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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA. In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada. INDIA.

Vol. VI., No. 8.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2. [APL., 1884.

Thine is the Power.

Our Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might ;
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found ;
Our Refuge, our Helper, in conflict or woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name ;
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world,
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou wilt,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh show forth Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
For full acquiescence is heaven begun—
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and thought ;
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thou carest ; Thou knowest indeed
Our inmost desires, our manifold need ;
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply ;
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
And Thine is the Power !

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast ;
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive ;
The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray,
For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way,
And Thine is the Power !

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name ;
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,
But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide,
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong ;
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong ;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the Power !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The Bible, For Ourselves and for our Work.

(A paper read by Mrs. McLaurin, at the Annual Conference of Canadian Baptist Telugu Missionaries.)

We are here a little company of God's children, whom He has brought forth to turn the eyes of a heathen people from idols to Himself, and their feet from the way of death to paths of life eternal. A mighty mission ! and we are weak and foolish. With what has our Master equipped us for this work ? With His Holy Word, and that alone. Are we to dispel the darkness about us ? That Word is the Light and Lamp. Have we to wage warfare against Satan and Idolatry ? A "Thou saith the Lord" is our weapon, and the Word of our God our shield and buckler. Are we to heal the soul-sick ? From the Bible we must draw the oil and balm. Are we guides ? We have no map or compass but that book. Are we to feed the starving ? His Truth from Heaven will alone meet their case. Do we go forth to sow, that the desert may rejoice and blossom ? The seed imperishable is the living word of the living God. Then, how all-important that our minds and spirits be saturated with its holy precepts—that its language be familiar to our lips. Yes, we all feel this, and we do love and prize our Bible. We feel that no book approaches it in interest or preciousness. It is the last treasure with which we would part. We want to see one in every room of our houses, and to have one within reach of each favorite seat. We love to read about it, and to listen to sermons wrought out of truth from its pages—but, is it not amazing that we have not more appetite for the simple Word itself—that we do not return oftener and drink deeper at the very fountain-head ? Here, alone, is pure and everlasting truth—here the only truth that will effect unendingly our individual happiness. Personally, we cannot have much spiritual life or joy unless the Word of God dwells in us richly. The Supreme Author Himself tells us that we are begotten by His Word ; we are nourished and grow by it ; we are

purified by it; we are sanctified by it; we are guided by it, and by it alone we can become "thoroughly furnished" for all good works. Thus God reminds us of the source of our life and growth, and we can be but weak beings in His service unless we feed often and amply at this table He keeps spread ready for us here in the presence of our enemies. One ceases to wonder at Miss Havergal's aptness and success in Christian labor, when it is remembered how she *lived* upon her Bible—how her very being was *en rapport* with the mind and language of her Lord. She learned by heart the whole of the Gospels, Psalms, Epistles and Revelation. Herself and sister loved to repeat alternate verses as they walked together. Often, when too weak to hold the dear volume up, it lay open at her side, and she tells joyfully and thankfully of the sips and crumbs of dainty drink and meat she had, when able to read but a verse or two at a time. Thus this happy Christian kept the sword of the Word bright and ready to her grasp, and we need not marvel that the King, greatly honored one, who so honored His royal message. As missionaries, we are especially dependent on this volume. We have no human guide or teacher. There is none at whose feet we may sit and learn. We must help ourselves from this treasury of truth or go unsupplied. And none need it more than we. It is the source of our inspiration and confidence. What made a missionary of Mary but the study of his Bible and of his Map? While as to Judson, so to us, the promises recorded there (some of the grandest of which we might be forgiven for claiming as especially our own), are our best assurance of final conquest. Do doubts and fears of a peculiar nature assail us in our work? In the Bible we must look for the antidote. I recall Mrs. Clough's heavy-heartedness because all their first converts were from the lowest, most ignorant classes, and how the cure was given her in the same hour when she opened her New Testament and her eye fell on those words in the 1st of 1st Corinthians, where God shewed her that it was His wise and holy plan to call first the foolish and weak and base and despised. Here, too, we find secure hiding places from the darts and slings of Satan and the scoffer, and if soundly educated in this compendium of Divine wisdom we will not be lightly moved, or easily made afraid by opposition or difficulties.

