

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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The Canadian Missionary Link.

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Special Appeal to our Circles.

Are the Baptist women of Ontario and Quebec to have the honour of building the school-house chapel in Cocanada, the need for which Bro. John Craig writes is so great and pressing? The Eastern Board has become responsible for \$1,000 of the \$2,000 required, while the Western has appropriated \$300 and promised to do all in its power to raise the remaining \$700 in addition to the \$530 *per annum* already pledged for the girls' school and Amelia Keller's work.

Our missionaries have waited long amid great inconvenience for the money necessary in order to begin operations. In January, Mr. McLaurin wrote: "We had hoped to have been able to build our school-house during the past year, but have been disappointed. Our work is sorely crippled for want of this one building. There is little use in building girls' quarters in our Compound as long as our school-house is *two miles distant*, at the other side of the town. The girls cannot walk there and back twice a day." Our missionaries are obliged to go this distance to and from their work, under the blazing sun in the hottest part of India, and pay the high rental of \$270 a year for unsuitable, inconvenient rooms.

In view of this urgent want we appeal with confidence to the women of our churches, believing that they will not shrink from the task, but with energy and perseverance will devise ways and means for raising the necessary money with *little delay* as possible. They will thus accomplish a noble work; but it can only be done by united and hearty effort. Last year our Women's Society in the West had difficulties to contend with which have been happily removed; this year we hope not only to see those circles already in existence increasing in interest and liberality, but that many new ones may be formed. Let us aim at great things and the result will surprise ourselves. Above all, let us do this in the name of Christ and for His sake, remembering those we are and whom we serve.

On the Road to India.

FOR THE LINK.

On the 3rd of October a party of eight of us left New York for the East. Miss Hammond, from New Brunswick, for the Canadian mission at Bimpitām; Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, for Madras; Miss Russell and Mr. King,—these four sent by the Missionary Union,—and ourselves, made the party. We had a stormy passage of fifteen days to London. The passage of the party is taken from Southampton on 31st October. The ship is timed to reach Madras the 4th of December. While we have been waiting for our steamer's sailing, the great Pan-Mission Conference has taken place. It is nineteen years since the last one was held in Liverpool.

How much has occurred since that time to encourage missionary workers, and make them hope that the day draws nigh when the whole earth shall be filled with His glory! Scenes like those witnessed of late years in Madagascar and many islands of the Pacific, and in India, among the Santals and Kols, and only recently at Ongole, among the Telugus, indicate the *Spirit's* power, and what we are going to see shortly when He is poured out upon the Mission harvest fields that are fast maturing among all nations. The early rain is fast passing into the latter rain which will deluge the waste places with the waters of life. The plains of Sharon will then be many. Let the present rate of progress be maintained and the overthrow of idols will be completed by another fifty years.

If so much has been accomplished when God's people have just awakened fairly to the "Go ye into all the world," &c., what is going to be the outcome when His people believe all the words He has spoken and feel the weight of their own declaration of fealty to Him as their *King*!

I was more moved than I can tell at the last meeting of the Conference by some remarks of Dr. Murray Mitchell. They were on this wise:—Two thousand years ago the great Asoka was emperor of all India. His daughter, a beautiful, cultivated young woman, and her brother, renounced the bright prospects before them, and put on the yellow robes of *Buddhism*. They renounced the world and gave themselves to religious work. Their earnestness was great; their work great and lasting. The poor devil worshippers of Ceylon were disciplined by them; and how well they did their work missionaries among the Cingalese can this day testify. If the spirit of *Buddhism* could so take hold of the highest and best of India, should not the spirit of Christ do as much for many who have culture and wealth in Great Britain?

I would apply this, as Dr. Mitchell did, to the work that is on hand for India's degraded women. Are there not many single women, even in Canada, who have culture and wealth, who could support themselves as they did "Zenana work" in India? Oh, my sisters, does not the fact that you have independent means increase your obligation rather than diminish it? The obligation to go *personally* and work as Asoka's daughter did is what I mean. No Hindu could charge you with coming to India to make a living for your comfort or your pleasure. Your work and words would come with added power home to the people. How close it comes home to us—"Though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor." How much in this to disarm opposition, soften the heart, and change hate to love! You surely will not say to me, "Physician, heal thyself." Do not the cries of our absent children ring in our ears? But louder and mightier than the roar of oceans is the cry of those whom we may rescue and save, who are sinking into the abominable heathen tide that bears the drowning millions into an endless night. Where, O where is your compassion that is born of the spirit of Christ, who came to seek and save that which is lost.

I doubt not that the time will come when we shall see,—what we in vain ask for now in anything like its fulness,—consecration in those who can best afford it.

A. V. TIMPANY.

FOR THE LINK.

Did She better than to keep her Souvenir?

BY W. H. PORTER.

Whether it was a mother's, husband's, or lost lover's gift, we know not, but carefully she brought her cherished treasure, broke the alabaster box, and poured the precious ointment upon Christ.

Quickly, with hush of every selfish murmur, glowing from an imperishable monument the fadeless inscription: "She hath done what she could, And whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this also that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her."

Leaving the Church one Sabbath morning recently a woman newly in mourning, placed a little parcel of small silver coins into my hand, saying, "Put them into the Foreign Missionary Treasury for me, please; they were little darling's gathorings." Only a few weeks since the sweet-voiced child had sung "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then ceased forever. And thus the idolizing and bereaved mother had brought her precious treasure to fill, perchance, some heathen home with the sweet melody and odorous name of Jesus. And surely, though I, "this also that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her."

The Condition of Hindu Women.

Mr. McLaurin's letter to Mrs. Alloway.

The Hindu woman is a slave,—a physical slave in a modified form—a mental slave—a social slave—a moral slave, and a spiritual slave; and perhaps the worst of all is that she is a willing slave—will not be made free,—often struggles against the truth which makes free with a great deal more vehemence than her husband does. Excepting with very young girls and widows, the physical slavery cannot be said to be very galling. The widows of the higher castes, who may be any age from five years to three score and ten, have a miserable time of it. The smallest child in the house is allowed to insult and abuse them with impunity. They are only borne with as a great calamity. There is but little social life among the Hindus at best, and their absurd and jealous rules with reference to the comingling of the sexes make what there is of society a sham. Unable to read, and knowing nothing of the world beyond her own particular caste or village, the Hindu woman's *mental* range must be small indeed. Her husband tells her nothing, because he says she cannot understand, and he takes the best means in his power of making his words true, by withholding all incentive to enquiry.

Her spiritual life is the most miserable of all. A few meaningless ceremonies on feast days,—a few uncouth posturings before an obscene idol—a few daubs of red paint on the forehead or a copious supply of saffron rubbed on the face and limbs,—and the hope of being transmigrated into a female buffalo or dog in the coming world, make up the greater part of her religious existence.

No wonder they commit suicide in thousands; no wonder that with their mother fingers they stop the breath of their little *girl babies*; no wonder that they are truthful, chaste and loving only through fear of self-interest; no wonder that they are swayed by considerations of passion and present pleasure alone.