

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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Mrs. Armstrong Coming Home.

The *Christian Visitor* of June 23rd, publishes the following extract of a letter, dated May 4th, from Mrs. Santford of Bimlipatam:

"Ere this reaches you, you probably will have heard of Mrs. Armstrong's return home. A letter came to us the other day saying that Kate has been very ill, and that Mrs. Armstrong is very weak. So they have decided to leave for America this week. Mr. Armstrong will accompany them as far as Madras. We expect them here on Saturday next, and the day following they are to embark."

The Gospel Call.

"Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."—LUKE xiv. 23.

"CALL them in,"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in,"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting; "Call them in."
"Call them in,"—the few, the Gentile,
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in,"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
"Call them in,"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See I the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: "Call them in."

Open thy Mouth Wide, and I Will Fill it.—Ps. 81-10.

A PRAYER MEETING ADDRESS BY GEORGE MÜLLER.

This word should be continually present to our hearts. We all have our necessities of one kind or another, and every child of God has many things about which he has need to speak to God. And our gracious God speaks here to each one of His children. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it,"—now ask much at my hands, look for much from me, bring great requests before me, I am God and not man; it is the very joy and delight of my heart to give abundantly. If we were privileged to go to a great person for anything, we should not ask for two-pence half-penny, nor two shillings only, but much more; it would be an insult to ask for so little. And if we were allowed freely to make our request before the sovereign, we

should be ashamed, or ought to be, to make only trifling requests. But the mighty ones of earth are as nothing compared with Jehovah; and if we would give joy to the heart of God, we must ask great things at his hands, and expect great things from Him. This is taught us in the figurative expression, "Open thy mouth wide," and the promise is "I will fill it." Let any one act according to the exhortation, and most assuredly God will fulfil the promise. Let us look about, and see when in any measure we have been able to act according to this word, whether God was not as good as His word; and let us remember that if He has not yet gratified our requests, it does not follow that He will not. Let us only wait still on Him expectingly, perseveringly, for the glory of God, in the name of Jesus, and we shall see how He will fulfil this word,—"I will fill it."—How touching are those words in the same Psalm, where God says:

"Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto Him: but their time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them also with the first of the wheat; and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."

It is the very joy and delight of the heart of God to do us good; and we are here taught that God is willing to give us everything really good for us.

Caste.

Some few weeks since, Rev. J. McLaurin lectured in the Alexander St. Church, Toronto, on "Intellectual and Social Life among the Hindus." We are indebted to the *Christian Helper* for the following phonographic report of that portion of the lecture in which he spoke of the Missionary's greatest foe, "Caste; what it is; its influence and the difficulty of dealing with it."

THE LECTURER'S DESCRIPTION.

The intelligent people, the Hindus, are naturally social. They are a cheerful, chatty, gossiping, gay kind of people. They are fond of sociability, and yet there is no country in the whole world where there is less of it. What is the reason? There is just one thing that cuts at the very root of all social life in India, and that is *caste*. What is caste? It cannot be defined. Is it religious? Perhaps, if you asked all the missionaries in India, you could not get two men to agree about what it was; or if you asked all the civil officials, it would be the same way. It is religious, and it is not religious. Is it a social distinction? It is a social distinction, and it is not a social distinction. Is it a tribunal distinction, as some affirm? It is and it is not. Caste is a hydra-headed thing, an offspring of the great enemy of souls, and his most successful effort to stem all progress, and interfere with all advancement in every shape and form.

There are supposed to be four original castes. They say that Brahma, the great creator, one day thought he would create man, and he breathed one caste out from his head, and they became the head of creation—the Brahmin caste. Then he

created another out of his arms and chest, and they were the soldiers and the kings—the ruling class of the world. Another came out of his body, which was to be the body of the nation or the country—they were the merchant class and many other castes and classes of sub-castes and classes among them. Last of all he created the Shudrahs by rubbing his feet in the dust of the earth and stirring them up out of that—and they are supposed to be the lowest dregs of creation. But there are dregs below the dregs after that, because the Pariahs are not counted in this. But this, after all, is only a superficial distinction; for there are now ten different castes among the Brahmins themselves, and over eighty different castes of Shudrahs, not to mention others.

What is the effect of caste upon social intercourse and social life? What social-intercourse can you have with a man who will neither eat nor drink with you?—a man to whom your touch is pollution? A man who will not come within many yards of you?—a man who will never cross your threshold?—a man who will not marry any one connected with you, no matter what your position may be, and who will not give any of his in marriage to you?

Socially, there is less social relationship between the different castes in India than there is between each of them and the brutes that gather around their doors. Take, for instance, a Brahmin—a "twice-born man" as he calls himself. He does not know a single letter. He is unable to read a word. He is as poor as he possibly can be—does not own a single rupee. He is all that is execrable; he is everything that is disgusting and repulsive—scrofulous with diseases of every kind. Place beside him a Pariah. He may be rolling in wealth; he may be respectable; he may be cleanly; he may be well educated; he may be everything that you would call respectable—pleasant in his manners and in his exterior. And yet that Brahmin, vile and outcast as he is in reality, would consider the touch of that man pollution, and he would go home and bathe himself and cleanse himself from the touch of that pollution. Such is caste. Some time ago a missionary was passing along from one station to another, and came to one of those houses built for the accommodation of travellers, called "bungalows," where there are a number of servants kept. One of the servants was cooking his rice by the roadside, and this European—this educated man—this cleanly man we will suppose he was—passed along, and his shadow, forsooth, fell over the boiling pot of the caste man. Immediately his rice became good for nothing, and he took the pot and smashed it into a thousand atoms. He would not touch the food because the shadow of a European, forsooth, fell over his boiling pot!

A missionary friend of the speaker's was passing a station of this kind, and he sent his servant to get some fire, and nobody would give him any, and he came back saying: "Master, what can I do? Nobody will give me fire; I can't get fire for master." "O, yes," said the missionary, "there are some folks cooking over there." So the missionary went off. He said: "Let me have some fire." The cook replied that he could not give