

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Canadian Missionary

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

LX-9

JANUARY, 1892.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.....	49
AN ACROSTIC.....	51
FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MR. AND MRS. McLAURIN	51
TULGOU WOMEN.....	52
AN HOUR'S CONVERSATION WITH A BRAHMAN.....	58
WORK ABROAD.....	55
WORK AT HOME.....	57
W. B. M. U.....	59
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.....	61

CLINT 22

PUBLISHED
 IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
 OF CANADA.

 W.B. JOHNSTON & Co., PRINTERS
 TORONTO, ONT.

The Canadian Missionary Link

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1892.

No. 5

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LINK.

THE supplement prepared for the Ontario Board and published at their expense is designed for use in the Sunday Schools on Foreign Mission day. It was prepared with great care by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Prof. Trotter, Prof. Farmer and Mrs. Freeland. The subject is William Carey and his work. The occasion is the centennial of English Baptist Missions.



REV. JOHN Mc LAURIN

AMERICAN BOARD ALMANAC OF MISSIONS, 1892.

WE have received a copy of this useful publication. It contains interesting accounts of the various Missions of the Board and a calendar with items of missionary history for each week-day and an appropriate questionary text for each Sunday. It is illustrated with scenes from Mission lands. The price is twelve a copy, \$1.00 a dozen. C. E. Swett, Boston, Mass.

IN BRIGHTEST ASIA.

THIS is the title of Dr. Henry C. Mabie's new book, for a copy of which we are indebted to the publishing department of the American Baptist Missionary Union,

After his appointment to the secretaryship of the Union, Dr. Mabie made a tour of the Missions under the direction of the Union, in Japan, China, Burma, Assam and India, and extended his travels into other countries. He has given in the volume before us an intensely interesting and inspiring account of his travels and especially of the missionary work that came under his observation. It is a work that every person interested in Missions would do well to read. It is printed on fine paper



MRS. McLAURIN

in 4 to form and is richly illustrated with half-tone engravings of missionary scenes. The price is \$1.25. W. G. Corbell, Publisher, Tremont Temple, Boston.

INCOME OF THE LINK.

THE net income of the LINK for the past year was smaller than the year before, although the number of copies circulated was larger. This was due to the fact that a larger number of subscribers failed to pay for their paper. Names are usually left on the list from six months to a year after the subscription has become due, in the expectation that payment will be made. In the majority of cases this expectation is fulfilled; but the number of those who fail to pay and whose names

we are finally obliged to remove from the list is every year very large. As the *entire amount of the net revenue* is distributed among the various Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies of the Dominion, *all overdue subscriptions withheld reduce by so much the missionary funds.* We would urge upon all the importance of renewing when their subscriptions have expired, and in case any decide not to continue as subscribers, of *paying up the amount of arrears.*

THE CAREY CENTENNIAL.

MANY of our readers are aware of the fact that in England, the United States and Canada, the centennial of English Baptist Missions, inaugurated by William Carey, is to be celebrated by the holding of many interesting meetings and the raising of a large special fund. Arrangements are being made for the holding of a great meeting of days in Toronto, and of less prolonged meetings in a number of other places. We hope to be able to give a full account of the plans of the Ontario and Quebec General Board in our next issue.

STUDIES ON OUR OWN TELUGU MISSION.

As a means of supplying still further this need for helps to study, committees have been appointed to prepare lessons on our own mission. The first of these appears in the Young People's Department this month. Our plan is to have one each month till the ground is covered. Next month we hope to have an account of the beginning of the Mission under the Baptists of the Lower Provinces. These studies are prepared primarily for Mission Bands, but are suitable for Young People's Societies and Circles. The leader is expected to make out his or her own questions to the lesson.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE OBLIGATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO USE MEANS FOR THE CONVERSION OF HEATHENS.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, 1792

THE English Baptists have published a facsimile edition of this epoch-making book. More than any other agency this treatise, which remained unprinted for some time after it was written for lack of means to pay the printer, was instrumental in awakening the interest of English Baptists in Foreign Missions. We have read this pamphlet of 87 pages with great interest. The facts adduced as to the state of the heathen world and the reasons urged for entering upon the world's evangelization seem common-place now, but they were far from being common-place then. It has been rightly called the "first and greatest" paper on Missions. The price of the original edition was eighteen pence. The facsimile edition has followed the original in this respect also. It should be widely read. It may be ordered, we presume, through the Standard Publishing Co., Toronto.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LINK.

The enlargement and improvements we have been able to make in this paper speak for themselves and require no description. Five and a half years ago the LINK was an eight page paper and had a circulation of less than 3000. Henceforth we shall send to nearly 5000 subscribers sixteen pages each month of the best missionary literature we can command. The price remains the same, and we venture to say that no other missionary paper of equal size is published at so low a rate. The cover is furnished by the printer without extra cost, for the privilege of using three pages of it for unobjectionable advertisements. The four additional pages, or such portions of them as may be needed for this purpose, will be devoted to the interests of mission bands and arrangements are being made to furnish these four pages separately for extensive use in mission bands and Sunday schools.

We trust that our readers will show their appreciation of the improvements in the LINK by adding during the year 2000 names to the list. It can be done. We believe that in the interest of Foreign Missions it should be done.

TORONTO BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.

Last July a convention was held in Chicago for the organization of the *Baptist Young Peoples Union of America.*

The purpose of the Union is to give direction to the young life of Baptist churches, to the end that its energies may be more fully engaged for the promotion of Christ's Kingdom.

Considerable interest has been felt in this movement by a number of Canadian Baptists.

For some time the young people in the several churches in and around Toronto have been organizing into local societies, several as "Endeavor Societies," others as "Associations," and others as "Unions."

Lately it has been thought wise to organize these several societies into a Union. A meeting was called in Bloor St. church on the evening of Dec. 14th, and although the evening was stormy, the house was filled. Organization was the first order of business. This was soon done and the following officers were elected: President, Harry E. Stark, of Bloor St. church; Vice-President, A. Jones, of Jarvis St. church; Secretary, W. J. Roper, of College St. church; Treasurer, Miss Priest, of Sheridan Ave. church. Three minute speeches were given by ten of the young people on how to make the societies more efficient in the prayer meeting, Sunday school, missions, winning souls and in education. The speeches evinced great earnestness of purpose. Our impression in looking upon this vast audience of enthusiastic young people was, what a power for good, if wisely directed. We ask the ear

nest prayers of all our mission workers, that they may be guided aright. We bespeak for the young people all over the country the hearty co-operation and sympathy which they so much need in their societies. We believe that this new movement gives promise of greatly increased interest and activity in missions, as well as in all other departments of our church work.

OBITUARY

We quote, from the *Harvest Field*, published in Madras, a few facts of the life of this veteran missionary:

"Mrs. Bennett, American Baptist Missionary, Rangoon, Burmah, died at the age of 83 after spending 62 years in Burmah. She came out as a fresh young girl of twenty, and during her long career was only home twice. She, with her husband, was associated with Judson. Her husband died about six years ago. Then people thought she would go home to America where several of her children are, but she said 'How could I? This is my country, not America. If I were there I could only be with one, for much travelling would be impossible. But now my Burmese children and grand children are all around me and they need my presence, so long as God permits it, more than those in America.'

AN ACROSTIC.

Joined by ties most dear and true
Our pledge of love we would renew
How much to thee thy brethren owe
No language has the power to show
Moulded and fashioned by the Lord
Called to proclaim His gracious word
Love-led, thou didst his call obey
And went to regions far away
Unfulfilling on far India's plain
Redemption's banner, "Jesus Slain"
Laured to hardships bravely borne
"Nigh unto death" thou didst return
Made even in thy weakness brave
In ceaseless toil the lost to save
Steadfast for Christ thou still didst plead
Showing the dying heathen's need
In vain thy labors have not been
On every side their fruit is seen
Now from ten thousand hearts loth rise
An earnest prayer to the All Wise
Requesting him to grant to thee
Years of success beyond the sea

F. WATSON.

Penella, Nov. 4th, 1891.

FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MR. AND MRS. McLAURIN.

THE evening of Nov. 20th, 1891, found the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, crowded in every pew with young and old, come to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, who were about to return to India to their beloved and chosen work among the Telugus. This time, not as our missionaries, but under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as the chime of our Canadian Telugu Mission field would be too trying for the enfeebled frame of Mr. McLaurin. Bangalore will be their future home. Mr. McLaurin is to be especially engaged in literary work, for which his fine taste, mature judgment and long familiarity with the Telugu language make him particularly adapted.

Rev. Mr. Dadson, pastor of the First Church presided. After prayer by Rev. H. C. Speller, Rev. Mr. Tapscott read many touching letters of regret from those unable to be present. Prof. Wolverton sent a beautiful message by wire from Texas. Mrs. Barker, of Ingersoll, on behalf of the W.B.F.M.S. thanked Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin for aid they had done—said good-bye—and wished them God speed. A noble tribute came from Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions. He was sorry to lose them. Mr. McLaurin had been a great Home Mission adviser and supporter, as well as a Foreign Mission advocate.

Mr. Dadson, as chairman, said they had met to honor as well as say good-bye to John McLaurin. He is a man all love. He has done great service for the Baptist churches and for his Master. He was the founder of our Canadian Telugu Mission. Single handed he laid the foundation of a work, the magnitude of which only eternity can reveal. His removal will be a great loss to the churches of Canada. God has called him to another field of labor and He makes no mistake, so while our hearts are heavy, we are silent before Him.

Then on behalf of the committees representing the College and the First and Oxford street churches, a very appropriate and affectionate address was read.

Principal Huston followed, expressing the great sense of loss the faculty and students of the college would feel in the departure of Mr. McLaurin. His own heart ached with a sense of personal loss. Mr. McLaurin had been to him a faithful counsellor and trusty friend.

Rev. Mr. Tapscott, his pastor and Rev. Mr. Dadson next spoke a few warm and tender words of love and appreciation, which found a ready echo in every heart present, for to know John McLaurin as the people of Woodstock know him, is to love and honor him.

With voice and face expressive of deep emotion, Mr. McLaurin replied at some length. He was almost overwhelmed by the kind things that had been said about him. He did not feel worthy of them. But they would help to cheer him in many a weary hour in far off India. It was beautiful to know he was so beloved by his brethren. He had only tried to do his duty. He spoke in glowing terms of the character which had been the largest human factor in moulding his work—the first principal of the college. When he came to the college from the farm he came in contact with one of God's greatest creatures. Dr. Fife was a king among men, a noble Christian man. He had never before or since met with such a grand man. He spoke of the influence of grandpa. Brutch had over him—and of the church. He went forward now, to work for his Lord with greater confidence and fuller of hope than he did twenty years ago. He was going out largely to untried work, but not under an untried Leader. He believed the Master had called him to labor in this special field. Earnestly implored his brethren and sisters not to cease praying for him, or to think that because he is going away under the auspices of the American Board, that he would be a less ardent Canadian. He loved Canada with a great love.

Written words cannot convey the impression of his address so like himself, humble, self forgetful, sincere, appreciative, earnest and manly.