From what the Bible has been to us in the past, are we not abundantly induced to cultivate a closer acquaintance with its sacred pages? Can we not each recall times of special need when, on taking up the Book with the whispered request, "Speak to one now, my Master," we have opened to some words so fitted to our case that we could not doubt the response? In prayer we speak to God, and by His Word He speaks to us. Surely this is having our Lord with us indeed, and in a better fashion far than if He still were treading earthly shores. But there are moments when we cannot lay our hand upon the Book, and then, unless the substance, even the language, be hid in our hearts the Spirit cannot breathe comfort into our heart or flash out upon the tangle of our perplexity the needed guidance by bringing to our remembrance the fitting thought or word divine. We are not to expect a fresh revelation (a miracle) but to be reminded in the time of need what it is our duty to have already stored in the memory. But we must pray and read and pray again. From God alone can come that holy hunger for a knowledge of Him and of our duty, that will prompt to this faithful searching out of *all* he has revealed; He must open our eyes that we may understand His law and from Him must come the grace that will enable us to use skilfully in His service the material gathered. Not the

indolent or careless reader gets the blessing. The attention must be alert; there must be personal application. There must be the spirit of obedience and the reading *not* the end, but a search for something we are to take away and keep and use. Are we making all we might of the Bible in our work? God has promised to bless His own words—not ours. In the Sunday School let us not abandon the good old fashion of verse-learning. It will be a blessing to our people to have the *language* of the Scriptures at command, and no knowledge about the Scriptures is equal to a knowledge of the Scriptures themselves. We might, with advantage perhaps, considering the few opportunities most of our scholars have of learning the Word—have more than the usual seven verses at a session—more of the Bible and less comment. In the *Zenanas*, one of the most successful visitors in Calcutta, simply reads the Bible. She is welcomed to as many houses as she can possibly visit though she never gives a secular lesson. It is wonderful, they tell us the delight with which those *Zenana* women listen to the story of Christ the Saviour—it were more wonderful if to such hearers such a story were not sweet!

Our Pastors should not regard their opening chapter only as a preliminary—a part of "the opening exercises," preparatory, simply to the real work of the hour—the sermon. They should study it, and read it as if they recognized it to be what it surely is, the most important, as it is likely to be the most profitable part of their service. What are our Preachers talking about to the people? Do they not too often take the attitude of disputers and iconoclasts and too seldom simply and solely that of witnesses for Christ the Lord? They cannot know too much or be too highly (if wisely) trained, but surely their chief business is to give to their dying countrymen Bible truth straight from the Bible, for this alone can make them "wise unto Salvation." If some definite portion were made known to the people by each of our helpers as they address them here and there, perhaps the knowledge of our Lord would spread even faster than it does. Our Christians are prone to think that the Bible is not to be understood by them without much explanation and comment. A most pernicious idea, for not expecting to understand it, they do not try to and thus lose the lessons that are there for just such learners as themselves. Let us show them their mistake and teach them that safety for them, as for us, lies alone in taking this precious book as a light to the feet indeed, a very torch let down from heaven by God's own hand, to guide His children Home.

M. B. McL.

Samulcotta, Jan. 8th, 1884.

Native Pastors and Evangelists.

There has been of late years quite an awakening to the fact that the conversion of any people to the Saviour should be sought mainly through the labours of native converts. We think that our own brethren in North China are solving the problem how to bring the many to Christ. Like Mr. Oncken, of the German Mission, they are careful to impress upon each convert that he should carry the glad tidings of salvation to his neighbours:—

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour he has found."

The result is that large numbers are evangelized, brought under the influence of the Gospel, and made acquainted

with the only true God and His Son Christ Jesus. Last year, almost exclusively through the labours of native converts, some two hundred were thus added to the church. It is gratifying to learn from the Rev. A. G. Jones, that the little Christian communities scattered over a wide area, have, in several instances, selected and support pastors. These native pastors occasionally take charge of two places, labouring in them in alternate months. They cost the Missionary Society nothing. A mission conducted on these principles is sure of success. Each member becomes a missionary. Every convert is a soldier of the Cross. We should rejoice to see more of this evangelical aggressiveness in the churches of India. But there we note a movement in the right direction. Some natives give up much to preach the Gospel. A boatman in Burmah was earning sixty rupees a month when converted to God. He was a ready speaker, and clever in many ways. The missionary asked him "Can you give up your business, and preach to your countrymen? I may be able to give you five rupees a month for it." With beaming face and tear-filled eyes the convert answered, "No; I can't do it for five rupees a month, but I can do it for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ." In Orissa the plan is being adopted of making natives co pastors with the missionaries. There is merit in the plan. In any case, however brought about, we rejoice in the multiplication of native preachers. Our joy is greater when native churches maintain these preachers. But to us the highest and most hopeful form of native agency is seen in the consecration of every Christian to the work of winning souls for Christ. In every mission-field there should be at least one institution, like Calabar College in Jamaica, and Serampore College in India, where natives can receive an efficient training and thorough preparation for the work of the ministry. Missions should come to an end as soon as possible. When natives, in sufficient number, and sufficiently qualified, can do the work, the work can always be better done by them than by foreigners. We, therefore, ask our readers to pray for native converts, that the Spirit of God may be given to them, that men fit for service may be impelled to offer themselves to the Lord for evangelistic and pastoral work among their own countrymen.—*Freemen.*

Child Life in India.

One of the most interesting things to the traveller—if he be a lover of the little folks—is the observation of national traits in the children of various countries. Although the doings of children throughout the world have more similarity in them than the habits and customs of adults, yet there are exceedingly interesting differences in the performances of groups of youngsters in Central Park, New York; Hyde Park, London; the Champs Elysees, Paris; and the bazaar of a Hindu town. The close observer will have no difficulty in detecting the frank American, the staid Englishman, the gay Frenchman, and the mild Hindu, even in their infantile representatives.

