0.25; a friend, Lockport, for a girl, \$5; Toronto Association Annual Meeting, \$3.50. Total, \$14.75.

Rev. D. G. Macdonald, to refund the grant made by the Board in 1891, \$150. Total received this month, \$348.47.

DISBURSEMENTS. To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$541; special from Oxford St. M. B., \$10; balance required to make up the thousand dollars voted for school buildings in our Cocanada compound, \$718.73; from special account for Dr. Pearl Smith's supply of drugs, \$50. Total, \$1319.73. To Home Expenses—100 postcards for Miss Buchanan's use, \$1. Disbursements during the month, \$1320.73.

Total receipts, \$1736.78; Total disbursements, \$3890.36

So far no collection has been received from five Association Meetings; will those having the funds in charge kindly forward as quickly as possible? State that such an amount is your Association collection; do not credit that to your Circle.

CORRECTION.—The total disbursements from May 1st to May 17th were \$572.65, not \$592.65, as printed in the September LINK.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

NEW CIRCLE

REARBO. A Mission Band was organized in June with seven members. Peter Pogue, President; Robert Reeds, Secretary; Leahie Calvert, Treasurer; A. E. Dryden, Director.

U. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCT.—That the power of the Holy Spirit may accompany the message of our President this month. And that the sick ones on the Home and Foreign fields may be restored. *John xi 3; Mark vi 16.*

THEY SERVE WHO LOVE

They serve Him best who love Him most.

Love, bringing love, can bring no more;

"Take these things hence," He says, but smiles
Upon the offerings of the poor.

Give Him thy love, for thou canst give

No richer, costlier gift than this;

Who gives his love doth give himself,
And finds in giving truest bliss.

Art thou so poor! thy God so great!
That thou hast nothing worth to bring!
Then take thy mite, though 'tis thine all,
Yet it is worthy of a king.

He asks thy heart—thy broken heart—
And by thy love, thy love would prove:
The alabaster box can yield
No perfume till it breaks for love.

Pour out for Him its richest drops,
Thy ointments shall be thy boast,
And in His sweet communion learn,
They serve Him best who love Him most.

—A. S. EMAN.

ECHOES FROM THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Mrs. Pierce, County Secretary of N. B., had been encouraged after reading "Missionary Hill Tops," in the LINK, that she felt she must say a good word for the paper. The paper had brought its message just when she most needed it. We need the consecrated five and ten cent pieces. God does not hold us responsible as Societies or as officers, but as individuals. We of the Aid Societies ought to have a great influence upon our church members.

A number of our well-to-do women might support three or four native preachers.

The success of your work depends upon yourselves. The appropriation for our Foreign work is \$0,500. While we are to aim at raising \$7,000.

For Home Missions we are to raise—for the North West \$500; for Indian work in the North-West \$100 for Grand Ligne \$400, with the request that \$200 of this go toward Mr. Gironier's salary.

Treasurers of Aid Societies and Mission Bands are requested when writing to the Treasurers or Secretaries to note the following: Give post office address in full; also name of county and province, with name of church or branch of church, and lastly write name, whether Mrs. or Miss.

All moneys must be sent to the Treasurer quarterly. First quarter ends October 31st.

A READING.

(Cont. 1-6)

It will be remembered that originally horses came out of Egypt, and that the pure breed still found in Arabia was, during Solomon's reign, brought by his merchants for all the kings of the East. Those selected for Pharaoh's own chariot would not only be of the purest blood and perfect in proportion and symmetry, but also perfect in training, docile and obedient; they would know no will but that of the charioteer, and the only object of their existence would be to carry forward the king's chariot whithersoever he would go. So should it be with the Church of Christ; one body with many members, in-dwelt and guided by one Spirit; holding the Head, and knowing no will but His; her rapid and harmonious movement should cause His kingdom to progress throughout the world.

Many years ago a beloved friend of mine returning from the East by the overland route made the journey from Suez to Cairo in the cumbersome diligence then in use. The passengers on landing, took their places, a dozen or more wild young horses were harnessed with ropes to the

vehicle, the driver took his seat and cracked his whip, and the horses dashed off, some to the right, some to the left, and others forward, causing the coach to start with a bound and as suddenly to stop, with the effect of throwing those sitting in the front seat into the laps of those sitting behind, and then of reversing the operation. With the aid of sufficient Arabs running on each side, to keep these wild animals progressing in the right direction, the passengers were jerked and jolted, bruised and shaken, until on reaching their destination they were too wearied and sore to take the rest they so much needed.

