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THE

# Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

Vol. 8, No. 7.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [MAR., 1886.

THE LINK.—A sister in Yarmouth, N. S., sent her copy of the January LINK to a friend and the result was fifteen new subscribers secured by the latter. Mr. A. D. Kean, of Orillia, one of our most intelligent laymen, has ordered 30 copies for the Orillia Sunday School. Are there not still many of our readers who by a little effort could assist us in the diffusion of missionary intelligence? Every new reader of the LINK means, we believe, increase in missionary interest, and consequent increase in missionary contributions. If we are not mistaken, the paper might be used advantageously in *Mission Bands*. Will not some of our friends make an experiment in this direction?

MONTHLY MISSIONARY DAY AT MCMASTER HALL.—The friends of Missions will be glad to know that one day in each month is now devoted entirely to Home and Foreign Missions. The exercises of the missionary days are participated in by Faculty and students on equal terms, and the sessions are taken up with essays and addresses on missionary subjects, reports on mission work done by the students, and prayer for missions. Two meetings have already been held, and they were truly seasons of refreshing. Toronto Baptist College was founded in the interest of missions, and it promises to become more and more a centre of missionary influence. At least six of the present undergraduates have the foreign field in view. May missionary interest so increase in the churches that when these young brethren are ready to go the Board may feel justified in sending them without delay.

MR. CRAIG'S MISSIONARY MAP. We have more than once called the attention of our readers to this excellent map of the Telugu country. We are sorry to say that the demand for the map has been far less than might have been expected. If the labor and expense of preparing the map are not to be to a great extent in vain, the Mission Circles of the Dominion must bestir themselves. Every Circle or Aid Society should by all means have one. Many individuals would certainly be glad to possess the map if they once saw it. We are authorized to say that Circles will be supplied with copies at a large reduction from the retail price which is 25 cents

each. The profits from the sale of copies by Circles might be added to the mission funds. The map is 2½ feet square, is beautifully colored, and the stations of our own and other missionary societies are clearly indicated and distinguished. Those who desire single copies should send 25 cents to the *Standard Publishing Co.*, 117 Yonge Street, Toronto. For terms to Circles write to the same address. An order for 50 copies has just been received from Chicago.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.—A few of our Circles seem to be laboring under a misapprehension with reference to the arrangement by which each Circle has been supplied with this paper. The following explanations may not be out of place: 1. The *Gospel in all Lands* has been paid for by the Society, according to the instructions of the Board, and it is too late now for Circles to decide whether they will take it or not. They may decline to pay for it, if they see fit; but this will simply mean that the Society will be that much out of pocket. The Board may have made a mistake in deciding to send a magazine to each Circle, and the Committee may have made a mistake in selecting this particular magazine; but nothing can be done to remedy either until the end of the year. 2. So far as we have learned there is almost universal satisfaction with the arrangement, and we believe that both the Board and the Committee acted for the best interest of the Circles. The only complaint we have heard is that the *Gospel in all Lands* is a Methodist magazine. We are sorry it is so. But notwithstanding the fact that it is the organ of a denomination it contains more general missionary matter by far than any similar publication. There is no Baptist publication that can be compared with it in this respect. We are as decided in our Baptist proclivities as any of our readers, but we should be sorry to be deprived of this ably conducted and instructive paper. If the arrangement should not meet with general approval it will be discontinued, we doubt not, at the end of the year. Meanwhile we trust that those to whom the *Gospel in all Lands* is sent will try to get all the good they can out of it and keep themselves as free as possible from the distinctively Methodist influence. We take occasion to say that in case those to whom the magazine has been directed fail to receive it regularly, complaint should be made to the Publisher of the *Gospel in all Lands*, and not to the Editor of the LINK.

## The Missionary Call.

(The following is the text of the hymn as originally written by Dr Nathan Brown, the veteran missionary to Japan who died a few weeks ago: It is generally printed in abridged form.)

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
Enchanted ground. Why live I here! The vows  
Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern world  
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt  
To give up my home and friends and idol hopes.  
And every tender tie that binds my heart  
To thee, my country! Why should I regard  
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,  
To show that never was it his design  
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease.  
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,  
It matters not if storm or sunshine be  
My earthly lot—bitter or sweet my cup,  
I only pray, "God fit me for the work,  
God make me holy and my spirit nerve  
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know  
There is an arm unseen that holds me up.  
An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done,  
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits  
To welcome me to glory, and I joy  
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness

And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
In unattended agony, beneath  
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
From Africa's burning sand, it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this  
I know I shall feel happier, than to die  
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven,—  
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned—  
If one whom ruin and revolt have held  
With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom  
Satan has struggled as he hath for me,  
Should ever reach that blessed shore,—Oh, how  
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!  
And through the ages of eternal years,  
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
That toil and suffering once were mine below

## Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. I.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

The Church has had various seasons of special activity, in regard to the conversion of the heathen, all of which have originated with, and in their progress developed, men of great earnestness and devotion, men to whom no sacrifice or trial seemed too great to make for Christ, and the effects of whose self-denying labors, patience and zeal still live and bear fruit for God.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Protestant Missions began to take definite shape; and though for about a century, there were no very great or surprising results, yet there was accomplished a vast amount of preparatory work, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be estimated or measured.

The men of those days labored, and we, of the present day, have entered, are entering, into their labors. Indeed, it is but little that we can realize now, in the midst of the enthusiasm that prevails throughout the religious world in regard to the spread of the gospel in heathen lands, of the terrible cost at which the devoted men of the last century, who took the initiative in Protestant Missions, undertook and carried forward their work. But we must not think of this self-denial and toil, as being unshared by God's people who remained behind. Never has He sent any one down into the deep pit of heathenism, who has not left some warm hearts behind to sustain and strengthen him by their sympathy, their prayers, and their gifts.

These have, indeed, in many cases, been few and weak; but in proportion as this has been the case, have they drawn the more largely upon the Divine strength, and the results have been such as to demonstrate that the triumph was not to the many or the few, but to God in whom they trusted; and that what has been done cannot be set to the account of the missionary alone, but belongs also to the church in proportion as her own life and energy have found scope and expression through him.

Our hearts are often deeply moved by recitals of what the missionaries of our own day are called upon to do and bear for Christ, even with the great sympathetic army of supporters at their back; the strong and thoroughly equipped organizations under whose auspices they go out; the hundreds of printing presses that are constantly at work multiplying Bibles, Testaments, Tracts, and Christian literature of every kind; and the great number of languages into which the Scriptures have been translated.