The Hindu child possesses in a remarkable degree the patience for which the nation is noted. To call it apathy in both parents and child, were perhaps unkind, at least ungracious: Let that be as it may, patience or apathy, the Hindu child even as an infant, possesses it to a marvellous extent. All day long will the poor coolie woman's child cling to her hips—tired, hungry and sleepy—but seldom will you hear from it a murmur of complaint or fretfulness.

The Hindu baby will lie for hours on a hard cot in a dingy room, tormented by flies and mosquitoes, supremely contented, apparently, in the contemplation of its dusky little hands. The good-naturedness of Hindu babies is a matter of remark among European ladies in India, and I take great pleasure in adding my own favourable testimony to this very important subject.

For the boys and girls too, I have a good word. They have a joyous, innocent look, and a frank behaviour, which makes us love them. Their unfortunate surroundings, however, soon rob them of both, and with the years come a coarse, sensual look and a deceitful behaviour, which make us wish they might always remain children.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
About the growing boy."

Hindu children are timid, and as a rule, respectful to their elders, obedient to their parents, and well-behaved in public. They are less active and boisterous than European children. The boys do not engage so freely in outdoor sports, and among the girls such recreations are almost unknown.

Those who have an opportunity to go to school learn readily. In subjects which require the use of memory they excel, and the facility with which they "learn by heart" is surprising. In all intellectual work the children of those who have in past generations belonged to the learned class, are much more ready than those of the illiterate castes, but then among Pariah boys there are some with extraordinary bright minds.

Hindu parents are fond of their children. Though they like the boys better, it does not follow that they dislike the girls. The disappointment which is felt at the birth of a daughter is not so much because it is a daughter as because it is not a son.—It is not that they like daughters less, but that they like the sons more.

A boy is the Hindu parents' greatest earthly delight. The boy it is who will support them in old age, who will kindle the sacred fire when their bodies are consumed, and who, after they are gone, will minister to their departed spirits and hasten their entrance into a better state. Children are always spoken of as the special gift of God, and to be childless is considered a grievous misfortune.

The mortality among the children of the poorer classes is very great. Their food is of the very coarsest kind, and often utterly unfit for human consumption. During times of scarcity we have known poor children to subsist for several months on wild roots and berries, the pith of corn and millet stalks, a few raw heads of grain, and an occasional bowl of bran and water. As a consequence of insufficient and improper food the children of the lower classes have a lean, pinched appearance, and are generally very small for their age.

Among them the use of soap and water is also shamefully neglected, rendering not only their appearance unsightly and their presence disagreeable, but subjecting them to various kinds of skin diseases which must often make their very existence a burden.

As for clothing, none whatever is thought necessary for children under seven or eight years of age. It does not seem to have entered the minds of even well-to-do Hindus that a certain amount of clothing might not be out of place even on small children simply for decency's sake. It is no rare thing to see children—boys and girls—whose sole clothing consists of a necklace, a charm, and a string around the wrist with a few bells attached. One of their proverbs says, "Children and the legs of a

stool do not feel cold." So far as the climate in most parts of India is concerned, there is only a small portion of the year when clothing is really necessary as a protection against the cold; but even at this time the children are often cruelly neglected. It is no uncommon thing to see parents well wrapped up while their unfortunate children are shivering with cold. When remonstrated with, they say, "Oh, children do not feel the cold."

Children of the wealthier classes are often dressed in gorgeous silks, and covered with valuable jewels. Gold coins of all kinds, English, French and American, as well as their native coins, are in great demand, and are strung together as necklaces. I have counted as many as fifty "Sovereigns" and "Napoleon's" on the necklace of boys not more than ten or twelve years old. The silly custom of loading down small children with valuable jewellery leads to many cases of kidnapping and child-robbery. The poisoning or otherwise killing of children as a mode of revenge, is not unknown in India. We have known several such instances. In one case a child was deliberately thrown down a well by a woman who had a petty quarrel with its father. Recently two children were brought to the Guntoor Hospital who had been poisoned out of revenge.

Infanticide prevails to some extent in all countries, and India is no exception. It is to be doubted, however, whether this sinful practice is as rife here as in some Western countries. As for the offering of children to the gods, throwing them to crocodiles, hanging them out in baskets, etc., we have never either heard or seen anything of it. We do not say that such things have never taken place in India, or that they may not even now occasionally occur in certain places, but we are quite sure that they have always been the exceptions rather than the rule, and that they have received their full share of attention on the part of European writers.

The most cruel treatment of children which we have ever seen in India, or which could well be imagined, consisted in starving them during the late famine. Many children were subjected to great privation by heartless wretches who claimed to be their parents, and who hoped by this fiendish process to gain a comfortable livelihood for themselves.

