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# THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. V., No. 5.]    *"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."*—[Is. lx. 2.]    JAN., 1883

## The First Missionary.

BY MRS. J. J. BAKER.

[Read at the Brantford Evening Meeting]

There is a region bathed in sweetest light,  
No death is there, nor ought of sin's dark blight.  
No billows beat the shore, nor tempests high  
Disturb the calm of heaven's cloudless sky  
In vain essays this sin-encumbered hand  
To pen the glories of that blessed land.  
No eye hath seen the brightness of its days,  
No ear hath heard its soul-entrancing lays,  
No heart conceived the sweetness of the love  
That ever reigns within that home above.  
But once there came a pause within the song,  
A silence fell upon the tuneful throng.  
Then quick the tidings flew—"Far-off below  
"A world is dying in its sin and woe.  
"And who (a voice was heard) will haste away  
"To save that world from sin's unbounded sway?"  
Among the countless throngs of angels there,  
Among the sons of God and all who share  
High heaven's glory, there was found but One.  
And He, the Father's well-beloved Son,  
O matchless pity of a loving heart!  
O Love! O Christ, the Son of Love Thou art!  
Let all the people join and loudly sing  
Glad praise to God the great eternal King.  
Yes, sing aloud the sacrifice He made!  
O now before the altar where was laid  
All heaven's rarest treasure! Let the air  
Reverberate with songs of praise and prayer  
God gave His Son a dying world to save;  
And angels wondered at the gift He gave  
The Saviour left the glory had above,  
And in the fulness of His dying love  
He came "a stranger" to this world of sin  
Tho' lofty ones refused to take Him in,  
"The common people" gathered far and near  
And waited still impatiently to hear  
The treading of the great Messiah's feet  
Who walked unknown about the crowded street  
A weary, sad, rejected by His own  
He bore our griefs; for sin He did atone.  
We hid our faces from Him, and the rod  
Fell heavily upon the Son of God.  
He wiped the tear from ev'ry upturned eye,  
He heard and hushed the penitential sigh,  
He healed the blind who sat beside the way,  
And stretched His weary arms to be a stay  
For helpless ones. He raised the fallen child  
And cleansed to purity the life defiled.  
To every yearning heart He gave relief,  
And healed the spirits breaking with their grief.  
He suffered even the little child to share  
The tender blessing of His loving care.  
And devils fierce were quiet at the will  
Of Him who bade the raging storm be still.

The languishing arose from beds of pain  
And blessed the power that gave new life again.  
The gloomy graves gave back their lifeless clay  
To live once more within the light of day.  
It was the meat of Jesus to fulfill  
In toil and pain His gracious Father's will.  
He bore the burden and the heat of day,  
His bleeding footprints marked the rugged way,  
In shame and sorrow life's dark path He trod  
To lead the way to happiness and God.  
Alone within the garden's gloomy shade  
The blessed Saviour agonized and prayed.  
His heart was heavy with the awful woe  
That but the sinless heart of Christ could know  
The cup of agony could not be passed,  
The sacred heart must bleed and break at last.  
The heavens were dark and God withdrew His face  
When died for us the Christ of truth and grace.  
His mission is fulfilled, His work is done.  
The Father glorified, the blessed Son  
Now dwells forever in the light of God,  
And angels strike their harps to praise and laud  
The holy name of Jesus.

And to-day  
Remembering all the roughness of His way,  
And that for us His heart hath ached and bled,  
And that He had not where to lay His head,  
And that for us His hands and feet were torn;  
The sacrifices made, the sorrows borne,  
Remembering, though in agony He shrank  
Before the awful cup, yet bowed and drank,  
Remembering all His anguish, so would we  
Take up the cross, dear Lord, and follow Thee

Who will follow Jesus?  
Who will bear the loss?  
Who will brave the danger  
Of a pilgrim stranger  
Holding high the cross?

Who will follow Jesus  
Thro' the ceaseless strife?  
Who in vale; on mountain,  
Will unseal the fountain  
Of the stream of Life?

Who will follow Jesus  
Thro' the darksome way?  
Who will hush the sighing  
Of the helpless, crying  
For the dawn of day?

"Tis the Father's promise—  
"Th' heathen shall be Thine."  
Go, then, tell the story  
Till His fadeless glory  
O'er all the nations shine.

We might as well have no opportunity as not to use  
the one we have.—*Jas. French.*

## Half as Much Again.

(From the *Missionary Herald*.)

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M. A., of Christ Church, Hampstead, in a letter to the Rev. Canon Wigram, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, his, under date of May last, issued a most earnest and eloquent appeal to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society for HALF AS MUCH AGAIN. The words of Mr. Bickersteth seem so fittingly to describe the position and needs of our own Mission that we venture to make a few extracts from the letter referred to. Speaking of the record of work for the past year, he says:—

"Never has a more thankful Annual Report been presented. There has been an advance, as one speaker said, along the whole line. The fields are everywhere white to the harvest. The Master, in answer to our prayers, is thrusting forth labourers whom He has made willing in the day of His power. More men have offered themselves: but the cry still sounds louder and louder from unevangelised, or half-evangelised, lands, 'Come over and help us.' Our brethren in the field are overborne for lack of help. And the voice from heaven rings in our ears, 'Go forward.'

