

THE CANADIAN Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

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"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 3.

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A. NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the way ;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day,
New notes of thanksgiving, new cords of delight ;
New songs in the morning, new songs in the night,
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise ;
New fruit for thy Master, new garments of praise ;
New gifts from His treasure, new smiles from His face ;
New streams from the Fountain of infinite grace,
New stars for thy crown and new tokens of love ;
New gleams of the joy that awaits thee above ;
New light of His countenance, radiant and clear ;—
All this be the joy of thy HAPPY NEW YEAR.

F. R. H.

Kunekama.

Kunekama, a young caste widow in Chicacole, died on the 27th Sept., 1879. She was about 30 years of age, and had been ill six or seven months previous to her death, with cancer in the tongue. There is every reason to believe that she "sleeps in Christ." A short record of her life may not be uninteresting to those who have not seen her ; to those who knew her, her memory is precious. She was married in childhood to a little boy about her own age ; during the wedding festivities, he sickened and died ; and according to Hindu custom, the little wife was doomed thenceforth to a life of shame and sorrow. They say that the husband dies on account of the wife's sins in a former state. The younger she is when he dies, the deeper her guilt must be, to have called forth such punishment. But Kunekama's mother loved her, and shielded her all she could. One by one her father and six brothers died, and she and her mother, two widows now, were left alone. Thus they lived together for some years, seeking in every way they knew to atone for those sins which had been so severely punished, those sins of which they knew nothing, and to gather together meritorious acts to ensure their happiness in time to come.

I was guided to the house unwittingly, and when first I told them of Christ, I thought I had had many more eager listeners. But they thought about what they heard, and as it was repeated and they knew more of the Gospel message, God's free spirit made it sweet to their taste.

Kunekama was ill when I first saw her, and during the five months that I visited her, she failed rapidly. At first I went to see her but rarely, not having much hope of being able to do anything for her. Alas, for my unbelief !

She never said much but began to listen eagerly. The first hopeful expression I heard from her was,

as I entered the house one day she met me and with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven exclaimed, "God will receive me." Before I left that day I prayed with her for the first time. A few days after, I saw her again ; she was unable to rise from her bed, but was deeply interested in the 14th chap. of John, especially in the first few verses. I prayed with her again, and I shall never forget with what fervor she repeated my prayer after me, word for word. From that time her anxiety about herself seemed at an end.

I felt very anxious that some one else should see her and talk with her before she died, so I asked a Christian lady in town to accompany me to her house. This lady, Mrs. Thompson, has lived in Chicacole many years, and has been familiar with the language from childhood. We agreed to visit Kunekama alternately every day so long as she lived. I quote a few words from her notes to me—she says, "I visited the sick woman last evening and found her very low. . . . I asked her about her inner state, and if she had any fear of her approaching dissolution. She calmly said she believed in Jesus, and was resting upon Him, and that she had no fear of death. I talked with her for about half an hour and she listened very attentively. There is cause for thankfulness that light has entered her dark mind, and He who in love and mercy has commenced the work of grace in her soul will carry it through."

Again, just before Kunekama's death she writes—"I told her I did not expect to see her again in this world, as she was very ill, but that we would meet in heaven through the merits of Christ. She said plainly that she had no doubt of her safety and that she was resting in hope. I have the assurance as well that her soul is safe."

The last time I saw Kunekama living is deeply engraven on my memory. Numbers had crowded in to see her, as she was evidently dying. At first they tried to hinder my going in, but I knew both Kunekama and her mother wanted me, and I found my way quietly through them to the sick woman's side. She looked so glad to see me that I was thankful I had persevered. They wanted her to take some nauseous medicine and she had not been willing to take it, but when I said "had you not better take it," she looked at me as though she would say "I will do anything you tell me," and immediately held out her hand for them to raise her, and swallowed it without a word.

I read her the description of heaven given in the last of Revelation. She listened as she always did, but was too weak to say much. She had no fear, she was only anxious that I should remember and pray for her at home that night. She spoke of this once or twice, and when I left her I felt afraid I should never see her again.

The next time I started to see her, I met some people on the road who told me she had passed away. I went on to the house and as I drew near I heard the wailing Kunekah-ah ! O Kunekama ! I entered and there lay the emaciated body from which the spirit had just taken its flight. They hushed a little as I drew near, and her mother raised herself and clasping her hands stretched them up towards the sky ; then falling back again she wailed over her last child gone from her home

forever. I could do nothing for them but pray, and returning home I sent some flowers to scatter over the clay tenement which had yielded up a soul to the "mansions prepared."

We may rejoice over her ; but one matter demands our prayers. There is little doubt that the mother will follow her daughter's faith. Pray that she be not hindered ; that God may give her strength and an open door to come out before the world and confess Him, and follow Christ in her life, as her daughter did in her death. Remember Kunekama's mother when you pray.

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Chicacole, Nov. 5th, 1879.

Working in Faith.

In charitable efforts, when the funds needed to meet necessary expenses are very low, we frequently hear the expression, "we must work in faith now." Is it not oftentimes an error to use this expression under such circumstances ?

Where a man like George Muller gives himself and all that he has, to some especial service at the call of his Lord, and, laboring faithfully therein, trusts definitely and reverently that the Lord will "supply his needs," surely such a one may say, "we must work in faith ;" and such a life of faith is a beautiful and helpful example to the Christian world.

But is it "faith" when a body of persons unite for charitable purposes, and knowing that they have but a certain amount of income for their work, use that income very freely, with the hope that those who are willing to aid goodly efforts, seeing that they need funds, will make up the deficiencies of their treasury ?

In all charitable work a spirit of great expenditure seems to be increasing. Truly the time in which we live calls for increasing effort to benefit the needy, but is it right, is it honest, is it honorable for institutions or associations to contract debts which they have not the means at command to pay ? And as individuals laboring in such "good works" will we not do well to remember the familiar query, "Are friends careful to live within the bounds of their circumstances ?" and encourage such a feeling among our co-laborers ; and in increasing our work let us first increase the bounds of our circumstances.—A. B. in *Friend's Review*.

Then and Now.

"Fifty one years ago Japan was sealed from the gospel ; Dr. Morrison was allowed to enter China but as the servant of the East India Company, and there was no missionary besides ; Judson and his wife were prisoners in Burmah, where there were just eighteen Christian natives. In India, even Heber was compelled to decline baptizing a native convert, lest he might "excite the jealousy of those whom it was desirable to conciliate."

From India to Syria there was not a missionary of the cross ; Turkey was without a missionary, and the Sultan had issued an anathema against all Christian books ; two or three missionaries were along the west coast of Africa, two or three more