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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA. In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of INDIA.

Vol. II, No. 5.] " *The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and bring to the brightness of Thy rise* " s. l. z. 3. [JAN., 1889.

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Mrs. J. B. Halliday  
460 Lakeside at Ottawa  
1889

MISS FRITH's present address is, care of James E. Frith, Princeton, Ont.

MISS SIMPSON has gone with Mrs. Crulig to stay at Akidu until December.

WHILE in London Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Spurgeon's secretary, showed them very great kindness. At Madras, Mr. and Mrs. Drake gave them a glad welcome to their home, and at Coocanada their reception was almost overpowering.

MISS HATCH has sent to Mrs. Elliott a thank-offering of \$25. She will remain in Cocanada until Christmas, then go to Samulcotta to commence work in the seminary—still keeping an oversight of the work in Cocanada. When free from Cocanada she hopes to do some Zennan work in Samulcotta.

MISS SIMPSON, BASKERVILLE AND STOVELL, after an exceptionally fine voyage, arrived at Madras on Oct. 22nd, and at Coocanada Friday the 20th. They at once commenced the study of Telugu, and made such rapid progress that in one week they knew all the alphabet, could say short sentences and make themselves understood to the servants.

MISSIONARY DAY AT McMASTER HALL.—The December Missionary Exercises at McMaster Hall were of more than usual interest. The leading feature of the day was the presence of two returned missionaries, Rev. John McLaurin and Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, who had been asked to discuss questions of missionary polity raised by the recent articles of Canon Taylor, and by the addresses of the Hindu Salvationists. It is needless to say that these brethren, who have had each more than twenty years of missionary experience, took an intensely practical view of the various matters of inquiry; that they repudiated the representations adverse to ordinary missionary methods that have obtained currency, and, while setting forth clearly the difficulties in connection with missionary work, made their hearers feel that there is no occasion for discouragement. To the question, whether it would not be worth while to bring an educated Telugu to this country to teach the language to young men and women who had devoted themselves to work among the Telugus? both replied emphatically in the negative, contact with the people

being regarded as an indispensable part of the training to be undergone. As regards the practicability of students' mastering the language under the instruction of returned missionaries, both speakers agreed that not one missionary in ten is sufficiently master of the language to teach it idiomatically, or to give a correct pronunciation, and that the time spent by the student in trying to master Telugu before going to India would be lost.

### "Follow Thou Me!"

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Morn on the hill-tops of calm Galilee!  
Morn on the waves of Gennesareth's sea!  
Morn, and the long night of toiling is o'er,  
The Master is with His disciples once more!

Fruitless and long was the toll of the night,  
But day's early beam showed the Master in sight;  
Filled was the net at His gracious command,  
Spread was the feast by His own loving hand.

"Eat, oh beloved!" He saith, and they eat,  
Sweet the repast, and the converse morn sweet;  
Sweet, but how soon they are passed, and once more  
The Lord turns away from Gennesareth's shore.

"Follow thou Me!" oh, the joy-giving word!  
High was the transport each bosom that stirred,  
Glad the reply that, o'er Galilee's sea,  
Rang out responsive—"Lord, follow we Thee!"

Some to a prison, and some to a cross,  
All, thro' privation, and peril, and loss;  
Gladly they trod where the print of His feet  
Pointed to victory, or shame, or defeat.

Down thro' the years from Gennesareth's shore,  
"Follow thou Me!" rings out grandly once more.  
Lord, we have heard it, we hear it to-day,  
And gladly, *how* gladly, we rise and obey!

Show us Thy footprints wherever we go;  
The path of Thy toil and suffering show;  
Show us, then aid us, oh, aid us to see  
Thee, and Thee only, still following Thee!

PAMELIA VINING YULE.

## ADDRESS

Delivered by the President of W. F. M. Society of Ontario, at the Annual Meeting, Oct. 26th, 1888.

After some preliminary remarks Mrs. Castle said:— I have much pleasure in extending to the visiting delegates of this Society, and the representative of other Societies the hearty welcome of this church to their church home, their fireside, and their hearts; and a welcome of not this church only, but of the entire Baptist community of Toronto. We have been welcomed to your homes in many of the towns and cities of Ontario. Cordially and heartily you have allowed us to crowd you out of your beds, and from your tables, and have even bade us come again. Now, we hope you will have as good a time with us as we have had with you. We are glad to see familiar faces from the older circles, and the unfamiliar faces from the newer ones. But we are sad to miss the face of one whose fervent soul was full of zeal for our great work. For several years Mrs. James Grant, wife of the efficient Secretary of the General Board, was a member of our Board. But in the youth of her widowhood and motherhood and Christian usefulness she was suddenly called by the Master to "Come home." What a welcome she must have had "over there." We tender to Mr. Grant and his seven motherless children our sincerest sympathy, knowing the while, that our hearts, ignorant of such sorrow, can offer but poor consolation. May the Great Comforter comfort them, though they sorrow not as those who have no hope. Hopeless are those in whose behalf we have come here this morning, and in whose interests I may say a few words, rather than to anticipate the interesting reports of our Secretaries, save only to mention the happy fact that three young lady missionaries from our Society, conjointly with the Quebec Society, are on their way to India, or are very nearly there. This is cause for gratulation when we remember that three years ago we looked in vain for one fitted for the work. Since that time a wave of missionary interest has rolled over the Christian world, and more have offered themselves to the Missionary Societies than there have been funds to send out. So the startling fact confronted us, that the harvest is great, the laborers are many, but the funds are "few," and our gratulation may well be turned into humiliation before the Lord of the harvest, that we have sent *three only* in all the years to a land where 20,000,000 widows are waiting in the most abject misery, to be freed from the bondage of a false religion, besides the thousands who as wives are but ignorant slaves or toys. To be sure we have already in the Telugu country a noble little band of workers, in Miss Hatch and a coterie of native Bible women and zenana visitors, and schools supplying every year fresh recruits for the field. But what are these among so many? As we look back over the year, can we *each say* honestly to the Master I have done for these, thy destitute children, *all that I could*? Yes, some have, no doubt with sacrifice and prayer, given to their uttermost. But for the most of us, dare we ask what His verdict would be?

We are living in a most momentous period of the Church's history. The command of the departing Saviour to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, is taking hold of Christian people as never before. During the past year over two thousand men and women of Canada and the United States have declared themselves ready to go as missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth. The watchword of civilization has been for centuries, Westward ho! Eastward ho!

is the rallying cry of Christianity. It is no time for any Christian church to sit at ease. The grandest opportunity awaits it. The most momentous responsibility rests upon it now, and upon every individual member of it, and we cannot get away from our responsibility. When his country was in peril, Lord Nelson said "England expects every man, this day, to do his duty."

During the last American war, a young man who shrunk from flying to the rescue of his country would have thought himself contemptible. The time has come for the Christian church to take the world for Christ. The marching orders are being filled. All are drafted and there is no exemption. As we have gifts differing one from another in church work, one may do one thing, and one another, but all alike are called to preach the gospel to every creature, by going or sending. But all do not go nor send. Among women, about one half, as a rule, in a church are living in obedience to the command. Over and over, the question is asked, "How can we in terest every woman in our church in missions?" Is Christianity a poorer thing and less soul stirring than patriotism, that the Master's call may be obeyed or not, according to convenience or inclination? and that there is so much inclination not to obey it? Why is this state of things? It must be through ignorance of the Master's plan. And why this ignorance? Are church creeds defective, or church teaching, or Sunday-school teaching, or parental teaching? The Scripture teaching is plain enough.

A most thoughtful, able and earnest minister, of this city, who has given during this year the priceless gift of a daughter to our mission in India, said recently, that if every Christian would do his duty, the gospel would be preached to every creature in five years! "A great statesman has affirmed, that in any community there is enough intelligence and virtue to take care of all this ignorance and vice." We may assert that there is Christianity enough to fill the whole earth, "as the waters cover the face of the great deep," if it were only sent out! Think of it; if every Christian man, woman and child wore "this day to do his duty," not one half doing half they might do, but every one doing all he can the whole earth would be filled, if not in half a decade, perchance in twice that time, with the glory of the Lord.