"The Committee have responded to every call during the last year to the utmost limit of the funds entrusted to them. But they cannot go beyond this limit, and rightly. Surely the question for us at home is, Can we not possibly, by thoughtful self-sacrifice, meet the increased demand?

"Let our watchword this year be—"HALF AS MUCH AGAIN."

"The effort must be a very great one, and will claim the self-denying love and labour of every member of our Society. The penny-a-week subscribers must be asked if they cannot possibly give three half-pence; and perhaps, if they do this, they will, in the Master's esteem, give more than all. The guinea-a-year donors—it will be something to get out of the guinea rut—must, if possible, give a guinea and a-half. Those who give two pounds must be pleaded with for three; those who give ten, for fifteen; and those who give fifty or one hundred pounds or more must still be moved to give *Half as much again*. The motto must be heard in every Sunday School, and be inscribed on every C. M. S. Christmas-tree, and be repeated in every quarterly meeting, and be urged from every pulpit and platform—"Half as much again: the Lord hath need of it!"

Referring to what more may be done, Mr. Bickersteth writes:—

"It is quite true that many of our best supporters are already giving up to their power—yea, and some of them beyond their power—and that it would be simply impossible for them to give more, and wrong in us to urge it. But is it not also true that many of our subscribers, by a watchful economy, could do this thing for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? And if they led the way, and proved the sincerity of their appeal to others by greater personal self-sacrifice, might we not hope to lengthen our cords as well as strengthen our stakes? Are there not many who give little or nothing to the missionary cause because they have not been earnestly and affectionately invited to take an intelligent interest in it? Many most valuable suggestions have already been made of new and increased efforts in our Sunday and upper-class schools; among the servants of the gentry; in enlisting the help of young men as lecturers; in the use of missionary magic-lanterns, &c.; in canvassing merchants and men

of wealth. And if all these efforts were patiently and prayerfully carried out, surely it is not too much for us to hope that every association, by breaking new ground and more diligently cultivating the old, might very shortly contribute *Half as much again*.

"Weighing these things calmly in the light of eternity, and of the Master's near return, shall we make this great effort or not? Some of us could reduce our personal and social expenditure without lessening our influence or crippling our local work for Christ. Some of us could forego a customary, but not necessary, domestic indulgence. In the resurrection of Germany (A. D. 1813) Alison says, 'The women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar *bijoux* beautifully worked in bronze, which soon decorated their bosoms, bearing the simple inscription, "I gave gold for iron, 1813." It must be confessed that chivalry cannot boast of a nobler fountain of honour, or fashion of a more touching memorial of virtue.' Shall the deliverance of heathen lands from the yoke of Satan be less precious in our eyes?

"*Half as much again*.' It stimulates every agency. It sets a definite object before every giver and every labourer, old and young. Let us arise and do it in Christ's name, and, if possible, do it before our next Annual Meeting. And surely, as in the days of Hezekiah, we shall rejoice, if God prepares the people, that 'the thing was done suddenly.' (2 Chron. xxix. 36)."

## Zenana Mission Work.

BY MRS. ROUSE, OF CALCUTTA.

*The Vastness of the Work.*—The very greatness of the work to be done, and the great numbers of those who are still sitting "in darkness and in the region and shadow of death," often prevent our realizing the case fully—we cannot grasp its extent. It is only by considering the details, and picturing to ourselves, as far as we can, the condition and life of one Hindoo woman, and then, when this has been vividly brought before our minds, by remembering the fact that, instead of one, it is estimated there are *one hundred millions* in a similar position, that we can in any adequate degree realise the truth. By the peculiar and stringent customs of Indian life, women, except those of the poorest class, have been shut out from the privilege of hearing the good news of salvation, and all have been deprived of many of the advantages arising from European influence; and this, without doubt, one reason why the progress of Christianity in India has not been more rapid. It is not possible to educate the men in the highest sense, nor to raise the moral and social standard effectually, while women are debarred from sharing equal advantages. None have felt this more deeply than enlightened Hindoo gentlemen themselves. They have spoken more strongly about it than we have, because they have known and felt more deeply the evil results of the system. One of them thus describes the condition of the Hindoo women:—"The daughters of India are unwelcomed at their birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, and unlamented when they die." Ponder over the picture described to us in these few words, and think whether it is possible to add a darker shade to it. Yes, it is possible. The heathen writer only looked at their sad condition in *this* world; as Christians, we cannot help seeing another shadow, reaching still farther—they are "*without God and without hope*."

*Women as they are in India.*—But it must not be supposed that all Indian women are unhappy or are unkindly treated; circumstances may modify some features of the case in individual instances; but their condition as a whole is what has just been described.

The life of the poor is one of hard and degrading toil, without a hope, perhaps often without a desire, for anything higher than supplying the daily recurring wants of the body. Their constant drudgery is not lightened by a brighter prospect in future, and often when the attempt is made to kindle some better desire, or to gain their permission to have the little girls taught, they say, "What good will it be to me? I shall never be anything but a woman."