Strong men and women who were able to earn a livelihood for themselves and those dependent upon them, at the Government relief works, wandered about the country carrying miserable skeletons of children whom they thrust into your presence to excite your sympathy. Others were instructed in pitiful stories of distress, which they were told to repeat before the European houses and in the market-place. Children of eight or ten years old would rush up to you and, with tears streaming down their cheeks, declare that both their father and mother had died of cholera along the way, while they were in search of work and food; that now they were left utterly helpless and must die in the streets unless they could get help.

If you felt very compassionate towards the "poor little things," and offered to place them in an orphanage or send them to the relief camp, they replied that they would be only too glad to come, but first they must go and get a bundle which they had left under a tree by the road side. If you felt less concerned for their future welfare and sent them away with a silver coin, they were exceedingly happy, and so were their parents, who were anxiously waiting in some concealed place, the result of the painful story which they had put into their children's mouths.

We would wish that lessons of deceit on the part of parents to their innocent children were confined to the late famine. This kind of training on a small scale, and in a milder form, is, alas, too common among all classes. Truthfulness, honesty, and uprightness, are lessons which are not sufficiently impressed upon the children of India. The parents, by precept and example, with sadly few exceptions, teach them directly the reverse.

The home training of the young is very deficient, and the lessons of deceit, strife, selfishness, hatred, and indecency learned there, are not easily counteracted by schools and churches, except as these gradually reform, elevate, and purify the whole family, and give that sacredness to home which is known only in Christian lands.—*From Every-day Life in India.*

Mr. Clough at Home.

REV. MR. CLOUGH, the devoted and successful missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union to the Telugus, arrived in the United States several weeks ago. He addressed a large audience in the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, lately. Here is the report:

"In an intensely interesting address of more than an hour's duration, Dr. Clough gave a general survey of the way in which God had led him in the wonderful work among the Telugus. He told how when he arrived in India, there were only twenty seven Baptist church members among the 18,000,000 of that people; how he began to preach the Gospel from street to street, and from village to village, as soon as he had committed to memory the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John, 'God so loved the world,' &c.; how day by day he added to his knowledge of Telugu, until he had quite a sermon, all in the language of Scripture; how the hearts of all rejoiced when 28 converts were baptized; how in answer to prayer, the number of converts increased each year until 1876. Then came the terrible famine; and the successive failure of the crops, the sufferings of the people, the efficient measures of relief, and the scenes at the construction camp on the Buckingham Canal, were graphically pictured until all seemed to be present among those scenes of suffering, of trial, and of heroism. The famine lasted for more than eighteen months, and all that time none were baptized, although thousands were asking for admission to the visible church of Christ. Then came the time when relief ceased to be given to the people, and it was safe to baptize those who were coming because they had no longer any reason for seeking to profess Christ, except true and heartfelt love for Him. At first 300 were baptized; then, in a few days, about 300 more. Then came that memorable time when the people thronged to meet the missionary at Velumdilly, on the Goodlacumma river, asking to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. They were examined very strictly, and none received except those on whom God had most plainly set the seal of his acceptance. Yet when the six ordained native preachers had finished their work on the evening of July 3, 1878, in a single day 2,222 had been 'buried with Christ in baptism.' Truly no scene like that had ever been witnessed since. 3,000 were baptized on the day of Pentecost! Large numbers were baptized in the dark ages, but they were not spiritual converts, like these, nearly all of whom, as well as thousands who were afterward received, have since testified to the sincerity of their faith by firm and steady adherence to Him to whom they then devoted themselves."

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

The Conference at Cocanada.

Mr. Craig writes:—Our session on Saturday was very short, as an ordination took place in the afternoon. On Sunday Bro. Churchill preached in the morning before the Teluguchurch and congregation, and Bro. Archibald preached in the evening before a good congregation in the meeting-house of our English church. We had meetings of the conference on Monday and Tuesday and part of Wednesday. Reports from the various fields were read and commented on, after which some important subjects were discussed. A basis of union in work at the Theological Seminary was adopted, and will be submitted to the Boards at home for their approval or rejection. We all feel that one seminary will be sufficient for both missions from any days to come. Before another is needed our two societies will probably become one. Mrs. McLaurin and Mr. Churchill had been appointed to prepare papers for this meeting.

Baptisms were reported as follows:—Cocanada, 123; Tuni, 18; Akidu, 178; Chicacole, 13; total Telugus baptized, 332. Besides these there were 16 Europeans and Eurasians baptized at Cocanada and 4 at Bimlipatam, making the total of baptisms on the fields during 1883, 352. I have forgotten the membership reported by the northern mission; but here is the number of the members connected with our mission. On the Cocanada field, 263; on the Tuni field, 50; on the Akidu field, 975; total, 1,288. In the English church at Cocanada there were 30 members at the end of the year, making a grand total of 1,318 members in our churches. Four years ago, in writing to my father, I said we should probably have 1,000 members on this field in five years from then. In four years we have that number lacking but a few. Some have been baptized already this year, and many others are ready to follow.