Rev. D. G. Macdonald, of Stratford, his successor in Foreign Mission secretaryship, Rev. Stuart Bates, of Toronto; Prof. Farmer, of McMaster Hall; Rev. J. Dempsey, and Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Woodstock, then spoke, each bearing hearty testimony to the character strong personal influence and work of Mr. McLaurin.

Mrs. McLaurin was then presented with an address and a purse from the Woman's Mission Circle.

In a smart clear voice Mrs. McLaurin thanked the ladies for their gift, assuring them that their kindness would always be a fragrant memory to her. She then said a few beautiful words in which she unconsciously revealed her lovely and consecrated spirit, making her dearer than ever to the people of Woodstock.

The next interesting number on the programme was the unveiling and presenting to the college of a life-like portrait of Mr. McLaurin, which is to hang beside the portrait of Dr. Fyfe.

Rev. Ira Smith, in presenting the portrait, read an eloquent paper sketching the life and character of Mr. McLaurin from his boyhood to the present time.

On behalf of the college, Principal Huston accepted the portrait.

This delightful meeting—which will long be remembered by all present—closed by the whole congregation singing, "God be with you till we meet again."

ANNIE TROTTER.

TELUGU WOMEN.

MY friends and sisters,—here we are this afternoon a company of Christian women, "Children of God" by his matchless love and mercy. To us Jesus says "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you." He came to seek and to save the lost, and thus we come to know what He would have us do. The lost, where are they? In our homes, our friends and neighbours; in our country, though of foreign tongue and swarthy skin. There are many of us here and these are very near, surely, surely, we will see to it that at least none from our native land go down to death without a word of warning. But God's lost ones are in all lands and being Christians we will have concern for all for whom Jesus died. They are in China. Having no light, they are led captive by Satan at his will and die in appalling numbers without having heard the Saviour's name. In Africa they reach out manacled bleeding hands in mute appeal for help and we have scarcely ever looked that way. In the Islands of the Sea they slay and feast upon each other's flesh, but we turn shuddering away and hasten to forget. India is a land of graven images and at this hour, as in the days of the prophet, "The people are mad upon their idols." There men and women with hearts and intellects in no way inferior to our own, are crying, "save me, save me," to gods of brass, stone and clay. But who are these deluded sufferers? My sisters, they are kindred of our own. They are part of that great family, the Head of which we call "Our Father;" they are those "other sheep" which though not of this fold, are objects of the Great Shepherd's tender thought and care. He sees them and their cry enters into His ear. He sees us too, and in His word he points us to them saying, go give them the gospel—the gospel, that only remedy for all this wrong and woe. In view of the desperate need of such as these and in

view of this commission of our risen Lord, have we not, to say the least, been strangely indifferent and at ease?

Let us look a little more closely at the condition of these Telugus. The gospel finds the woman slave to a horde of absurd and dreadful superstitions. There is the evil eye, a demon ever to be dreaded. It looks through the human eye and so on all—she dreads calamity through the glance of an open or secret enemy. The young vulture, they say, cannot fly till it has tasted human flesh. As the sign of a vulture is an every day occurrence the post-mother and children too are kept quaking with fear. Cholera is a demon. It must be mentioned only in the softest tones and flattering language. Offerings must be lavished on the image made to personify it and the priest consulted also it will have its due revenge, and the dead are feared as well as the living. The Brahmins, supposed possessors of that strange secret power, must be appeased by costly feasts. Sacrifices must also be made to the gods (or devils) inducing them to undertake against the power of the departed to haunt and torment, else the relations will have no peace. In this way the living are impoverished to secure themselves against the devil. A mother sees her child sick and die. She has loved it pitifully, if a girl, proudly if a boy, but the mother love is there. And now what? Oh! she shudders to think the henceforth her little one may look at her through the blinking eyes of some toad or snake or glare upon her from some evil jungle beast. That is a

As to her religion, the gospel finds the Telugu woman with no higher object of worship than her husband, no holier employment than performing absurd and degrading rites that she may avert evil and gain merit. She teaches her children the impure histories of the gods and how to those dumb images they must prostrate themselves and offer gifts. She diligently seeks out the haunts of snakes (is not the deadly cobra another demon? be propitiated?) and lays out for their refreshment milk, and coconuts and herbs. She decorates the tall ant's nest which in the morning she may find in the corner of her room, keeps a light burning before it and passes it only with profuse salaams. She walks round and round the sacred streets in her yard with many incantations. She salutes the rising sun and wafts upward to the moon her wall the steaming fumes of her husband carefully prepared repast. On mission grounds, on our own mission grounds more than once the gospel has found her worn and wasted with cruelties and vigils performed on behalf of some loved ones who have become Christians and thereby more than dead to her. No wings to such faith as this you see, and can give no height, alas of joyful hope or restful peace to be attained.

But the Telugu woman is human, very human. By a hundred tokens we recognize and must a

our sister. She loves and hates, she hopes and fears. Always she fears, hers is a religion of fear. But does she hope? Yes, by abject obedience to her husband, by deepest reverence for every command of so called holy men, by scrupulous attention to caste usages, she hopes sometime, somewhere in the dreary round of transmigration to become a man. She dreams of no higher destiny. And does this poor degraded thing, for such the very form of the Telugu language makes her, claim any rights? Yes, the right to curse her oppressor, and she often uses it. The right too, to throw herself into some deep dark well when life becomes too bitter to be borne. Thus she thinks to get revenge on those who goaded her to the act, for now will not her spirit be able to trouble and torment where it had not the power before? No wonder that by far the greater number of suicides in India are women, nor need we wonder at the darkly ominous fact revealed by a late census, that there are five million less women than men in that benighted land.

And what does the Gospel do for the Telugu woman? Just what it has done for us, my sisters. It emancipates her, elevates her, lifts her eyes and soul heavenward. It satisfies the hunger of her heart. It changes her filthy hut into a clean well ordered home (we have seen it thus transformed). It fills her hands with deeds of love and helpfulness towards all about her. It makes her a co-laborer with God. The changed lives of Telugu Christian women now living are an inspiration to us, showing the noble, the beautiful possibilities within these people. And though they live and die in pagan darkness they are not the senseless, heartless creatures some may suppose. With beautiful faces, real refinement of bearing, gifted minds and loving hearts, they submit to all that has been here indicated and willingly work out their own negredation because they know no better. Lifted by grace out of the follies and servilities of their own religion, how they prize their new found hope and peace, words fail me to tell. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." We, too, were glad when He became to us a living, bright reality. These dear Telugu Christians, men and women, are filled with a triumphant gladness that enables them to smile under taunts and stripes, unjust fines and imprisonments. Under the persecutions they have to bear the end of the way seems very inviting and we have known them anticipate the time of their release as might a Prince his coronation day. Often have the hearts of our missionaries been thrilled to hear from the lips of dying Telugus joyful testimony to the presence and preciousness of Jesus. But yesterday, as it were, taken from the horrid pit of heathenism, they have, with latest breath, told of seeing shining ones beckoning them away and of the Saviour's loving call to which their rapturous re-

sponse has been, "Come, come, my Jesus, come."

They prove their appreciation of the Gospel by the readiness with which they deny themselves in order to send it on to others. And just because they are the missionary spirited people they have shown themselves to be, we believe we can best help to lift the great world-burden of sin and suffering by keeping as a F. M. Society to this people alone for the present. Nor will this make us narrow minded or indifferent to other fields as has been hinted. Such cannot be the outcome of holding ourselves true to this God given work, but in this way we only bring to bear upon it the common sense we would not spare upon our own affairs. One other thought - you would be touched to know how the Telugu converts love and pray for you. That they are especially praying for us to day, as gathered in this meeting I have no doubt. For what you have done and given for them, they never cease to pour down all riches and blessings upon the heads of Canadian Baptists.

Long years ago by a Galilean seaside a little circle meeting was held of which Jesus was the central figure. Before separating the Lord questioned Peter three times over—"Lovest thou me?" For each query came the thrice repeated answer (at last in a very abandonment of wounded feeling)—"Lord, I love thee." Then for such assurance followed the command—"Feed my sheep," as if the Master had said, you can do nothing for me directly, henceforth I am now raised above all need or possibility of human ministrations, but what you owe me let it stand to the account of these. Your debt to me pay over to these poor sheep and lambs of mine. Oh! that we might rise to something like our duty to all these poor needy ones. Oh! that some heavenly power would cause the current of our being to set to the fulfilling of that sublime prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, then would the blessing of the imitable "Inasmuch" become ours—then would Christ be honored—the penning be saved, and

"Angels would echo around the throne
Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own

M. B. McLAURIN.

AN HOUR'S CONVERSATION WITH A BRAHMAN.

ON a recent Saturday, about three in the afternoon, a Hindu gentleman walked quite unceremoniously into the room where I was sitting, and, after making his salams, assumed an expectant attitude. It is the usual thing for Hindus to enter a room, whether it be study, sitting room, or bedroom, very much as one would a show-room, and therefore not at all surprised, I looked up and queried

"Who are you? where from? and upon what business?"

The Hindu became communicative at once, told me that he was a teacher in search of employment, that his home was in Pithapuram, that at present he was staying at Peddapuram, but hearing of a vacancy

in the seminary, had come to make application for the situation.

We do not engage Hindus as teachers, but there was no occasion to volunteer the information, so I merely added that we had no vacancy. His expectations could not have run very high for he seemed to evince no particular disappointment in the downfall of his hopes. He made no move, however, to take leave, evidently having come for a talk; so closing the book I was reading, I invited him to a seat, when, after some introductory questions and replies, the course of talk ran somewhat as follows:

MISSIONARY.—“What God do you worship? The question was tentative.

HINDU.—“I am a Brahman and worship our own God.”

M.—“Have you then a God of your own? Is there not but one God, the same to you and to me?”

H.—“Yes, there is only one God.”

M.—“Good. And you worship this one God. How?”

H.—“Pray to Him.”

M.—“Why pray to Him?”

H.—“That I may live uprightly.”

M.—“And if you live uprightly?”

H.—“I shall attain Heaven.”

M.—“If you don't live uprightly?”

H.—“I shall be cast into hell.”

The conversation was in English, though occasionally dropping into Telugu. Evidently from his replies the Hindu was no believer in orthodox Hinduism. The conversation proceeded.

M.—“What is required to live uprightly?”

H.—“Not committing sin.”

M.—“So committing sin will send a man to hell?”

H.—“Decidedly. Yes.”

M.—“How many sins must one commit to receive this punishment? Would one sin condemn a man?”

H.—“Cavilously. We must take care not to sin.”

M.—“Would one sin condemn a man?”

Another evasion, but the question is repeated.

H.—“Yes. One sin will condemn.”

M.—“Are there any who commit no sin?”

H.—“Promptly. “Yes. There are many who commit no sin.”

M.—“Who are they?”

H.—“Many who are spoken of in our books.”

M.—“Do you really believe that?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“Well, what about yourself? Do you commit no sin?”

H.—“I don't know.”

M.—“in a surprised tone. “You don't know?”