Those who occupy a higher social position are very little better off. It is true they are not compelled to work hard, but they are deprived of their liberty and spend life in the seclusion of the Zenanas. One of our visitors mentions some of her pupils who had not been outside their Zenanas for more than fifteen years. With minds untrained and empty, deprived of liberty, and without rational sources of interest, their lives are aimless indeed, and, except that the mistresses have more ease and luxury, there is little difference between their lot and that of the female servants with whom they enjoy the idle gossip which forms their chief link with the outside world.

What a contrast such a picture presents to even the humblest homes in this country which have been ennobled by the influence of Christianity, or the homes of native Christians in India, where parents and children are found serving God together, and going to His house in company. There, it is sad to say, miserable homes in England, but they are so in spite of Gospel privileges, not for lack of them, as it is in a heathen land.

*The Way made Clear.*—Formerly, the obstacles in the way of reaching Indian women were many and great, but now every year sees some of these removed, and matters have so far advanced that there is an increasing desire among the gentlemen to have their wives educated so that they may become suitable companions. Instead of our having now to ask how we are to gain admission to these dark homes, the difficulty is how to supply teachers to those who are willing to be taught. As soon as Indian ladies are trained and fitted to take their proper position in domestic and social life, we cannot doubt that a mighty change will take place—the doors of the prison-houses will be opened, not by force, but as a natural consequence of the change already effected within. It is a great comfort to know that even before that happy time there are many scattered about in heathen families who have learned to read and love the Word of God. The light shines with varying degrees of clearness, and no doubt they do not all understand the truth in its fullness, but yet they cling to what they do know with love and hope. "Do you know that these books are all about the Christian *not* {or religion}?" asked an old Hindoo of the ladies of his household, angrily that they were so anxious to learn to read. "We do not mind what *not* they belong to," they answered; "they are good words. They bring light and comfort to us, and we like to hear them."

*The Work of the Missionary.*—Some of the scenes met with in every day visiting amongst these poor women are very touching, and produce a deep effect on the mind. Picture to yourself a long, low room at the back of the house, looking out upon a dull, paved courtyard surrounded by a high wall. It is occupied by, perhaps, a dozen

women and girls, of various ages, and seven or eight little children. The servants are busy at one end preparing rice or other things for daily use; some of the little ones are crying, others playing, others sleeping. In the quietest part of the room you would see several women and girls seated on the ground near the missionary lady, who is busy superintending their lessons and work. When this part is over she opens her own book, and, at the request of one or the other, sings a hymn, having first read the verses and explained their meaning. By this time the group has been increased by other women and girls, who come round to listen, and then she proceeds to read some story or parable to them, explaining and applying the truth as she goes on, meeting their objections, and endeavouring to press it home to their hearts. If you glance round, you can see the images and pictures of frightful idols, the little cups and plates containing the daily offerings, the flowers which have been already presented before the household gods, and sometimes the foreheads and arms of the listeners are daubed with clay from some sacred place, showing they have performed their morning devotions. Here, in the very citadel of Hindooism, the glad news of the Saviour, who came to put away sin for ever, is being proclaimed. In this abode of dark superstition and ignorance the true light is being presented, and in this hard and strong ground the "good seed" is being patiently and lovingly sown. *This is the work of the Zenana Mission.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Samulcotta Seminary.

We are very busy these days, but I wish the readers of the *Link* to know that the Seminary is open, and the work in full progress.

We began classifying students on the 3rd of October, and in a few days we had a school of twenty pupils. *Chiacole, Bimlipatam, Cocanada and Akidu* sent each its detachment. Some of them are well advanced, while others are very near the Alpha of education. All study the Bible two hours a day—that is, they recite and listen to an exegesis for that time. One hour in the morning on the Old Testament, and one in the afternoon on the New Testament. The lesson is prepared beforehand. The rest of the time is taken up with other studies. Saturdays we have essays, declamations, exegesis of passages of scripture, sermon plans, &c. Sunday morning we have a Sabbath School in connection with the few Christians in the village, and also a preaching service. In the afternoon the students go out to the surrounding villages, in groups of two or three to preach. In each group we try to have one who has had some experience in preaching; also a singer. In the evening we meet for prayer and preaching in the town.

For the first ten days we were all alone. Then our Christian teacher, India Philip, from the Ongole field, came to our help. I think he will be a great help to us. Some will be interested in knowing that he is one of the boys I sent to the Ramapatam Seminary in 1872, and who studied under Bro. Limpany for nearly two years. He is a present to us from our American brethren. And nothing could be more generous or Christianlike than the response of these brethren to my request for a teacher. May God bless the old mother Mission. Brother Clough and Boggs deserve special mention.

Taking them altogether, I am exceedingly well pleased

with the students. It is a joy to teach them. Oh for grace and wisdom to assimilate and convey divine truth! How I long, to some extent at least, to comprehend the character and teaching of the Lord Jesus—to realize His divine majesty—His matchless grace—His boundless love—His gracious compassion. I feel very insignificant before such themes as these—before such a life and character as His. Remember us at a throne of grace.

We expect a second teacher in a few days to teach the higher Telugu branches. This will not add materially to the cost of the school—perhaps \$50 per annum.

Here is a work ready to the hands of the Sabbath Schools of Western Canada. A Theological Seminary with three teachers and twenty pupils, as many as Woodstock Theological Department had when it began, as many as McMaster Hall had to begin with, and who shall say that this will not prove as great a blessing to the Telugus as these to the Canadians? And all we want is \$2,100 a year.