Is not the Church of God to-day more like those untrained steeds than a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot? And while self-will and disunion are apparent in the church, can we wonder that the world still lieth in the wicked one, and that the great heathen nations are barely touched? J. Hudson Taylor, in *Union and Communion*.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD FIELD.

MISSIONARY DAY at KEWICK. Three short appeals from younger brethren concluded the speaking of the meeting. Dr. Laukator, medical missionary in India, addressed himself to young men. All are called to do something, and He will give directions as to where the sphere of service shall be. If there has not been a definite call to work at home, be ready to hear a call for the foreign field when God may choose to sound it in your ears. Get into touch with the will of the Saviour, and let Him deal with you as He will.

The word to young women came from Mrs. Millard. Those for whom she pleaded, she said, were our blood relations. "God hath made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the earth." Let all our young women hear the cry of their sisters who have never heard the name of Jesus. These women can only be reached by women, and God's heart yearns over them. Be like a Chinaman who said last year, "I cannot go to another meeting till I have done what God has commanded me." If God sends us forth He will give us power over all the power of the enemy in whatever form it comes. Take three letters, p. i. o. — "Pass it on."

Would you double every blessing?
Pass it on.

Last of all came Miss Wilson Carmichael, of the Kewick mission in Japan, who held up a red scroll, "Nothing too precious for Jesus," as a motto for all. Let these words come home to the fathers and mothers. Are they cherishing something a son or daughter too precious for Jesus? He may be calling sons and daughters; are they holding back anything from Him? He counted nothing too precious for us. If He calls any to leave all and follow Him, may it be in the power of His resurrection and in the fellowship of His sufferings, that we may be made conformable to His death. Whatever He calls us to do, let us do it in His might, and for His glory.

JAPAN. Dr. Whitney, an American missionary there, especially in Bible work, said the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places at Kewick. He spoke with deep emotion of God's leading his past life as a worker in Japan, and he thanked God now for a deeper consecration than before. He referred to recent events in Japan, and the present crisis is a solemn one. God send out many more workers to that land.

AFRICA. Rev. Douglas Hooper, of Eastern Equatorial Africa, said that God is able to raise up workers for Himself from the dark and down-trodden sons of Africa. Some deeply-touching samples of devoted native Christians among those for whom he labors. More European helpers are sorely needed, but above all we need faith in God that He would work through the natives there.

PERSIA. Rev. C. H. Stileman, of the C. M. S. in Persia, recalled the wonderful testimony given in that land by Mr. Henry Martyn. Since he was taken home, eighty years ago, not a resident missionary has gone to Sheraz, the town where he lived. That is not as it ought to be. We are vorily debtors to those in Persia, both Jews and Gentiles. Mr. Stileman repeated some of the impressive facts he gave at the missionary meeting at Midway.

WHAT SHE COULD. A poor old woman in China, who had been converted, but who seemed unwilling to be baptized, was asked why she hesitated. "Why," she replied, with the tears running down her cheeks, "You know that Jesus said to His disciples, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Now, I am an old woman, nearly seventy years of age, and almost blind. I can tell my husband about Jesus Christ, and I can tell my son and his wife, when he has one; I am willing to speak to my neighbors, and perhaps I can go to one or two villages, but I can never go to all the world. Now, do you think He will let me call myself a disciple, if I can do no better than that?" When she heard that the Lord asked only for the best from His followers, and does not require from anyone more than he can do, she said gladly, "Oh, then I am ready to be baptized whenever you think best." If all the baptized disciples of the Lord were as conscientious in their reading of His words as was this poor old woman, certainly there would be no lack of missionaries. *Selected.*

There are 122 towns in Japan, each with a population of 10,000 to 1,000,000, but the missionary force is as yet distributed in only 40 of them.

The chiefs of Mungo are becoming church builders. Each one is building a church, and giving a garden for the benefit of the preachers and the uplifting of their people.

BIMLIPATAM.

One of the first Telugu meetings I attended after reaching Bimlipatam was one called for the organization of a temperance society by Miss Gray, principally for the girls in her school and the children of the native Christians on the compound.