H.—“No. I don't know.”

M.—“Now then can these of whom you have just spoken know that they have not committed any sin?”

H.—“They are very learned.”

M.—“But you are a matriculate. You speak English and read English books, I suppose. You should know that it is not a question of education but of conscience.”

The Hindu still persisted that it was a very difficult thing to know, and recounted a story of a great multitude of pilgrims passing a certain goddess in whose lap her husband was ready to die. Did any one without sin but pour water into his mouth the god would live. Many passed, and though they compassionated the goddess none dare say they were without sin. At last

a dancing girl passed, and upon being asked the great question, promptly answered that she was sinless, and lo, the god was healed.

M.—“Incredulously. —“Do you believe that story?”

H.—“But the god was healed, was that not proof?”

M.—“shocked. —“What? A dancing girl sinless?”

H.—“hesitatingly. —“No. She could not be sinless. I don't believe the story.”

He was disinclined to answer the personal question, so the conversation shifted. Apparently he was not very far out of Hinduism.

M.—“Why are sinners cast into hell?”

H.—“That they may be purified.”

M.—“And then?”

H.—“They are received into Heaven.”

M.—“But how can that be?”

H.—“They have received their full punishment.”

M.—“How long will they continue in Heaven?”

H.—“Forever.”

M.—“Forever?”

H.—“decidedly. —“Forever.”

M.—“How can that be? If the punishment of bad deeds be limited, will not the reward of good deeds be limited also?”

The Hindu did not seem to understand. Perhaps it was due to his imperfect English. The suggestion was repeated in Telugu.

H.—“in Telugu, forgetting his English for the moment. —“How?”

M.—“The case is clear, is it not? You say that sinners in course of time receive full punishment for bad deeds and so are dismissed from hell?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“And that they are then received into Heaven to receive the reward of their good deeds?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“Will they not also in course of time receive the full reward for good deeds, and be in a like manner dismissed from Heaven?”

The Hindu found no answer. Another question.

M.—“What will become of those thus dismissed? Will they be born again?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“So you accept the doctrine of your books?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“Therefore by an endless series of births you have become a Brahman?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“And if, in your present existence, you commit sin you will lose this priceless attainment and be condemned to go through the whole painful series again?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“So that, according to your belief, my question as to whether you have committed even one sin, is a vital one?”

H.—“Yes.”

M.—“You have said that you don't know whether you have committed one sin or not. Do you still adhere to that statement?”

H.—“I adhere to the statement made. I do not know.”

M.—“What hope have you then of attaining *mukti*?”

H.—“I hope to attain it in the same way that I have become a Brahman.”

M.—“And about that, of course, you can know nothing?”

H.—“No. I have no remembrance of former states.”

M.—“Ah! You are a Brahman; that means twice born.”

H.—“We have a custom.”

M.—“Yes, yes, I understand. You have a custom at twelve years of age of going through certain ceremonies and donning the sacred thread. But there is a reality, while your ceremonies are vain. There is a second birth to all those who believe in Christ, and Christ speaks of an eternal Heaven and an endless hell. Those who are saved through His sacrifice you know that He died for sinners reach the former place, while those who are not thus saved are doomed to the latter. All men are sinners and need this salvation. Have you read the Bible?”

H.—“Yes, I have read it.”

M.—“What parts?”

H.—“Genesis.”

M.—“If I give you a Testament will you read it through?”

H.—“Yes, I will read it.”

M.—giving a book.—“Read it please, but don't forget to come back to tell me the result of your reading. I shall expect you.”

H.—taking the book.—“I shall return without fail.”

M.—Making his salaams he was gone. What of him? What of the many like him? Have any of my readers a wish, a prayer for such? A wish? A prayer? Ah! Have any a life to consecrate for India's redemption?

SAMULCOTTA, Nov. 9, 1891.

J. R. S.

Work Abroad.

VUYURU.

THE Vuyuru field of which I wish to give the readers of the LINK a brief description, is the western portion of the old Akudu field. It lies along the east bank of the Kistna river. Across the river is the Bapatla field of the American Baptist Mission. Vuyuru is thus the connecting link between the great American and Canadian fields, which stretch over nearly the whole length of the Telugu country. The field is quite large, being about forty miles long and about ten or twelve wide. Running through it from Bezwada to Masulpatam is one main road. One canal also intersects the country. Another canal is in course of construction. It will be readily seen from this that touring, especially during the rainy season, is rather difficult on this field. My plan of touring is to go to some central place and from that visit as many of the surrounding villages as can be reached by horse or on foot. During the cool and hot season travelling is not so difficult.

As to the people, the Shudras or farmers largely predominate. Brahmins are not so numerous as in many parts. Malas and Madigas, however, form a considerable percentage of the people. Our Christians, unlike the rest of our Canadian fields, are all from the Madigas. The Malas, however, in many of the villages are deeply interested in the Gospel. Some have professed faith, but have not as yet been baptized. Many of the Shudras, too, listen to the Gospel with real interest; others again oppose bitterly.

I arrived here and formally entered upon the work on the seventh of August last, (my birthday). Since then the work has seemed to revive. The workers, who had so long waited and prayed for a missionary, seemed to take fresh courage. Our monthly meetings with the

workers have been seasons of much blessing and encouragement. Over fifty have been baptized since August and the preachers report quite a number as awaiting the ordinance. The number of Christians on the field now reaches about four hundred and fifty. Caring for these and preaching the gospel to the heathen are one ordained and seven unordained preachers, two bible-women and several teachers of village schools. There are about a dozen promising young men from this field studying in the Seminary at Samulcotta, several of whom will make effective workers for Christ if kept humble and endued with power from on high.

The station, Vuyuru, is not very central, but the best possible location on the field being on the trunk road about half way between Bezwada and Masulpatam. Bezwada is a large growing town and a railway centre. It is our base of supplies. Masulpatam is a seaport on the Bay of Bengal. At present we occupy the traveller's Bungalow, which we must vacate by the first of March. Where we will shelter our heads after that we cannot yet discern. But our Father knows what things we have need of. After much effort and in answer to many prayers, a beautiful piece of ground covering about two acres has been secured for a Mission compound. Here I hope, during the coming hot season to erect a bungalow, a very trying and tedious undertaking in India. In the bungalow we are making provision for a young lady whom we hope the Ladies Board will send to us soon.

We ask the prayers of all the readers of the LINK on this field and its staff of workers. Pray for the missionary that he may have much wisdom to direct and guide the work. Pray that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in the salvation of many lost dying souls and in the sanctification of those who have thus been called out of darkness into light. Our trials are great, our responsibilities and cares are many and pressing. More trying than the climate, more trying than the loneliness and isolation of missionary life, more trying than the hard work of touring is the work of instructing, nourishing and leading a company of poor, weak, ignorant, despised Christians, so lately come out of darkness into light, and who have been so long enslaved by the prince of darkness. Nothing but the fulness of Jesus Christ himself can fit us for so great a work. But while the work has its trials it has also its joys. To see the Christians growing in grace and knowledge, to see in the villages houses of prayer rising for the worship of Jehovah, to see the young growing up and instructed in the fear of God, and best of all to see the number of those who through faith in His blood have found rest and salvation steadily increasing, is certainly productive of unspeakable joy. Will not some of our readers come over and help us and rejoice to bear burdens for Jesus Christ that He may be glorified in the regeneration and uplifting of this great nation? Are there not some who will say “Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen.” Lam. IV. 20?

Yours till He come.

JOHN L. BROWN.

SAMULCOTTA.

Aug. 7, 1891.

My Dear Miss Her. You have waited long, and I hope, patiently, for a letter long promised from me. I thought of writing during vacation, but as you wanted me to give you something definite about

the work to be presented to the different Circles in your association and as at the times some parts of the work were rather indefinite, that is three men who had not been appointed to definite work were to be appointed. I thought I had better wait till those appointments were made before writing to you. Two or three weeks have gone since that time, but other duties were pressing so I did not write. With reference to the vast extent of the work to be done here, if you consult Mr. Stillwell's tract on the "Statement of needs" you will find a great deal of useful information. I hope you will see that every Circle has that tract and reads it, for only by learning these facts will you ever be able to realize the responsibility that rests upon us all as Canadian Baptists for carrying the Gospel to this part of Telugu land in which the inhabitants are numbered by the millions. I shall in few words try to give you a bird's eye view of the fields under our special care. In case you may not have a map, I am sending you one with this letter that you may be the better able to see the relative positions of the different stations and their distances from each other. Don't judge, however, the greatness of the work by the smallness of the map, for each little spot contains thousands and thousands of people. People who are steeped in ignorance and sin, who live in darkness, and these eleven stations about which I am to write are but as candle sticks in a dark, dark night shining out through the gloom, shining visible, apparent, but very feeble when contrasted with the darkness around. I speak of eleven stations, of these four are the old ones, of which you have all heard, namely, Cocanada, Samuleotta, Tum and Akidu, occupied for some time back. Three are those just now being occupied namely, Yellamanchilli, Peddapuram and Vuyyuru. The other four have been selected as mission station sites, but as yet nothing has been done. Something, however, must soon be done for two more missionaries will soon be ready and one is coming this year and we hope for many more afterwards and still there are many, many places to be filled before we have one missionary to every 50,000 of the population, which is what we are asking for.

The four to-be mission stations are, Ramachan drapuram, Narsapatnam, Annakapalle, Pithapuram. These may be hard names, but it would be very nice if you all learnt them all for we hope to have a missionary in one and all within a year or two. In stead of giving you a bird's eye view, I had better take you with me for a hasty trip through the fields. First we land at Cocanada where all our missionaries land, and we find here a good-sized town with English and Eurasian residents, together with a native population of nearly 40,000. We go to Mission Compound just on the border of the town and we find there the Mission House, occupied by Mr. Davis and family and also by Mr. and Mrs. Mc-

Leod, who are now studying the language. The Zenana House occupied by Miss Simpson in her Zenana work and Miss Rogers studying, the girls' quarters, and their missionary, Miss Baskerville occupying two cosy rooms near them, the common-hous chapel which is also used as a school-room. The Rest House, of two rooms, which is intended for missionaries coming in invalided from the other fields, as Cocanada is the only station where there is a doctor. The Rest House is now partly occupied by Mr. Barrow who is studying the language. In another part of the town is the English work with the English chapel and girls' boarding and day school. No missionary is there at present.

We leave Cocanada and coming up 9 miles or so by boat on the canal, or by cart or carriage on the road, we arrive at Samuleotta. After driving through the long town for about a mile, in which we do not pass a solitary Christian's house, (there are some, but they are in another part) we come to a fine open field, covered with a lovely green sward just now and surrounded by beautiful trees, a place used by Government for drilling native troops. We cross this and drive into the Mission Compound which is not large, but it contains a good deal, namely, the Missionary House itself occupied down stairs by Mr. Stillwell and family and upstairs by myself and my numerous visitors. Sometimes there is another missionary in the house studying the language, but that makes it rather crowded for a hot country like India. After the Mission House, the chapel and school rooms all in one building, then the teachers' houses, occupied by four teachers three of whom are married, then the married students' houses and the other students' houses, altogether about 100 of us in the compound. While here we may take a run almost direct west from here three miles and we may see Peddapuram, a town of about 12,000 and not a single Christian. The Mission House is being built and will soon be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walker we hope. We come back and follow the main road 8 miles and come to the large town of Pithapuram where there is not a single Christian and where we hope sometime to have a Mission Station.