But their trials and privations appear slight in comparison with those of the men who began this work, men who had to break the ground, as it were, and that with absolutely no precedent in the conduct or management of missions for their guidance; with an utter dearth of helps of any kind; with the sympathy of few, and the avowed hostility of many both in the church and out of it; with the opposition of Governments; and the altogether inadequate support that was meted out to them. Such were some, but far from the whole, of the difficulties that the men who went out to foreign fields from the beginning of the eighteenth, to almost the middle of the nineteenth century, were called to endure for Christ. The story of those men is one long, sorrowful record of cross-bearing and self-denial that will bear favorable comparison with that of Apostles and Martyrs. It was, most literally, a period of sowing the seed in tears, and often of watering it with their blood. But they laid broad and deep the foundations upon which men of the present day are building and worthily building, too, in the main.

The Danish Missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, who began the work in India in the beginning of the eighteenth century, were men whose lives and character bear many marks of apostolic zeal and consecration. And theirs was a lonely and trying work. They had not only to endure the utter loneliness and privation of strangers in a strange, unfriendly land, but the hostility of Europeans, their own countrymen, who should have been their succorers and friends. They had not only to begin, single-handed and alone, an untried work among a heathen people, but to begin it with no idea of suitable and approved methods, feeling their way step by step, and learning as best they might, the hard and often painful lessons of experience.

They had, not only to learn the language of the natives

but—and this the missionaries who followed them for nearly a century had also to do—to translate the Scriptures into it for themselves, and then teach the people—many of them at least—to read before they could do very much effectively towards bringing them to a knowledge of the way of life; and, besides all this, endure the chill of the unsympathizing and worldly Christianity they had left behind.

A Christian king, Frederick IV. of Denmark, who ascended the throne in the year 1699, a man of true missionary zeal and consecration, was their chief dependence for temporal support, and the prayers and sympathy of the university from which they went, and, after a time, the generous sympathy of English Christians through their newly founded "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," their chief religious support. Of these, the earliest Protestant Missionaries to India, their biographer says:

"He," Ziegenbalg, "embarked at Copenhagen on the 20th of November, 1705, accompanied by Henry Plutschau, his worthy associate in the mission. The two young missionaries had a long and tedious passage, and arrived at Tranquebar on the Malabar coast, only on the 9th of July, 1706. No friendly hand was stretched out towards them; not one voice bade them welcome. As soon as it was known with what design they had come to India, they were mockingly advised to make all haste home again. Shunned by every one, and destitute of a lodging, they were forced to remain in the open street, under the burning rays of an Indian midsummer, until Mr. Aitrup, one of the Danish residents, took pity on their forlorn condition, and conducted them to a house in the outskirts belonging to one of his family. They had many trials and much discouragement, but they set themselves to learn the language and to work. They opened two schools, and in thirteen months from the time of their landing, they had built a church and opened it.

"In the face of much opposition from European residents, in which, contrary to his instructions, the Governor of the Colony joined, and notwithstanding many trials and difficulties connected with the mission itself, the missionaries met with great success in their work."

On the 23rd of February, 1719, Ziegenbalg died, at the early age of thirty six years. In the words of his biographer—"his fiery spirit 'fretted his body to decay.' The flame of his enthusiasm for his Master's work in India had exhausted his bodily strength in middle life. But the seed he had sown bore good fruit. Other laborers carried on his work, most of the men who were afterwards conspicuous for their toils and success in evangelizing India were connected with the Tranquebar mission. In 1806 a traveller visited this region and thus describes his visit:—"Tranquebar was the scene of the first Protestant success in India. Yesterday I visited the church built by Ziegenbalg. His body lies at one side of the altar, and that of his companion at the other. They laid the foundation of Christianity in India, and then departed. On the roll of India's benefactors no name stands higher, and few have rivalled Ziegenbalg in enthusiasm, in patience, in endurance, in wisdom, in self-denying love."

### A Few Friendly Words Familiarly Spoken.

"BE NOT FORGETFUL HEARERS, BUT DOERS OF THE WORD."

Long years ago, a young girl kept what she then called her common-place book, which contained "things

wise and otherwise" and the whole in its medley savor of the variety required in the old couplet, defining a bride's toilette,

"Something old and something new,  
"Something borrowed and something blue,"

though not without a certain use and benefit to the owner. At this common-place book rose to the writer's mental vision at the present time, she wondered if we might not be helped by some "common places" applied to our missionary work, even if these are more likely to contain "something old" than "something new." Let us then give heed to some plain-dealing common-places, concluding like the old fashioned sermons, with a few practical applications.

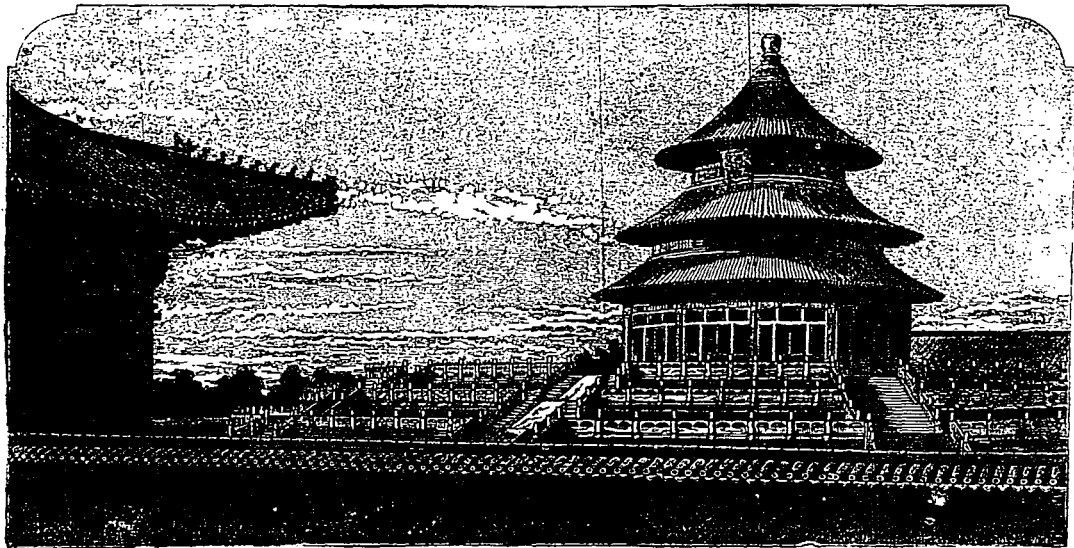
"Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
"Perhaps turn out a sermon!"

First,—the greatness of the missionary work itself,—and this might well include every other one of our common-places. But we mean especially how great it might be in its benefit to ourselves, and we so using it, and not rather thinking of the benefit we confer upon others by engaging in it? Is it of the full avail to us that so grand a cause may be? Are we so inspired by it that we feel thrilled at the very name of missions, and ready to respond from our hearts when our gifts, our sympathy, our prayers, are asked to advance the cause?

Have we begun our own education first, in the spirit and practice of self-sacrifice, which missionary work not only permits, but requires, and then are we transmitting that education to the children?