John Farnam, in the *Missionary Review*, says "as the sea bed, full of deep caverns and high, rugged jagged peaks, is covered by one great ocean, so the earth scarred and furrowed and valleyed by sin is to be covered by His grace."

How is this to be done? Not by the light, easy way we have been skirmishing around for the last few years. By *one half* the Christian people doing only *one half* what they could. "Every man" must do his *whole* duty and do it *with his might*. Those who go must, and just as much those who stay at home. The Crusaders looked not for ease and personal comfort when they rushed to rescue the empty stone tomb of the risen Saviour. The Jesuits looked not for it when they planted Catholicism in North America so deep and strong that the efforts of Protestantism to move it make little more impression than a ball tossed against a rock. Ease, comfort, luxurious living, that we all, every one of us love so much, are the hindrances. Musa Bhai says missionaries can never reach the people of India until they adopt the dress and ascetic life of the native priests. While we deplore his ignorance of the great past and present of missions in his own land, wrought not by means such as he prescribes and while we may not ask of our missionaries other sacrifices than those they are now making, we may sug-

gest that the Christ-spirit of self-surrender would require of Christians at home a very different style of things from what we see to-day. Are we to ask of our missionaries when they go in our stead to preach Christ to the heathen perfect self-abnegation, while we live in luxury at home? The self-giving-up must be more evenly distributed. I do not know enough of the successes of the Salvation Army to sit in judgment on their methods. I believe, however, that the contingent that left Toronto with great noise, a year or two ago, came back within a year, physically prostrated. If men and women must become bare-footed mendicants, according to Musa Bhai, that they may win souls in India, they should not go from the borders of the frigid zone. And without such austerities, the expediency of sending missionaries from cold climates into the hottest latitudes may be questioned. Our Telugu mission is dear to us for those who have wrought in it; for their successors; for those who are nobly toiling there now, whom we love, who are our very own. But they work continually against an adverse climate, which is almost as hard to cope with as the religious superstitions of the country. Let us hope that some time in the future a harmony of organizations may be brought about by which Southerners will be sent to the hotter climes and Northerners to the colder ones, so saving life and money. But to-day we have our loved mission to tend and keep, pray for and work for, and may we who are welcoming you, and you who are welcomed, resolve, "This day to do our duty" more completely than ever before.

### The Duties of the Home to the Foreign Field.

*Extract from an Address by Mr. J. L. Gilmour, B.A.,  
McMaster Hall, delivered at the recent meeting of the  
Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance at Cobourg.]*

The obligation in question does not rest upon the willingness or unwillingness of the heathen to receive gladly the Gospel, but it rests rather on the command of God and upon the needs of the people. On Paul's first visit to Philippi he found himself in prison soon after his arrival. Was he to infer from this that he had made a mistake in going thither? Not at all. For his call came to him as ours comes to us, not so much because the people desired the Gospel as because they needed it, and it was the people's need that constituted the Macedonian cry.

The Home Field is the point of vantage for missionary effort. As in a military campaign a base of supplies is needed from which the work may be pushed with energy, so it would seem that such a base of supplies is needed in Mission work. It is scarcely necessary to point out the present need and the consequent call for all the energy that can possibly be made available. With three-quarters of the world yet to evangelize we surely have need to use to the best possible advantage all the agencies at our disposal for the accomplishment of this work.

Let us then take a brief survey of these agencies needed for the accomplishment of the work in hand, not because we expect to be able to point out anything specially new, but rather because we indulge the hope that old truths emphasized may come home with new force.

(a) In the first place we need men. The God whom we serve works through means, whether in the physical, mental or spiritual spheres. When the heathen Cornelius was to be brought to the truth of God, Peter is sent to instruct him. When the Ethiopian eunuch is to be led

into the faith, Philip is used as an agent. And this law appears to obtain in all the work of the Kingdom of Heaven. When, therefore, we pray, "Thy kingdom come," we must bear in mind that if we pray intelligently we are really praying for men to be used in causing the kingdom to come. It would be outside the province of the present paper to detail the qualifications of the proper men for this work, but that they should be men of common sense, of intelligence and of piety, no one would doubt. A practical question, however, suggests itself to the members of the present Convention. How many of us are called personally to this work abroad? And if we are not destined for the Foreign Field, how much can we do when we have settled in a pastorate, to induce and help others to serve as foreign missionaries? It is still true as it was in our Saviour's time, that "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." This text has been repeated almost to satiety, but it may acquire a fresh meaning for all of us if we endeavor to picture to our minds the extent of the harvest as it now appears, and the inadequacy of the present staff of missionary workers. In this connection may be mentioned the very important part which our Colleges play in Foreign work by equipping men for the duties of their position. The ideal College would seem to be a practical Missionary Society, keenly alive to all the needs of the human lives which can by any possibility be reached from it, and it should be a matter of great concern to all students to see that their share of effort be contributed towards awakening and sustaining a deep missionary spirit in the College, lest scholarship should be secured at the expense of practical sympathy with the needs of men. The College Missionary Day becomes, consequently, a very important factor in a student's life.

(b) But so long as men have to be used for evangelizing the world money will always be needed to prosecute the work. We cannot hope that it will ever come to pass that all our missionaries will go out at their own expense; history does not warrant this belief, nor do present indications point in this direction. And further, even if the work could be prosecuted without the aid of the churches, the churches would be losers by being cut off from the blessings that result from liberality. The duty of the churches, therefore, to supply the money to support workers in the Foreign Field remains plain. This leaves room for all to share in the glorious work. It is not every one who can go to the Foreign Field to preach, but none the less does the call come to each. "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations." And when it comes to men of business ability it lays upon them the obligation to supply the means by which others may be enabled to go. The lack of money is one of the great limitations in missionary work, and it is an important question for everyone in the pastoral office to consider how far he can use his influence to augment the funds at the disposal of Missionary Societies. The pastor has much to do in this as in many other things in moulding the life and character of his church, and it would not be hazardous to predict an overflowing treasury, if all the churches were doing their duty in this respect. We need men to go into business to make money for the Lord's cause; men who, when their prosperity increases, will not be so anxious to drive a handsome carriage and pair as to invest large amounts for God's work. We could not advocate any course that would put a damper on individual enterprise; but what greater satisfaction can a man secure from his money than in giving it liberally to the Lord's cause. It is difficult to draw the line with precision and to specify how much men should deny themselves; for luxury is a relative

term, and what is a luxury to me is a necessity to another, but if we had business men who would enter into business for missionary purposes, with the same enthusiasm that Judeon, for instance, carried into his preaching, we would have no difficulty in securing funds.

(c) But the duties of the church to the Foreign field do not cease when it has furnished the men and the means. The obligation to pray for the success of the work remains yet to be discharged. It would be entirely unnecessary before the present Convention to discuss the place and necessity of prayer. We may safely assume that we all believe in its efficacy, and echo the sentiment of Tennyson

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

To recognize the place of prayer and to be constant in fervent supplication are, however, two different things, and it often happens that Christians assent to the importance of prayer without discharging their practical duty in regard to it. To pray for missions in private and in public should be the constant rule of Christians, and in developing the missionary spirit in the churches the monthly missionary prayer-meeting has consequently been productive of much good.

(d) We will refer to just another office that the Home Field may discharge for the Foreign—we mean the establishing of pure and honorable commercial and political relations with foreign countries. It is not difficult to see how the heathen mind connects in thought the European who brings the opium, rum, or other destructive agency, with the European who brings the Gospel, and when this confusion has once arisen, aversion to the Gospel must necessarily ensue. The following quotation appeared not long ago in the *Toronto Globe*: "At a recent meeting of the Scottish Temperance League, Mrs. Mair, who had been engaged in mission work in Africa, told how she remonstrated with a chief for accepting a present of rum, and giving it to his people. The chief replied by asking her a question to which she had no answer. He said, 'Doesn't the rum come from the same country that God's Word comes from? If we are to receive God's Word from that country why cannot we drink God's rum to make us feel good?'"