Miss Gray gave me one of the pledge cards and when I got it translated it read thus: "I promise by God's help not to take wine, brandy, toddy, tobacco or betel-nut."

Toddy is the sap of a palm tree in India which the natives drink and which makes them very intoxicated. Very often we see men who have taken so much toddy that they are unable to get to their homes without help. Chewing betel-nut is a very disgusting habit. It leaves the lips and teeth a deep red color.

Nearly all the native children of heathen parents learn to use tobacco before they can walk or talk and when

they become Christians it is very hard for them to give up the habit.

Miss Gray wanted to impress upon her school children while they were young, the folly of using these things, which would be an injury to them, and she hoped the pledge might be a help to them and also occasionally to have a little temperance meeting.

The Society was organized December 31st, 1891, and up to this time only one of the children has broken the pledge, and that by eating betel-nut. At the last meeting he came and confessed that he had broken his pledge and asked to be reinstated.

The last meeting of the Society was held one afternoon last week in the chapel. I wish you could have seen the happy, black faces of the children as they sat on seats purposely arranged for the members. Each one had a rosette of red, white and blue pinned on the jacket.

The meeting commenced by the singing of a Telugu hymn accompanied by the organ, then reading of scripture and prayer by Mr. Morse.

Peggy read a paper telling of the "Willard fountain" in Chicago, which has lately been presented to that city by the Loyal Temperance Legions of the world.

Appalama's paper was against toddy drinking. She told of two coolies who work for two annas a day and spend one half of it for toddy and let their poor little children go without food. She thought it would be well if the parents would teach the little children a lesson and not use it themselves.

Jessie, Miss Gray's Bible-woman, told of the great W. C. T. U. Convention recently held in London, and of the immense petition over a mile in length, which was fastened about the walls of Albert Hall, and which contained signatures in about fifty different languages.

Nursimma's paper was a warning against toddy drinking. She told a story she had read of a father who drank and whose wife and children begged him not to, he promised he would not, but one night he went to a toddy shop and drank so much that he was badly intoxicated. His little girl went to meet him when he was coming home but instead of giving her loving words he gave her such a blow that it killed her.

Unkama spoke on tobacco and betel-nut. She urged all present who had not yet found the temperance society to do so now. At the close Mr. Morse gave an address. The meeting closed with the national anthem sung in Telugu.

LILLIE PARKER MORSE.

Mission House, July 19th, 1895.

FROM ONE OF OUR CHARTER MEMBERS.

My Dear Sister, Old people are said to dwell in reminiscences, and as I have to-day ended my seventy-seventh year, I am certainly old enough.

To begin at my earliest recollection when my parents, with tear stained faces would read from the *Baptist Magazine* the labors and sufferings of the Indians and other missionaries, I could scarcely think of any other subject so engrossed would I become.

In those days when tidings were a year in reaching us, we would feel it such a far away country, but souls seemed no less precious. April 14th, 1832, several ladies being at my father's, Rev. R. McLean happened in and was persuaded to form a Foreign Miss Society or penny a week. We had no meetings or rules, but a warm interest was awakened. We collected the first year £5 and

paid it into the Association; this was continued for thirty-eight years, varying somewhat in the amount, until July 12, 1870, when Miss Norris (how loud will be her "Well done") formed us into a Society of twelve members. Some have died, many removed, but we have ever since existed, always united, but few new members.

Yours fraternally,

M. Y. CHURCH.

Falmouth, N.S., April 14th, 1895.

AMHERST, N. S.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the W. M. A. Society was celebrated on Thursday, July 11th, 1895. Programme as follows:—Social meeting at 3.30 p.m., opened by singing a hymn. Mrs. Harding read Scripture and made appropriate comments; a number of prayers were offered, interspersed with music.

Our president then addressed us, giving many interesting facts connected with the origin of the W. M. A. Society in the provinces, and of the indefatigable efforts on its behalf by Miss Norris, previous to her going to India. What a brave little woman she was and how difficulties receded before her firm faith. But why wonder, when we remember that "with God nothing is impossible." Then came roll-call, with scripture or other response, and while the meeting was large, we still had to regret the absence of many whom we would have been delighted to see.