Resorting now to the "plain-dealing," must we not confess, that in this age, with all the facilities for charitable work of every kind, we really are not called to much unselfishness, or sacrifice, in any of our other outside interests? But in the missionary work, we allude entirely now to foreign missions, there are not before our very eyes the hungry to feed, the naked to clothe, the sick to visit, not even the poor for us to preach the gospel to them, except by proxy, (and we all know how much we should prefer to 'go' and do this, rather than stay at home and send others!) We are simply called of the Master to carry out His last command, and as one has forcibly said, "Christ committed His gospel not to paper, but to men" and women,—“Go ye into all the world,”—“Ye are the light of the world.” Of course every woman must not go, but every one can send, and just here is required that sacrifice, denial of our wants, to provide means for sending others. How much do any, or many, of us really feel what we give and do in our Missionary Societies, and if we are simply giving of that which costs us nothing, is this one interest which is peculiarly fitted to develop a full, free devotedness of our silver and gold to the Savior's call, working in us what it ought?

May we make a practical application to mothers on this head? Are the children being trained by Christian mothers so to love missionary work, that they will deny themselves in giving money to it? They seem to have life made easy to them on all sides, and would not a little "hardness endured" for so great a purpose, ripen their characters, and better fit them for future usefulness? Also should not the methods to interest children in this work begin with the mothers, for surely the mother-heart once won, would not fail to draw in her little ones. Do you say, "but the poor little things are so busy, they have no time to attend meeting?" "The poor little things" however, exhaust much time and



Temple of the Sun, Pekin.

strength on many occupations which profit little, and if you, dear mothers, would implant within them some of your own love and zeal for missions in their early days, and then make their meetings so bright that they will enjoy them, just as you make them delight in their Sunday above all other days, surely their health would not suffer from the occasional confinement of a pleasant missionary meeting.

Secondly,—what are we all doing to show we believe in so grand a work, beyond our sacrifices in gifts of money? A few common-places are very inadequate to meet the universal query—How can we make our meetings more interesting? But let us only mention them as the time is short. A large attendance is an important element of success, careful attention on the part of those present, earnest prayer by more than one voice, free participation in the exercises by a number of the audience, the programme being first carefully considered by the one in charge, and including a variety,—with if possible parts assigned previously. Each Society can best adapt to its own needs especial features, suited to its local habits and preferences. This is mere generalization, and in the plain-dealing to follow we present some details.

Are we all ready to take our own share in these meetings? Let us introduce Mrs. —, as not by any means a representative woman with whom we have to deal, but one we sometimes meet. "Dear Mrs. —, will you kindly offer prayer at our next meeting?" "Oh! I'd rather not." We don't reply, but we want to, "Of course you'd rather not, who wouldn't?" Not many have so far attained that they really would rather render such service. But do you remember the homely thrust in a certain story book, "we can't always have our d'rathers!" This is only a sample of the leader of a meeting, but dear friends, remembering that Christ "pleased not Himself," and "gave His life" for this cause, are we to draw back from our part in it, simply because of our preferences? The next time, Mrs. — is asked for intelligence from some mission-field, but she "did not expect to be called on, though the president of the Society always provided information for the meeting." If she were Miss —, we should be tempted to remind her of the "five foolish virgins"—who said "give us of your oil" but the wise answered "I 'not so." As no one supposes Mrs. — belongs to any of our Societies, we may criticize her to our heart's content, only be sure we do not "go and do likewise."

There are other means of sharing the cares and duties of a few heavily burdened ones, besides the above.

Does God count steps, do you think? If so, with what measure does he reckon the miles walked by some weary woman, first to secure a missionary to address a meeting, then to secure her accommodation afterwards, not to mention the further impossible effort to secure a day and an hour to suit every one. (Of course this same weary woman must be considered foolish for such an effort, weak she would undoubtedly admit herself, physically no Samson, and mentally not a Solomon.) Do you say, we never thought of these things? 'Tis true

"That evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart,"

but, dear friends, as Christian women, ought we to excuse ourselves for either of the wants in such a work? It is a singular fact that the weather is not always in accord with missionary meetings "it is not so, but so it looks," as rain, snow, heat or cold so often attend such an appointment. If these same extremes occur when

other engagements claim us, are they as noticeable? And if we brave them for a scene of mere pleasure, shall we claim a less return for our exertion in this higher service? And does any law hold good for the attendance of officers at such times, that is not equally binding on the other members of the Society?

Now for the practical application to mothers on this second head. We must make the children's meetings attractive to insure their attendance. But are their little gatherings always models of what might be called good meetings? It has been said that a child's pleasures are what a mother chooses to make them, therefore could not a pleasant missionary meeting be at the same time one to profit and instruct them? If the mothers should contribute their portion of effort to this end, better results would doubtless be witnessed by them and their children, and we could all take comfort in the prospect of a young generation arising to more than fill our places.

Will the court decide, as to whether this writing has turned out a song or a sermon? Probably it would be decreed a sermon, and perhaps a scolding one at that, and "pity 't is 't is true" that so it sounds, for such was not the writer's intention; rather by a common-place plain-dealing with some of our possible faults and failures, practically to apply them for our future benefit.

Let us so exalt this grand, noble work which connects us closely with such devoted women, working with us "for Christ's sake and the gospel's," on the mission-field, that it shall raise us to its level. Then shall it take us out of ourselves, and clothe us with His spirit who hath said "Whosoever"—(that means you, me, or anybody else)—"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow Me."

A. P. H.

[A leaflet published by the Woman's Board of Missions, Philadelphia.]

### "I Pray Thee Have Me Excused."

Oh, don't say that! Rather say those other beautiful, inspiring Bible words, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Lord, here am I, send me." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

How beautiful was Christ when he answered to the call for a Redeemer, "Lo, I come—I delight to do Thy will, O my God."

Suppose you should be called on to say a word at a missionary meeting, or lead in prayer. Suppose your part was needed and the meeting would suffer without it. Would you say, "I pray Thee have me excused," or would you remember that Jehovah put that very responsibility and dignity on you when he declared, "Ye are My witnesses,"?

Are you timid? There is a special promise for you in fulfilling this duty. It seems as if the Lord had you specially and personally in mind when he wrote (*Mal. iii., 16, 17*): "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. And they shall be Mine saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Do you ask, What shall I say? The Bible answers explicitly. "Mention the loving kindness of the Lord. Call on the name of the Lord. Keep not silence and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance. Ask and ye

shall receive." Say "come." Ask "bread." Nobody knows how sweet and fresh some Bible truth, old as the hills and monotonous as the law of gravitation, would sound, if you should give it a breath and send it out with a heart-beat. It might waken a sleeper, or touch a leper with healing, or turn the tide and flood some loitering, stranded soul into the harbor. It might even strike Goliath between the eyes, or scatter a million Ethiopians, or reveal Jehovah's legions, or call down fire from heaven? Oh, wonderful are the thoughts of God, and instinct with vital power, when breathed by human lips appointed to witness?