Come, Brethren, Superintendents, Teachers, Boys and Girls, I am longing to see the success of this plan to support the Seminary by the Sabbath Schools. For the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the poor perishing heathen, please hurry up this scheme.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

### Akidu.

HOW SUNDAY THE 6TH OF OCTOBER WAS SPENT.

[Extract from a private letter.]

It is not my custom to write letters on Sunday, but I want to tell you about to-day's events while they are really fresh in my mind. I rose at 5.45 this morning; had tea about 7. At 8 we went to study our lesson. I have not divided the people into classes. The Sunday School is one large class. Before long I hope to have two or three. Quite a number repeated the verses, Matt. xiii: 10, 15, "To him that hath shall be given, etc." furnished an interesting topic. Our collection was taken before we closed. After a few minutes rest or intermission we began our regular service at 9. I read the first part of I Cor. xv, and spoke chiefly about the words "By the grace of God I am what I am." That is the text for to-day in my Birthday Scripture Text-book. I spoke about my own conversion fifteen years ago to-day, and about the way in which the Lord's grace had been bestowed upon me during all these years. At 10 the meeting was dismissed. Beside our own people a number who came from two villages twenty miles north-west of here were present, having arrived about 7.30 o'clock.

This afternoon we met at 2 o'clock, a good many having arrived in the meantime from the various villages. The collection boxes ought all to have been very heavy, seeing they had not been opened since the 4th of June. Those from the two north-west villages were about full, one having five rupees and seven annas, and the other six rupees and one anna, and yet these two are very new villages. Some of the old ones are in a bad way. The Lord have mercy on them. We received in all about Rs. 24. I give a rupee a week, so I owed Rs. 17, making a total of Rs. 41. We are in funds for the present. In the service at 2 o'clock I read Isaiah 60th chapter, and expounded as I went along. Whenever you get blue over the mission work, read that chapter. I believe the time of fulfilment is very near.

While I was preaching this forenoon the children and women rose up suddenly, crying "Snake." One of the men took my stick and killed it. It was a bad kind of

viper, and was coming in from outside when the children saw it.

After a short recess we met again at 3.30, and proceeded to business. Some widows asked help, and were voted one rupee each a month. After this some asked forgiveness for faults that they had committed. Two young fellows confessed that they had falsely accused the clerk of their village of having beaten them. The clerk is a Brahmin. I told them they must go and confess their fault to the clerk and then we would receive their confession. After this I had up some Christians from Gummularu, four miles north of this. There are two parties in the village among twenty Christians. I had a man from each side get up and tell his story about the divisions, etc., and then I had their teacher, who belongs to another village, tell what he knew about it. I told them they must all assemble in one place for prayers in future, and that whoever came to me with complaints about the others would be turned out of the church. But if any one came to confess his own faults I would gladly listen to him and pray with him.

Finally, we had the Lord's Supper; but before that I had a change in the deaconship brought about. One of the deacons was in the quarrel at Gummularu, so I suggested that the office be taken from him and conferred on some one more worthy. This was gladly done. The new deacon is called Daniel. He was one of my bearers but has become a preacher. He is a fine fellow, there is no man I like better. He has charge of the new villages that brought the Rs. 5 and Rs. 6. I forgot to say that before 2 o'clock I examined two candidates, women. They were both received. After the Supper was over, we adjourned to the canal bank and I baptized them. How I wish you could spend a Sunday with us here!

J. CRAIG.

### Tuni.

Mrs. Currie wrote on the 8th October:—"There has been a good deal of sickness among our people. Our new colporteur has been obliged to take his wife away from here and she has only grown worse since going to hospital. Abel's wife, Susanna, has been very low; last Saturday we feared she was dying, but is now somewhat better and we have hope of her recovery. Our own little baby was very ill for a time, but, thank God, we are all now in good health.

Four have been baptized since I last wrote you. We have secured a Bible woman for Tuni who is doing good work.

### Bobbili.

MISSION LIFE AND WORK.

It is long since I wrote anything for the LINK, but the past months have been those of weakness, and every day brought with it more duties than my strength was equal to.

You may be surprised to see this letter dated from Chicacole, but it is from no choice of ours, that I am away from our own station. On the 30th September, the Lord permitted our little Bessie to be severely scalded, so severely that we thought she must sink under the great shock to her nervous system, and the dreadful pain she endured. Medical advice must be sought, so everything was dropped, and the next afternoon just before sunset

saw us—Mr. C., Bessie and myself, with our three palanquins and thirty-three bearers, pass swiftly through the principal street of Bobbili, away out into the fields beyond on our way across country to Chicacole. All night and the next day till near 12 o'clock, the bearers plodded on, with their monotonous sing-song only varied when we changed setts, over tank banks, and paddy fields, and through mud and water, sometimes nearly knee deep, only stopping to change and to give us an opportunity to wait on our little sufferer. It was fearfully hot, before we reached Chicacole. I felt very ill, and feared Bessie in her weak condition would surely get sunstruck, but the Lord protected her. Our dear friends, the missionaries, were astonished at our sudden appearance on their verandah, but welcomed us in true missionary style, and did all they could to relieve our throbbing temples, and make us as comfortable as was in their power, under the circumstances. The doctor was sent for, and every day our poor little girl endured the torture of having her burns dressed, till in three weeks she was so much better that Mr. Churchill, who had always to lift and move her, thought he must return to his work at Bobbili. Very thankful are our hearts to our Heavenly Father that He has spared the life of our child and so soon raised her up again, though it will be a long time before she will not need extra care.