Mrs. Alex. Christie gave a very fine report of the County Convention, held at Port Greville, and Mrs. D. A. Steele and Mrs. C. Christie added some interesting items. The latter told some encouraging things of county work. Mrs. M. A. Logan, Amhurst Point, Mrs. Hugh Logan and Mrs. W. Bent, Salem, each had some thing of interest to relate. Mrs. George gave one of her pleasant talks. Nearly an hour was spent in hand shaking and social chat, after which tea was served in the dining-room, in basement of our new church. It was a very enjoyable time. About 75 ladies and a-half dozen or more gentlemen were present.

The public meeting at 8 p.m. was presided over by Rev. Dr. Steele, opened with music by the choir, scripture reading and prayer by our pastor. The annual report of Society read by secretary. Dr. Steele made a few remarks and called on Mrs. George, who read an excellent paper, drawing strong contrast between girl life in India and in this country. Miss George sang a very sweet solo. Envelopes were opened by Mrs. G. B. Smith and Mrs. Alex. Christie.

A pleasant break in the monotony occurred when Mrs. Smith announced \$25 from Mr. G. B. Smith, to constitute Mrs. J. Moffatt a Life Member, and presented that lady with the certificate. A hearty "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," was sung, and opening of envelopes resumed with an occasional Scripture selection from the audience. Dr. Steele read extracts from Dr. Bogg's fine missionary paper published in *Messenger and Visitor*. Collection was taken up. The result of donations and collection was \$113.53. Anthem by choir, prayer by Rev. Mr. Lavers. Benediction was pronounced and meeting adjourned. Thus passed one of the most successful of our anniversaries.

A. E. BLACK, Sec.

Young People's Department.

THE GAIN OF GIVING.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it," was the minister's text that day.

And Eleanor seemed to listen, though her thoughts were far away;

In a week it would be vacation, and she longed for the time to come

That would take her away from the city to her beautiful sea-side home.

"He that loseth his life shall find it" Though the words bore a meaning plain.

They had none for the child who heard them with restless eyes and brain.

But the sermon at last was ended, and the preacher slowly said,

"Our contribution this morning will be for the children's aid."

Eleanor's heart beat faster, and her face wore a troubled look,

As her hand closed softly over her little pocket-book,
Where she carried a birthday present, a bright new piece of gold,

And the look of trouble deepened while the hand took a firmer hold.

"I can't give this," she was thinking, "though it's all I have to give,

And I wish that the children all could go to a pleasant place to live."

But she saw, with a little trembling sob, that the basket was on its way,

And when it passed, her gold piece in the midst of the silver lay.

'Twas an August day at the sea shore, and Eleanor paced along

Where the heavy waves were rolling, and the tide was running strong;

She stooped for a sea shell, lying on the sand and shining sand,

When a mighty breaker caught her, and swept her away from land.

But before she could cry or struggle, she was seized by a little lad,

Who dragged her out of the water with all the strength he had;

And he said, to her look of wonder, as soon as he'd breath to speak,

"I'm one of the Fresh Air Children, a stayin' here for a week."

Eleanor thought of the gold piece she had sadly given away;

"Why perhaps if I'd kept the money he wouldn't be here to-day!

Weren't you afraid of drowning?" He slowly shook his head;

"I didn't think of myself at all, but of savin' you," he said

And she suddenly thought of the sermon: its meaning grew clear and plain.

About the finding and losing, the giving that's greatest gain;

That the life which is lived for others is the only life to lead,

And instead of our vain self-seeking, we should care for another's need.

—CAROLINE B. LEHOW, in the *S. S. Chronicle*.

LETTER FROM MISS STOVEL.

Dear Boys and Girls. One of the hottest of hot May days there came to the boat a boy—a little fellow, not more than twelve years old, who had somehow managed to let the sharp end of a crowbar go clear through the palm of his hand.

Someone in his village, thirteen miles away, had told how that Akidu missamma could surely cure, so an elder brother brought him along. They stayed with relatives in a near village for fifteen days, and every afternoon the boy came to have the hand washed and dressed, and every day that hand reminded one of two hands through which rough nails were driven, and, of course, I told about the Saviour you and I love, but of whom this boy had never before heard.

In due time the hand healed and the boy was free to go home, but first he brought me two coconuts and a bunch of bananas, which gift I prized because I knew it represented all of the little money that was really his own.