Perhaps the most notorious instance of this iniquity is the forcing of the opium trade upon the Chinese, so often referred to, for it stands as a lasting disgrace to the British Government. It seems but a poor excuse to urge that the treasury could not otherwise be filled, for would it not be better for a nation to sink into perpetual obscurity rather than do evil with the faint hope that in some way or other good may come? It seems, moreover, that there is a Nemesis for national as well as for individual transgression, for the significant fact is stated that at the present time China raises nine-tenths of the opium consumed within her borders, and that if the rate of production continues to increase as at present, she will soon be actually exporting the deadly drug. Britain is thus added with the guilt of the traffic with the prospect of being able to derive no revenue from it. It is a sad state of things when a Christian country forces upon a weaker nation a trade that brings damnation to body and soul. To purify the Government's policy towards heathen countries may then be a means, and a very important means, of doing foreign missionary work.

In concluding this part of the subject we may be allowed to remark that the safest and surest way to secure an interest in Foreign Missions is to obtain an intelligent knowledge of the needs of foreign lands. No one can build up substantial enthusiasm upon any subject without a more or less intimate knowledge of the interests involved. This is pre-eminently true of the matter now under consideration. To secure enthusiasm in Foreign Missions, therefore, all possible aids should be used to attain to familiarity with the condition, the habits and the needs of people in the Foreign fields. Nor should too much prominence be given to the element of romance. It has been truthfully said that no Foreign Mission enthusiasm has promise of permanence unless it is built upon an interest in individual souls. To be interested in foreign work because those amongst whom we labor are of different color and habits from ourselves rather than because they have souls to be saved, is an unsafe mode of procedure.

### Mission Work in India.

The subjoined letter from T. W. Jex-Black appears in the *Times*:—

Sir,—I crave a little space to state a few facts about mission work in India that might interest some who never read a missionary report. The facts came before my personal notice during three months spent in India early this year. I would not have missed Benares for anything if only to see the Hindoo religion in its greatest splendour. The population is about 250,000, with more than 3,000 temples (it is said) in the city. The view of the city, as you slowly pass along in a steam launch, is magnificent. Noble flights of stone steps descend to the Ganges; corpses lie upon the shore, half in the water, waiting to be burnt; sacrificial flowers float upon the river; and in the early morning thousands of pilgrims of both sexes are bathing, with perfect decorum, in the sacred stream. Step inside the city. One temple swarms with fetid apes; another is stercorous with cows. The stenches in the passages leading to the temples is frightful; the filth beneath your feet is such that the keenest traveller would hardly care to face it twice. Everywhere in the temples, in the little shrines by the street side, the emblem of the Creator is phallic. Round one most picturesque temple built apparently long since British occupation began—probably since the battle of Waterloo—runs an external frieze about 10 feet from the ground, too gross for the pen to describe; scenes of vice, natural, visible to all the world all day long, worse than anything in the Lupanar at Pompeii. Nothing that I saw in India roused me more to a sense of the need of religious renovation by the gospel of Christ than what met the eye, openly, right and left, in Benares.

At Agra things were much brighter. A visit to St. John's College (in connection with Church Missionary Society) brought me to the Principal, an Oxford M.A., the Rev. G. E. A. Fargiter, whose highest class speaks English well. He addressed them. There is one Mahomedan among them; the rest are Christians or Brahminical, in equal proportions. The college was founded by Valpy French, the late Bishop of Lahore, who was the first Principal, and held that office for twelve years. Darius the Mutiny French had successfully appealed against the order to turn the native Christians out of the fort, saying that expulsion would mean certain death; that if they went out he went also; and that if they were allowed to remain he would answer for the loyalty of every one. In St. John's Church it was pleasant to see at 8 a.m. a native congregation filling every seat, pleasant to hear native translations of "Nearer my God to Thee" and "Art thou weary?" sung in the familiar metre to the old tunes. "The Agra College" is not directly missionary, but its standard seems to be high and its effect must be good. The Principal, Mr. Thompson, was a striking man, a Scotchman, full of character, with a deep respect for my

old Rugby tutor. "Bishop Cotton held," he said, "a position no man had taken since as head of all Christian churches and all missionary work in India."

At Delhi there was more to be seen. Mr. Winter, the head of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission, was out when I called; but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's report for 1888 speaks of 466 baptized persons, 132 communicants, and 1,251 pupils in their schools. There is at Delhi a Zenana Mission, under Baptist guidance, on very friendly terms with our own clergy; but the most interesting association for the work is the Cambridge Mission, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, led by an earnest and able man, in the prime of life, the Rev. G. A. Lefroy. There are six of our own clergy engaged in the Cambridge Mission, two of them Cheltenham College pupils of my own. Among the Hindus there has been fair success; in fact the Mahomedans no convert as yet. The question of betrothals and marriages between Christian and non-Christian children has been anxious and important for Christian church and heathen caste made exclusive demands, and many on this point fall away. Any such question touches native honor deeply. The Cambridge men spoke of the great strain that it is to live for years in a country where you can hardly trust any one; where corruption and vanity are habitual; where the trust and love of an English home are unknown; where centuries of the lowest moral tone have degraded the whole population. Even from a mother's lips, they tell you, the foulest thoughts and language are deliberately taught the children; young mothers delighting to put their young children one against the other in contests of obscenity and abuse. The very text books in Persian contain stories where the whole point turns on some of the most degrading sins known to man; and impurity and immorality are almost universal.

The actual results gathered already by the Delhi Cambridge Mission are small; but it is impossible that five or six men of such quality, so devout, so earnest, so disinterested, so intelligent should live for years there without making deep and durable impression. It is seed time, not harvest, at present; and as Delhi has been for many centuries the seat of high civilization and refinement, the capital of Hindoo and Mahomedan empires, it is but natural that the evil traditions of a bad past should cling to the spot with unusual tenacity.

Umritsur is the religious capital of the Sikhs, with a most picturesque "Golden Temple," approached only by a causeway crossing to the centre of the lake. At Umritsur there is a strong Christian movement led by the Church Missionary Society. One Indian civilian, whom I remember as a boy thirty years ago, having served his time and earned his pension, stays on still at Umritsur, with his wife, from devotion to missionary work—a splendid and unique devotion. There is strong machinery at work—schools, medical mission, zenana mission, orphanage, agricultural settlement, and outlying work in the village. There are 645 native Christians, 219 communicants, and four English missionaries. It is only natural that there should be much Christian life stirring in the centre of the Punjab, the province in which Sir Henry Lawrence—named as Governor General should any calamity befall Lord Cannan—Sir Herbert Edwardes, Lord Lawrence, and Sir Robert Montgomery lived and governed. It was a true saying of Sir Robert Edwards—"The Punjab, retook Delhi without a peep or a bayonet from Calcutta or England," and the rulers of the Punjab of those days and of the following years have left an indelible stamp of Christianity on the face of the country, if not on the organization of the Government. They were eminently successful rulers, and they ruled confessedly by a Christian standard.

"Here lies  
Henry Lawrence,

"Who died to do his duty

"May the Lord have mercy on his soul"

That is the inscription, dictated by Henry Lawrence himself as he lay wounded by a shell, July 2, 1857, and to read it on the gravestone in the garden of the Residency at

Lucknow thrills your heart. I know no more moving spot or story. "Hold it for fifteen days," said the dying man, "and you will be relieved." "Hold it for fifteen days"—we have held it for eighty-seven."

At Peshawar we stayed with the Church Missionary Society Mission. Two clergy were there sterling and strong men, full of character and indefatigable in their work. They have a large school under the Rev. A. E. Day, a house of ways open for chiefs of the frontier—Afriidi, Kafir, Afghan, or what not; another house always open for humbler native guests; both houses close to their own. They have a church, oriental in architecture, with a native pastor. One of the clergy, the Rev. W. Thwaites, was a schoolmaster in England, M.A. of Cambridge—a fine specimen of a man and of a missionary. He has command of several of the frontier dialects, became friends very rapidly with the mounted police who escorted us to the Khyber Pass, and evidently was most fit for dealing with manly, warlike, semi-savage frontier tribes. We saw the sons of Afghan chiefs playing at cricket, and they ran up eagerly for Mr. Thwaites' decision on some contested point. The Zenana Medical Mission at Peshawar is evidently working well. The Hindoo women need European skill even more than the Mahomedan.