Speak for God, pray before others, don't be "excused." lend a hand!—*Woman's Work.*

### Peculiar People.

"How came you to be interested in our work?" was the question put to a sturdy Scotch laboring man. He had brought to the Mission Treasury from his savings the goodly sum of ten dollars, and it was a matter of no little interest how the Spirit of God had led this man to such a practical concern in the world's evangelization. Hence the question with which we began. And the answer—all the training of the schools could not have improved it—"Just being a Christian!" Well said, my good Scotch brother, that is coming at Missions in the natural way. "Just being a Christian!" Precisely so. He had read his New Testament straightforward, and kept his heart and conscience open to instruction. But why shouldn't "being a Christian" always mean just that? What hinders, that this must needs be thought peculiar? For it is. Can this inquiry be brought home to the conscience of such as, with equal or larger resources, have never so apprehended the meaning of their discipleship? Make this spirit universal and how speedily would the work of the world's evangelization go forward. Why not?

"What is the cost of sustaining a Missionary at one of your stations?" was the inquiry which followed the check of a business man for a generous sum. The question opened a correspondence upon the theme of Missionary substitutes. Result? He adopted a faithful Missionary to represent him in evangelizing a great people. A man to be envied is he. But why peculiar? He is, not so in wealth. There are thousands who are as well able as he to do this thing. Many, indeed, do give equivalent of this; but they are few, compared with those who are not fascinated with the idea of being represented abroad, in some one of the great centers of teeming life, where, just now, a man full of the love of Christ can reap while he sows. Not being able to go in person, man of affairs, whom God has blessed, why not send a substitute to witness for you? The man stands ready to go—shall he go *in your name*, for Christ's sake? Steward of God, this is one way to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness that, when ye fail, will receive you into everlasting habitations. Why not do this thing and make it less peculiar? Help to make it a common-place affair in this day of progress.

In a Western city a Mother's Meeting of the poor was organized and work given out for which they were paid by the charitable women of——Church, who sustained this labor of love. Within this company of the Lord's poor was organized another—"a Mother's Mite Society" of twenty-five. They met once a week to pray and bring their offerings—ten, five, three cents—to give the Gospel to those worse off than they, because struck through with

the poverty that is hardest to bear—the poverty of soul. The gifts of these poor women amounted, in a single year, to sixty-five dollars.

The New Testament repeats itself. Christ pronounces His benediction upon them as of old. They gave more than all besides. How fragrant this offering. How the lilies, stately brought, count up! Here are sixty-five dollars—an average of little less than three dollars apiece! Peculiar? Yes, indeed. Women, robed in silks and furs, with every luxury at command, by scores and hundreds, all far short of this, for the world's perishing millions! Muster the forces of the Church, rich and poor, after this fashion, and there need be no lack of funds for the Lord's work! Exceptional good sense presided in that Church Society, or they would have closed the hand of those poor women against the world. They preferred to help them to a well-rounded Christian womanhood; and see what comes of it! An example to all the Church of God.

"It is not much that the likes of me can do," said a plain but tidily dressed working woman, as she brought her annual subscription for the Missionary Magazine. Poor as she was, she hungered to know how prophecy was being fulfilled, and how it fared with the work that the Apostles began but did not finish. And so for many years she had been a subscriber for the Herald. "So then," she went on, "if I gets a fifty cents or a dollar I gives it." And calling up the large church, of which she is one of the lowly ones, and the Sacrament where the rich and poor meet together, she added—"Ladies beside me, elegantly dressed, sometimes throw in their ten cents; but no matter, I know for whom I am doing it." Best of all she knows for whom she does it, and there is no measuring of her duty by another's failure. It is always perilous getting away from this clear consciousness of personal relation to the Lord. "Others do so and so, why not I? It is no more my duty than the duty of others." Perilous ground, always, where many are snared and taken. But to do what is permitted us for Christ's sake, to leave our gift at His feet, and never to forget that it is to Him and for Him, who seeth in secret but rewardeth openly—this is blessed. How the Lord's simple ones get at the heart of the Lord's business.

"He used to draw up before the fire, when the chores were done, with the Bible, the American Messenger and the Missionary Herald, and read his fill," said a woman in mourning, of her husband whom God had recently taken to Himself. They were poor Scotch farming people of——. She held in her hand three shining pieces of gold, the savings of their frugal life of toil, which she laid down saying, "you may give me ten dollars; I will make it an even fifty"! It was the last of their joint offerings for the spread of the Gospel, and savory with the prayer of faith and faithfulness. It was worth while for this old Scotch farmer to read on, in the later records of the church, how the acts of the Apostles repeat themselves in these latter days. Probably he could not see why the people of Asia Minor in this day, should not be of as much interest to him as those whom Paul found there in his day; or why, if it is worth while to read the Acts of the Apostles eighteen centuries ago, it is not worth while to read the triumphs of the same Gospel, by the same Spirit, in the same lands, to-day. And not seeing, he took the Herald and the New Testament and brought the earlier and the later centuries together. The intelligent zeal of this godly couple consecrated the savings of their frugal life to the Lord. Hence these precious coins, the offering of the Spirit taught, to bring the world to Christ.

Peculiar people? Yes, but there is no patent on such peculiarities. It is permitted all the Lord's children to enter this goodly land of broad rivers and streams. Doubtless, each one of these would say, "I am an unprofitable servant." But what shall we say, if with equal or better opportunities, we fail to hear the commendation that falls on their ears. Would that all the Lord's people were emulous of SUCH PECULIARITIES.

—A leaflet by H. C. Haydn.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Cocanada.

*My Dear Mr. Newman*.—I am sending you a letter that was handed to me some month's ago by Mr. Williams who is laboring in connection with our work in Cocanada. Mr. McLaurin engaged him to assist in preaching and in looking after the work of others after Mr. Timpany's death. He is a very earnest Christian man, and loves to work for his master.

M. J. FRITH.

### Reminiscence of a Missionary.

In the year 1882, I was constrained to visit Ramatheerthaloo, in the Vizagapatam District, a noted place of pilgrimage, where from twelve to fifteen thousand of India's deluded sons annually resort to make their offerings to Rama (one of the most popular gods of the Hindu Pantheon) and to bathe in a large tank adjoining the temple there; under the impression that their sins would be washed away.

Accompanied by a Catechist and four Colporteurs, after putting up a prayer for help, we started to do battle with the Devil and his myrmidons, which latter for the sake of gain have recourse to a great many impostures to delude the ignorant masses—truly the Devil, thought I, has set up his Kingdom here, and thousands of poor deluded souls are being lured on to destruction. Taking a stand on the margin of the tank, and while a number of administrators were plunging men, women and children rapidly beneath its water, I exhorted the people not to trust to Rama, or to external ceremonials to wash away their sins; that the outward washing only cleansed the body, and that, though one bathed in the Ganges itself every day of his life, he would never change thereby. I further directed them to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood alone cleanseth from all sin, to plunge in that fontation filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins; and so have their sins washed away.