We go on passing many towns and villages to the left and to the right of us and come to Tuni, 85 miles from Samuleotta. Here we find the Mission House with Mr. and Mrs. Garside, a home for a young lady when she comes, a chapel which is also school room and the girls' quarters. We drive on the same road 25 miles further and we find a mud house, leaf-thatched, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Laflamme. They are breaking new land and hope to build a comfortable house soon out of money mostly given in this country. One thing I must tell about the Mission work there. The preachers are all supported by the Telugus. This being a long way north is their Foreign Mission work. Two other stations, Anakapilli and Narsapatnam, not

far from here we hope to have occupied in time. Now we must come back to Samulcutta and travel in the other direction west and south. We go by canal, travelling 25 miles and then cross the broad Godavari and still travelling 35 miles more we come to Akidu situated on the canal. The first place we see here is the Mission House situated pleasantly on the water's edge. We have passed some Christian villages on the way down. We know Mr. Craig and his family well as he is our oldest missionary. Miss Stovel is also here doing Zenana work and field work and as much as her hands can find to do. We might go from here 16 miles to Gunmanapudi which, though not a Mission station, is quite important, for here the village is almost entirely Christian. They have built a large chapel for themselves, support their own preacher, besides others in the villages carry on a large school which goes as far on in work as Samulcutta Seminary, but we haven't time to stay here. We pass on to Vayyuru, our station farthest south and west, and there putting up for a time in the traveller's bungalow are Mr. Brown and family. Land is bought and Mr. Brown is just beginning to build. We come back and find perhaps about 20 miles from Cocanada, by canal, a town, Ratuachandrapuram, which we have missed as it did not come in our way. This is the next station to be occupied. It is a populous town and in the centre of a large canal system which can be conveniently worked by the missionary who may be appointed there.

We have taken a run over the different Mission stations, but we haven't seen much of the work, only glimpses of it here and there. If we had seen all the people in this apparently small district that we have travelled over we would have seen over eleven hundred thousand. I have compared the Mission stations to candles shining out amidst the darkness. Included with these there are 20 churches with their 2,500 members shedding forth their light, some feebly, some dimly and some strong, piercing the gloom afar off. If we may reckon as the angels of the churches, the stars in the right hand of our Saviours, all the native helpers and the missionaries and their wives, these number 22, the native helpers about 80 and those preparing for work about 80. Imagine a night with only 100 stars shining. Not a very bright night you would say and even these shine not all brightly. My dear friends can you imagine how dark it is? Pray with us dear friends and labor with us that all these lights may grow and grow in number and in brilliancy until the Sun of Righteousness Himself shall rise with healing in His wings and all darkness shall flee away, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep. Asking again for your many prayers.

S. I. HATCH.

Work at Home.

THE BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

AT the last annual meeting of the W. B. M. Society of Ontario, the Board made arrangements for supplying a long felt want for helps, to our Circles and Bands. Miss Stark, 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto, has been appointed to take charge of the department named. Mrs. Wm. Craig has kindly turned over to the society to be used in this department the *Free Circulating Library* of missionary books. Other missionary literature, leaflets, mission studies, maps, &c., have been added. See list of literature.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

INDIA	
1. Telugu Missions, "Lane Star"	\$0 05
2. Hindoo widows true story	02
3. How the Zenana Missions began	03
4. India Leaflets	05
5. India, by G. T. Gracey	45
6. Lyda of Nellore	03
7. Story of Julia	05
8. Telugu women and Krishnaiah	03
9. Studies of Baptist Missions	

ON GIVING	
1. A talk on nine boxes	\$0 02
2. Giving a little child	01
3. Mrs. Pickett's missionary box	02
4. Five cents in a reaping	05
5. A story of the bees	02
6. That missionary box	02
7. That missionary lady	02
8. A study in proportion	02
9. A suggestion from Deacons	01
10. O. W. J.	02
11. How much do I owe?	01
12. Not for the heathen only, but for Christ	01
13. The wilful girls and the disconcerted deacons	02

Any of the above may be obtained from Miss Stark,
64 Bloor Street E., Toronto.

GENERAL READINGS	
1. Aggression in work for Missions	\$0 02
2. Apologies for neglect of duty	01
3. Eleven good reasons for not going to missionary meetings	02
4. God's thoughts about the nations	01
5. The Tabernacle, Dr. Ashmore	02
6. Woman's Mission, Dr. Johnson	03
7. Woman's medical work in foreign Missions	05
8. The voices of women	02
9. Ten reasons why I should belong to a W. B. M. S.	02
10. A transferred gift	02
11. How Mrs. McIntyre's eyes were enlightened	02
12. Pictures and lamps	
13. She hath done what she thought she could not	01
14. What Thomas Henry and I learned at the Yearly meeting at London	03
15. Mothers and Mission Bands	02
16. The beginning of it	02
17. Why we should keep up our Auxiliaries	01
18. Mrs. Gray's opportunities	02
19. Why our society did not disband	02
20. A heathen woman's story	02
21. A Hindoo woman's true story	02
22. That missionary meeting	02
23. Mrs. Purdy's Perquisites	02
24. Extra and me and the boards	02

QUEBEC

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 28TH TO DEC. 23RD 1891

Collection at Brockville	\$ 40.00
Montreal First Church M. B.	11.25
Circle	12.00
Perth	10.00
Dalesville	5.00
Chaticoke	12.00
Brockville	15.00
Dahagny	17.00
Charlemagne	5.00
Western Board for Akulu and Iuni	42.25
Ladies' Union, Hawkesbury	4.25
Ottawa M. B. Second Church	15.00
Kingston	7.00
Plant Hollow	5.00
St. Andrews	6.00

\$277.92

M. A. SMITH, Treasurer,
17 CHURCH COUNSELLORS' STREET.

W. B. M. U.

EDITED BY MISS A. E. JOHNSTONE.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY. For the officers of our W. B. M. U. and the members of our Home and Foreign Mission Boards, that the wisdom which cometh from above may be given to fall, and thus the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour be wonderfully advanced through them this year.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR. *"He that is ready in will await, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."*

Dear sisters, in the words of that sweet singer Madame Emmingham I send you my New Year greeting for 1892.

GREETING FOR 1892.

IN FELLOWSHIP OF SERVICE

We work together, if far apart,
Loyal and strong is each servant's heart,
One is our master, Christ the Lord,
And we catch the sound of His guiding word
And onward go where He shows the way,
Till we stand with Him in the perfect day.
The work we do is not quite the same,
Some as heralds the news proclaim,
Some are working among the vines,
Some in the fields where the hot sun shines,
And some work quietly in the gloom,
O! a shady place or a narrow room,
Some are singing the Master's praise,
Some are cleaning the dusty ways,
Some are teaching the young with care,
Some are spending the days in prayer,
We are all working with your brethren,
The young and the old, the women and men.
We work together, if far apart;
Hand in unison, heart to heart,
We work as having one common aim,
We work as bearing the same good name,
We dare not loiter, but still pursue
The work of the Master with Him in view.
Sisters, I send you greeting,
Not yet is the time of our happy meeting,
But progress is made, it is not the moon,
And the sweet rest will be coming soon,
Tear your voices sometimes in song,
And all our work will be done ere long.

M. FARNINGHAM

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Barry spent Sunday Nov. 1st at Chicoutou. Let us not forget to offer praise for our neyning mercies in answer to prayer. Brother Higgins writes that that Sunday was a real letter day. Three were baptized in the morning, making twelve; thus far on the field this year.

Brother Shaw on the Vizianagram held, while rejoicing in those new workers who left home this autumn is disappointed that no one comes to aid in his field. He had just been out on tour, visiting nineteen villages. The people seemed just ready to accept the Gospel. Our brother hopes for another Mission Family and a young lady next year. We hope that this will catch the eye of some who are thinking of service on the Foreign field. Have we not some young sister whose school life will close next June and who will say "Here am I, send me?"

NOTES FROM AN ADDRESS

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET, IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON.

The day before the W. B. M. U. Convention opened last month in Boston, I listened to an address given by Lady Henry, at the noon meeting conducted by John C. Woolly; it applies so well to our phase of Christian work that I am sure the readers of the LINK will be glad to read it.

Speaking of the barriers which had so long been built up between creeds and classes, Lady Henry said that the reason why they were breaking down was that the old ideas which had so long produced a dead Christianity were giving place to a new vision of a living Christ, a Christianity which is not a word only but a living love telling us what is the real teaching of the Master whom we profess to follow.

What would be the attitude of Jesus Christ towards these great social problems of to-day, which you and I are called to face? These are teaching, and this great movement, Temperance, is teaching us that Jesus Christ knew no difference between the religious and the secular, but that His religion is a good guide for conduct in the polling booth, the Senate Chamber, and the House of Commons, as it is in the chapel or prayer meeting.

After beautifully sketching the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration, the desire of the disciples to remain and the cry of the perishing below, her ladyship went on to say Jesus Christ is looking around among us, asking if there is not one among all those who call themselves by His name, who will go out into the world and work for Him.

There are Christians to-day who are spending their lives on the mountain top singing beautiful hymns about the glories of the Lord, and thinking how peaceful and beautiful it all is, yet the Lord is not on the mountain; if they will but look down they will see Him among the poor, the wretched, the out-cast.

What is the state of this world to-day? How do we find it as we go about on our way to-day? If this world was worth the love of God Himself, worth His infinite, boundless love, does not our heart also go out in love to that world which was his very heart?

To each generation God sends his own particular message. All over the world, to-day, clearly and distinctly has come this message, that Christians can no longer compromise with this Temperance question. We can make no truce with this traffic. I thank God for this Convention which has brought together women from all parts of the world. But as I listen to the stories from China, Japan and India, the cry from all is the same, "Come over and help us." I speak to you from my heart to-day when I say that we need to give all our strength, our life, our work, and all we have to God's

cause in this great world. This question must be settled between our hearts and God to-day. And if God has redeemed our souls and claims our lives, let us take no portion of our life back, but say to Him, "Take it all and consecrate it to the service of the world which Thou lovest."

Lady Henry has a sweet, clear voice which could be heard in every part of the hall, and it was impossible to look on her lovely face and not see that the peace and rest there come from a heart resting fully on Christ, and a life wholly given to Him and His cause.

FROM AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS.

Mrs. Camp, Co. Secretary for Albert Co., N. B., sends a number of reports from which we make some extracts: The society at Elgin numbers 19, several are little girls.

The interest in the work is not as general as could be wished, but the faithful few are hoping for better things.