There is at least one very important native city without any mission work in connection with the Church of England—Hyderabad, in the Deccan the capital of the Nizam's dominions, a city of 300,000, the largest and much the richest native city in India. The relations between the natives and the English are very friendly, with most loyal support to British rule from the Nizam and his Ministers, so that a Church Mission Society or Society for the Propagation of the Gospel mission would open under favourable auspices. The Wesleyan mission there is highly spoken of, and there is an American Protestant mission at work in the rural districts. There is also a strong Roman Catholic settlement in the city some centuries old, founded from the south of India. Few cities in India have a lower moral standard or need the Gospel of Christ more. You meet eunuchs in the streets and the hospital registers tell their own tale. The mortality among the poorer women in child birth and their sufferings are excessive.

To sum up, it should be said

1. The degradation of the Hindoo religion is so deep and the immorality and vices obtaining not only in native States, are so revolting that the need of religious renovation is more urgent, and the opening of Christianity is more patent, than one can understand; till one sees with one's own eyes, and hears on the spot with one's own ears.

2. The Indian mind, though now filled with degraded objects and theories of worship, is essentially a reverent and fervent mind, and, if once won to Christianity, would be a fervently Christian mind.

3. To win India to Christianity is not a hopeless task if only enthusiasm at home were strong enough to multiply the army of workers tenfold and to send men of such quality as those now at Delhi and Peshawar.

4. Every great religion still in active force in the world is an Asiatic religion and the more imaginative or ideal side of Christianity is really akin to Indian veins of feeling and thought really Asiatic still.

5. England has no moral ground for holding India beyond the moral good she does there, and no moral good that she could do would equal the results of the spread of Christianity all over that vast continent, people by scores of distinct nationalities with no unity whatever except the subordination of each to one Empire.

The card-table has no good and much evil. In its most innocent form it is only the picket line of a great and evil army. It is like the wine cup. There is no argument against the one that does not hold against the other. And but for the love of fashion, the fear of society, and the lack of taste for intellectual and spiritual occupations, no Christian would think of patronizing or defending the card table.

—Dr. J. H. Vincent.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

## Cocanada.

Dear Mrs. Newman, — When I left Canada I made a number of resolutions as to what I should accomplish in the way of letter writing, on the passage, but I regret to say I did not do as much as I had intended. Now that we are here in Cocanada, with the cool season before us, in which to study, what time we shall spend in writing is likely to be limited. In writing to you for the LINK I scarcely know where to begin; the journey furnishes subject matter enough to fill a volume, the people here and the country are of vastly more importance; our experiences in every way have been so varied, that I can scarcely hope to write of anything in a satisfactory manner. We are particularly grateful to God for the blessings of the journey. We felt His protecting care over us all the way; we believe, that in answer to prayer, He smoothed the waves before us, and kept in check the stormy winds. We have come through the long voyage with no idea as to what the dangers of the deep are; we have seen nothing but the grandeur and beauty of the waste of waters; we know not of its perils. If we had been one week later we could not say this, for the monsoon broke a few days after our arrival, and the mail steamer from Madras was disabled in a cyclone, thus delaying the home mail nearly a week. Truly God has been good to us. I will say nothing more about the voyage; the people who read the LINK have had notes from those who came to India at different times, everything of interest on the way has been written about more graphically than I could possibly attempt to do it, and there is nothing now to tell. The stop at Malta, with its vendors of all sorts of wares, at cosmopolitan Port Said, at dry, arid Adu, and at beautiful Colombo, want no new descriptions from my pen. One experience, in London, we shall never forget; it will be a green spot in our memories while we live. I refer to our treatment at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. On our arrival in the city we found awaiting us, a letter addressed to Miss Simpson, in which was enclosed four tickets of admission to the Tabernacle. We were invited, in the accompanying letter to a meeting on Thursday evening, September 13th, providing we were unable to attend on that evening the invitation was extended to following Sabbath. We decided to attend the morning service on Sunday, the 16th. Following instructions given by Mr. Hibbert, the secretary, in his letter to us, we asked to be directed to his room in the building, as he could secure for us the most desirable seats. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. Hibbert, as he had opportunity during the remainder of our stay in London. Through his influence we had seats much nearer the platform than we could otherwise have hoped for, and after the service were conducted to Mr. Spurgeon's own private room, where we were encouraged by a little talk with the preacher whose fame is world-wide. We were very much strengthened by a few words of earnest prayer in our behalf which he offered up, and left the room feeling that we had been blessed during the short time spent there. Mr. Hibbert gave us tickets for a tea and lecture to take place on the following Tuesday evening, when we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Spurgeon's famous lecture "Sermons in Candlea," as well as to addresses from several of the students and professors of the Pastors' College, the tea and lecture being in connection with their annual meeting. Mr. Hibbert also presented each of us with one of Mr. Spurgeon's books,

and took the troubles to send by mail to Port Said, three copies of the sermon we had heard, the characteristic title of which was: "All at it." We could not get the printed form before leaving the city, as Thursday, the day we left, was the day on which the preceding Sabbath's sermon was printed. We also feel very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Drake for the kind manner in which they welcomed us in Madras, and entertained us during our stay. The welcome we received here was hearty and warm, we felt that we were coming among friends, and their reception of us had done much to take away the feeling of exile. I cannot give much information as yet, regarding the people, for we have begun the study of the language, and feel that we must first break down the great barrier that is between us and the people, consequently we have come in contact with very few, except the Christians living in or near the Compound. One thing has impressed us, it is the magnitude of the work. We almost feel like closing our eyes to the fields that are "white already to the harvest," for we are not able yet to "thrust our sickles in." We have great need of faith and patience during our study of the language. We need your prayers while we are passing through this trying ordeal, it is so very, very hard to be practically helpless when there is so much to be done and so few to do it. At present Miss Stovel and I are with Miss Hatch in the Zennah house. Miss Simpson has gone to Akidu with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, who were here when we arrived.

Yours sincerely,

ZOHANIA HOUSE, NOV. 15TH

A. E. BANKREVILLE

## An Afternoon Out.

We start early, the two Bible women prettily clad in their eastern fashion, a long cloth draped around them, forming a skirt, then the long and crossing the breast from under one arm to hang gracefully down the back from the opposite shoulder; with heads uncovered, their heavy black hair gathered up at the back and quite to one side, with bare arms and feet, they walk easily and unincumbered under a blazing sky and over a hot dusty road. But the way is not so easy when an inch thick hat and large lined umbrella, certainly require some thought and care in handling, as the sun is now to the west and a strong breeze blows from the east, heralded by great clouds of dust.

Turning into the narrow streets of the town, we enter a court into which many houses open; here we find women busy, one is sweeping, another pounding rice; these are "Sudras," the hard-working well-to-do people of India. When comfortably seated upon a large wooden mortar turned upside down and placed in the shady side of the court, they gather around, women and children, some thirty in all, with a man or two standing in the entrance. When we sing, most of them sit down upon the ground to listen. The Telugu tunes are very weird and sweet, and the Christian hymns are mostly sung in this, their own music. Then we speak of God, God the Son, who walked this weary world for thirty years, that we might know God; many an acquiescing nod accompanied our words and the verses read, till the hope rises that the heart has been touched; but this is somewhat damped by the many questions, and the kind, that follow: "Did you leave your parents behind?" "Is your watch gold?" "Have you a husband?"

By this time the rally busy have returned to their work, pounding rice, brushing children's hair, etc., but "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not

return unto me void." May it indeed be His word out of His mouth.

Our next visit is in rather a different quarter of the town; on our way we pass out on the road under the shadow of the trees; and weavers at work with their long frames stroling down one side, weaving the long white cloths with colored borders; further on is a potter at work forming such prettily shaped jars, about two in five minutes, he turns the wheel round very quickly until it is spinning, then from the lump of clay turning in the centre he makes his little pots of every shape and for every use, with his thumb or small stick making the grooves around the neck, and with a rag dipped in water making the lips of the jar smooth and shiny. A little farther on, and we are among the people that are people of no "caste." Here, where the small round huts crowd close together, and seated upon the eud of a native bed that is standing outside till needed, with dirty children, half clad mothers with sick babies in their arms and with an old woman stooping over and very near in order to see me sing in Telugu to our English tune, "Come to Jesus," and then try and tell them just who this Jesus is and how they may come to Him.