That was in May. To-day Annamma and I went to his village and knowing no one we determined to let the boy be our introduction. At the tank on the edge of the village quite a dozen women were filling their water pots, and of them we enquired for the boy. "Oh, yes, they all knew him!" "Had we come to see him?" "And was this the Missamma who mended his hand?" At the house the mother received us with evident delight, and soon a great crowd of women gathered and the boy came running in and very proudly exhibited his hand, only a scar marking the place where the ugly wound had been. Do you remember what we talked about, I asked, "Oh, yes," he replied, "I haven't forgotten the baby Moses, and how God cared for him and how he grew to be a great, good man, and about Joseph and David the shophard lad, and the boy Jesus in His home in the little village among the hills." Here the mother interrupted "Yes, he has told us about all these and others too, but we want you to sing for us. So we sang, but right in the midst of the second verse along came a good for nothing man, who stamped and stormed and shouted, all the while dealing out blows right and left with his doubled fist, and in much less time than it has taken me to write it, there wasn't a woman of all that crowd in sight.

Then he turned to Annamma and me and abused us unmercifully, but from a window back of us there came a whisper, "Don't go away, he will soon go back to his work, then we will all come back to you." So we sat still, and the man, his anger spent, betook him to the fields and soon the women were round us as before.

Listening to one and another refer to what the boy had told them of the lessons he had learned those days while his hand was healing (the boys of the Bible had been our subject). I seemed to hear Andrew, Simon Peter's

brother, saying, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

We stayed in the village all day, had invitations to four other houses, and promised to come back when touring this way again.

F. M. STROVEL.

Boat "Glad Tidings," July 8th, 1895.

Written for THE LINK

NAMAKEI.

A STORY OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

BY MRS. J. J. BAKER.

I.

Anewa, isle of beauty circled round
With snow white coral reef on which rebound
The waters in their musical unrest !
Scarce sixteen furlongs stretch from east to west.
A fertile isle, where coco' nut and palm,
The arrow root, the banyan and the yam
Are meat and drink ! Across the island blow
The never-failing trade-winds. Years ago
There lived a beathen chieftain on this isle,
Whose gods were many and his homage vile.
His form was nude ; his face was wildly smeared
With gaudy colors ; superstition wild
Swayed every feeling in his heart of sin,
He feasted on the flesh and blood of kin ;
He knew no law, no virtue would he own
And love, and joy, and pity, were unknown.
But in the darkness Namakei heard
The voice of Jesus ; and the tender word
Seemed sweeter far than any earthly sound ;
He listened o'er and o'er ; and when he found
That long ago the blessed Christ had given
His life to win Anewa back to heav'n,
"The white man's God" - he said - "is truly good,
Is better than my gods of stone and wood."
Then one by one he cast into the sea
The objects of his base idolatry.
O, wondrous transformation ! he became
A creature now through faith in Jesus' name.
The old chief grew in knowledge and in grace ;
His people loved him ; on his tawny face
The beams of light in dwelling seemed to play ;
He loved to sing of Jesus, loved to say
That he had made a covenant with Christ,
And magnified the sweetness of the trust.

II.

To westward in the sea an island lay
Resplendent in the light of Gospel day,
Anetym was Christ's ; betwixt the isles
The restless ocean stretched full forty miles
The Christian worshippers were gathered there
In holy conference of praise and prayer ;
And thus the chieftain of Anewa spake :
"My soul is full of longing ; let me make
A voyage to the island, let me meet
With those to whom my Jesus' name is sweet.
My people, hear me ! Let no heathen ways
Be found among you ; few are now my days,
And I would go to sleep where I can hear
The voices of the Christians rising clear
Across the sea ; let not my people fall
To idol worshipp'g ; my love to all."

The little native basket held the book
And scanty wardrobe, and the old man took
A fond farewell of all while o'er and o'er
The wail arose : " 'Tis see his face no more ! "

III.