The secretary at Hopewell Cape writes discouragingly: So few active members and so hard to get the young interested. There is a brave determined ring to this report which shows that the secretary is trusting in the One (for this work) of whom it was said, "He shall not fail or be discouraged." Hopewell Hill had held two meetings since convention, the receipts being \$2.82. The society was getting some quilts ready for Grande Ligne.

Waterside. The Mission Band here was organized last May. Membership 24. One has lately united with the church and others are among the enquirers. A concert was held in September at which \$15.83 was realized, making with cash on hand \$30.00.

May these young sisters be enabled to persevere, until through their influence a W. M. A. Society is formed.

Harvey, Albert Co., reports an increasing interest in the work. New members are being added.

Albert. The membership is 15. Interest not so great as we would like.

Mrs. Martell, Prov. Secy. for N. B., writes in Nov. that she has just returned from her tour in H. Co. She held eight meetings, organized one society and re-organized three. The collections at these meetings amounted to \$13.47. Travelling expenses \$3.75.

During Mrs. J. F. Kempton's (Co. Secy. for Kings, N. B.) tour in Nov. a M. Band was organized at Port Williams with Miss Grace Wood, President, and one at Woodville with Miss Ada Ryan President. A number of shares were taken in the building fund for Kenedy and Palconda.

I would ask Presidents and Secretaries of Aid Societies and Mission Bands to remember that items of news are welcome for this column of our LINK. Let the communications reach me here by 14th of each month, earlier if possible.

"EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH, RECEIVETH."

What a promise! Turn it over and over in your mind, Christian woman! Think of the power it puts into your weak hands. Think of the "showers of blessing" which a multitude of "every ones," agreeing on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, may draw down from heaven.

EVERY ONE.

Not only the refined and intellectual lady in her house of luxury, withdrawing into her quiet, beautiful "Chamber of Peace," for an hour of earnest prayer that she may do all that God would have her do for the advance-

ment of his kingdom, and that a baptism of the Spirit may come upon all that is done.

The poor woman, also, with no corner of her small, but full home that she can really call her own—with care and toil besetting her by day and by night—whose turns from her household for a few minutes at the Sabbath evening hour of prayer, with her soul, even while her hands cannot cease their ministrations, and asks that God will bless the work of His servants in those heathen lands, of which she has heard enough to know that they are in great darkness, with "the Light of the world" still hidden from their eyes. These, and all between the two extremes—the Marys, sitting, thinking, loving, perhaps with days of suffering and nights of weariness appointed unto them; perhaps with hands and feet tied by some dispensation of God, so that activity of any kind is impossible—the Marthas, busy, careful, with lives full to overflowing of anxiety and labor, of going and coming, of calls here and there, of outward, active service to the Master—all are included in this "every one."

The only condition is the asking, after the fashion of which our Lord has been speaking, when He gave this precious promise,—earnest importunate, believing "Every one," so asking, "receiveth."

HINDRANCE TO THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

What hinders the immediate effort to plant the Gospel in every nation and island and home in all the earth in the next few decades? Nothing but the faltering zeal and purpose of the mass of Christian believers now on the earth. [That] precisely is the question. Are we, the Christians of to-day, awake to these facts and responsive to the claims of the glorious work? Do we understand that this vast responsibility rests upon us? that it is possible now, as never before in the world's history, to preach the Gospel to all the nations? And do we mean, God helping, that this work shall be done ere we die? This is the deep significance of the hour to this generation. We, the Christian people of this land, we are on trial; the reality and power of our Christian faith are put sharply to the test. Favoured beyond all past generations in our opportunities to spread the Gospel to the ends of the earth, are we equal to our privileges? Shall we prove worthy of the high responsibilities which God has placed upon us, or shall they pass over to a worthier and happier age?

In the war for the Union there came a time, after years of bloody battle, when it seemed as if the last man and the last dollar had been sent to the front, and the nation could endure no more. Then suddenly the call came from Washington for a new loan and an army of volunteers almost as large as all who had enlisted before. A moment the nation stood appalled; a moment it weighed the issue that was at stake; and then with a sudden burst of patriotism, from every loyal state and city and town the volunteers flocked to the standards, shaking the land with their tread, and singing as they marched,

"We are coming, Father Abraham,

Three hundred thousand more."

In the greatest struggle to win the world to our Lord we have reached a critical hour. The problem grows upon our hands; the harvests whiten on every side; O that we may know our times and that the outflung heart of utter loyalty lift up the cry, and send it around the world and up to heaven: "We come, we come, the hosts of the redeemed; we come to do thy will, O God!"—Judson Smith, D. D.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

With the beginning of this year, THE LINK is coming out in a new dress and has been enlarged. You will reap considerable benefit from this enlargement, as your department is to be doubled. We hope too that we shall be able to make this department of great value to you in the lessons for study which will appear from time to time, in the Missionaries' letters, which we have asked shall be written specially for you, and in other matters which will be both interesting and instructive.

We have thought of having the four pages of this department printed in separate sheets, besides having them in the LINK, so that the Bands and Young People's Societies may be able to obtain a larger number for circulation among the members. We could furnish this four page sheet for 10 cents per year. We would like to hear from any who think they would like this arrangement, to learn how many you will probably want, so that we may know whether there is sufficient demand for such a paper to warrant its being printed [ED.]

MISSION BAND LESSON.

SO many Bands have written to me asking for lessons on our own Missions in India, that we will pass over the early history of the Telugu Mission for the present and begin studying about our first station, No 1.

COCANADA

This is a busy, seaport town near the mouth of the Godavari River in Telugu country, India. It is about 300 miles North-east from Madras and has a population of 40,000, but the "Cocanada Field" contains nearly a million people if we count all its villages.

In 1867 a young minister named Rev. A. V. Timpany, who was born in Elgin County, Ontario, Dec. 21st, 1840, wished to preach Christ to India's heathen. The Baptists of Ontario and Quebec had no foreign Missionary Society at that time; so Mr. Timpany offered himself to the American Baptist Society, while our people in Canada pledged themselves to support him in India. Our boys and girls will be glad to know that Mr. Timpany's wife was given to God for a foreign missionary many years before. When she was a little baby in her father's arms, he prayed that God would make her the wife of a missionary so that she could tell of Jesus to the perishing ones. And that prayer was answered when she sailed with her husband for India. They had a long, hard journey in a sailing vessel around by the Cape of Good Hope, and were several months on the way. Our missionaries to day can reach India in about six weeks.

Two years later the Canadian Baptists found that their contributions to foreign Missions would be sufficient to support another missionary and his wife. Mr. McLaurin who was born in Carleton County, Ontario, August 9th, (Judson's birthday); 1839, then offered himself to the American Board and was gladly accepted in the same way that Mr. Timpany had been. Mrs. McLaurin was a sister to Mrs. Timpany so Rev. Mr. Bates their father, had another answer to his prayer. I wonder if any of our boys and girls in these Mission Bands have been given to God as foreign missionaries

by their fathers or mothers? No doubt some of you will one day represent us in far-off India.

In 1873, when the Timpanys were working for God in Ramapatam, India, and the McLaurins in Ongole, India, there came a stirring appeal for help in Cocanada. This great heathen city was in the very heart of the Telugu country, 200 miles from the nearest Mission station and a good work had been commenced there in this way:

A well-educated native named Thomas Gabriel, had heard the truth preached in Madras, believed it with all his heart and had been baptised on profession of his faith. Then he wanted all his country-men to know about his new-found peace, so he began to preach about Jesus to all that would listen. He was now an officer of the government with a good salary, and living in this city of Cocanada where no missionary had ever been sent. But Christ's work soon became all in all to him, and he gave up his office that he might devote his whole time to missionary work. For five years he preached, prayed, and labored alone, yet not alone, for God was with him. At last a church was formed and grew to 150 members. There were also a few schools established in neighboring villages. But Gabriel had no money to carry on his work so we next find him driving in an ox-cart more than 300 miles to Madras to seek aid from the English Baptists. Stopping at Ongole for a rest, he told our missionaries, the McLaurins, about his intention. But this Mission journey was not successful for he found that the English Baptists were hard pressed to support the stations they had already formed. Then Gabriel applied to the American Baptists, but they felt the need of retrenchment instead of more expenditure. So Mr. McLaurin was asked to plead with the Canadian Baptists on behalf of this work so near his heart. As a result our Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Society was formed and the glad news sent by cable to Mr. McLaurin, asking him to resign at Ongole and go to Cocanada as our missionary. The American Board were sorry to part with such valuable workers, but felt that the call was from God, and rejoiced in this new field being thus provided for. On the 12th of March, 1874 the McLaurins reached Cocanada, and took possession of that struggling Mission in the name of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. Very soon afterwards God called Thomas Gabriel to enter into rest, and surrounded by weeping friends, with the words "Jesus is precious" on his lips, he passed away.

After some months of weary waiting and great difficulty the present Mission House and Compound were bought. A picture of this house was printed in the Link of February, 1891.

In our next lesson we will learn how the Baptists of the Lower Provinces were led to unite with us in this Mission to the Telugus.

The leaders of Bands might preface this lesson by asking some questions about India. Even the youngest can tell something. Then let the exact position of the Telugu country be pointed out on the map. This will add greatly to their interest in studying their lessons. Some of our Bands have written asking me if we are to have Home Mission Lesson's too. I hope some friend will provide these for the Baptist Visitor. We could not ask the editor of the Link to print them as it is the organ of the Foreign Mission Society. Other Bands ask for lessons on Temperance. They can find excellent ones printed every month in the *Youth's Temperance Banner* at 58 Reade Street, New York City.

We rejoice to see so many Bands interested, as letters have been pouring in from all parts of the Dominion. Any further suggestions as to future lessons will be gladly received by the committee.

347 McLaren Street, Ottawa. SISTER BELL.

Mission Bands in N. S., N. B., and P. E. I. will remember that buildings for our Missionaries are needed at Kimsedy and Palcondah. To build these we need \$1,000. Our Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N. S., has called upon our Mission Bands and Sunday Schools to do this by each Band or School taking as many shares as they see fit of \$10 each in these buildings. She has cards which she will send to any Band or School applying to her, with the following on each.

"Kimsedy and Palcondah Mission Buildings in shares of \$10 each for Baptist Mission Bands and Sunday Schools of the Maritime Provinces." Capital \$1,000.

The Mission Band or Sabbath School of hereby agree to take _____ shares of said stock Pres. or Supt. _____ Secy. _____ Treas.

Send to Mrs. Smith for a card. Many of our Bands and Schools are already in this work.

\$15 per year will support a child in Bobbitt Boarding Department. Mrs. Churchill will gladly send the name to any Band or School desiring to support one of these little ones. She will also from time to time send a postal with items of interest concerning the little one. The Infant Class of the Sunday School in the First Church, Halifax, have already adopted Jacob.

Mrs. Churchill writes: "I have no doubt the fact of these little ones in our Boarding Department being prayed for and the money given for their support being saved by children at home being known to them will prove an incentive to them to do better. I have now three little girls. Beatrice Mable Held, an Eurasian boarder, will be 7 in Dec., and has commenced reading in the first book Telugu. Rosie Held I am supporting, two years in Dec. K. Doramma (amma is added to make it Telugu the little starved one I rescued two years ago from the dancing caste, but she had been bought when a babe from the Kupr caste. I will support her until she is old enough to go to school, unless some little ones at home want to help me support them, and Rosie, and G. Larah, if she comes.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S WORDS TO THE BOYS.