Leaving home, we, after quite a walk, enter a beautiful shaded street where at the gate (for it is walled, with a gate at each end) a woman with brass water pot is standing. "Will you come to my house?" "We will come." So following, we see a little way up a clean mat being unrolled for us upon the veranda of one of the houses. Thinking it is here, we sit down; beautiful women, beautifully dressed, stand or sit around. Here, too, we sing and begin to speak of the true God, when "sit down," shouts an old lady to a restless child (for this people, though having a very sweet language and voice, when angry or in a discussion - and especially the women shout and scream in a most alarming fashion) then turning to us, "There is only one God, your God, my god, all gods are really only one"; "Yes," says a young bright woman, "there is only one God"; "No," replies another just as young and bright, "you have a god, I have a god, and so have the English a God." This is said at the very top of their voices, and most of the others now join in till every one seems to be shouting. After this has subsided they turn to us again. "When do you take your meals?" "How many do you take a day?" But as it is now late, we advance and rise to go. "You said you would come to my house," this from the woman with the brass pot, who met us at the gate, and who all this time has been standing in front speechless. "Why, we thought this was your house." "No, there is my house," pointing some yards away; promising to go there next time we walk quickly away out on to the main road and home.

MARJORIE GAIRDNER.

Tuni, India, Nov. 6th, 1888.

### Tuni Bible Women.

Work through Bible women always has been part of the Tuni missionaries' programme, and more work has been done on the Tuni field, proportionately, than on either the Candanad or Akidu fields.

Sometime in September, 1880, Mr. Currie, while touring to the north of Tuni, came upon a Christian family living at Darmasagram. Mother and son were at home, and the missionary found a hearty welcome, and had the house placed at his disposal. The family had come from Bangalore, and husband and wife were professing Christians. Mr. Currie spoke of his visit that day as finding

an "oasis in the desert," so much did he enjoy the refreshing time he passed with this Christian woman who flashed out like a bright beam of light upon the deep darkness pervading the whole region. On his return he told Mrs. Currie of the Christian woman whom he had found, and Mrs. Currie called her to Tuni, hoping to find a worker in her. She came, found favor in the eyes of the missionary's wife, staid in Tuni for a time, then returned to Darmasagram, and since that time you have been hearing of, or reading about C. Hanamma, the Bible woman. A year ago last April I saw her for the first time when I visited that region, and found a bright intelligent Christian worker who seemed to be a real beacon in so drear a place.

I soon discovered that not only the people of her own village, but people of other villages knew her well and spoke of her visits. Mostly through her efforts her sister and son, and four relatives elsewhere, have come to the light. One of these has since died, and one backslidden, but the others remain steadfast. Her work has been much broken through occasional periods of illness, but since I have known her she has been well, and has done her usual visiting. She is very pleasant and has withal a pleasing manner, and would draw your attention at once could you but see her. But remember she is almost a lone worker in a dreary dark region, where all around is night, and she needs daily grace to sustain her.

Sometime in or about 1882, Chinnamma and her husband came to Tuni. The husband pulled the missionary's punkah and Chinnamma became a Bible woman. Before Mr. Currie went home on furlough, a station was opened at Chinnamma, when Chinnamma and Dalayya, her husband, who had by this time merged into a preacher, moved to that village. Several have made a profession of faith as the result of her work, but unfortunately some of the plants withered when the sun of persecution grew hot. Of late, through trouble given by the villagers on account of one of their number becoming a Christian, she has had a trying time, but the clouds seem to be clearing and the sky looks much brighter now.

Among the preachers that first labored in the Tuni field was one Francis, whose daughter occasionally assisted in the work. The father dying, the daughter went back to her own village, but was persuaded by Mrs. Currie to return to Tuni, and D. Martha became the third regular Bible woman. Rather over medium height, of fair complexion, intelligent mien, and a fluent speaker, she has been doing very efficient work in Tuni. Through her came Annamma, the weaver's wife of Pakirampett, whom you will remember from the Tuni letters. Then followed Annamma's husband, and largely through her instrumentality several others have come since. Annamma, whose name I have already mentioned in connection with Martha, soon became a Bible worker, but she has been weakly and not able to do very vigorous work. She had a very sore time until her husband joined her, and even since they have had to bear much from those in their street. At present she is doing what health and strength permit in the immediate vicinity.

Athenamma, a Christian woman of Tuni, was first a teacher, and then a Bible woman. She has been a companion to Martha and her work has been one with that of the former. In company they visit Tuni and the near villages, tell the same story and experience the same trials to faith and courage.

There are thus five Bible women about whom I might write much more, but reports can never grow into books, so I shall add very little to the foregoing.

During a five weeks' stay in Tuni, Mrs. Stillwell took



charge of them and their work, conducting their weekly Friday prayer-meeting and superintending their work generally. We have not kept the village schools open very steadily, as we found it more profitable for the teachers to preach, as in the case of Jo Pal Dos and Anrutalab.

On the whole the work is progressing encouragingly, and we are expecting much from the future as soon as your new missionaries, the Garidas, take charge.

Samuleotta, Aug. 6th, 1888.

J. R. STILLWELL.

### The Widows of India \*

In visiting the homes in this city, I daily meet with such, in many houses they are the majority. In counting over those in the houses where I visit, (24 in number,) I find that in only one, is there no widow; but even here, I have not, and need not, widows related to the family. Very many of the widows are young, not over 20, most of whom were old enough to understand their fate, at the time of their so-called husband's death. At one house all are widows, the mother and both daughters, the sons are also dead, so that they have to depend on pouncing paddy for a living. In totaling the widows, in the 24 houses, I find them to be 32, most of the wayside hearers are widows, they having the liberty to visit from house to house, since they are mostly poor and so wear no jewels. Within this year, four of whom I know have become widows; two of whom are young women and have no children, both of the latter can read and write.

I may here mention a sad case, which I witnessed. At a home where I have visited long, was an only daughter, the pride of her parents, a beautiful intelligent young creature, who could read and write nicely. She went to an out station, to join her husband, in a week or two news of his illness was received, but his brother, who brought the news, made light of it and no one was sent to help her till a telegram was received, and another the day he was "dead." Her parents sent at once to bring her home. Her husband's relations telegraphed to secure his property (to those in whose house he was lodging), when she got here, they tried to force her to go to her husband's home. By the native law, a woman has a right to retain all the jewels on her person, even if her husband dies without leaving any children. I went to see her the very day she arrived; she was dressed in colored clothes, and with more jewels on, than ever I had seen before. She was seated on a cot with her mother by her side, (she could only wear all her jewels for a few days longer and so she seemed to be making the most of them;) as soon as she caught sight of me she cried out "O lady, lady" and threw up her arms, beating her head and mouth with her hands. It seemed a strange act, on my part, to the lookers on, that I should sit right down next to her, and put my arms around her and really shed tears at her grief. She had pretty well spent herself in weeping, and could only wail out her sorrow, she would repeat something that he had said or done, and at the end of the sentence say, a word which means "Father" in such a hopeless way, it made my heart ache. When the visitors moved away she would talk to me quietly, but as soon as another came she would again commence her lament. If she did not thus bewail her lost husband, unkind remarks would be made, and they would be sure to say that she did not care for him. They had been married six years, and she is now over 20, they were much attached to each

other. On the 11th day after her husband's death, the ceremony of making her look like a widow was gone through; she had to be taken to her husband's home for this; her glass bangles were broken off, the gold piece put on round her neck at her wedding, removed; and three times she was bathed in cold water, (all this was done at night); she had been getting feverish every evening, for some days previous to this, so was quite sick after it; but even her health is a secondary matter now, even to her parents, and when I took her something I thought she would like, she said, "woe, is it because you love me so much, that God has punished me so!" Last year, during the feast, when she asked her husband to bring her jewels, which her mother-in-law had borrowed to go to a wedding, he would not do so, because his mother said, "she is so sickly that if she were to die suddenly, we may loose the jewels." Now, she remarked to me, I have lost all, meaning her son and jewels too, again she said, "If he was with me, he need not have died, it was the bad nursing that killed him and it is all my loss now." By saying this to all her friends she insinuates that the wife killed her husband, while away from his home, so as to secure his property. Truly "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

The widow, now always wears white, and because she is young, will retain some of her jewels, for one or two years; her nose jewels and others that mark her as one who has a husband, are removed; she sits right down on the floor, and not even on a stool, she does not care to take up a book or do any work. She is constantly reminded by those who come to see her, that it is a pity that she has no children. Her best friends believe, this misfortune has befallen her, so early in life, because of some great sin committed in a former birth. Even her own parents who were so proud of her before, say things that hurt her, such as "It is her misfortune, and she must bear it." Her husband's relations also are making her burden heavy for her. While reading and speaking to her about the promises in God's word, for the widow, she said, "Yes it is true, even my mother cannot understand my sorrow as God does." I had read the 53rd of Isaiah to her, of the Man of sorrows. Does it not behoove us, who enjoy the light and hope of the Gospel, to carry it to those who mourn without hope or comfort, and are truly sitting in darkness? S. DEBRAY

Cocanada, November, 1888.