The camps of the pilgrims swarmed with imposters of every description all bent on victimizing the simple and unwary. Jugglers, fortune-tellers, byrages, gamblers, pick-pockets and fat and sleek-looking mendicants—one Kasee fellow in particular carried on a thriving business by exhibiting Vishnoo's Koorma avataram (Vishnu's 2nd incarnation as a tortoise) in a small circular box with glass cover. The little tortoise moved its head and feet so naturally that the vulgar crowd were fairly deceived. One glance convinced me as to the cheat. The tortoise was cut out artificially out of card board and painted to nature; underneath which a slender magnetic needle was concealed, and the whole poised on a pivot nicely balanced. In short the toy was constructed after the principle of the mariner's compass, and as the needle trembled or slightly oscillated, the head and feet being loosely connected, were free to move about; and thus

gave it all the appearance of a live tortoise. Oh! how I longed for an ordinary magnet to stop the oscillations of the needle, and thus dispel the illusion—the impostor I felt would have taken me for a wizard! Come all cried the man, Vishnu himself, in his incarnation of a tortoise. I could hold out no longer. With a look of indignation mingled with pity, I remonstrated with him, when confessing to the cheat, the man took himself off in hot haste. I was surprised at the audacity and ease with which this awful fellow succeeded in duping his victims with his unholy traffic in the name of religion. These Kasee men exhibit other pictures, such as Rama and Seetha, etc., with flat magnets having their poles reversed or *vice versa*, with the object of establishing the fact that Seetha prefers Rama to Ramanabrahma. I hope to expose the cheat when an opportunity offers itself.

On this occasion Rama, in the shape of a silver idol, together with the jewels used to adorn him, the property of the Ramatheertha temple, were carried away by a couple of wily Brahmins and a barber (caste sinks into insignificance where money is concerned!) who melted Rama and contrived to raise 500 R's. on him. The thieves were apprehended by the then indefatigable and well-known Police Inspector Jiddi Soouder Row Puntuler of Viganagram, and brought to justice. This circumstance, which is only one of many, occasionally occurring in India, is surely sufficient to show up the folly of Rama's worshippers.

The above affords a clear, but mournful picture of the gross delusions, which still hold in captivity the native mind of India; notwithstanding the fervent servants of the Lord, sustain the hope, that the gospel, which is now so extensively preached in the land of idolatry and superstition, may ere long prove to many of its yet benighted inhabitants, the power of God unto salvation.

J. M. W.

SAMULCOTTA.

### Samulcotta Students.

DEAR LINK.—We sent Mrs. Dadson the names of some new students, hoping there are yet more Bands and Sunday Schools which will be glad to have a Seminary boy of their own to give and pray for. Mr. McLaurin would like, had he time, to introduce to you these new comers, but as he cannot just now write them up, allow me to present them, though but to give you the merest glances. First the married people.

*Vartu David and Wife*. David is perhaps older than any other on this list. He was Preacher under Mr. Timpany for some time. He has been a useful man, and we hope, will be more so after he has a couple of years training. His complexion is fair, so is his standing as a student. He is very happy to have this opportunity to study God's word, and we are glad to have him among us. His wife, Susannah is a nice smiling body, the mother of a couple of little ones. She is learning to read with commendable industry.

*Badda Uarlu and Wife*.—U. used to be one of Miss Frith's bearers and was faithful in exercising himself for the edification of the men in the street, while his mistress was teaching the women in the zenanas. He has been known to us for years as a steady faithful Christian man. He learned to read some way while in employment in Cocanada, and was very anxious to be tried as a student. He is doing well, has a mind to work and fair ability. Rhoda his wife, attends classes also, is a tidy good natured woman.

*Panthakani Sriberayedu and Wife*.—S. was in our



school in Cocanada in the early days of the mission. Then he was rather a wild boy, now has been married, and farming for years. He never however, quite lost his desire to be a preacher, and at his earnest request is now here under preparation for gospel work. His is the dullest woman we have—cannot read and cannot—I had almost said—learn. However, Martha is making mighty attempts at it, and if she keeps on will doubtless some day win the distinction of being able to read a book!

**Rapakaur Duerkaddass.**—Is one of the most prompt and capable boys in the school. He learns easily and recites fluently, does well, anything he puts his hand or mind to. He is a well grown youth of 16 or so, and is already well advanced as a scholar. His walk has been consistent since he was baptised a few years ago, but he will need special grabe to withstand an unchristian father's influence, who we fear, may want him to aspire to something higher (?) than mission work. He says his desire is to preach the gospel. The Band which takes Duerkaddass must pray for him that he be kept true to this purpose.

**Dhalavai Doradaas.**—Came lately from Rangoon. His father is a preacher in the American Baptist Mission there. This is their native soil, and the family will likely make their home here. D. is a nice looking gentlemanly boy about 17, is a good scholar and a good Christian. We very much hope he will remain on this side the Bay and become a worker in our mission.

**Morta Cornelius.**—Is 14 I presume (they never know their own age, Christian parents now a days, if they can write and have a Bible, enter the date of their children's birth) and is just as bright and sharp as you would care to have a boy. He is industrious, learns rapidly, and can use well what he knows. He is rather small for his age, good looking, a great singer and a good boy. He comes from one of our good, solid Christian families.

**Palipa Ramaswony.**—Is a new boy from Mr. Craig's field, is 13 or so, has a brother Luke Sera who is a protégé of the Parliament Street S. S. Toronto. R. is a smiling round faced boy who is giving his teachers good satisfaction in every way. He is not so quick as some but what he knows he knows.

**Thusrull Isaac.**—Is not a stupid boy exactly, yet it would be impossible to praise him, conscientiously, as a student. However, he is only a beginner and young at that. He may yet, as some of the at first unpromising ones have done before, surprise us by developing an amount of intellect of which we do not now suspect him.

**Baaragili Samuel.**—Comes from a distant part of the Akidu field, he is a grown youth of manly size and bearing. Is fair in color and a quiet, steady, good fellow. He is doing very well at his studies.

**Nakka David.**—Is the least of the 7 Davids in the school. We receive no student under 13 years of age, so he must be that at least. He came in October and is only beginning to show what is in him. At first he just worried along with his lessons and gave most of his attention to having a good time. It having been borne in upon him (by sundry ways and means) that to be a student in the Seminary means work, he is now conducting himself more in accordance with that fact. And these are all. They think it very fine and delightful thing to be cared for personally by you far away friends who not having seen, yet love them, and this exhibition of your interest helps them, I think, to realize God's love towards them. We will be glad soon to have the pleasure of telling them that they are all taken up for support.

Samulcoota, 15th January, 1886.

M. B. McL.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

DEAR LINK,—The first thing to be done this month is to correct what I said in my last letter with regard to the Mission Band in Grenville Street Church, Halifax. Instead of twenty-five dollars (25.00) for Foreign Missions, with which I credited them, they had sent in to the treasury fifty dollars (50.00). The Mission Band will please excuse the mistake this time.