Tuni.

Mr. and Mrs. Currie, with their children, were to sail from Madras for home on the 14th of February. They expect to spend some time in London. Messrs. Timpany and McLaurin will oversee the work on this field, as well as at Akidu, to the best of their ability.

Bobbili.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald will take charge of this station during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who were to sail on the 19th of March in the same vessel as Mr. Craig.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

TO THE MISSION CIRCLES OF THE EASTERN CONVENTION.

My Dear Friends,—Although it is a long time since you heard from me, it is not because I have not often thought of each of the circles, but because ill health has prevented me writing. At last I have consented to give up all thought of work and take a complete change and rest, by coming to the North-West. The President of our Society, who has always taken a deep interest in the for-

mation of each Circle, has promised to undertake the correspondence for me. I hope you will write to her and she will gladly help you with any of your meetings. Her address is, Mrs. Claxton, 461 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

I would like to take this opportunity of saying a few things that have been on my heart in regard to our work. The object of our organization is three-fold; to pray for our missionaries in India and for a blessing on their labors; to contribute what we can to the mission; and to seek to interest those about us so that they will give to its funds. We need to keep these three purposes constantly before us. Although in some of our meetings it would seem as if we almost forgot the first object, I am sure it occupies a very important place in all our hearts. We know that it is God alone who can give us love, zeal and perseverance in good; and we believe in the efficacy of prayer, that it forms the foundation and preparation for all true Christian work. The thought of wonderful answers to the prayers of humble Christians like ourselves, which God has deigned to give, ought to stimulate us to pray oftener for the conversion of the Telugus, and for our friends who are laboring among them. There is great power in united prayer, and although we cannot all meet together to pray for this, there is one place we can meet in spirit and that is the Mercy Seat. The last few months I have been thinking what a sweet sense of fellowship it would give and a source of power it would be, if all of us individually, in the quiet of our own homes, at a specified hour, would spend a short time in prayer for our Foreign Mission. I would suggest any time on every Wednesday evening between six and eight o'clock. Surely, during these hours even the very busiest among us can find a few moments to lift up our hearts in prayer. The reason I have thought of Wednesday is because most of us go to the church prayer meeting that evening, and the short time spent in private prayer prior to it will prepare us to enjoy, and perhaps, contribute to the spirituality of the meeting. I should be greatly rejoiced to think while praying at the time I have suggested, that in many places over Canada others are with me in spirit and the same petition is being offered for the success of a work dear to us all. I hope the sisters of the western society will join with us, so that we may have a real prayer union, for I feel sure that many of those I know will gladly comply with this request.

In thus striving to fulfil the first purpose of our society and bring down a blessing on the mission, we will undoubtedly find the second pressing more heavily upon our hearts. But who would shrink from prayer because it will lead us to give more of our time and means to God's work? Would we not rather gladly welcome any influence that will bring us more in sympathy with the great loving self-sacrificing heart of God, and show us how we may grow more like Him. Let us listen oftener to the cry that comes from the millions of heathen who know not God, so that our hearts may be filled with pity and a desire to help.

It seems to me that true prayer which takes the form of petition, is always followed by action, when action is possible. If we sincerely ask God to fill our hearts with holy thoughts, we turn to His Word and read of Him who is holy and undefiled. If we sincerely pray for strength to resist our sins and follies, we set ourselves definitely to watch for their appearance, and with God's help check them. So in praying earnestly for any work we get an impulse to help and often have ways and means revealed to us that were unthought of before. Many of you know this from experience, and it does not require much foresight to predict that a special time spent each week in

prayer for the Telugu Mission, will result in much greater efforts to interest others in it. I feel sure that much of the apathy towards Foreign Missions, in some of our churches, is the result of ignorance. If we want people to become interested in any place or thing, we must tell them interesting facts about it. So with our Telugu Mission; there is a great opportunity for us to help, if we only will, in making the work more known. Through the medium of the LINK we are becoming well-informed about our different stations, but I often wonder how many of the gentlemen read it. I must say that I earnestly hope that many of you will feel moved to read the letters from our missionaries, that appear in it, at the general prayer meetings. This is not speaking in meeting, only reading, as so many ladies do at social gatherings and may result in awakening a deeper interest in the hearts of those who have means to give liberally. Do you shrink from doing this? A few moments spent with God before going to the meeting will give the needed strength. I have seen the wonderful effect produced by the simple reading a letter, when the reader was fully in sympathy with the missionary who wrote it. One does not require to be an elocutionist to do this; indeed a fervent wish on the part of the reader to help towards the extension of the Gospel, is more effective than any thing else. But whether any of you feel compelled to do this or not let us all, my dear friends, unite in the petition that God will show us how to be more efficient workers in the home branch of the work, so that in some feeble way at least we may aid towards the proclamation of the good news of the Gospel in one part of the great heathen world.

I will be glad to know whom of you will join in the proposed prayer circle.