### Our Girls' Schools

The school at Cocanada was re-opened about the first of August. A few new girls came than and some have come since. We sent two girls from the Akidu field because they were somewhat far advanced and we wished them to take the examination in December. With this exception the girls here belong to the Cocanada and Tun fields. There are at present four from the Tun field and nineteen from the Cocanada field, but one or two more new girls are expected soon. The fee of four annas a month that the girls have to pay may prevent some from continuing their studies. In most cases the parents can easily pay this amount if they wish to do so, but some appear to set a very low value on education, and their girls suffer in consequence.

We did not begin our school at Akidu till September. There are now fifteen girls in attendance as boarders. Two others have been coming and staying with the girls at their own expense, but spending Saturday and Sunday at their homes a few miles away.

Of the fifteen girls, one belonged to the Cocanada school, but we took her to Akidu; six others had attended this school, and the remaining eight are new girls. More wanted to come, but we refused them for the present. Lizzie, one of the older girls, who taught in the Cocanada school for some time, is our chief teacher at Akidu, but Joseph, the preacher there, has been helping her. In a few months we expect to secure a well-educated man as our head-teacher; and than we shall be glad to see our school grow in numbers.

The Akidu school has been supported from the first by the Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. The Cocanada and Tuni schools have been cared for by the Society of Ontario. There is no school at Tuni, but some girls are attending the school at Cocanada. Circles and Bands, wishing to support a girl, should remember this fact. Those connected with the Eastern Society should select a girl in the Akidu school; those belonging to the Western Society should choose a Cocanada or Tuni girl.

In closing, let me say how glad and thankful we all were to welcome the three lady workers who have just come. For the present their task is to learn Telugu, but by and bye what helpers they will be.

JOHN CRAIG.

Cocanada, Oct. 31st 1888.

COCANADA, NOV. 16, 1888.

My Dear Mrs Newman,

Enclosed is a paper of Mrs DeBeau's, read at our last Circle meeting.

The subject of our meeting for this month, was the "Widows of India." There were three original papers read besides a few selections by others, and a duet, sung by two of our new recruits. The meeting keeps up in interest. We are supporting one Bible woman and at last meeting, voted \$40, for the Samuleotta Seminary building. Although we are supposed to be an auxiliary of the society at home we are taking the privilege of using our money independently, as we can see the immediate needs, and it would hardly be worth while sending post office orders back and forth, across these vast seas. Still, I hope you will let us feel that we are a part of you, and may your prayers mingle with ours, that God may abundantly bless the work of our hands upon us. We are all pretty well here, with much love.

I am yours sincerely,

S. I. HATH.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### News from the Circles.

**PORT PERRY.** Three years last July our Circle was organized with a membership of thirteen; since then our number has increased to thirty-five, but on account of deaths, removals, etc., we now number twenty-one. All but two are residents of the town. One member has been present at every meeting. We have raised \$99, which has been equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The meetings have been held regularly once a month. Average attendance during the past year, nine. Although we never have had any special gatherings, yet we find the interest growing. Mrs. Evans is our President. Occasionally our pastor visits the meeting giving us new thoughts and encouraging us in our work. The usual programme consists of opening exercises, prayer meeting, business, readings, singing, and free conversa-

tion on subjects pertaining to Mission work. Very often the hour passes too rapidly for the exercises. Offerings are given monthly, using the envelope system. Membership fee ten cents a month. A short time ago a circulating library was started, since then we have received one of Mr. Shenston's "Telugu Scrap Books," which is very interesting. During the past year a committee of two have been appointed monthly to visit any sick or afflicted, and others. Once a year a report of our work is read before the public, that they may know how we are prospering. Only a few families receive the LINK. We would like to see every female member of the church a member of the Circle.

A. E. DRYDEN, Sec.

**WHITBY.** The Annual Meeting of the Home and Foreign Mission Circle was held at Miss Starr's, on Tuesday, November 27th. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Miss Starr, *Pres.*; Mrs. Richardson, *Vice-Pres.*; Miss Thompson, *Treas.*; Miss Ida Bate-man, *Sec.* The Annual Report of Treasurer and Secretary showed a marked increase over last year, and so it should be ever increasing when we consider that it is one of the most interesting and profitable parts of the Master's work, one in which there is "such a vast area, great need and such wonderful possibilities" for work, as there is in sending the Gospel to the heathen, and yet how few, in comparison with the many who profess to be His children are so filled with love for their sin-darkened brothers and sisters and gratitude to God for Gospel privileges, as to be willing to do what we might in sending His Gospel to take the place of superstition and idolatry. We have been called upon to lose some of our most energetic workers during the past year, but we trust those of us who remain will ever remember the command "Go ye forth, etc.," and with that associate the text "If ye love me keep my commandments," and each decide personally that during the coming year a greater effort will be made to send the Gospel to the vast "Unoccupied Fields," and each to be "Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Retiring Sec.

**LAKEVIEW.** The Jubilee Church Circle was formed as a Foreign Mission Circle in June, 1887, with a membership of ten, which has since increased to nineteen. At the close of the first half year we took up Home Mission work, to which only a part of our members contribute. We have raised \$33.21 for Foreign, with an addition of \$6.00 for the Garside Fund, and \$25.50 for Home Missions, \$9.21 of which was raised at an entertainment. We have thirteen subscribers to the LINK. At our November meeting our hearts were made sad by the resignation of our president, Mrs. S. McConrell. At that meeting the following resolution was unanimously carried:

*Resolved.* That we learn with deep regret that our most esteemed President is about to remove from our Circle, church and community, and our best wishes and prayers will go with her to her future home. We are not discouraged in our work, although our numbers are few, with very little prospect of increase as far as numbers are concerned; still we hope to grow in interest, and labor on and leave the result with Him who "doeth all things well."

AMIE MCINTYRE, Sec.

**MAPLE GROVE.** The Maple Grove Mission Band was organized in May, 1884, with twelve members, and officers *Pres.*, Miss Marquis, *Sec.*, Susie E. Smith; *Treas.*, Aggie Ferguson. Five of these, through removal,

have covered their connection with the Band; others have been added, the number now being fifteen. The first year of our work we raised \$10, by fees and sale of a quilt. Last year, the amount raised was \$32, which, as our Band is a Union, was divided among the different denominations, namely: Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopalian, to be devoted to Foreign Missions. An auxiliary band of children called "The Little Helpers," was organized in 1886, now numbering fifteen. The money is raised by fees, banks, and the collections taken up at our annual meeting concerts. The Band edits a paper called the *Maple Leaf*, the matter of which is purely missionary, contributed by the members of the Band, each of whom, in turn, is elected editor.

Looking over our four years' work we feel encouraged to work on in the mission cause, and although our efforts seem small and weak, yet God is able to give the increase and we trust that by faithful striving, we may earn the "Well Done" of the Master.

