

Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. I., No. 6.]

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

[FEBRUARY, 1879.]

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

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Communications to be sent to Box 8, Yorkville, Ont. Orders and
subscriptions to be sent to Miss J. Buchan, Yorkville, Ont.
Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

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A Cyclone at Cocanada.

FOR THIS LINK.

Monday, the 4th November, was a cloudy day, with some rain in the afternoon; the following night gave us a cool breeze from the north-west; and we noticed through that night and on Tuesday morning that the sea roared very loudly. I suppose this was owing partly to the peculiar state of the air. The wind which had made the temperature pleasant for sleeping, increased about half-past six in the evening to somewhat of a gale, and rain began to fall about eight o'clock; the weather was such as sailors call "dirty weather;" rain was falling heavily and the wind was carrying it along in sheets. At this time and on till noon we felt the chief force of the wind on our doors which open on the back verandah. These doors have shutters in the upper part, and though they were tightly shut, the wind drove the water up between the slats, where it seemed to be boiling or bubbling continually. About nine o'clock a large cork-tree was blown down and fell right across the front of the flower garden, crushing shrubs and flowers. At the same time the bamboo guards around some small shade trees in the compound began to take their departure, while the poor little trees were in most cases levelled with the ground. Meanwhile the deluge of rain had put a great part of the compound under water. In the midst of all this the postman came, bringing our letters and papers from Canada and England. The Montreal Witness that came that day gave an account of a great storm in Toronto. . . . When I went to the front verandah again it seemed very light, but I did not observe at first that this was owing to the absence of several shade trees, which had stood in front of the house. Two more good-sized cork-trees had gone down, while others had lost many of their branches. About this time, one o'clock, there was a lull in the storm, and some of the schoolboys and others were sent to gather up the guards which had been round the small trees. They did so and very sensibly piled them where the wind could have full sweep at them, consequently they were afterwards seen rolling at a great rate across the compound. Before speaking of the storm after the lull, I must add one other result during the forenoon. On each side of the house at the back is a small attached building, used for storing boxes, grain, etc. The north-west wind blew so hard on one of these that a whole side fell in, followed by the roof. As this building was constructed of solid brick-work, its fall will give some idea of the force of the wind.

At one time during the forenoon I noticed that the clouds were travelling almost directly south,

showing that the wind was due north, but soon after the lull of which I have spoken, a perfect hurricane started up from the west, and worked round to the south-west. The rain also fell more heavily than ever, and looked just like drifting snow, as the wind swept it along. All this time the roar was so loud that we could not hear the breaking of trees unless they were quite near the house. . . . In the midst of this awful scene two men came to ask shelter for their relatives. It was five o'clock before the cyclone abated sensibly, and about 5.45 I went out to see the destruction it had wrought.

The garden in front of our own house was a scene of desolation. There was hardly a tree standing, where there had been nearly a dozen. One poor cork-tree was alone left of the high trees, and it was so bare of branches and leaves that it looked more like a pole or a mast than a tree. Many in other parts of the compound had lost their largest and best branches, while one large cotton-tree, near the south-west corner of the house had lost not only its branches, but about eight feet of the top. I never saw such a ragged-looking lot of trees as the cyclone had left us. As I proceeded on my walk I met a gentleman who told me that the wind had blown some of his doors right in, while the stables and sheds had been brought to the ground. While we were talking, about a dozen natives came running into the town; they were on their way back from Samulcota, a town about ten miles inland, to which they had fled in the morning fearing that the sea would come up and destroy this town. I was told that hundreds left Cocanada that day. The awful catastrophe that visited Masulapatam some years ago has never been forgotten, and the mention of a cyclone fills the natives' minds with fear.

I walked through the bazaar and as far as the bridge, beneath which the water in the river or canal was swiftly rushing. Some of the canal banks had burst during the day, and no less than twenty or twenty-five canal boats had been carried out to sea. . . . On my way home I counted about thirty-two trees blown down. A great many native houses were unroofed, and in some cases quite ruined.

The ships lying out in the deep water near here were not injured, but at Vizagapatam, two ships, one French, the other English, were wrecked, and both the captains and most of their crews lost. Mr. McLaurin was out on the canals in his boat at the time; we were anxious about him and his companions, but this morning were privileged to welcome him back.

Mr. Currie writes from Tuni, that though they suffered some inconvenience from the storm, and had to leave their little bungalow, they were back again in a day or two, and found that a few rupees covered all damages.

Though many natives have lost their lives, and much property has been destroyed, yet we cannot help being thankful that the results of the cyclone of Nov. 5th, 1878, were not worse than they really are.

12th Nov., 1878.

JOHN CRAIG.

THE SINNER utterly unable to save himself can be wholly saved by the Redeemer.

Zenana Work.

In a recent number of the *Edinburgh Daily Review* Mr. J. Murray, Mitchell of Oban, gives some interesting particulars of the life and work of the late Rev. John Cooper, a distinguished missionary of the Scottish Missionary Society. He says:

"It would be in many ways instructive to compare India as it was when Mr. Cooper proceeded to it in 1823, and India as it is in 1878. The intervening period, spanned by the life of a single man, has been full of changes, political, social, and religious. It is quite possible that, when the Scottish missionaries first landed on the shores of India, they anticipated more rapid progress than has actually taken place; but Mr. Cooper was ever ready to acknowledge the magnitude of the revolution that is in progress. The theme is too vast for me to discuss in this note; but let me advert to a single point of difference between the past and present. The Scottish Missionary Society had requested the young missionaries to do their utmost on behalf, not only of the men, but the down-trodden women of India. Female schools were to be set up as soon as possible. When the missionaries reached Bombay, friends received them with all Christian kindness. One of these asked Mr. Cooper the day after his arrival as to the mode in which he and his brethren intended to conduct their operations, and was told in reply the society's strong hope regarding work for the women as one very important item in the programme. The gentleman was thunderstruck; he protested that the thing was utterly hopeless. "Really," said he "it proves that those who sent you here know nothing about India. Not a girl will attend your schools." The precise words may have escaped me; but such, exactly, was the sentiment expressed by a true friend of missions. Discouraging, certainly; nevertheless, the missionaries and their wives resolved to do their best on behalf of Indian women. Schools for girls were soon set up and bravely carried on amidst many discouragements. But how greatly are matters altered now! In some parts of India, particularly in Madras and Bombay, female schools can be established without difficulty, and over all India the Zenana system, as it is called, can be presented without let or hindrance. The women—half the population of India—formerly almost inaccessible, are quite accessible now. What we want is not an opening of the door, but an open and glowing heart that shall compel us to enter and work for God. We want a whole army of female missionaries. Will not the women of our land respond to the loud call of heaven? And this is but one of the many stupendous changes that have taken place in India in the course of a single life. Like the faithful and honoured man who has just been gathered to his fathers, let us be encouraged by such things. "So fight we, not as one that beateth the air." The battle may be sore; but the victory is sure.

THE WITNESSING CHURCH must witness not only in Judæa, but in Samaria and in the uttermost parts of the earth. We talk of local churches, and for certain purposes they may be rightly so called; but no church can localize its sympathies,