The quarterly meeting of the Women's Aid Societies of Halifax and Dartmouth met with the North Church on the first Tuesday of this month. We had hoped to have had Sister Churchill with us, but were disappointed, the meeting however was a very interesting one, and we trust brought honour to the Lord of Missions. Letters from our missionaries reported all well, and full of work. Miss Wright appears to be steadily improving in health, though the heat still affects her, but in time she hopes to conquer this.

The secretary of the Central Board read a letter from the secretary of the W. M. A. Society of Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co. stating that their society had met monthly during the past year whenever the weather had permitted; the meetings had always been interesting and profitable; those who had attended regularly expressed a renewed and increased interest in mission work. One new member had been added during added during the year, four removed. The present membership was sixteen, and the amount collected during the year \$8.25. Is not what our sister says true of all our societies, it is the regular attendants whose interest in missions is "renewed and increased." The old promise is still good, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

From Mrs. Archibald, secretary of the W. M. A. Society of the North Church, Halifax, we have the following report: "On Monday evening, 1st February, we had a very interesting missionary entertainment under the auspices of our W. M. A. Society. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were with us, and exhibited a number of curiosities; Mr. Churchill interested the audience for nearly an hour in describing the use of each article, and also gave a great deal of information on the life and customs of the Telugus. Four of our young people were dressed in native costume, Mrs. Churchill describing the dress of each. A missionary dialogue was given, some of the characters being dressed in the costume of the natives. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill sang, in Telugu, and several missionary hymns were sung by the choir during the evening. One striking feature was the beautiful needle work shewn us, which had been done by the *men* of India, while the poor degraded women were perhaps standing in the water planting rice. Oh that the day may be hastened when our dark-browed sisters may be elevated to at least an equality with their fathers, husbands and brothers."

Some of your readers will be interested in reading Mrs. Manning's half yearly financial statement of our Women's Missionary Union for these provinces, it is as follows:

Received from Nova Scotia .....	\$497 11
"    "    "    New Brunswick .....	374 11
"    "    "    P. E. Island .....	68 09
	<hr/>
	\$920 82
From Mission Bands and S. Schools .....	\$128 14
	<hr/>
Total for 1st and 2nd quarters.....	\$1057 96

The following persons have been constituted life members during the past quarter—Mrs. J. E. Goucher, Truro; Mrs. Lyman J. Walker, Truro; Mrs. D. Green, Windsor; Mrs. M. W. Williams, Wolfville; Mrs. Josiah Lingley,

Sackville; and we might do so much more. This may catch the eye of some sister, in whose church there is no Mission Band, whose Sunday School is giving nothing to this cause, which is so dear to the heart of the children's Friend. Will not that sister set to work *at once* to interest the school in our foreign work? It is easily done: there must be many of our schools who are not contributing at all. To our shame be it spoken! "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," seems as though it must have been meant originally to be applied to this subject. Any way, teach the children to give, and there will be no difficulty with the men and women. Wake up sisters, the half year is gone, let the other half bear more fruit. We must be up and doing if we would have a rich harvest. A.E.J.  
Darnouth, N. S.

### News from Circles.

PAISLEY—DEAR LINK—We have never told you anything about our Home-Foreign Circle since we organized. We held our first meeting January 1885, and although we did not have any idea how the Circles were conducted, we succeeded well. Our membership at the close of the year numbered forty-three, and we raised about forty-eight dollars. We took the *Link* and *Gospel in all Lands*. Commenced an autograph mission quilt, and have raised over twelve dollars on it. In November we organized a Mission Band, and have fifty-two members, we call ourselves the "Cheerful Workers," and intend holding a public meeting in February, and hope we may be able to do something for the Master's cause in far off India.

A MEMBER.

FULLARTON.—DEAR LINK.—The Foreign Mission Circle organized here last July has prospered very well. We have now organized into a Home and Foreign Circle with thirteen members.

M. J. MARTYN, Sec.

Fullarton, Feb. 1st, 1886.

### Cheltenham.

DEAR MRS. NEWMAN:—We wish your paper every success. Many of us have enjoyed the visits of the LINK ever since our Circle was formed, and we are pleased to state that this year we have quite a number more subscribers.

We feel greatly encouraged in our work; a flame for missions has been kindled amongst us. Our membership is larger, and our meetings well attended. We have begun a mission quilt, and have formed a Home Mission Circle separate from the Foreign. We had them combined before giving one-half of the Foreign to Home; but it was thought advisable to start a Home Circle—each giving what she felt she could give.

Our Mission Band which was formed by Mrs. Dadson in October with the membership of twelve, has increased to forty-six. At our last meeting Mrs. Mitchell proposed giving the children sacks containing sweet-meats now and then to keep the smaller children interested in coming, which the children were all greatly delighted with.

Oh! that each one would feel their indebtedness to God. Some have been called away who were laborers in the Master's vineyard, and while on their death-beds had a longing desire to work. Oh may we who are spared work while 'tis called to-day, for the night cometh when no "man can work."

"No work to do!

Look up! and see,  
The fields already white;  
No longer sit with folded hands  
And waste God's precious light.

Behold! the harvest draweth near  
Arouse thee, from thy sleep;  
For what thou sowest, shalt appear  
When thou shalt come to reap."

S. HAINES, Sec

February 23rd, 1886

2ND MARKHAM—DEAR LINK.—It is time you should hear something of what the ladies of the 2nd Markham M. C. are doing. During the last month we received Mrs. McMaster's address bearing on Home Missions which was read at our last meeting. The sisters agreeing to take up the work we did so there and then. A number of the ladies volunteered to give \$1 a year, others whatever they could, by some extra effort, or if need be by some personal sacrifice. A beginning with which I was well pleased. I feel that we are just getting a-hold of the right end of the work when we take up Home Missions as it is the source from which we must gather our material for foreign work. May He who has so abundantly blessed the Foreign Mission, in like manner bless the Home. What pleasure there is working for the Master. How sweet to be in His service.

MRS. N. M. BAKER.

CORNWALL Ont.—I am glad to be able to say that the interest in mission work—both Home and Foreign, is deepening and widening in our little Church and "Circle," and our Sunday School scholars are enthusiastic over the work.

Yours sincerely,

JENNIE MACARTHUR.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

#### The Lost Mite-Box.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas Eve had come once more. All day long the snow had been falling, until now the earth was covered with a mantle of white "and the trees looked like white corals, like blooming almond branches." Dorothy Grey and her friend Nellie Stowe were hurrying homeward in the twilight, their arms full of Christmas gifts.

"What a delightful Christmas Eve! I'm so glad it snowed. I don't half enjoy Christmas without snow," said Dorothy.

"Yes, it makes it ever so much pleasanter, and the decorations in the church will look prettier than ever by contrast with the snow outside," answered Nellie.