SCIENCE E. SMITH, *Com. Sec.*

BRANTFORD, ONT. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th, the ladies of the Park Baptist Church Mission Circle held their first public meeting since the Circle's inception, in the church, when a large number were present, and very interesting addresses were delivered by Mrs. McLaurin and Miss Frith, our returned missionaries, upon the work in India, and Mrs. A. R. McMaster, of Toronto, upon Home Missions and Grande Ligne work, and the addresses were interspersed by music by the choir. The Secretary read a report of the Circle since its organization two years ago, showing that it organized with eleven members, and has nearly forty, with an average attendance of eighteen at their meetings, which are held the first Thursday afternoon of each month. New members are joining every month, and interest in the work is steadily increasing. The money which is raised by the Circle is equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions, and \$25 a year is given towards the support of Miss Priscilla Beggs, a Bible-woman in India. Besides the regular monthly meetings, three Union meetings are held during the year, when the three sister Circles, viz., the First Church, East Church and Park Church Circles join together and are entertained in turn by each other, when an interesting programme is prepared in which members from each Circle take part in addresses, papers and prayers that God will bless our work, and an enjoyable and profitable time is always spent. The object of the Circle in holding a public meeting is to try and arouse the interest of others in Mission work, and we intend holding one annually. A number have already joined our Circle this year, and others have signified their intention of doing so, so we look forward with hopefulness to a far more successful year.

JEAN S. MORTON, *Sec.*

WYOMING - On Tuesday evening, November 20th, the Annual Meeting of the W. B. H. & F. M. Circles and Children's H. M. Band, was held in the Wyoming Baptist church. After the chairman's address, the secretary's report was read, which was very encouraging. The treasurer's report was as follows: H. M. Circle, \$11.37; F. M. Band, \$8.02; F. M. Band, Missionary Boxes, \$15.00; F. M. Circle, \$22.95; collection at public meeting, \$5.20; making a total for the year, \$62.54. Besides this \$4.50 and one package of carpets, quilts, etc., was sent to Grand Ligne Institute. After the reports John McLaurin gave a very interesting address, telling the sad story of the condition of the women of India. Three lit-

tle girls followed with a dialogue, "What children can do," singing the beautiful and touching hymn "Over the ocean wave," in cloaking. A reading was given by W. E. Norton, and a recitation entitled "A Birthday Offering," by Miss Jackie Norton, both of which were well rendered. Two fine selections of music entitled "My Bible," and "We will do what we can," were sung by Mr. Holbrook and the Misses Holbrook, which helped to make the meeting the best yet held by the Circles and Band. Proceeds of meeting \$22.50.

E. PARK, *Sec., F. M. C.*

MOUNT FOREST MISSION BAND. - Organized about six weeks ago with twenty-eight members, and we now have forty. The children are enthusiastic in the work. We meet every two weeks; a programme consisting usually of songs, readings and recitations, also of missionary instruction, by our president, Mrs. Westervelt; fee, one or two cents a month, also freewill offerings. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Westervelt; *Vice-Pres.*, Miss M. Jack; *Sec.*, Miss Mattie Falk; *Treas.*, Miss Grace Stovoll; *Collector*, Miss Ora Gregory

MARY WALKER, *Sec.*

MILTON, QUEEN'S CO. The Society here, though small, is working earnestly and praying for increased consecration. In accordance with the change in the constitution of the W. B. M. C., made at Wolfville in August, our Society has undertaken to raise money for Home as well as Foreign Missions, and in the furtherance of this object we propose to give, each month, a social entertainment at the houses of the different members of the Society. A large number of us met at the parsonage on Tuesday evening. After a few minutes spent in social conversation an interesting programme was rendered, consisting of music and readings, at the close of which the pastor made a few remarks and offered prayer. A collection was then taken, amounting to \$3.50. A few minutes more spent in a social manner brought to a close a pleasant and we trust profitable evening.

M. R. CRANDALL.

## New Circles.

DELTA - Home and Foreign Mission Circle, organized Sept. 20th, by Miss Frith. Officers: *Mrs. Allyn, Pres.*; *Mrs. Surrill, Vice-Pres.*; *Mrs. Omar Brown, Sec.*; *Miss E. Stevens, Assist. Sec.*; *Miss J. E. Donant, Treas.*; *Mrs. Luther Stevens, Miss Julia Allyn, Com.* Present membership 22.

PLATTVILLE. - A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was organized Dec. 20th, by Miss Frith, with nine members. Officers: *Miss E. A. Starnaman, Pres.*; *Mrs. J. Baird, Vice-Pres.*; *Miss J. Baird, Treas.*; *Miss L. Daniel, Solicitor*; *Miss M. A. Witmer, Sec.* We call our Circle "The Frith Circle."

FREDERICTON, N.B. - I am glad to be able to report the formation of another Aid Society. On the 24th ult. Mrs. Murch came up from St. John, and we drove ten miles to Nashwaak, where we held a women's meeting according to appointment. About twenty-five sisters were present, and the Master was with us. We had scarcely hoped that a society would be the outcome of the effort; however, our lack of faith was rebuked when, on the question, would they like to organize, being asked, thirteen sisters rose to their feet, thus signifying this to be their desire.

The following were elected officers: Mrs. S. Manzer, *Pres.*; Mrs. L. Goodspeed, *Vice-Pres.*; Miss Manzer, *Sec.*; Mrs. Campbell, *Treas.*; Mrs. Peterson, *Auditor*. We believe this society will do good service for missions, and shall not be surprised if the Lord elect from us a worker for the foreign field. *Sec. P. R. York*

### Report of the Brant Association

A very brief report of the work in the Association might be given in two words—steady progress. During the year the Circle at Onondaga has been reorganized, but owing to the re-division of the Association we only report nine Circles—two less than last year. All of which include both Home and Foreign Missions. Number of women in churches, 728; number of contributors, 307; money raised for Home and Foreign Missions by Circles, \$1900. In April a Band was organized at St. George. There are now seven Bands; six of these have contributed \$116.30. The boys Band of 1st Church, Brantford, have not reported. Total reported for Circles and Bands, \$1105.30, an increase of nearly \$300 over last year. In addition to these, in the East Ward Church, Brantford, a class of young girls are engaged in work for Grande Ligne. Some of the Circles report half the women in the church members of the Circle, with an average attendance of half the members at the monthly meetings. Westover Circle reports three more members in the Circle than there are women in the church. As there are eighteen or twenty churches in the Association, and only nine Circles and seven Bands, it has been thought that more might be done in the way of organizing. In reply we only say it is wise at times to make haste slowly. There is much to be considered in country churches, as it is one thing to organize a Circle or Band, but quite another to carry it on successfully. We close the year with hearts full of gratitude to God for the blessing that has followed our labors, and enter upon a new one with the earnest prayer that much more may be accomplished in the future than has been in the past.

A. MOYLE, *Ass. Director*

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

1 Cook's Road, Pombore, Madras.

Nov 14th, 1888

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—I thought that among my unanswered letters was one from your secretary, but as I cannot find it, I suppose I must either have written to her or else torn it by mistake. I was very glad to hear through her of your being so well organized, and since then I have heard from Mrs. Roberts, and my sister that you are taking an interest in mission work, and doing something practical. I often think of you, and our small beginning in Mrs. Roney's house one April evening, and I pray that from that beginning, much work for the Lord Jesus may result, and that in helping to send the Gospel to others, that same Gospel may affect your own hearts and bring forth fruit in your lives.

This afternoon my little girls were here, from our heathen school, for their sewing lesson. Some of them came and top-sew as neatly as any of you; they learned when Mrs. Waterbury was here. Others are only learning to hold the needle, and until they have tried for some time, they want to sew backwards. Indeed the native tailors all sew from them instead of to them, and often

hold the work between their toes. Well while they were sewing four or five young girls came into the room who had come to draw water from one of the tanks in our compound. I began talking with them and as they cannot come, or do not come to our prayer meeting, I thought this was a good chance to say and read something to them while they were watching the others sewing. So I had Mary, who is the teacher read part of the fourth chapter of John to them, about the woman drawing water. I tried to say something to them, and Mary spoke too, but soon they had to go and carry their water home. I went out on the veranda and watched them filling the large earthen pots and helping one another to place them on their heads. I wonder if they understood what Jesus meant by the "living water"; I can pray that they desire to have it, and we know they will receive it if they ask for it. Afterwards some more girls came who were also drawing water. I knew none of them went to our school and so asked the reason, as four of them were about the same size as other girls who are in school. "Oh," they said, "we cannot, we have work to do at home," and they were all married, had been married a couple of months ago. September is considered a very "lucky" month for marriages so a great many took place then. One Sunday evening in September, Mary and I went over to this palace (a hamlet or cluster of houses where people of one caste live) to talk with the women at their doors. We had to move twice to different places on account of the noise made by the musicians in a marriage procession. I found to-day that it was one of these girls who was being married then, she remembered seeing us stop our reading until the procession was past. They were just little girls, none of them could have been more than fourteen, and I doubt if any were over twelve years old. They never know their ages if you ask them.