The island of Anietym echoed long
The Christian's fervent prayer and holy song.
No cold conventionality was there,
No strife for eminence, but all might share
The brother's joy. Their gladness was unbound ;
E'en little children told how they had found
The peace of Jesus ; and the aged one
In simple eloquence adored the Son.
Old Namakei sang the joys of heav'n ;
Unto his soul prophetic power was given
To tell the raptures that await the blest,
And paint the beauties of eternal rest,
As wave on wave of harmony prollod
He heard the music from the harps of gold.
And rising with exulting heart he said :
"I'm growing tall with joy, I lift my head
Up higher like a tree." And higher still
The old man's exultations rose until
His raptured vision caught the perfect way
And he beheld the hand not far away.
With trembling limb he sought the banyan shade,
And with a joyous expectation prayed.
"Let Jesus' name in all the world be known,
And letmy dear Anewa be His own."
Then fainter grew his voice : "I'm going now,
I feel the breath of Jesus on my brow,
How near I am to Him ! O Missi pray !
My soul will then be strong to go away.
My people ! tell them I have gone to dwell
With Jesus in His glory ; fare you well."

With many tears of mingled joy and grief
The Christian concourse laid to rest the chief,
Whose soul took up the song forever new,
A wondrous trophy of what grace can do.

Stouffville, September 29th.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

[A missionary exercise for children.]

[If held in the church have a small platform made a little lower than the pulpit platform. On this have a small sail-boat with white sails, pasting thereon in gilt letters, "The Gospel Ship." Children march to front of the ship, and, placing their miteboxes in it, from thence pass on to the pulpit platform, forming a semicircle.]

All sing : (Tune - "Christmas.")

Receive, O Lord the mites we bring ;
We leave them in Thy hand.
Thy touch can change our trifling gifts
To values high and grand.

Our Father's God ! Our country's hope !
To Thee we lift our eyes ;
All things are Thine, yet offerings small
Thou dost not hence despise.

Oh speed the day when Thou shalt be
In all our borders known,
When all the "strangers in our midst,"
Shall worship thee alone !

LEADER.—Now, children, you have all given your mites; but is not something else needed before our "Gospel Ship" is ready to start on her wonderful mission of light and love?

Five little girls step forward to the front of the platform, one with a shield, one with a helmet, one with a Bible, and two with dolls in their arms.]

FIRST GIRL (putting her shield in the ship). Yes, the "shield of faith" is needed, "that they may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

SECOND GIRL (putting her helmet in the ship). And the "helmet of salvation" must go also.

THIRD GIRL (putting her Bible in the ship). And the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

FOURTH GIRL (putting her doll in the ship). And surely I think we ought to send a missionary to teach the word of God and show the people how to live.

FIFTH GIRL (putting her doll in the ship). I think it would be well to send still another, when there are so many across the sea who never heard of God's dear Son.

LEADER (now turning to children). I think our ship is ready, but cannot each one of you give some precious word from God's Book to the missionaries before our ship sails forth on her wonderful mission?

G. "Be ye therefore followers of God."

B. "Be filled with the Spirit."

G. "Be ye doers of the word."

R. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

G. "Be sober, be vigilant."

B. "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another."

G. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

B. "Be gentle unto all men."

G. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

B. "Be of the same mind one toward another."

G. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace."

B. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."

G. "Be ye also patient."

B. "Be subject unto the higher powers."

G. "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

B. "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

G. "Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."

B. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

G. "Be at peace among yourselves."

B. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

G. "Be watchful."

B. "Be instant in season, out of season."

G. "Be ye kind one to another."

B. "Be not afraid of them that kill the body."

G. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

B. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

—Adapted from *Oree Sea and Land*.

ELIZA BENSON'S SELF-DENIAL.

"Good mornin', Mis' Benson. It's dratful hot, isn't it? No, I can't stay but a minit." Yet, as Mrs. Benson hospitably pushed towards her visitor a rocking chair she was persuaded to sit down by the door and rest a little before going out into the sun again. "I don't want to hinder you this mornin'," she said. "I see you're pre-er-er-er-er-er-plums, and that's always a sight of work; mine ain't quite ripe enough yet. I s'joss you'll be busy pretty soon now, gettin' ready to go down East to see your folks, won't you?"

"I don't know, I haven't decided yet," Mrs. Benson answered, going over to the screen door to brush out an intruding fly. Something in her troubled manner warned the inquisitive visitor not to make any comments on this answer, so a little embarrassed silence fell upon them.

Presently Mrs. Peters slowly arose and tidied on her faded sun bonnet saying, "Well, I must be gettin' along, or my daughter'll wonder where I be."

