

Missionary Link.

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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 Telugu People.

In ancient Roman atlases the Telugu people are located in the Ganges Valley, south of where Calcutta now is, and what is now North Orissa. They appear to have gradually worked south and west, pressed upon by other tribes from the north and north-west, and also urged on by much the same instinct as our people have for going west, until they are stopped by the western sea. Six hundred years ago this people were in the height of empire and glory, and had a wide culture. Their rule then embraced nearly all of what is now the Madras Presidency, except some southern and western states and tribes. There is a very great similarity between Telugu and the three other leading languages of Southern India. There are Tamil, Canarese, and Malayalam. There is not much more difference between Canarese and Telugu than there is between some of the old dialects of England. There is no doubt about these four languages having one common origin. The Mahometan invasion gradually broke the Telugu power. The struggle was long and fierce, and the final crash only came after centuries of warfare. None of the Indian nations gave the Mahometans more and harder work on the well-fought bloody field.

The recent terrible famine that carried off between four and five millions of people, was in the Telugu and Canarese country mostly, and has left its mark. For one thing it has given idolatry a shaking that it will never recover. Some will ridicule this last remark, but they belong to the class who ridicule the Christian religion, and are no more impartial witnesses on one side than I am on the other.

There is the very highest encouragement to work for the salvation and regeneration of the Telugu race. They are not going to give place to a superior race, for there is none superior to them in India or the East. The Aryan invasion that dispossessed and almost annihilated the races north was received and assimilated by them—as the English Saxon received the Norman, and with very much the same results.

They are aggressive and active, going to a thing rather than waiting for it to come to them. They are as a people very domestic, and fond of kindred. I often think of the time when they shall be purged of heathenism and its heavy mortgage on all the finer affections and their expression. They will be as Christians—a lovely and a-lovable people. All the repressive and inhuman teaching of their religion during all the time past, has failed to dry

up the deep well of parental affection, even for the daughters of the house.

To those who can read the signs of the times, and have faith in the Gospel, there can be no question that the time of salvation for the people has come.

It is a little over twelve years since I came to India. As to the change that has come over the attitude of the people in large sections of the country during the intervening time I can personally bear witness.

The Baptist Missions have grown from two stations to seven times that number. Where there were only seventy church communicants there are now as many Telugu church members as there were in Ontario and Quebec at the time I left for India. Our church members in Ontario and Quebec have about doubled, but here they are more than two hundred times as many. I was reminded the other day in conversation with one of my old Ramapatam preachers of what Dr. Warren, the beloved Ex Secretary of the "Missionary Union," uttered years ago, "The time is coming when converts will be so numerous that the question will be what to do with them." Said the preacher—"opposition is dead—the tide has turned, and now the question is whom shall we take, for many are saying 'I will come, take me, I will come, take me.' The whole country is being shaken."

May we not hope that by the time we have preached the Gospel as widely and persistently, and repeatedly, as has been the case in the regions south, we shall witness like scenes on the Cocanada field. Nothing can stand against the pure Gospel of the Son of God. To preach it is the estimation of men foolishness, but it is the power of God nevertheless.

A. V. TIMPANY.

"Playing at Missions."

Said Dr. Duff: "We are playing at Missions." It is not altogether strange that this strong, almost bitter utterance should have been forced from this great hearted, eager, self-forgetful servant of God, as he looked on the one hand at the people of God in Christian lands, and on the other hand at the condition of the heathen world.

"Playing at Missions." There are probably 10,000,000 of people in Christendom, each one of whom has professedly devoted himself to the service of Jesus Christ; each one of whom has said, "I no longer live unto myself; I no longer live, but it is Christ that liveth in me; I am not my own; I am bought with a price;" each one of whom has pledged himself to obey the last command of the Lord, "Go, teach all nations," and yet what do we see? In our own land, certainly in our own denomination throughout this land, but a fraction of the 23,000 churches do aught for the cause of missions; and, in the fraction that do anything, it is all done by but a fraction of the church. It would be safe to say that to withdraw from the missionary work the contributions of fifty churches and of a hundred contributors, would be to cripple it fatally.

We profess to have consecrated our all to Christ and his cause; and yet, as we look over a Chris-

tian congregation, how often do we see a single Christian lady wearing diamonds that would support a school or a missionary for a year? How many a professed Christian is spending more on one of his horses than he gives to the spread of the gospel over all lands? How many a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world? Surely we are "playing at missions."

The women of Carthage were not playing at warfare, when they cut off their hair to make bowstrings for the defenders of the city. The people of Holland were not playing, when they broke down the dykes and let in the sea over the fields and orchards that they might drown out the Spaniards. The German women were not playing at patriotism, when they gave their gold ornaments to the government for the expenses of the war against Napoleon, and wore instead ornaments of iron. The Moravian missionary was not "playing at missions" when he consented to be sold as a slave that he might be admitted to the West Indies, and might preach to the negroes. But we,—are we not playing?

And when we look at the work to be done, the hundreds of millions to be evangelized, and at the scale of our preparations, we are compelled to realize bitterly that we are "playing at missions." Is it not time that we ceased playing, and began to be in earnest?—*Presbyterian Record.*

Lord, here am I.

To Him be glory both now and forever.

[2 Pet. iii. 18.]

Lord, help me to glorify Thee. I have talents; help me to extol Thee by spending them for Thee. I have time; Lord, help me to redeem it, that I may serve Thee. I have a heart to feel: Lord, let that heart feel no love but Thine, and glow with no flame but affection for Thee. I have a head to think: Lord, help me to think of Thee and for Thee.

Thou hast put me in this world for something: show me what that is, and help me to work out my life purpose:

I cannot do much: but as the widow put in two mites, which were all her living, so, Lord, I would cast my time and eternity into Thy treasury.

I am all Thine: take me, and enable me to glorify Thee now, in all that I say, in all that I do, and with all that I have.—*Spurgeon.*

The Widow's Mite.

It is curious what perverted use people make of the history of the widow's mite. They often speak as if the essential and leading feature was the smallness of the gift, whereas the circumstance which gave it value was its being a large sum to the giver, as it was her whole day's support. A "widow's mite" is apt to be defined, though not in words exactly, as a sum too small to be missed. Correctly speaking, the "mite" for each person would be the amount of his day's income, and even that would probably be practically less than the poor widow's on which she depended most likely for her food that day.