There is one God, and there is none other but He. MARKS, sil. 32

How could there be two Gods? The one God fills all places, and therefore, there is no room for another. He made all things, and therefore, there can be no other Creator. He upholds all things by the word of his power, and consequently there can be no other Almighty Being. Let everyone, however young, settle this in his mind, and remember the word of the Lord which said in old time, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." True, we believe in God the Father, and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost; but these three are one. The oldest person cannot understand this; but we must all believe it, for so the Word of God teaches us.

It is a dreadful thing to think of the heathens worshipping thousands, if not millions of false gods; but, dear

young reader, you may be worshipping a false god. "No, no," say you. I answer, Yes, you may; for whatever you make to be your greatest delight, or your greatest fear, is your god. Many men make gold their god; some worship horses and dogs; others make a god of fine clothes; and many live only to please themselves and thus make gods of themselves. Boys may worship their own beauty and become vain of their good looks; or they may love play or nice food, or the mastery over their school-fellows far more than they love God. Is it so with you? Come now, *do you really love God and try to please Him?* Do you trust Him, and ask His help from day to day? Do you reverence his Scriptures, his Sabbath and his Son?

What if it should turn out that you have several gods? What are you better than a heathen lad? If it should be sadly true that you never pray, or even think of God, then you are in a bad state of heart and must not dream of being happy in it.

There is one God: I pray you dear young friend, love Him as your Maker and Friend. Ask him to forgive your forgetfulness of Him and your breakings of His law and He will do it for Christ's sake. But mind you do not set up any other god, or love anything better than our Heavenly Father. When you see any persons bowing before a cross or an altar, feel very grieved in your heart that they should pay worship to anything which can be seen; for the one God is a Spirit, and he must be worshipped with the heart, in spirit and in truth.

I want this to be written as with a diamond pen right deep on your heart: there is only one God, and He is to be loved with all our heart, and soul and mind and strength. Think much about this truth and pray the living God to make you his dear child.

A MISSIONARY BOX. AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE venerable Cyrus Hamlin, speaking of his boyhood days before the Interdenominational Missionary Union, at Clifton Springs, told the following amusing and suggestive bit of personal experience.

In those days, all were agreed the greatest event of the season was the fall training, or militia muster. To participate in the affair was the greatest military glory that we could have any conception of. There was the Colonel on his magnificent horse, the fifers and drummers, the militia men. It elevated our souls just to behold the glory of the militia muster. There used often to be Indians there, and about twenty or twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers, who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to muster had his money to buy gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

Now I remember almost as well as though it were yesterday a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich; my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, "Perhaps, Cyrus,

you will put a cent into Mrs. Farris's contribution-box as you go by." Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on Sunday, and persons not at the meeting might stop at her house during the week and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking, my mother said "a cent or two." I wished she had told me to put in one cent or two cents; but there it was: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two."

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, "Well, I will put in two cents." Then I began to reason with myself: "How would that look? two cents for the heathen, and five cents for gingerbread." It didn't satisfy my ideas very well, because we always read the missionary news in the *Puritan Recorder* every Sunday, and then the *Missionary Herald* came every month, so we kept full of all the missionary news there was, and my conscience was a little tender on that subject. Two cents didn't look right, and after a while I began to think that I would put three cents into the missionary box.

I went along a spell with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by and by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me. "Four cents for gingerbread, and three cents for the souls of the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys who would be sure to ask, "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. "Confound it all!" I said. "I wish mother had given me six cents, or eight cents; then it would be easy to decide; but now I don't know what to do."

I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt to this day. I got hold of my seven cents and thought, "I might as well drop them all in, and then there would be no more trouble;" and so I did.

After that, I went off immensely well satisfied with what I had done. I was quite puffed up, and enjoyed it hugely till about noon, when I began to be hungry. I played shy of the gingerbread stand—didn't want to go there,—went off around where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood it without a mouthful till about four o'clock, and then I started for home. I can remember just how I felt when I got in sight of my home. It seemed as if my knees would fail me,—they felt worse than they do now,—I could hardly drag myself along. But as soon as I reached the house I cried, "Mother, do give me something to eat; I'm as hungry as a bear; I haven't eaten a mouthful all day."

"Why, Cyrus! where is the money I gave you this morning?"

"Mother, you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me six cents or eight cents, I could have divided it, but I couldn't divide seven cents, so I put it all into the missionary box."

She said "You poor boy!" and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of bread and milk; and I don't think I ever tasted such bread and milk before. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, "Pshaw, mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this."

But that wasn't what she was thinking of,—no mother would interpret it that way. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought the tears to those loving eyes.

Now if there are any mothers here who don't want their children to go into missionary work, don't go fooling round with missionary boxes. But if you do want them to go as missionaries that is the way to train them for missionaries.

When I grew to be a young man I told my mother, "I have decided to give my life to missionary work;" and she wept heartily over it and said, "I have always expected this, Cyrus," and she never said another word about it.

I have often thought, in looking back over my boyhood, that out of that one missionary box came six missionaries, who have done long and good work. We never thought of it then, but that is my interpretation of it now. One of the missionaries is the man who saved the Telugu Mission when the Baptist Board thought of giving it up. They told him they wouldn't send him back, and he said "You needn't send me back but I shall go back. As I have lived, so shall I die among the Telugus." They couldn't do anything with such an obstinate man, so they said, "When you die, we do not want the heathen to pitch you into a hole and cover you up, we want you to have a Christian burial, and this young man shall go back with you." I think in five years after their arrival they baptised five thousand converts. That was the Rev. Dr. Jewett, of the Telugu Mission. When we were boys, we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the loopholes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary box. I am sure I did but I didn't know it at the time—*Helping Hand*.

A CANDLE UNDER A BUSHEL AND HOW I FOUND IT.

FATHER a minister, and mother a sweet, pure, and unselfish Christian, ever striving to train her children up in the way they should go; and yet, somehow, or some way, I grew up without learning the great and all important privilege and duty of missionary zeal. After my sweet, good mother had gone to her reward, I was converted and received into the church:

but still no anxious thought about the multitude of un-saved souls in other lands—no newborn desire to do or say, or give something to aid in sending them the knowledge of a Saviour's love. I wanted to be instrumental in the salvation of those around me whom I loved; but alas! no thought of nations still in darkness, sinking day by day into the hopeless depths of Christless graves, beyond the reach of human aid, beyond the power of prayer! Ah, no wonder I see the hoary locks of some fervent missionary worker shaking in doubtfulness of my conversion. But don't do that please; no, no, I had received my crown of redemption from Him who offers it as a free and priceless gift. I had been happy that my leprosy was cleansed, but had forgotten the importance of turning back to show my gratitude.

Five years passed by in this way and one Sunday, as I sat in my pew, an announcement was made that the Woman's Missionary Society would meet at the usual place on the following day, and all the ladies of the church were earnestly invited to attend. I had long entertained a vague idea of "Missionary Societies" as something rather private, to which one must receive a personal invitation before daring to go, a sort of religiously-social organization of a favored few, where no outsider must offer to intrude without special request. Consequently not receiving either invitation or request, and feeling no slight or anxiety on the subject, "Missionary Societies" remained still a mystery until the time came for the above mentioned meeting. There were about six present out of a church membership of over a hundred females. And when the President expressed her pleasure at seeing the number larger than usual, I—well, I was rather glad I was not absent. Ah me! I shall never forget that day. It seemed to my own awakening heart that every word spoken about "neglect," "indifference" and unwillingness to honor and serve Him who gave himself for us, was a direct message for me, a patient rebuke from Him through human lips. As I think over it now, I can recall nothing remarkable in the words spoken, but God had prepared the heart for his own truths, and I went away that day feeling as I had never felt before—unworthy, justly and personally rebuked, sad and unhappy because of my own neglect and indifference—feeling as though a part of my life had been wasted, and all my numerous misfortunes more than justly deserved.

I have never missed a meeting since—this scarcely a year ago—and I have been happier in my feeble efforts to serve Him than any other pleasure of my life. I want to do more, I long to do great things but I know I can never make up for lost time. They have made me President of that feeble number now, and we can only try to awaken other hearts—and ask God for his blessing on our efforts.

Oh, sisters in Christ! talk, talk about your missionary society. Tell it wherever you go, among your every day social life. Tell them you want more members, more workers, more givers, and beg them to come to the meetings, if only on a visit. God can touch a visiting heart as easily as a regular attendant. Do not keep your candle under a bushel, but keep its light ever shining before all with whom you come in contact, that none of the neglect or indifference may be yours. —Athalie L. Irwin, in the Foreign Mission Journal

When you give to God give the best you have, as He gave the best. He had to you.

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

Rev. G. H. Barrow, *Tunni*. Miss A. E. Baskerville, *Cocanada*. Miss I. H. Booker, *Ootacamund*. Rev. J. G. Brown, B. A. and wife, *Samulcoatta*. Rev. John Craig, B. A., and wife, *Yuyyutu*. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, *Cocanada*. Rev. R. Garstide, B. A., and wife, *Tunni*. Miss S. I. Hatch, *Samulcoatta*. Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife, *Yellamaw'Ati*. Rev. A. McLeod and wife, *Cocanada*. Miss Martha Rogers, *Tunni*. Miss S. A. Simpson, *Cocanada*. Rev. I. R. Stillwell, B. A. and wife, *Samulcoatta*. Miss F. M. Stovel, *Akido*. Rev. I. A. K. Walker and wife, *Cocanada*.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Amulpatam.—Rev. R. Sanford, M. A. and wife; Rev. L. D. Morse, B. A. and wife; Miss A. C. Gray.
Babbits.—Rev. G. Churchill and wife; Miss Kate MacNeil.
Chicacole.—Rev. W. V. Higgins, B. A. and wife; Rev. W. Paris, B. A. and wife.
Vatnanagram.—Rev. M. B. Shaw, M. A. and wife.
At Home.—Rev. I. C. Archibald, B. A. and wife; Miss Hettie Wright.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

(Of Ontario.) Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, 356 Markham St., Toronto; Sec. Miss Burcham, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas. Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Miss Hattie West, 51 Hunley St., Toronto.

(Of Quebec Province.) Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec. Mrs. Bentley, Cor. Sec. Miss Nanine E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas. Mrs. F. B. Smith, 37 City Councillors St., Montreal; Sec. of Mission Bands, Mrs. J. C. Radford, 15 Park Ave., Montreal.

Lower Provinces. Pres. Mrs. J. W. Mapping, 26 Robie St. Halifax, N. S.; Treas. Mrs. Borsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.

Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N. S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

SPECIAL.

TO THE WOMAN SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Borsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

The Canadian Missionary Link

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. Mary A. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

Subscription 26c. per Annum. Strictly in Advance.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers will please make inquiry for them at their respective Post Offices, if not found notify the Editor at once, giving full name and address, and duplicate copies will be forwarded at once.

