

Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

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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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COMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE LINK BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

"They say,—We are coming,—we are surely coming,—we are al-  
most ready!" Extract from a letter from Mrs. C. B. Thomas, of the  
A.E.M. Union, Oct. 1st.

We are coming—surely coming!—  
Do ye hear us?—do ye heed—  
Ye who walk beneath the burden,  
Ever, of the world's great need,—  
Ye who pray, and ye who wrestle,—  
Ye who sow the seed with tears,—  
Do ye hear us?—we are coming,  
In the fullness of the years!

Slowly, slowly we have yielded  
To your words of pleading love,—  
Long have heard, yet little heeded  
God's sweet message from above!—  
Oh, the Tyrant that enchained us!—  
Oh, the Night that round us lay!—  
Oh, the hard bonds that restrained us!—  
But at length we're on the way!

Help us!—Ye are strong, O Brothers!—  
Our poor eyes with tears are dim  
As, with faltering steps and weary,  
We are struggling on toward Him,  
The Deliverer! But we're coming,  
Teachers, patient, loving, kind,  
Meet us, greet us, and us onward—  
Us, the feeble, timid, un-  
derstand!

We are coming—surely coming!—  
Lift your eyes, and you may view  
Countless hands outstretched and pleading,—  
Listen, millions cry to you!  
They are coming—shortly coming—  
Do ye hear them, ye who pray?—  
Lover bow your heads in pleading,  
Millions more are on the way!

We are coming—almost ready!  
Who will send us timely aid?  
Pity us!—we're darkly groping,  
We are children—we're afraid!  
See our hands outstretched in pleading,—  
Hear our cry, and heed our tears,—  
For we're coming—surely coming!  
In the fullness of the years!

Ingersoll, Feb., 1879.

On the Buckingham Canal.

MY DEAR LINK,—If you have not broken from the strain put upon you and are yet a link in the curiously wrought chain of good influences that is drawing earth and heaven nearer together—to you and yours, greeting. I am going to give your readers a peep at us in our somewhat altered circumstances as between Canada and India.

There is a canal now open all the way from Madras to Cocanada. The southern portion of the canal has been mostly dug in "famine times."

The northern part of the canal is a portion of the great system of irrigation and transportation by water that covers the deltas of the Kistna and Godavery rivers. The canal runs by our old home in Ramapatam. All of our Indian goods and furniture, save a portion sold before we left India, are there in our old home. So, to get these things, we go up through the Telugu country more than four hundred miles by canal on a three weeks' journey instead of going by coast steamer direct from Madras to Cocanada in a day or two.

On Monday, the 9th Dec., we took our leave of Dr. Jewett's family in Madras, and went to the "Boat Basin," which we reached at dusk. I had hired a boat a few days before, and had been sending down articles of one kind and another as I bought them. Two hand-carts came along with us, bringing our luggage. I found part of the goods on a second boat. Our boatman had concluded that we could not get our impedimenta and ourselves on less than two boats. Considering the state of our purse we made one do.

The boat has a deck about fourteen inches lower than the sides. Nothing is put into the hold, for that is not deep enough to amount to anything. The centre part of the boat is covered by a low arched roof, not high enough at the sides to allow even little Mary to stand upright. This space is about twelve feet long and seven feet and a half wide, which is the width of the boat at the centre. We packed all we could in the forward part of the boat. This done, we had a number of things to go into our small covered space, reducing its available dimensions to an alarming extent. I bought in Madras a "camp-table." This table is in two parts, and has folding legs. I put one part of this upon the other across our little space at one end. This arrangement has served the three-fold purpose of a seat, a table, and a pillow for my head at night. A trunk, some valises, and the provision boxes occupied much of the space at the other end.

We are rather slim in materials for beds on this trip, more so than usual. Having a supply of such things at Ramapatam, we did not care to get simply for use as far as that place. Mrs. Timpany and Mary are better off than myself or Amelia. They have an old mattress, not very thick or soft, spread upon the planks, with a roll of date leaf matting for pillows, and a native blanket, costing 33 cts., for a cover. I got one of these blankets for Amelia and another for myself. I used mine to improve, more in imagination probably than reality, the softness of my plank bed, and lessen the rather abrupt rise from the same to my table pillow. Though it is "bleak December" we have not suffered with cold fingers and toes, but by the heat, which for this time of the year is extraordinary. The past few days have been more like the weather is here in June. The mosquitoes have tormented us not a little. They come down upon us like Russian wolves, not to be denied.

The after part of the boat is given to our boatmen and our cook boy, who has about a yard square, upon a part of which a pile of sand is placed. On this the cooking is done. You can all easily imagine that there would be a difference not at all difficult of description between the *cuisine* of this boat and that of the great steamer so

recently left. I asked Amelia how the change agreed with her from English to Hindu. Her reply was, "It has made me sick." We do not take time to stop at any of the rest houses on the way, as it will be all we can do to reach Cocanada by January. The third day on the canal, towards evening, I asked Mrs. Timpany if she had been once frightened out during the day. The answer was "No." "Why," said she, "that is just the reason I feel so fired."

That night we were roused up by our boatmen answering the questions of the boatmen passing us going towards Madras. It turned out that they had Miss Day on board. There, in the centre of one of the salt water lakes through which the canal finds its way, we made the acquaintance of Mary Day, born in Nellore, and the daughter of the first Baptist Telugu missionary. We had a pleasant visit of half an hour. The next day we met Mr. Newhall, who followed us in our old station at Ramapatam. We spent a part of the day together and then passed on to Mookkurra, where we reached the next day at sundown. There we found a van and coolies waiting to take us to Nellore to see our friends the Downies.

A. V. TIMPANY.

The Commission.

Letter from Rev. J. McLaurin to Mrs. H. H. Humphrey

It appears to me that there is nothing should stir Christians up to more vigorous action than the words of the Lord Jesus Himself—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It seems to me that this sublime sentence is all-embracing. Within its capacious folds are shelter and safety and life for every tongue and tribe and nation—for every caste and condition on earth. By all the authority of the Divine I Am He commands—Go. By all the power of the Divine Master, He says Go. By all the rights of purchase with His own precious blood, He orders us to Go. Who dare disobey the Heavenly fiat? Who dare neglect the Divine command?

But there are also the pleadings of love in that voice. The voice of authority breathes away into a tremor of emotion, and the notes of command melt into the music of entreaty. He says,—I left my home in glory for them—I became a babe in a manger for them—for their sakes I became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—I suffered hunger and cold—I bore the curse—I received into my own soul the shafts of Divine wrath—I poured out my blood on Calvary—all for them—all for you. Go ye therefore.

Does He not now, standing upon the parapets of glory, and looking down on the toiling masses of heathenism with Divine pity in His eye, beckon you to the work and say,—"*Preach the Gospel to every creature?*" He has finished His work. He has opened up a new and living way. The Spirit is ready to regenerate and sanctify, and the angels ready with their burst of joyous welcome. What remains to be done? Tell it. Tell it to the ends of the earth. To whom? To every creature.