"Didn't we have a good missionary meeting this afternoon?" she continued, "and aren't these dear little mite-boxes?"

On top of their numerous packages each girl carried a little pink paper box (the mite-boxes referred to by Nellie), which had been given them by the president of their mission band at their meeting in the afternoon. As she distributed them she said that as their next meeting would be the beginning of the new year they would try raising money by the mite-boxes instead of entertainments, as they had done heretofore. Each member was to drop into her box during the year as much as she felt able and willing to give, not hesitating even if it required some sacrifice on the part of the giver; and at the end of the year they would bring "all their tithes into the storehouse," and she hoped not one box would come

back empty. She also suggested that as the next day was Christmas, the birthday of the Saviour, whose last great command they as a little society were trying to obey, each one should drop into her box in the morning a Christmas offering to Him. The members of the band were very much pleased with the new plan, and each promised to do what she could.

"Oh, look, what a lovely tree!" said Dorothy, and they stopped before a brilliantly lighted window with many exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Dorothy, it is almost dark," said Nellie, looking around. "We ought not to have stopped;" and away they went through the gathering gloom. But Dorothy had left one of her Christmas gifts behind. While admiring the tree her little pink box had fallen off into the snow, and in her hurry she did not miss it. Not until she had reached her own room, laid aside hat and cloak, spread her gifts upon the bed and called her mother in to admire them, did she find that her precious mite-box was gone.

"Oh, dear! I'm so sorry," she said to her mother. "I don't see how I could have been so careless, and I do want it so much. I saved two dollars this afternoon to put in it as a Christmas gift in the morning, and now my box is gone."

"I'm sorry, too," said her mother; "but it can't be helped now! I hope some one will find it. Perhaps the little box has a mission to accomplish, although we may never hear of it again. You can tell the president of your loss and ask her for another."

"My little mite-box a mission to accomplish! How funny!" said Dorothy. "I wish it had; but no one will ever find it; it will be tramped in the snow and lost; but I will give my money to the president to-morrow and tell her how sorry I am." With this remark she turned to her other gifts, and in admiring them the mite-box was forgotten for the time.

Scarcely were the girls out of sight when a man came plodding along through the snow-drifts; his foot struck something; he glanced down, and seeing a little pink object in his path, stopped and picked it up. "Somebody's Christmas gift; but not of much value I should judge; only a little paper box," he said to himself, and seemed about to drop it in the snow again, but changed his mind and put it in his overcoat pocket instead.

It was rather a cheerless-looking home to which Mr. Ellis, the richest man in the village, came on this Christmas Eve. He didn't believe in Christmas festivities; he had not heartily believed in anything except making money, since his idolized boy and girl had been taken from him many years before. Shaking the snow from his coat, he left it in the hall and went into the dining-room, where his wife was waiting for him. After tea he went to his overcoat for his evening paper, and there came across the little pink mite-box again. Taking it into the room, he said, "Some child lost one of its Christmas gifts in the snow and I found it; let us see what it is." He held it up, looked at the picture on the side, read the texts, and said, "Some church affair, I suppose. I see it has 'Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church' printed on one side—a new way of begging for foreign missions; quite unique indeed. This must be for the benefit of the young people, for I see 'Young Ladies' Band' written on it." He tossed it carelessly on the table at his side and opened his paper.

After reading awhile he looked up and said to his wife, "By the way, I got a Christmas gift, to-day. Sam Jones came in and paid me a hundred dollars which he bor-

rowed ten years ago; I hadn't the slightest expectation of ever getting one cent of it. He paid it in gold, too," he continued, as he laid twenty gold pieces, five dollars each, upon the table.

"You might put one of them in the little box," suggested Mrs. Ellis, timidly.

"Haven't I told you often enough that I didn't believe in foreign missions? There are heathen enough at our own doors; and didn't I tell those women when they came here begging for money and wanting you to join their society that I didn't believe in their work, and never one cent should they have from me?" As he concluded he brought his hand down on the table with a vigor which made the gold ring, and turned to his paper again.

Mrs. Ellis sighed, and soon rose and left the room. Mr. Ellis read on. Time passed, and it was growing late, when he raised his eyes from his paper in amazement, for the room was ablaze with light, and coming towards him in the brightness was a little figure clad in pure white. As she came nearer he saw the golden curls and sweet face of his darling little daughter Margie. He held out his arms to her, but she went to the table, without seeming to notice him, and taking down the little mite-box turned and held it up before him, saying, softly, "For Jesus' sake." Then the room seemed full of childish voices, and looking down he saw a great number of little children kneeling around Margie with hands outstretched towards him. Strange, foreign-looking little creatures—almond-eyed children from China and Japan, dark-eyed maidens from the banks of the Ganges, swarthy African children, dainty Persian and Syrian maidens, brilliant little Spaniards, and last, a group of Indian children, all crying, "Help us, we are perishing, starving for the bread of life."

Then Margie held the box closer, saying, "A Christmas gift for Jesus, papa." He hesitated a moment. Hadn't he said he never would give a cent for foreign missions? But it was Margie who asked for it now. He reached over, lifted one of the gold pieces and dropped it into the box, saying, "Well, Margie, I will give five dollars for your sake."

"Not for my sake, papa; for Jesus' sake, and in his name;" and she turned the end of the box on which the text was printed towards him.

"Well, daughter, are you satisfied?" he asked. But Margie shook her head and smilingly held the box still closer, and the children pressed nearer, crying, "Help! Help!"

"What not yet?" he said, and reached for another piece and dropped it into the box. "Ten dollars; will that do?"

Margie only smiled in answer, and still held the box before him, and the children still cried, "Help! Help! Help! we are perishing. He dropped in another piece, saying, half angrily, "Fifteen dollars! not another penny shall you have." But Margie never moved, and still the cry of the children rang in his ears. What, must he give it all? Will nothing else satisfy them? Well, then, for Margie's sake, he would. But Margie again shook her head and said, "No, not for my sake; for Jesus' sake, and it must be offered willingly to the Lord."

"Yes, offered willingly," echoed the children. Mr. Ellis could endure no more. He caught up the remaining seventeen pieces and dropped them, one after another, into the box, saying, "You have conquered, Margie, and—and it is offered willingly unto the Lord. May his blessing go with it!" Margie's face grew radiant, and a shout of joy went up from the heathen children,

while a band of angels, unseen witnesses, flew heavenward, singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

The brightness faded. Mr. Ellis started up; the fire had burned low, and the clock was striking twelve. Where was Margie? Was it possible he had only been dreaming? But there, on the table was the mite-box, and beside it the hundred dollars; they at least were a reality, and he resolved that part of his dream should become so too. Taking the box in his hand he lifted one piece of gold and dropped it in, saying, "It shall be your Christmas gift, Margie, and I give it for Jesus' sake;" then another piece followed, and another, until the twenty pieces were all in; then he turned out the light and retired for the night.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. The sun burst forth and the storm was over. All nature seemed to rejoice. Mr. Ellis rose early; the visions of the night was still before him, and he could not rest. Margie still seemed near him, and he wanted to see that "her little mite-box," as he called it now, was safe. Mrs. Ellis was surprised to find him holding it in his hand when she came down stairs, but still more surprised, and oh, how happy, when he told her his dream and what he had done; but she was to be made still happier, for as Mr. Ellis rose from the breakfast-table he dropped a ten dollar bill into her lap, saying "A Christmas gift,—and I think you had better join the Woman's Missionary Society to-day," and that was not all, for as she was starting for church he joined her, and said he believed he would go too, as it was Christmas day and it had been a long time since he attended church.