Yours sincerely,

AMELIA MUIR.

Indian Head, N. W. T.

WYOMING ONT.—We bless God that our numbers are increasing, and the work becoming very interesting among us. Our membership has increased during the three years we have been organized, from thirteen to about thirty, and we are very thankful that we have persevered in this glorious work, trusting that He will still bless our efforts and increase us.

P. H.

Maritime Provinces.

The *Visitor* of St. John says:—Two young ladies, one in Nova Scotia and one in New Brunswick have offered themselves to our Foreign Mission Board for work in the Telugu field. If they are both accepted, as we presume they will be, it will necessitate enlarged benevolence on the part of our churches. We are quite able to sustain them in addition to our regular staff, and love to Christ and obedience to the great commission will prompt the necessary sacrifice on our part.

TRURO N. S.—On the 12th and 20th ult. the Truro Baptist Mission Band was organized with encouraging prospects. This is a noble work, and, if generally introduced in all our churches, as it should be, the results would astonish even the most sanguine. If we would have our future men and women richly imbued with a missionary spirit, and devoted to the cause of missions, we must see to it that the children become interested.

Every church within the boundaries of the Convention should have such a youthful band of mission workers, and might by a little well directed effort. Mrs. C. H.

Martell, of Oaslow, is preparing for her own use and the Bands in Colchester County, which she is assisting to organize, a most interesting and instructive exercise of Questions and Answers respecting our Foreign Mission fields, the route to them, the different Missions down to the last, the "Maritime Provinces," the manners and customs, idols, &c., to be used in connection with mission maps. It is really surprising how soon children become familiar and deeply interested by this method, imparting mission knowledge. It will be seen at a glance the value of such a course for youth. It is to be hoped the Board's agent for Colchester Co., Mrs. Martell, will be induced to widen her sphere of usefulness, by permitting her work to go beyond this county.—*Christian Messenger*.

ST. JOHN N. B.—Some months ago the Central Board of the N. B. W. M. A. Societies determined to hold monthly meetings with the churches of Saint John and its vicinity, with a view to stimulating missionary zeal and increasing the general interest in missionary work. Arrangements were accordingly made, and the first meeting was held with the Carleton church in November. On account of storms the meeting appointed to be held with the Portland church, in December, was sadly interfered with, but the succeeding meetings in January and February with the Brussels St. and Leinster St. churches, respectively, were well attended and were full of promise of encouraging results to the churches, as well as to the local Aid Societies connected therewith. As these meetings take the place of the regular prayer meeting, they necessarily partake of a devotional character, whilst the reading of extracts from missionaries' letters, addresses by missionary workers, the display of curiosities from the foreign field, musical and other exercises, give variety and sustain the interest. The collections taken, which average between \$7 and \$8 at each meeting, go to swell the contributions of the Aid Society with which the meeting is held. The next gathering will be with the Germain St. church.

Aid Societies located near each other in other parts of the province would find mutual benefit from occasional reunions of this character, and the pastors of churches could render efficient aid, by uniting their efforts in the arrangement of an interesting programme.

How To Clear a Debt.

Mrs. Turner and Betsy Taylor were great friends, and were accustomed to talk over all their concerns together. It happened that a rather heavy debt was remaining on the chapel. I had been from home some weeks to recruit my health. Mrs. Turner, who got a scanty livelihood by mangling, called one day on her friend, in low spirits. "Betsy," she said, "I have had something on my mind that I want to speak to you about. You see, minister has been away some time in bad health, and I have been thinking it is not so much his health, but that there is something weighing on his mind." "Do you, why what can it be? I have not heard of anything; and all things, as far as I know, are comfortable in the Church." "Why, you know, they say there is a great debt on the chapel, and perhaps it is a burden on Mr. Griffin's heart, and that makes him ill." "Indeed! I never thought of that," said her friend, "but what can such poor bodies as we do in it? I am told it is a great deal; how can we be of any use?" "I can't say," answered Mrs. Turner,