As Mr. Sanford also came to Chicacole, it was decided that a marriage in which all were interested had better take place, while we were all together; so a cooley was de-patched across country to Bobbili, with a letter to one of our helpers, Kutiah, telling him that if he would hasten to Chicacole, the desire of his heart might be gratified, namely his marriage with Nila, formerly one of Mrs. Sanford's girls, till she went home, but since one of Miss Hammond's boarders. The groom's party arrived on the 21st, and about 10 o'clock on the 23rd, the happy event was celebrated in the mission house. Cake and native cakes were passed round by our servants, and flowers and perfumery were freely sprinkled over bride and groom, missionaries and all, by some of the native Christians. Congratulations, English and native style, with some Telugu singing completed the performance.

In the afternoon, Mr. C. left for Bobbili, and in the evening all the native Christians came up on the large back verandah and feasted on rice and curry, native confectionery and fruits; the missionaries meanwhile looking on, and singing some of the home songs, for their own pleasure, as well as to delight the others. Coffee, bread, sweetmeats, and fruit were provided for them afterwards by the groom, and a little of the wedding curry tasted, but a *little* sufficed, for it was rather too highly seasoned with chillies, to suit even the palates of nine year old missionaries. The next evening Mr. Sanford started for Bimli, and the bridal party for Bobbili, at which places we hear they all arrived in safety.

As we passed through the street in Bobbili bearing our burned child away to the doctor, I thought of another little sufferer lying in one of the houses we passed, the only child of her parents. Gopalla, one of my school-girls, ten years old, the brightest, best girl in my school, was lying there dying of fever. She belonged to a class of seven, whom we were preparing for the second Government examination in December. Like a few others, she was always at school when not very sick, and always gave me great pleasure by her attention, obedience and prompt answers to Bible questions. Two months previous she had recited to me from the 18th verse of the 1st chapter of Matthew to the end of the third chapter,

and received a copy of the Telugu hymn book as a reward I had promised for the perfect recitation of these chapters. When she took sick, early in September, she was preparing the fourth and fifth chapters to recite for a copy of the New Testament, but this task, which would no doubt have been as well done as the former, remains forever unfinished.

I had only been able to visit her once after she became so ill, but was very much pleased with her answers to my questions in regard to the way of salvation through Christ. After she had told me the way of cleansing and how we could obtain it, I said, "Gopalla, do you believe in Christ?" she said, "Nummatun nanu" (I am believing). Then we talked of the joys of heaven, where she had become accustomed to think of our little Willie as being, and I told her she might soon be with him, and see Jesus who had said such sweet words to children. These words, she immediately repeated. After praying with her I left, and did not see her again, but my Bible woman and Christian teacher visited her several times and were well satisfied. They say that sometimes when her mind wandered she would call out of "Narrina, Narrina, Narrina," but in her rational moments, she continued repeating verses of scripture, and praying to Jesus. Her parents are well satisfied that she knew something that gave her comfort, to which they are entire strangers, and speak of her as having gone to some happy place they are sure; so they have told our helpers since her death.

I was sorry to part with my attentive little pupil, especially as that class has been thinned by early marriages and other heathen customs till now there are only two left, but I do not mourn for her, as I did one year ago when my then brightest, best pupil was taken from me. This one, I believe, the Lord has taken, and that there is now one from the Bobbili girl's school safe in Heaven. The other, I fear, the evil one took from me. She was a pretty girl of, perhaps, fifteen years, so attentive to all my instructions, that I often hoped her heart was turned, and she had spoken to our helpers of being baptized. Her parents had promised to give her to me, but when I was absent from Bobbili last November, they took her away from school, against her will, and devoted her to a life of shame, living on the proceeds themselves.

This, I have mourned over a great deal, but it is only one of the discouragements attending our work among heathen girls.

However, we must not look at the discouragements, or we shall do little. There is a brighter side. God's promises are sure. The work we do for Him cannot but prosper in His own time and way. We will, therefore, trust Him, and work on, if He will.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Chicacole, Nov. 1st, 1882.

### Chicacole.

In a town called Juganakapooram, in the Chicacole fields, lives one of our Christians, who has literally suffered the loss of all things for the sake of the gospel. I do not know how much has been written of him heretofore. By birth he belongs, I believe, to the Rajah caste, his wife being the daughter of the present Rane. When he became a Christian she left him. Then he was driven from the house he occupied but allowed to occupy another belonging to the Rane. Five or six months ago a suit was brought in court to turn him out of that. This was decided against him, and I presume legally, but instead of being properly dispossessed by law, the Rane's people

tore down and burned his house and drove him out. At present, the man is living in a poor shed, under a tamarind tree, engaged in teaching a school of poor boys. What his influence is in the town, we could hardly tell from the short time we were there. I fear, however, it is not very great, for it is one of the hardest towns I have ever been in—full of idol temples and Brahmins.—*Rev. Mr. Churchill.*

### From Miss Frith.

In a letter, posted at Aden on the 27th October Miss Frith says:—"We expect to reach Aden to-night, and to-morrow will have left the Red Sea and be on the Indian Ocean. It has been very warm the last week. We have had to sleep on the deck for a few nights. Last night the wind was very high and now and then we were not only refreshed with it but with the spray as well. Our voyage on the whole has been very pleasant, and I have enjoyed it very much. Our kind Heavenly Father has opened up many ways of doing good, which I hope will prove as 'bread cast upon the waters to return after many days.' We expect to land at Madras about the 7th or 8th of November."

