

## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Once a good man left his home and friends to be a missionary in India.

I will tell you about one journey he took in the Telugu country. Near the town of Peberri, a number of people came out to meet him. He told them he had some wonderful books in his saddle-bags, and would go into their town and tell them good news. So standing on a platform near the gate of the town, he preached about Jesus and Heaven. Then he took out his Bibles and sold or gave them all away. Still the people wanted more, and said "Give me a book about God. Give me a book about God. Take all the money you want, but do give me a book." The good man told them he had no more with him, but had sent a cart load on before, and if they would overtake this cart he would give them more. So five men were sent off to bring back more Bibles. After the missionary had answered questions, and told the people more about Jesus, he rode away after the cart. But he heard a horse coming behind him, and saw the rajah or king all dressed in gold cloth and jewels, with a turban full of jewels on his head. He asked, "Are you the man that has been in my town this morning with new books, and telling strange things? Are your stories true? Is there a Saviour who can save us from our sins? Where can I find him? Tell me all about it?"

So as they rode along together, the king learned about Jesus, and the way to heaven. When they came up to the cart the king said, "Now give me a copy of every book you have about this news; I will pay all you ask." One box after another was opened. He took up a large book asking, "What is this?" "That is the true Veda or Holy Book, in the Telugu language." "Give me that book." Then taking up another he said, "What is this one?" "The New Testament, in Hindustani." "Give me that one; too." And so the king went on until he had bought the Bible in five or six different languages. The missionary said, "But you do not need all those books. The big Telugu book tells the same things word for word. These are just in different languages. You had better take one, only." "No," he said, "If you were here all the time to answer my questions, one might do; but when I read one book, I may not quite understand. Then I will read another and compare them; then another, and another, until I have read them all. The words may be written a little differently, and I can understand better by having them all. I do not care how much money they cost, but let me take each one." So he paid for the books and said good bye. Then the men who had been sent from the town came, and for two hours longer asked questions about this good news. Then they took their books and went back. The missionary rode off, and after five months reached his mission-home. He was taken sick with a disease, caught in the jungles, and for three years heard no more about the people of Peberri. But he often prayed for them, and God answered his prayers. One day a traveller visited him. He had stayed all night at Peberri, on his journey. The king sent a message to him like this: "Stranger, you have come a long way. Have you ever met people called Christians?" When he answered "Yes, I am a Christian myself," the king was very glad, and asked "Do you know a white man who came this way three years ago, with books, telling of a Redeemer called Yesu Kristu?" (The Telugu for Jesus Christ). When the stranger said yes, and that he would pass the mission-house in another month or two, the king sent messages like these: "Tell that good man we do not worship idols now. The books he gave us are read aloud in my palace every day. We kneel and pray to Yesu Kristu, and He has forgiven our sins. Tell the good man we hope to meet him in Heaven by-and-by, and will tell him how we were saved, by the books he brought us."

So, boys and girls, the money the Christians send over the ocean to buy Bibles, and to send

men to preach about Jesus, is doing a great work. Our money, if given for Jesus' sake, will help in this work of saving souls. God will bless our gifts if we love Jesus Christ as our Saviour.

SISTER BELLE.

## Satan's Yoke.

The *Presbyterian Record* for August contains the following deeply interesting letter from Mr. Douglas of Indore to Prof. McLaren of Toronto:—

Gungaghir was born a paramhaus a brahman of the fourth, or highest order in the village of Bhilwara, near Hardwar, North West Province. At the age of fourteen he was married to a youth of his own caste whom he tenderly loved. In early manhood he held under government the office of darogah. After the birth of his only son his wife died. This to his ardent temperament was a severe blow, that gave direction to his whole subsequent career. He at once abandoned the world and became a wandering devotee or *fagir*. In this calling his great energy of mind and body found ample scope. He determined to reach the highest position in this order of religious teachers—a position which his birth entitled him to hold. The process of acquiring the title of "Swami" or highest, in the order of Sanyasi *fagir* we have learned from his own lips on different occasions, and it is certainly strange to our ways of thinking. (1.) For the first four months he ate no *Salt*. (2.) *Swinging* in the *smoke*. This lasted for five months. Last year we personally witnessed the process in the native City of Poona. A fire of manure from the sacred bull is kindled. The devotee is hung up by the feet so that in a swinging motion his head each time passing through the smoke brushes the flame. The time spent in this position is determined by the time occupied in the consumption of the fuel. (3.) Then followed his concealment in the earth for six months. A hole is dug in the earth, and all is enclosed but a small opening to admit the air. Here in a living grave he spent his time in reflection, not seeing the sun or the face of human-kind. At the dead hour of midnight he came out like a frog from the earth to receive the food which was religiously placed for his use. (4.) The next is communion with the river god (*gunga*). Each night from twelve to four in the morning he stood to the waist in the river Ganges. This was continued also for six months, and served the double purpose of washing away his sins and imitating Brahm in his wakefulness. (5.) *Sitting* in the presence of the dead. This also was practised on the banks of Ganges during the night season, and for the period of one year. After various other acts of self-mortification, such as painting the body with the ashes of the dead, remaining silent, &c., he received the title of *Swami*. This word means the Highest, or the deity, and after this he was worshipped as God. On the day of his baptism at our mission room a brahman of rank took him by the feet in our presence, and said, "Thou art god, and beside thee there is no God." This was resented and its utter absurdity shown. After receiving the above title he wandered perpetually; never remaining more than three days in one place. His habit was not to enter the villages, but to take his position under some tree near by, and kindle a fire of whatever he could gather. He asked for nothing, but demanded everything to satisfy nature. He carried neither purse nor scrip. No one dared to deny, as all believed him to be god, and that his word would send them to Gehannum, or perdition. He literally abandoned the world, money, friends, yea all earthly attachments; his favorite adage being that "Water to be pure must flow."