sadly, "but I have been reading in the forty-first of Isaiah, where it says, "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage! So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothen with the hammer him that smote the anvil." You see," said she, "they were working people, so I have been thinking that working folks like us ought to try and do something." Mrs. Turner had thought that the passage referred to the building of the Temple, not having noticed the end of the verse. But it had suggested a principle, and she ran away at once with that to her friend Elizabeth. Betsy was silent a while, and Mrs. Turner, too, for both were downcast. At last, she looked up and replied, "I tell you what; you go home, and make it a matter of prayer for a week, I will do so too; and then we can meet after that, and talk over it again." So they parted, and at the end of the week they returned to the subject. "I have been thinking what to do," said Betsy. "I will put my name down for a shilling a week; Henry shall put his name down for a shilling a week; Mrs. Jones—the widowed sister—shall do the same. You put your name down for the same." And then mentioning the names of others of their friends, of the same class, who were members of the church, she added, "I am sure they will do so, too." They accordingly set about it at once. But after a short time it reached the ears of the deacons, and one of them called on Elizabeth. "We understand, Betsy," said the good deacon, "that you are trying to do something for the chapel debt. It is very good of you and your friends, but surely you cannot know how large it is. We never heard of Mr. Griffin being anxious about it: you had better give it up, and at the proper time we will attend to it." Poor Betsy and her friends were woefully discouraged. It happened, however, that about this time she was engaged with some work in the house of a generous friend, Mr. Edward Wood, a member of the church. Passing through the room where she was at work, he saw that she looked dejected, and seemed hardly inclined to speak. "Why, Betsy, you seem down in the mouth this morning; is anything the matter?" "Well, I suppose I must out with it; and then, telling what she and Mrs. Turner and the friends were wishing to do, she added, "But deacons have throw'd cold water on it, and stopped it." "Why, Betsy, I didn't think you were such a chicken-hearted woman. Put my name down for £50, and go on." Looking up with amazement, she said, "But, do you mean it?" "Did you ever know me to say anything of the sort without meaning it?" "No, that I never did; then blessed be God," she cried, clapping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face, "the work is done!" And done it was. Those two poor women brought into the deacons £750; for "their zeal had provoked very many," and all liked to give their contribution by the hands of these generous women. In a short time a list of subscriptions was sent to me at Clifton, by the deacons, amounting to more than £1,100; and by-and-by the whole debt of nearly £3,000 was cleared off; and so the good women had a rich answer to their prayers, and a full reward of their self-denying love to the "House of their God."—From *Memoirs of the Past*, by Mr. James Griffin.

Cremation of Chunder Sen.

At about 10:30 a.m., Babu Keshub Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Lily Cottage, and immediately after his remains were laid out on a new sandalwood bedstead, which was covered with marigolds, jessamine, and roses. The corpse was dressed in white silk *dhoti*, and at inter-

vals some of the disciples of the Brahma leader sprinkled rose-water on it, and placed garlands of flowers all over. At noon the bier was removed to the new chapel, adjoining Lily Cottage, which was being erected for Babu the late Keshub Chunder Sen's private devotions, and at 3:30 p. m., a photographer came and photographed the remains, which were then lying an object of touching regard to hundreds of the Brahma leaders, disciples, friends and admirers. Shortly after this the male mourners and visitors were requested to leave the chapel to allow of the entrance of a number of the female relatives and followers of the deceased, who then entered and gave vent to their feelings of grief and sorrow at the death of their beloved leader. The bier, with the remains were then carried in procession along the roads from the chapel to Nimtollah Ghaut, followed by thousands and thousands of natives of all castes and creeds, and by a very numerous gathering of leading European gentlemen in Calcutta. At Nimtollah Ghaut the body was, with Brahma rites, placed on the funeral pyre, which was composed entirely of sandalwood. After cremation the ashes were collected and placed in an urn which will be deposited in the deceased Minister's private chapel. The procession was headed by a disciple, who bore in his hands a banner, bearing on it the words: "New Dispensation." As the procession reached the old Brahma Mandir in Colootallah, the body was put down, and a hymn chanted: "Glory be to the man who has got a pure heart," and the same ceremony was repeated when the procession passed the Sadhyaram Somaj Mandir, the chant being repeated at intervals till the burning ghaut was reached. No better proof could be found of the respect and esteem in which the late Brahma leader was held than in the thousands who followed his remains to witness the cremation ceremony and in the thousands who visited Lily Cottage, in Circular road, to see the last of the remains of the great Brahma leader, among them was his son-in-law, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and other most prominent natives in Calcutta.

The Jews and the Saviour.

Some years ago we heard an address in which the speaker—we think it was the Rev. J. Flecker—proved that missions to the Jews were not less but more successful than missions to the heathen. This position is sustained by the work accomplished through the instrumentality of Mr. Schwartz, at Breslau, in Germany. This good man, when last year he reported to his society—the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews—could say that, "during one month, he had the unspeakable pleasure of leading sixty five" Russian refugees "to accept of Christ as their Saviour"; that he had, in addition, "eighty-seven enquirers, thirty-two of whom confessed their faith in Jesus." This is good news concerning the seed of Abraham. "A hundred and thirty-four had been received into the Church by baptism, and thirty-three in the Province of Silesia, making a total of 1,431 since he began to reside in Breslau." Gentle Christians talk often of unbelievers; Jews, forgetful of the fact that "the father of the faithful," the heroes of faith mentioned in Hebrews xi., the converts on the day of Pentecost, the first believers, the pioneers of the Gospel, the Apostle Paul, and others, "of whom the world was not worthy," belonged to the Hebrew race. "How much more shall these, which are the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?" Pray for the conversion of the Jews. "What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?"—*Freemen*.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Three children, Roy, Ruth and Arthur, sat on the back steps shelling peas. Pearl, one of their neighbor's girls, was leaning over the fence, and all four were talking of the Mission Band. The Superintendent had said at the last meeting that he wanted the children to earn the money they brought each month. He also said that if they did not do this their parents gave the money, and it was not their own gift. Would you like to hear what these children said about it? "I cannot earn any money," said Arthur. "Our servant Kate does all the house-work, and Carl, our hired man, works in the garden and takes care of the horse, so there is nothing left for me to do. If I want ten cents for the Band, or five cents for a pencil I ask papa and always get it, but not a cent unless he knows what it is for." We do not keep a servant," said Roy, "for my mamma and Aunt Rose do the work, so Ruth and I get a few cents for doing extra work, such as shelling these peas." "And it is only a few cents at a time, chimed in Ruth," so it takes a good while to save up ten cents. We always want to spend our money as soon as we earn it. We need slate-pencils and lead-pencils and such things, then we get candies and caps for Roy's toy pistol, and ribbons for my dolls. Oh, I know we can't take our own money to the Band."