Send Remittances by Post Office Order, when possible, payable at Yorkville Post Office, or registered letter.

Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing for new subscribers.

W. S. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS,
67 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

SUPPLEMENT

The Canadian Missionary Link, Jan. 1892

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES RECOMMENDED FOR FOREIGN MISSION DAY IN THE S. SCHOOLS
JANUARY 31, 1892.

1. -- OPENING HYMN.

"HARK, THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING."

2. -- RESPONSIVE READING. -- (Psalm 115 : 4-8)

SUPT. -- Their idols are silver and gold.

SCHOOL. -- The work of men's hands.

SUPT. -- They have mouths, but they speak not;

SCHOOL. -- Eyes have they, but they see not;

SUPT. -- They have ears, but they hear not;

SCHOOL. -- Noses have they, but they smell not;

SUPT. -- They have hands, but they handle not;

SCHOOL. -- Feet have they, but they walk not;

SUPT. -- Neither speak they through their throat.

All -- They that make them shall be like unto them; yea, every one that trusteth in them.

3. -- PRAYER. (Brief)

4. -- CONDITION OF THE HEATHEN IN INDIA.

At the time when the Holy Spirit moved William Carey to preach the gospel of Salvation through Christ Jesus in India, the people there had no knowledge of the one living and true God, Jehovah, who is our God. They worshipped many

cruel, false gods, and idols of wood and stone. They feared these gods greatly and in order to serve and worship them acceptably were ready to offer precious gifts and endure great suffering and sorrow. Mothers would throw their sweet, babies, the very dearest things they had, into the river Ganges, as an offering to the god of the river. These sacrifices of little ones were believed to be a great merit and every year many were drowned or eaten by alligators or sharks. Another very cruel custom was the burning of widows with the dead bodies of their husbands. When a man died, his wife, to please the gods, would allow herself to be strangled down with bamboo canes to the pile of wood on which her dead husband lay. Then, as soon as the fire was put to the pile, the people would make a great noise, shouting and calling upon the cruel god they worshipped in this sacrifice. It was thus impossible to hear the screams of the poor burning widow, who was often a very young girl. This *suttee*, as it was called, was considered a great act of holiness. One of the sacred books taught that the woman who, in this way, followed her husband, should dwell in a region of joy for thirty-five millions of years and draw him with her to enjoy the same delights.

Then there was the great car, on which the idol Juggernaut was drawn on his festival days. It was a very holy act for men to throw themselves down before it and be crushed to death under its great wheels and win for them many blessings in the next world.

Men believed that by lying on iron beds full of sharp spikes for many years they could become holy. Others tortured themselves in various ways; but all was done for the good of

their souls and to please the gods they serve, which were the only gods they had ever heard of.

Suttee and child-sacrifice are all evils of the past. Through Carey's influence the British Government forbade them and treats all human sacrifices as murders.

5. -- HYMN. -- "RESCUE THE PERISHING"

6. -- RESPONSIVE READING

(Luke 10 : 2 ; Mark 16 : 15 ; Isa. 52 : 1)

SUPT. -- And he said unto them,

SCHOOL. -- The harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send both labourers into his harvest.

SUPT. -- And he said unto them,

SCHOOL. -- Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

SUPT. -- For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will not rest.

SCHOOL. -- Until her righteousness be forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

7. -- LIFE OF WILLIAM CAREY. PART I.

William Carey was born on the 17th of August, 1761, at Paulsborough, in Northamptonshire, a county in the north of England.

His boyhood

was a "three lessons for us

and a *Be a singer to*

of a. He did good work

in his father's school and

was one very fond of read-

ing. Books of travel,

such as *Robinson's Voy-*

ages, had special charms

for him, but he learned

a great deal apart from

books. He knew

how to use his eyes. In

this way he found out

many wonderful things

about birds, insects,

plants, flowers and trees.

He would never pass a

ledge fence without look-

IDOL WORSHIP



into it, hoping for some fresh discovery.

2. *He was not afraid to work.* He had a room all to himself, and of this he made quite a museum. On one side, were rows of beetles, butterflies, etc.; on the other, rows of leaves and flowers. Everything was kept neat. He had a garden too, and it was always as clean and trim as a garden could be. He was not one of your lazy, careless lads; such boys do not usually amount to much. Carey liked work and was always a bright, cheerful, winsome lad.

3. *He always finished what he began.* "When I began a thing I feel that I must go through with it at any cost," he said to his mother on one occasion. "And the boy who acts on that line is almost sure to come to the top some day."

His youth

At fourteen he left home to learn shoemaking. For a couple of years his life was not all it should have been. But at sixteen he was converted through the influence of a Christian shop-mate. As a young Christian he was greatly troubled with difficulties of one kind and another. Hall's "Helps to Zion's Travellers" cleared up his difficulties, and brought him a more settled peace and joy. Then he began speaking in meetings,

and the people gave him encouragement. At twenty he married and went into business for himself. But hard times were upon him and for years he knew what grinding poverty was. He preached for several churches, but this added little to his scanty income. For a time he left shoemaking, and taught school. In this his failure was complete. Though he kept the school, the fact was that the boys kept him. (Still I

expect he would have been kept at it had he not succeeded in doing so. Only have kept the wolf from the door. But the family must be fed and so he went back again to the bench. All the time, however, he was learning as eagerly as ever. He had managed to pick up a working knowledge of half a dozen languages, and at the same time was making steady progress in science and the Scriptures. He managed to do this by mapping out his time, methodically. One day he would study languages, the next science and history, the third perhaps saw him with a string of shoes over his shoulder, bringing off eight or ten miles to the post of them in the nearest town, the next day would be given to writing; the last two of the week to special preparation for preaching on the Lord's Day. His studious habits gained a number of friends who afterwards became almost as distinguished in their own way as he in his. Among those were Fuller, Ryland, Arnold of Rugby, and John Newton.

After his conversion he left the Church of England, and, at the age of 24, becoming a Baptist he was immersed by Dr. Ryland, who preached on Matt. 19: 30. Was the text prophetic? Look and see. Three years later he was regularly set apart to the work of the Gospel ministry. The brethren had many doubts about his fitness but at last he was accepted and sent out by the Olney church "to preach the Gospel wherever God in His providence might call him."

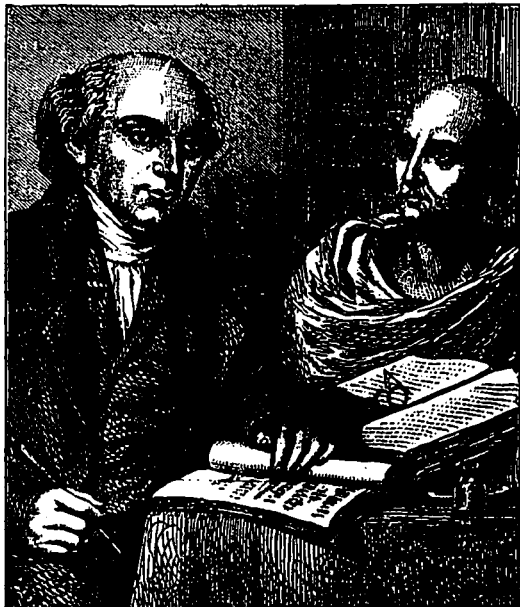
HOW HE BECAME A MISSIONARY. It was one day as he was teaching his class in geography, that the thought of missions to the heathen first dashed on his mind. It never afterwards left him. When he went back to shoemaking, he pasted sheets of paper together, made a map of the world, marked on it the different countries, and indicated the extent, population, and religious condition of each. Day by day, as he worked away, he would look up at his map and think over its dreadful facts in the light of Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature; and, by and by, his thoughts grew into a little book. His mind was made up that the heathen should have the gospel. He began trying to interest others in it but found little response. One day he brought it up for discussion in a ministers' meeting. Immediately, Dr. Ryland, Sen. sprang to his feet and said

"Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine." But though Carey sat down, he was not put down. He was in the habit of finishing what he began. He continued to talk the matter publicly and privately. When he was called to the pastorate at Leicester, he read them his pamphlet at the recognition service. In God's good time the tide began to turn. Fuller

and others became interested. But when he pressed them to do something they put him off by asking him to publish his book. This, by the kindness of Mr. Potts, he was enabled to do, and so early in 1792, the little book went out to the world with its rich store of facts, its urgent plea for action, and its call for united prayer and a penny a week for missions.

At the Association held at Nottingham, May, 1792, Carey preached his famous sermon on Is. 54: 2, 3, drawing from the text two great lessons: (1) Expect great things from God. (2) Attempt great things for God. Those present were deeply moved by his burning words, but were about to go away without taking action, when Carey seized Fuller by the hand in agony of distress, and asked whether they were going away without doing anything. It was then decided that a plan for

forming a society should be prepared for the next ministers' meeting. That meeting of twelve Baptist ministers was held on the 2nd of October, 1792, at Kettering. After a long dis-



CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT.

SECOND) (HAND
SHOES) (BOUGHT
AND) (CO.

CAREY'S SIGN BOARD

ussion in which Carey's arguments overcame all opposition, the society was formed, and a committee appointed. Of that committee Carey was a member and Fuller was Secretary.

Their first collection amounted to £13 as 6d. This was soon increased by £70 from Birmingham. They sent messages to many churches with a view to holding meetings and taking collections, not always with success. The indifference was appalling. The great lights of London gave them the cold shoulder. At Hath they were allowed to hold a meeting but not to take a collection. At the close of the service, however, a poor woman stepped to the front and handed in a penny. This started a free will offering and her penny gained 5,360 pennies. They had not yet fixed upon a mission field. A letter from Mr. Thomas, who had been in India for years as a surgeon, and was wishing to return to Bengal to do mission work, led them to decide for that as their field, and on Mr. Thomas as their missionary. They wished also to send a companion along with him. At the meeting in which this was done, held in January 9th, 1793, they were wondering who that companion should be.

"There is a deep gold mine in India," said Fuller, "as deep as the centre of the earth; a dark, dark shaft. Who will venture down to obtain the gold for Christ?" "I will venture," said Carey intently. "Work as I am I will go in His strength. But, if I go down the mine I hope you will hold the rope."

That, before God, they pledged themselves to do. "I will go then," he said, "in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And we, in spite of further difficulties that would have daunted weaker hearts, and after many tender farewells, Carey and Thomas set sail for India on the 13th of June, 1793.

8. HYMN. "TO THE DAY OF GOD IS BREAKING."

9. WILLIAM CAREY (PART II.)

SCENE I. It is the 10th of January, 1800. Five men sit in the great hall of a large house in Serampore, a town about 15 miles north of Calcutta, India. Marshman and Ward have just arrived from England. The five have met to talk over their work. Carey offers prayer and then says:

"Now, brethren we had better come to a clear understanding about our work, but first let me tell you how God has led us since we reached India in Nov. 1793. Our money was soon gone and for six months I suffered greater hardships than at any previous period of my life. Then I became foreman of a small factory at a salary of \$100 a month, which made me self-supporting. During the three months when the factory was running, I had frequent talks with the workmen. The other nine months of each year I was free to visit among the people and preach as I wished. I thank God that this way was opened to me. I know now all the methods of agriculture common among the people, and have become acquainted with their habits and customs. I have also translated the greater part of the Bible, and on the little printing press which my employer set up in the factory for me, many portions of the New Testament have been printed.