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec.

#### THE NEW YEAR, 1883.

To the women of the Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec the year whose advent has just been celebrated comes bearing with it responsibilities with which no preceding year has been laden. There is now in the Foreign field, a lady appointed by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, as their Zenana worker in Cocanada, but appointed by the recommendation and special request of the Women's Societies, who have, through their representatives, pledged themselves to provide for her support and the means wherewith to prosecute her work. They have also promised to continue to sustain all the School and Bible work in the Cocanada, Tuni and Akidu Fields—work, which from its commencement, has been their peculiar care. The women are abundantly able to do all this—and more. Let but the circles be as vigorous and active in the future as they have been in the past and not only will the close of the year find that all the obligations of the Boards have been fully met, but that a larger cash balance than ever remains in their hands. Let this be a year of earnest, self-denying work for the Lord and Master Jesus Christ, then, indeed, in the highest, best sense, it will prove to be a happy year.

#### Estimates for 1883.

Mr. Coutts, the Secretary of the F. M. Society, publishes in the *Baptist* the following statement of the money required for the mission during the current year. In transferring it to our columns, we have italicized those items assumed by the Women's Societies; in addition to which the Ontario sisters have sent \$500 to Samulcotta since October, and part of Mr. Timpany's salary will be provided by those of the Eastern Convention:—

"At the last meeting of the Executive of the Foreign Mission Society, it was decided to publish the estimates for the current year, so that the churches and friends of

the mission may know just how the money is spent, and what the needs of the mission are.

**COCANADA.**—Salary, Rev. A. V. Timpany, \$1,200; *Girls' School*, \$400; *Other Schools*, \$250; Preachers, \$200; Colporteur, \$40; *Bible Woman*, \$50; *Schoolbooks and Tracts*, \$25; Travelling by Boat, \$100; Taxes, \$45; *Zenana Work*, \$100; Contingencies, \$100.—Total, \$2,250.

**TUNI.**—Salary, Rev. G. F. Currie, \$1,200; Preachers, \$130; *Bible Work*, \$30; *School*, \$100; Travelling, \$80; Contingencies, \$50.—Total, \$1,590.

**AKIDU.**—Salary, Rev. John Craig, \$1,200; Preachers, \$260; Colporteur, \$40; *Village School*, \$300; *Girls Boarding School*, \$200; *Books and Tracts*, \$70; Tent, \$80; Travelling, \$100; Building, \$200; Contingencies, \$50.—Total, \$2,500.

**SAMULCOTTA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.**—Salary, Rev. John Mc aurin, \$1,200; Native Teacher, \$100; Students' Support, \$500; Books, &c., &c., \$100; Building three Dormitories, \$300; Clearing Compound and temporary outbuildings, \$100; Balance due on building account, \$450; Balance due on furniture, \$130.—Total \$2,880.

*Miss Frith's Salary*, \$500; Deficit from last year, \$900; Interest, \$150; Agents salary for six months, \$300; Postage, stationery and travelling expenses of Secretary in interest of mission, \$100; Travelling expenses of Agent, \$100. Total, \$2,100.—Grand Total, \$11,580.

The estimates as sent by the missionaries included \$1,500 for a mission house at Tuni, which is much needed. The Board regrets that this item had to be struck out, especially as Brother Currie had commenced making preparation for building with the hope that the grant would be made. Will not some friends give something specially for this object as a New Year's Gift? "

**PARIS, ONT.**—The sixth annual meeting of the Paris Circle of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was recently held in the Baptist Church, Paris. Tea was served at six o'clock to a number of invited guests, and friends from a distance. At 7.30 Rev. Mr. Grant took the chair, and conducted the preliminary devotional services. An interesting report of the work of the past year was read by the Secretary, Mrs. Dadson. The circle has a membership of 63. By weekly contributions of two cents per member, \$64.40 has been raised during the year, besides a special collection of \$28.35, for "zenana" work. The children's mission band contributed \$26.74, making a total of \$119.49. Mrs. John Arnold, President of the Circle, supplied additional information, respecting the aims and operations of the general Society, in an excellent address. Rev. D. D. McLeod charmed every heart by his noble and eloquent words of christian counsel and encouragement. Rev. Mr. Bates, of Goble's Corners, gave a striking and suggestive sketch of the progress of Christianity, emphasizing the fact that the ratio of its progress is increasing enormously with each succeeding year. In the absence of expected speakers, Mr. J. D. King was also called to the platform. Appropriate music was furnished by the choir. We must not omit to mention that an elegant quilt, made by Mrs. Rickert and her mother, Mrs. Fitch, and presented by them to the Circle, was on exhibition. The quilt was inscribed with a number of names, in indelible ink, each name representing a contribution to the Society's funds of 25 cents—the whole amounting to some \$16. After rendering this excellent service to the mission cause, it was finally presented to Mrs. Grant.