"Papa gives me a quarter every month, said little Pearl," but I do not like to take ten cents of it for the Mission Band, that leaves such a little bit to last me all the month. It suits me better to ask papa for the missionary ten cents when the right time comes."

"If I must earn my money I shall stay at home," decided Arthur.

"Well," Ruth answered, thoughtfully, "God sends us blessings in return for all we do for Him. The gift ought to be our own, Roy. Let us try next month."

"I'll try," Roy answered, "and get a little blank book to put down how every cent was earned." Pearl resolved to put away ten cents of her quarter as soon as received that month, and Arthur said if all the rest gave their own money he should try and earn his, too."

Three weeks later the children met again on the back steps to talk things over.

"I was so sorry not to go to the Band yesterday" said Pearl, "but I was real sick. My ten cents went all right, though, and I wrote on the envelope that it was my own money. Did you have a nice time?"

"Splendid!" cried the three children all in one breath, while Arthur added, "Roy had eighteen cents; Ruth, fifteen; and I gave thirty-five. Mr. Donn went all around and asked how each had earned the money. Some had forgotten and just asked their parents for it. Others had earned it in different ways. When it came to Roy's turn he got up and read out of his little book: "Two cents for splitting wood; one cent for shelling peas; five cents for putting away coal-oil and so on. So did Ruth, and Mr. Donn thought theirs such a good plan that he asked us all to try it next time."

"How did you get your money Arthur, asked Pearl? "I earned it all myself, and never had so much to give before. Judge Barker gave me fifteen cents for holding his horse one day. Mother did not like it at first, but when I told her what I wanted the money for she did not mind. I made a toy ship, a real beauty, and sold it to Dan Freeman for the rest. I am making some winders

for Dan's mother now. I told her what I was earning money for, and she was glad to help me to do it."

"I think it a great deal nicer to give our own money," said Ruth, "We feel so much more interest. When papa or mamma gave it to us, we forgot all about it as soon as given. But I whispered a little prayer about it last night, and asked that Jesus would let my money do a great deal of good, and I think He will. It is so much better to give our own money to the Mission Band."

And the other children said they thought so, too; dont you think they were right? I do.

Our Corner last month was too long, so I must say good-bye now.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

ONITSHA, which six years ago was the scene of the barbarous cruelty for which two native ex-agents of the Church mission have lately been brought to justice, has been a field for very signal manifestations of the power of the Divine Word. Not only were forty-three adult converts baptized there in the year; not only are many hundreds attending the church services; not only has the king, hitherto hostile, suddenly commanded the observance of Sunday and arranged for public service at his own court; not only has a leading chief been buried without the offering of human sacrifices at his grave; but the Onitsha Christians have spontaneously visited neighbouring towns to tell the story of the gospel, and Arch-deacon Johnston, being invited to one of them, found 1500 people waiting to hear him.

THE very soul of the Church is missionary, progressive, world-embracing; it would cease to exist, if it ceased to be missionary.—Max Muller.

"Christ did not send, but came Himself, to save;
The ransom price He did not lend, but gave."

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from February 27th to March 26th, 1884.

Peterboro, M. C., \$21.00; St. George, M. C., \$43.10, (of this \$34.95 from Mission Quilt); Brantford 1st Church, M. C., \$25.00 (for support of Bible Woman); Jarvis St., Toronto, M. C., \$19.10; St. Catharines M. C., \$15.00; Cheltenham M. C., \$3.00, (of this \$1.77 was contributed by Mrs. Haines Sabbath School class); Timpany's Grove, M. C., \$39.00, (of this \$26.00 from Mission Quilt, and \$8.00 from Missionary entertainment). Mrs. Etie Cohoon was made a life member by this contribution.) Jarvis St., Toronto, M. C., \$1.20, additional; Parliament St. Toronto, M. C., \$6.45; Alexander St., Toronto, M. C., \$5.45; Port Hope, M. B., \$27.00, (for Samulcotta Seminary); a friend, 50c.; Woodstock, M. C., \$22.00; Westover, M. C., \$4.00; Total, \$231.60.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

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