For about ten days we have had quite a little trouble about snakes in our compound. One Sunday three young cobras were found and killed; one was apparently on its way to the house, as it was coming on to the veranda when caught. We knew there must be a nest of them somewhere, and so wished to get the old ones. On account of the heavy rains we had to wait a week, but yesterday the snake charmers came. I do not know how they managed to get the snakes out of the holes, as it was too hot for us to go in the sun, but very soon we saw the three snake charmers coming, followed by about a dozen people or more from the compound, and one of them was carrying a great cobra by the tail. It writhed and I thought it would surely strike him, but he had a dexterous way of managing it, he struck it a quick blow on the head, threw it down, as we thought, dead, then opened its mouth to show the fangs. But the ugly creature was not dead, for as soon as he let go, it began to move. He had stunned it only intending to take it home, and use it in his snake charming business. But our men soon put an end to it with sticks. Then they went in search of others, and found another cobra and a large snake of some other species. They brought them to show to us, then put them both into a small canvas bag about a third of a yard square. I wondered how two such large snakes could be put in so small a bag as they tied it about a third of the distance from the top. Then they began searching for more snakes, one of the men all this time carrying the bag with the snakes inside, under his arm. Not finding any more, they came to the veranda, opened the bag, and one man carelessly put his hand in, drawing out first one, then another snake. One played on a very small instrument, which sounds much like the bag-pipes, all the time waving in a nonchalant manner the empty bag before the snakes.

These were coiled on the ground with the head raised, and swaying to and fro keeping time with the motion of the man's hand. It made me shudder to see those large venomous creatures so very near to us, and yet they seemed to be under perfect control by those who knew the art. Then he men were going to take them away to use, but my husband would not allow that, so they were immediately killed. I thought of the verses in Scripture which compare Satan to, or call him a serpent, and surely nothing could describe him better. He often may appear harmless, but never is, there is never safety where he is, there is none where these serpents are; and there is only *One* who has power to subdue the great enemy of our souls, "that old serpent called the devil and Satan which deceiveth the whole world." Dear young friends these things are a great reality, no picture merely, but Satan will try to deceive you in one way or another, and only through Christ can you overcome him. Let those of you who realize the power of Christ in your struggles with the evil one, pray earnestly that His name may be known and his power experienced by thousands in this country who now sit in heathen darkness.

In six weeks you will be enjoying the holidays, I hope, and I wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year. also I send the same wishes for all your friends and mine in the Dovercourt Road church and Sunday School. I hope to hear from some of you in regard to the new church and your mission work.

Sincerely your friend  
ISABELLA A. DRAKE

### St. Antonio and the Pigs.

"Well, I'm just discouraged," said Farmer Ramos to his wife, as he sat sipping his coffee after dinner; "the pigs were in the corn field again last night, and if I cannot find some way of keeping them out, there'll be no corn left to gather."

Farmer Ramos and his wife lived in one of the interior provinces of Brazil, on the edge of the virgin forest, from which they had cleared some fields for their yearly planting of beans, rice and corn. Their house was a mud hut with thatched roof and earthen floors, and as we look in upon them now, we find them seated, each on a low bench, by their kitchen stove of beaten clay.

"Pigs in the corn-field!" exclaimed the wife. "Why don't you put St. Antonio out in the field to night to guard it?"

"I did put some pennies under his image the other day, but he paid no heed, and I don't believe it will do any more good to take him out to the field, but one might try and see. He might do what we want him to for the sake of getting back into the house again."

"Now, husband, how can you speak so doubtfully of St. Antonio, when you know what wonderful things he has done?"

"Well, Lucia, if one is good, more ought to be better. I'll take the oratory with all of them out to the corn field right away."

The next morning, bright and early, the farmer and his wife went out to the field to see how the saints had kept their charge, and great was the man's disgust and the woman's disappointment, to find the oratory lying upside down and the saints scattered about on the ground; St. Antonio with a broken arm, St. John with a cracked head, St. Joseph without feet, and the Virgin with her tunic and tinsel robes all torn and besmeared with dirt, while the irreverent pigs were feasting to their hearts' content.

"I'll hang the whole of them on this tree and leave them here to-night to see if they will do any better," said Sr. Ramos, indignantly.

"Well, you shall not have the Blessed Virgin here any longer. It is not woman's work anyhow to be watching pigs," said the wife, as she gathered up the torn bits of

finery, "and you had better bring in the oratory, for we cannot afford to buy another if this gets broken," she added as she turned back to the house, muttering over the failure of her household gods.

"I told husband about what great things St. Antonio can do, but I didn't remind him of the stories I know when he proved of no use at all. He is near enough now to being a heretic without that. If the truth were told, even Our Blessed Lady cannot be always trusted. When Alfredo Pinto vowed to her and St. Joseph that he would name all the sons that were born to him Joseph, and all the daughters Mary, if only his wife could be cured, it did no good, and the woman died. And there is Cousin Maricota, who says that she has never prayed to the Virgin since she took her out to the field so that the fire, where they were burning off the woods for planting, should not pass a certain point, and instead of stopping the fire, the Virgin nearly let her get burned, not even helping her to make her way through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I wouldn't confess it to husband, but I wonder sometimes if Maricota isn't right after all in listening to what those Protestants say about not trusting to the Saints."

While the wife was thinking these thoughts to herself, as she picked over the beans and hulled the rice for breakfast, her husband was chasing the unruly pigs, muttering all kinds of threats at them and the Saints. Through the day the pigs got little of his corn, for he proved a better guard than the images, and at night these were left hanging from the tree with the hope that the discomfort of their position would bring them to do what was desired of them.

The next morning, Mother Lucia took good care to be busy when her husband went out to the field, and when at breakfast she asked if the pigs got into the corn again, it was not in a very hopeful tone of voice.

"Yes," said the angry husband, "and I'll only give those Saints one more trial, and then if they fail, I'll throw the whole crowd away. I've buried them all under a heavy log to day, and pounded it down well. Now if that doesn't bring them to terms, nothing will."

"Pedro, you should not talk in that irreverent way about the Saints," mildly reproved the wife, betraying, however, in her tone, her own falling faith.

On the following morning Pedro Ramos once more went out to his field, only to find the pigs grunting their satisfaction over the broken-down stalks of corn, while the Saints still quietly reposed in their underground prison. Out of all patience with the continued loss he hastily dug up the images, and throwing them one by one to the ground, broke them to fragments. He then gathered up a few of the pieces and carrying them to his wife, said: "You need not expect me to keep my faith in such things as these. If all the Saints put together cannot manage a few pigs, I'll not trust my soul to their keeping."

"I am afraid that you are right," agreed the wife, "and for my part, I begin to think that I would like to know more about what those Protestants teach. Cousin Maricota says that they always speak of Jesus Christ as if He were a friend always ready to help and to save, and if that is so, we do not need the Saints."

"Well," sighed the farmer, "I don't see any remedy now but to mend the fence, and I wish that I had done so at first and saved my corn, instead of looking to those clay images for help."—*Children's Work.*

### WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Oct. 22nd to Dec. 22nd, 1888.

Tayside, \$2; Bute, \$5; Philipsville, \$7; Osnabrock, \$8; Abbott's Corners, \$8; Ottawa, \$10; Olivet, Montreal, \$21.20; First Baptist, Montreal (Mission Boxes), \$1.71; Kingston, \$12; St. Andrews, \$10; Kempsville, \$7. Total, \$91.91.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas.

Address, Mrs. FRANK B. SMITH,  
2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.