**LITTLE HELPERS.**—The Women's Society in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union have commenced the publication of a monthly paper for Mission Bands. It is printed on pink tinted paper, embellished with woodcuts, and each number will contain lessons and exercises for the meetings of the young people. The price is 20 cents a year. It can be ordered from W. G. Corthell, Mission Rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

### "She Hath Done What She Could."

AT the last annual meeting of our "Woman's Missionary Circle," a poor Swedish widow brought to the president a little iron bank. Handing it to her with a screw-driver, she said, "Please open it and count the money."

The president opened it, and found it contained just six dollars.

"How did you get so much, and what do you wish me to do with it?" she inquired. Then the widow told this story. I wish I could give you the broken English, and the expression with which it was told.

"At the last quarterly meeting, a young lady read a paper entitled 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee.' The paper said, 'Every one can give two cents a week, if she will only try.' So I said, Dear Lord Jesus, help me to do something for the heathen.

"On my way home, I bought this bank. When I reached my room, I knelt down and consecrated it. I put my hands on it and said, My Jesus, put thy hands on mine, and help me to fill this little bank for thee. A friend wrote on it, 'For the heathen, for Jesus' sake.'

"When the Lord sent me a dollar, I put in ten cents. Sometimes I only had one cent to put in, but I prayed the more, and put it with the rest. When kind friends came to see me, and asked could they do nothing for me, I said, Will you put two cents in this bank? Sometimes they put in ten or twenty-five cents, and then I thanked them, and Jesus too.

"When I was sick in the hospital, I had it beside my bed. Some of the doctors laughed at it, saying, 'You need the money far more than the heathen,' but I told them, Not so: it is to tell them of my Jesus who has saved me. Others put pennies in, and it was a silent preacher.

"Always, when I left my room, I hid my bank away, lest it might be stolen. That Friday night, when I came to the prayer meeting and you gave me one of those circulars, asking for a thank-offering for the 'Home for Missionaries' Children,' I went away feeling sad, for I thought I had no money to give. When I reached my room, I knelt and told Jesus all about it. Then it seemed as if he stood close by me and laughed, saying 'Why, child, where is your bank?' And then I was very glad, for I had forgotten all about the bank, and rising from my knees I brought it, and felt how heavy it was, and knew I could give something."

"Do you wish to give it all to the home?" asked the president. "Give it where you think it will do the most good." "But I prefer you should decide, and we will leave it till the close of the meeting."

After meeting, she came and said: "I have made up my mind. Send four dollars for the work among the heathen, and give the other two to the Home. It was not my money. The Lord Jesus sent it to me, and he shall have it all."

Will not he who still sits over against the treasury say of this widow as of one of old, "Verily I say unto you, This poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury."—A. L. P.—*Helping Hand.*

### A November Night.

The wind to-night is very cold and high,  
And moans in piteous gusts. Across the sky,  
Is spread a pall of darkness. I can see  
No light but *this* which brightly burns for me,  
Beyond my windows all is dark and wild,  
I gaze and shudder like a timid child,  
But oh! this tempest stays not at my door,  
But reaches far across to India's shore,  
These winds are moaning like a babe in pain,  
And, wand'ring blindly in the dripping rain,  
The people cry for light, and reach the hand  
For one to lead them to a better land.  
I sit within my pleasant home to-night  
And hear them calling, calling for my light.  
My lamp is trimmed anew, but all in vain,  
Its rays can never reach across the main.  
Then oh, my Saviour, I would take my light,  
And journey forth into the dreary night!  
Of sin and sorrow that is reaching far  
To those who've lost the light of Bethlehem's star,  
Oh! fill my lamp, dear Lord, forevermore,  
With oil that springs from thy eternal shore.—IDA.

### Learn To Give.

1. From habit. This can be learned in youth; therefore teach your children to put something in the plate whenever it is passed.

2. From a feeling of obligation and duty to God, who commands it, and whose command you promised to obey. Teach this duty to your children.

3. From an overflowing love to God, who has given you so much. Give to him lavishly, as you would give to a beloved wife or child or parent, only in a proportion as much greater as your love to him and his love to you exceed all human love. Teach this also to your children.

4. Give from love to the needy and suffering. As soon as you see a want, or hear of one, try to relieve it; and teach your children to do likewise.

5. Give especially to those charities for which you are responsible. As a member of the church it is your bounden duty to give to those missionary operations which are carried on by it and dependent on it.

6. Give in such a manner of your money, your time, and efforts, that you may continue the work of mercy to the bodies and souls of men which our Saviour began on earth, and teach your children to imitate his blessed example by ministering to the needy and suffering.—*Christian Worker.*

**FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN KATTYWAR, BOMBAY.**—A terrible tragedy has just occurred in the village of Kherali, close to Wadhwan. The corpses of five Kohls, father, mother, and three grown-up sons, were discovered, in each case the head being nearly severed from the body by a sword cut at the back of the neck. The fourth and eldest son was missing. On search being made his dead body was found in a neighbouring well. The whole family was thus accounted for. The bodies of the parents and one son were found in their own house, those of two other sons laid out on their side of the entrance of the temple of Khodiar Mata close by. It is supposed that the whole family devoted themselves as willing victims in sacrifice to the Khodiar Mata, an incarnation of the blood-thirsty Kali, and that the eldest son, after slaying his parents and brothers with the sword, threw himself into the well where his corpse was found.