Late that afternoon, when the long row of preserve jars had been wiped off and set away to cool, and the big kitchen had been restored to its wonted neatness and order, Eliza Benson went out into the vine-covered side porch for a little rest and quiet. She leaned back in the comfortable rocker with an exclamation of relief, her eyes drinking in the pleasant homely picture spread out before her.

The tall grass in the door-yard which the late rains had freshened was waving in vivid greenness again, gay rows of late poppies bordering it at the walk. Down by the fence, the long line of bee hives was alive with the humming colony of honey gatherers. Beyond stretched the orchard, the trees laden with the promise of an abundant harvest, the delicious fragrance of the early apples even then floating towards her.

Presently a little sigh broke from the gently swaying figure on the porch, while the troubled look of the morning again stole over her face.

Her thoughts went back to the last missionary meeting held in the neighborhood city church which she attended. She heard again the eloquent appeal for help,—help to carry on the work which, lacking means, must soon be given up. Then mention was made of two young women who had offered themselves for the foreign field, but who could not be sent as the treasury was empty.

In closing her appeal the secretary had said, "We have always given generously, my sisters, but have we ever given until we have felt it? Let us come up to our next meeting with an offering for the Lord's work which shall tell of something sacrificed, of something given up for the Master's sake."

Driving old Billy home from the meeting Mrs. Benson had wondered what more she could give up. For years she had laid aside for the Lord a tenth of her little income, and had found that the rest had hardly sufficed for her needs. She could think of no way to increase her store, and her gentle soul was troubled, for the cause of missions was very dear to her. Must the Lord's work suffer for lack of means? Suddenly the remembrance of her one indulgence, if it could be so called, came to her mind. Forty years before, Eliza Benson had come a bride with her ambitious young husband to make a home in the then far West. All her small hoard, earned in district school teaching, had been put with his to purchase the small farm. Early and late they had toiled; now success had come to them, so that their farm, just on the

outskirts of a growing bustling city, stretched out in broad and fertile acres, and Rufus Benson was a rich man. But the struggle had dwarfed his whole nature. The wife he had truly loved in the early days was now to him but a helper in his strife for gain; his one thought and purpose being to increase the boundaries of his farm.

He kept a watchful eye on all the household expenses, and Eliza was only allowed the money from the dairy products for her personal use. By the strictest economy, she had each year saved enough from this sum to take her back to the old homestead, where the aged mother and younger sister still lived. She had felt as if she could not endure her hard, narrow life without this yearly change, and the loving sympathy so freely given by the dear ones at home. She had just been able to lay aside the money for her journey and it was the sudden recollection of this which had startled her.

Could it be possible that the Lord asked for this money? Oh, no! she could not give up this pleasure, the only one of her starved life, some other way must be thought of.

So she had considered the matter settled, until Mrs. Peter's question that morning had revealed to her that she was still in doubt. Would it be right for her to spend this money for her own pleasure, while souls were perishing in heathen darkness? On the other hand, did she not owe some duty to her aged mother, whose failing health warned her that this visit might be the last enjoyed with her, and who was looking forward with such eagerness to her coming?

Instantly she seemed to be answered. "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

In that moment was revealed to her as never before the bitter anguish with which her missionary sisters parted from their loved ones, while to her also in her hour of trial and indecision was given grace to endure, even a joyful willingness. She could trust the Lord with her dear ones, and leave Him to satisfy all her heart hungerings.

At the next gathering of the missionary circle, the collection basket was filled to the brim with the envelopes containing the self denial gifts.

The leader at the close announced the large offering, adding that she was deeply thankful that so large a number had tested the blessedness of self-denial for the Lord, speaking especially of the generous gift of twenty five dollars which some sister had been enabled to contribute.

But no one ever knew, except the Lord and the little woman, over by the door, how much Eliza Benson's self denial cost her, nor of the compensation that had come in the assurance of the Lord's acceptance of her gift.

L. B. S.

AFTER the gift of a Bible to the Empress Dowager of China, the Emperor sent to purchase "just such a Bible as is sold to his people." He is now reading Luke's Gospel. This information comes through Professor Headland of the Peking University to *The Missionary of the World*.

2

THERE is a difference between systematic and proportionate giving. A young man earned \$10 a week and decided to give 50 cents a week to missions. He has given just this sum every week since, though now his weekly income is many times \$10. This is systematic giving, but not proportionate giving. *Rev. Edw. M. Noyes.*

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