Very pretty the little church looked in its Christmas dress. So thought teachers and scholars as they assembled for Sabbath school. Happy faces were seen, and merry Christmas greetings were heard on every side. Only Dorothy Grey looked a little sad as she told the president of the band about her lost mite-box; but the cloud on her face was soon to be dispelled, for just before the closing exercises the superintendent held up a little package, saying, "Here is something I found on my desk when I came into the school this morning. On it is written, 'A Christmas gift for the Young Ladies' Band!'"

How excited the members of the band became as they heard the announcement—a Christmas gift for the Band! What could it be? Who could have sent it? As soon as the school closed they gathered around the superintendent's desk, and could scarcely wait while the president, with hands trembling with eagerness, unwrapped the mysterious package. What exclamations of surprise and delight were heard when they saw the box and its contents!

"One of our mite-boxes!" "Where did it come from?" "Gold!" "One hundred dollars?" "Oh? Oh? Oh?" "Did you ever hear of anything like it?" Then Dorothy, who had been looking on in silent astonishment, burst forth: "I do believe it is my lost mite-box! So it did have a mission to accomplish; how wonderful?"

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," said the superintendent, softly.—*Selected.*

### Our Missionary Band Prayer Meeting.

Last Saturday afternoon the "Cheerful Gleams" of Ottawa held their regular meeting. The room was crowded with happy children of all ages. Boys and girls entering their teens, and wee tots in their mothers'

arms. The President had arranged a very good programme. Songs, recitations and dialogues followed in quick succession. The hour passed pleasantly away, proving of real use to many present.

But it is of one reading, and its result that I wish to tell the boys and girls who read this paper. An older friend of the Band had been requested to attend and give an address. She had been somewhat puzzled as to what she should talk about this time. Our Gleaners meet so regularly and work so cheerfully in all seasons that they did not need to be urged to attend the meetings. Successful public entertainments are given now and then in the evening for the benefit of older friends who cannot attend the afternoon meetings. No collection is taken or admission fee charged, but a silver plate waits most invitingly just inside the door for gifts from all who wish to contribute, and this plate never waits in vain. The members of the Band take part in the songs and recitations or readings, each doing his or her best to make the meetings successful.

But as this older friend was wondering just what special thought to bring before the children that day she found in a newspaper a story some of you may have seen. It was called "How our Mission Band learned to pray," and was an account of a short prayer meeting held by the members of a Mission Band at one of its regular meetings. The President had talked earnestly to the children about using their voices for the master in another way than singing and reciting. Then she asked three little girls to lead in short prayers. But Bessie and her two little friends had never prayed aloud except at their mother's knee. They are not afraid to go with all their hearts to our Father in Heaven asking for His promised blessing, but they were afraid to let their little friends on earth hear their petitions to the King of Kings. So there was perfect silence in the room until the President prayed herself as usual. Afterwards she asked that each member present before the next meeting would think of one thing she wanted of the Lord, and be ready with one sentence containing this petition. A good many of these sentence prayers would make a Mission Band prayer-meeting. Going home the girls talked it over. Words came easily enough then, and each resolved in her heart to be ready for the next meeting. You will not need to be told what a happy time they spent when they met again, or how earnestly the little sentences, uttered by faltering lips sometimes, went up to the loving Father.

So our gleaners listened eagerly to this account of another Band, and it formed a good text for a practical application suggesting that we might have such a prayer-meeting. The President immediately asked how many would be willing to take part in such sentence-prayers. A pause followed—then one hand went slowly up—another—another—until the President had counted thirteen, chiefly those of the older members of the Band. So she said next time we would have a short programme first and then a prayer-meeting. But while singing a hymn a little note was handed to her asking that we should wait ten minutes longer, and have a few little prayers before we went to our homes. Oh, it was good to hear so many new voices asking blessings of the Lord for themselves and others! Several of the older members of our Band, since this New Year began have given their whole hearts to the dear Saviour, and are trying to live for Him. If all our Mission Bands would think over this matter and let their thoughts turn to actions what good meetings would be held! If our boys and girls are praying as well as giving the Foreign

Mission Board will have a still better report at the end of this year. If we are really in earnest, there is a wonderful power in prayer.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

[The story referred to, "How our Mission Band learned to pray," was published in the October *Link*. We hope to hear of other Bands who have tried the plan. Ed.]

### The Child's Prayer.

Sweet Gracie, the light of the household,  
Hath knelt in the twilight hour,  
Commending the friends that she loveth  
To the Father's keeping power.  
Not one of her pets is forgotten,  
Her kitten, her dog and doll,  
But deeper in meaning the favor  
She asks while the shadows fall

"Now, the old black cat, wilt Thou bless her?  
The cat with the great green eyes,  
That wanders alone in our garden  
I'm sad when I hear her cries."  
The mother looked down on her darling,  
The child of her tender care,  
And told her she need not remember  
All cats in her evening prayer.

The bright face grew earnest and thoughtful,  
And clouded with strange surprise,  
But the light of a child's true instinct  
Flashed out from the sparkling eyes  
And straightway she questioned if her mother—  
"Well, now, will you please to say,  
If I did not think of the black cat,  
Who else for its good would pray?"

Ah Gracie had mastered the lesson  
We tardily come to heed;  
But always there wait for our footsteps  
Earth's lowliest one's in need  
"Who else," if we turn from their pleading,  
Will unto their rescue spring?  
"Who else?" to the feet of the Master  
Those sheaves for the harvest bring?

There are sorrowing hearts to cherish,  
"Who else" will the tear drops dry?  
"Who else" will be friends to the friendless  
While the fleeting years go by?  
At last, when our service is ended,  
How sweet will his greeting be,  
"Forasmuch as for these ye labored,  
Ye have done it unto me."

*Selected.*

### Faith in Action.

A poor little street-girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital. While there, she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered: "I'm having real good times—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gets well; but I'll

take the good time along—some of it anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "[I know—Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did?" I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "bout Jesus bein' born"?  
—Faithful Witness.

### Looking Back

Ah! five-and-twenty years ago, had  
I but planted seeds of trees,  
How now I should enjoy their shade,  
And see their fruit swing in the breeze!

From ALGER'S "Oriental Poetry."

### ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

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