During last year he received a copy of the New Testament from a native catechist at Shausee. He reads and quotes Arabic, Fajabi, Urdu, and Hindi; but Urdu is his language. Before this he had heard missionaries preach but "his heart paid no attention." He took to reading the *Book* and he read almost night and day for eight months, till he became fully convinced of the truth of Christ's claims, and the efficacy of prayer. From the time he came to us from the jungle we had no doubt of his having been taught of the Spirit. He asked to read and study with me, saying that if his faith was like mine, then he wished to be baptized, because he was a Christian at heart. At first he was nervous, restless, and much excited in appearance, but evidently a person of unusual ability. A condensation of power either for good or for evil. We made no attempts to control him, but simply treated him kindly and gave him as much Bible instruction as possible. Night after night we spent in the study of the living word that quickeneth. His faith in it was and is still beautifully simple. The book settles all questions. He accompanied me daily in the village work. His addresses were often eloquent, and

abounded with parable, and illustration. His testimony for Christ was most decided in the presence of lawyer and judge, the King and his subjects. On approaching a village at early dawn he said, "Sahib, if all this be true in the word then we ought to go to these people *weeping*. They should come out, and ask us why we weep, and then we should tell them of our sins, and God's salvation." Frequently he remarked with much feeling, "I have been a great sinner, I took away the glory of God; allowing the people all these years to worship me as God. No one could commit a greater sin than that." We baptized him with two others on the second of February last. He is now happy and full of work for God. He thus expressed his own realization of the change, "I came among you as a beast from the jungle, but now I am a man, and happy." "I will never leave the Sahib that led me into the way of truth." The *Editor* of the "*Indian Antiquary*," after hearing his address to a company of Brahmans who from Oojein had come to visit us, remarked, "that man, with the divine blessing may do more for his fellow-countrymen than any ten European Missionaries. He speaks with a power and from an eminence among Hindu people that they can never reach."

## Our Duty.

FOR THE LINK.

Hark! the sound for help is coming  
Far across the dark blue seas;  
And our brother's voices calling,  
Come, and aid the gospel feast.  
Hath our Father who's in heaven  
Fed us with the children's bread?  
Shall we see our neighbours starving,  
And not give to them our aid?

Shall our hearts grow cold and harden'd  
When we get a full supply?  
Shall no voice of pity waken  
In our souls a humane cry?  
When the Master of the harvest  
Comes to gather in His grain,  
Shall His labourer's be found idle,  
Not a talent then to bring?

Rouse, ye winds of might, in mercy  
Let the Master's voice be heard:  
Go! to all the world declaiming  
The commandments of the Lord:  
Haste, O haste! the word proclaiming,  
To the dying sons of men—  
That they ready make to meet Him,  
When He comes to earth again.

Look, behold! He comes from glory  
And the heavens backward fold.  
While the earth's arrayed before Him,  
He eternally unfolds.  
They whose work shall stand the testing,  
And who laboured not in vain,  
Shall the King of Kings receive them,  
Gathered in as living grain.

Strathroy, Ont.

LYDIA.

Among the Telugus the Baptist Missionaries confidently anticipate another and still greater accession of converts.—*Miss News*.

Of the 120,000 inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, where cannibalism and heathen cruelty and wickedness prevailed, over 102,000 are regular attendants at Wesleyan chapels, and many of the remainder are members of other Christian churches.

## WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST, ONT.

Receipts from Oct. 26th to Nov. 27th.

Mrs. Arkell, Teeswater, \$2; Mrs. F. Haines, Cheltenham, \$2; Jarvis-st. circle, \$15.92; Peterboro' circle, \$16; Paris circle, \$17; Paris Children's Auxiliary, \$3.25; managers of MISSIONARY LINK, per Miss Buchan, \$38.86. Total: \$95.03.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,  
232 Carlton Street.

## CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sandford, A. M., Bimlipatam.  
" George Churchill, Bobbili.  
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicaco.  
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaurin, at home.  
" John Craig, Cocanada.  
" G. P. Currie, Tuni.  
" A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.