"As yet I have seen no sure results. Sometimes I think I see some sign that the seed sown is beginning to spring; then again it seems as if the seed were all lost, and my labor vain. But I have never wished to give up; no, never! Last summer our employer failed. I purchased indigo works at an other town, but was forbidden to stay in British India. Here we are under the protection of the Danish Government. Let

us make this our headquarters. This house will make a good centre for our work. The printing press is already set up."

"I am glad to hear it," said Ward. "Do you remember to have met me at Derby just before you left for India?" Carey. "You said to me then, though I was only a lad of 17, 'By and by we shall want you.' After that I learned printing and became an editor. Then I was converted and went to college to study for the ministry. An agent of the society came around and all at once I recalled your words, so here I am."

Then Marshman told the touching story of his life, and how hearing about Carey's work made him desire to share it.

"And now," said Carey, "we must manage our little income with great care. I propose that we have one common fund, each reserving from his earnings only a small sum for pocket money. Then let it be understood that we are not here for our own purposes. Let us never think that our time or gifts or strength are our own, not even our clothes should we esteem as our own. Let us sanctify all to the glory of God."

This was agreed to and put in writing. Three times a year it was read at every station, and its spirit ever ruled at Serampore.



KRISHNA PAL.

SCENE 2 is laid in 1815;

Ward and a visiting friend are engaged in earnest conversation. Ward is just giving a summary of the mission. "In 1801," he says, "the New Testament was published in Bengalee, and in Dec. of the same year, the first convert, Krishna Pal, who has since written an already famous hymn, was baptized. The New Testament is now published in seven languages, is in press in 14 others, and the converts, number 705, scattered among 18 stations under the charge of 26 missionaries."

"And how have you managed here in Serampore?" asked his friend. "We have as you know a common fund. In 1804 Carey was appointed Professor in the College at Calcutta, for which he now receives a salary of \$7000, all but \$200 goes into the common fund. The Marshmans opened boarding school, which bring them \$5000 a year, and they keep less than \$200 of it for themselves." And Ward

was equally self-supporting himself. Let him tell us how they spent their time.

"About six in the morning we rise, Carey goes to his garden, Marshman to his school, and I to my printing office. At eight the bell rings for family worship in the great hall; then we have breakfast; then Carey translates or corrects proofs or translations. Marshman goes to his school and I to my office. At twelve we take a little refreshment, then bathe or shave or rest a little until three, when we have dinner. Then we turn over a text for a little time, or discuss any religious question upon which it is needful to act together. Then we read Bengalee and do any business that turns up. We are generally well occupied until seven. Then we have preaching or conversation with enquirers, who come to us to ask questions, or desire us to arrange quarrels."

"A pretty full day truly," said his visitor. "But what a splendid fellow your Carey is."

"Yes, that he is," replied Ward, warmly. "It is mainly owing to him that all these translations of the Scripture have been made. Indeed nothing seems to escape his mind. He has just invented a method of rendering paper proof against the white ants which have troubled us so much. But his

chief pleasure in botany. He has a marvellous knowledge of the birds and flowers of India. He has introduced the potato and cabbage, and lately took me with great glee to see a real English daisy in his garden. To those pursuits he gives the time that others give to sleep or pleasure.

Now let Carey say a word. I seem to lack everything necessary for preaching the Gospel. My heart is all eagerness for the work. I have to drag myself, but I can so easily get at the hearts of the people and get their minds on what he says, which can scarcely get out a few dry sonnets.

How beautiful to see those three ants, each thinking so modestly of himself, and so highly of the others. And see how they thought of Ed for and his associates in England. They write home in their reports. God has done great things not only by us, but through us. We can never separate ourselves from you one moment in thinking of what God has done for the Baptist Mission in India.

SCENE 3 brings us to June 1831. Ward has been with his Lord 11 years. Marbhanui is showing signs of age, and Carey, aged 73, is looking forward to an early reunion with Ward and Edger, and all the saints, who have gone before. He had lived to see the best results from his work. The numbers of the Christians are now in the thousands, the 18 stations have nearly 50 schools with 200 scholars, the translations have grown to nearly 50, opening the Gospel to over 3,000,000 people, the mission has now reached about 50 and a college has been established for training native workers. He had himself given out of his own savings \$25,000 to the mission.

It was his joy to see an end put to the horrible practice of throwing children into the Ganges, and burning widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, and through his influence the first blow was struck at the horrors of the Juggernaut, which meant that people, to gain future bliss, would allow themselves to be crushed to death under a huge idol-car.

Honors had been bestowed upon him in India, England and America. The great Duke of Wellington said that he esteemed words of praise from Carey a higher honor than the applause of Courts and Parliaments.

But none of these things moved him. He was simple and modest to the last. He felt that if he had done anything, it was only because he could plead and often he would say, "I am an unprofitable servant. God forgive me that I have not done more." His hope of salvation was not in what he had done.

Have you any doubts or fears?" asked his son. "None whatever, was his answer. Sinners are invited to come to Jesus; I came, and I know He has saved me. Do not let I deserve nothing but eternal damnation. But Christ died for me, and I live because He died."

Mr. Duff, the great Scotchman talked with him a long time the day before his death, and after a pause, was turning away, when Carey called him back and said: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking a great deal about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. I beg of you that when I am gone, do not think any more about Dr. Carey. Speak of Jesus, and of His Son, Jesus."

"By God's grace I will," said Duff solemnly. Then Marbhanui who had three sons more to live, brought the dying man word of the fresh interest in the mission, that was springing up in England. "Thank God," thank God," said Carey pressing Marbhanui's hand.

Next morning at sunrise he breathed into the joy of the Lord, and on his tombstone, by his own direction, they cut these words:

WILLIAM CAREY

BORN August 17, 1761.

DIED June 9, 1834

Unreached, poor and helpless women
On this tract some I find

10. - PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING, (Brief)

11. HYMN, BY KRISHNU PAL, (Carey's First Convert)

TO THOU, MY SOUL, FORTUNE AND MORE

12. RESPONSIVE READING

ISA. 41, 4, C. P. S. 156, 1, 2

SUPR. - And in that day shall we say,
SCHOOL. - For we thank thee, O God, all upon his name.
SUPR. - Death has no sting, against the open
SCHOOL. - Make mention that his name is exalted
SUPR. - Sing unto the Lord
SCHOOL. - For he hath done excellent things
SUPR. - Let it be known in all the earth.
ALL SINGING. - Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
SCHOOL. - Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
SUPR. - Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
SCHOOL. - Praise Father, son and Holy Ghost
SUPR. - Praise ye the Lord
SCHOOL. - Praise God in his sanctuary
SUPR. - Praise him in the firmament of his power
SCHOOL. - Praise him for his mighty acts,
ALL. - Praise him according to his excellent greatness.

13. - WHAT CAREY'S WORK HAS GROWN UNTO.

You have already learned who Carey was, and what he did. You have seen him in his cobbler's shop, with his books and his map, praying and planning for the heathen. You have followed him to India, and have learned about his work there—how he was called for years without a convert, how at last his heart was melted when Krishnu Pal was converted and baptized, how gradually converts multiplied, how he translated the scriptures into so many different languages, and was in so many ways used and honored by God. You have learned all about this and I trust not repeat it. I am to tell you something of the harvest which has sprung from Carey's seed-sowing; something of what the work has grown unto, which he began.

Let me tell you of the growth of the *Foreign Missionary Societies*. One hundred years ago how many missionary societies do you think there were? Not more than four or five among all the Protestants of the world. In England there was only one society, the one which was organized by the few Baptists who sent Carey out. But how many do you think there are now? Well, if we include women's societies and medical societies, there are no less than 280. Think of it! 280 Protestant societies, planning and working for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands.

And now let me tell you about the increase of *Missionary Workers*. One hundred years ago the heathen world was a great field into which very few sowers had gone with the Gospel seed. Those who had gone forth were mostly Germans and Danes. And then Carey went forth, the churches of Great Britain had not a single sower to reinforce the work, or in all Christendom the Gospel to those who had never heard Christ's name. Carey's going was the beginning. But how many missionary workers do you suppose there are to-day? If we count up the ordained and unordained missionaries, the wives of missionaries, the left missionaries, and the ordained native helpers, these number about 17,000, and add these there are perhaps 35,000 other single helpers to reinforce the work, or in all Christendom there are in the mission field to the number of about 40,000.

And what about the *Converts* and the *Churches*? Well, a hundred years ago, the Christians who had been saved from heathenism were but few, and these confined to just a few places. But to-day, happy to relate, there are among the heathens 11,500 Christian churches, with church members numbering 650,000.

So much for a general statement. I wish now that I could tell you about the particular countries where the missionaries have gone, and of the wonderful things that have happened in so many lands, but there isn't time. I will tell you about one or two of these countries, and these may be taken as samples of many others.

Perhaps no more wonderful work has been done than that accomplished in the Sandwich Islands, a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean. Seventy years ago these islanders were degenerate savages, ignorant, sensual, idolatrous. To-day they are a Christian people, thoroughly civilized, with self-supporting churches with schools and large industries, and even a Foreign Missionary Society, sending men and money to islands beyond.

Then there are the Fiji Islands, another group in the Pacific, where the lowest heathenism reigned, a religion of cannibalism, in which the people killed, cooked and ate human sacrifices, sometimes a dozen at a festival. Now Christianity rules these islands. Almost every family has daily worship, and on Lord's day the churches are crowded. Hundreds of the people are missionaries to other islands, and four newspapers are published.

The island of Madagascar also has a wonderful story. The population is about equal to that of Canada. Missionary work was begun there in 1811, and God gave it wonderful success. There came a time of dreadful persecution, through the influence of a cruel and bloody Queen, when thousands of Christians were put to death. But thirty years after, when the Queen died, her son who favored Christianity, permitted the missionaries to return, and now Madagascar has 1000 Christian congregations and the Gospel is spreading far and near.

And so I might go on telling you of the other islands of the sea, and of India, Burmah, and China, and of Japan, and the millions in Africa and throughout the world, but my space is full. What wonder God has wrought, what a joy all this would have been to Carey's heart if he could have foreseen such glorious results! And although there are yet hundreds of millions who have never heard of Jesus, we believe the day is fast hastening when those who know Him will bear the tidings of His love to every people, and all the earth will rejoice in His salvation. Let us be sure that we do our part.

14. RESPONSIVE BENEDICTION

(Num. 6, 24, 25)
SUPR. - The Lord bless thee and keep thee
SCHOOL. - The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
SUPR. - The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

Published in the interest of the Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada. 25 CENTS PER ANNUM. 116 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.