## Where There's a Will There's a Way;

OR, HOW THE LITTLE ONES MAY HELP THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

Little children will be  
Builders for eternity,  
Members of the Mission bands,  
Working each with heart and hands.

A LITTLE Indiana girl, named Nellie, sent forty-two cents for Sitka. She gathered up old iron and sold it, amounting to forty cents, and sewed a ball of carpet rags for two cents more.

Little Frarey, about ten years ago, was a girl in the Sunday-school. Under the influence of an appeal for Missions, she desired to give something *that was her own* to the cause. Silver and gold she had none, but she had a little hen, and she resolved to give the profits from the sale of the eggs or chickens of her devoted hen to a Missionary labouring in far-off Oregon.

Yearly she sent him a letter containing the amount, rehearsing in her childish simplicity all the various mishaps of the year, the chickens that had died from ordinary causes and those that had fallen victims to the rapacity of the neighbours' cats, always regretting that the sum forwarded was not larger.

A class of little people, meeting once a week, resolved to help forward Missionary work. They could not afford to give money, but they agreed to collect from their parents and friends all the waste paper they could, and then sell it.

For some time after the little ones might be seen bringing their rather bulky contributions to the Missionary bag.

Missionary addresses were given to them from time to time, and when the paper was sold they were to have a meeting to settle what was to be done with the money.

This plan, and many others, can be adopted when there is a will to help. Some have tried Missionary trees, giving the fruit to the Lord's work, some prefer the ordinary collecting card, others the Missionary box in its working model form, or even with its ordinary square sides.

Children's working parties are generally considered a very interesting way of raising money for the Missionary work. Juvenile bazaars and Christmas trees may all be consecrated to this glorious work, and we are sure will never lose their reward.

During last year the Children's Medical Missionary Society received a collection from New Zealand; the earnings (for sewing) of a little girl in New South Wales; box money from France; half a franc from a little boy in Switzerland; and work which a little helper in Holland and her mother had made for the cause.

In connection with the same Mission, we are pleased to notice the efforts made at Amptbill, where a working party is conducted with considerable interest, although not without much labour on the part of those friends who have it in hand. The number on the roll, at the time the report was given, was 190, and the average attendance eighty-three, all of whom are young girls of the flower, shell-box, and cartridge maker class, who come at the end of a long day's toil for existence, to work for the cause of Medical Missions. The sale of work this year has yielded 13¢ to the Society's funds.

At Newport, in Shropshire, a pleasing effort involving some self-denial on the part of the little ones is worthy of notice. The juvenile Secretary of this Branch writes: "You will doubtless like to know what is meant by the

initials 'L. S. D.' Part of the money was the result of the self-denial of a family of children, who for some time resolved to give up tarts or sweets after dinner one day in each week, in order that they might have the money for the Children's Medical Missionary Society. Part of it was expended in clothing, and the remainder given to me."

The greatness of little things is seen in the efforts made by two little girls in the New Forest, who are seeking to awaken an intelligent interest in the cause of Medical Missions in a very poor and scattered parish of 700 persons, and to obtain halfpenny subscriptions monthly from those to whom "a halfpenny does indeed mean a halfpenny! with whom the wonder sometimes is where the next halfpenny will come from." Let us hear the result:

"L and I send you the Augere Parvum subscriptions. The 1/ 6s. 11d. is the amount of the actual subscriptions, and 13s. 7d. the extra that was given at Christmas. We have fifty-five members now, and they are all so interested in the Medical Mission, and they so like reading the dear little books that you gave us last year; 'Wanderings,' and 'Difficulties Overcome,' or the Story of James Henderson,' they liked especially. The little leaflets we always give away, as we have so many of them.—From your loving little F."

## Home Influence.

The importance of "woman's work for woman" in heathen lands is well illustrated by a fact stated in a missionary's letter. He says that, "when Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence of the household is Christian. But when a Christian man marries a heathen woman, he quite as generally loses his Christian character, and the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism." This suggests the wisdom of sending over women missionaries to Christianize the women of heathen lands. When the wife and mother is converted, the influence extends to the whole household. In most of the heathen countries, none but women can reach women. Every woman in every church should desire to have a share in this department of Christian service, by contributing to the funds of the Society, so that in some measure, at least, the great wants and needs of heathen races may be supplied.

## WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Nov. 30th to Dec. 31th, 1882.

Jarvis St., \$8.70; St. George, M. C., \$18.69; do., M. Quilt, \$24.65; Strathroy, (proceeds of Social) \$25.00; Paris, \$17.65; Paris, (Mission Band for "Nancy") \$8.61; St. Catharines, \$5.00; do., (Mission Quilt) \$22.00; London (Talbot Street), \$11.65; Woodstock, M. C., \$16.00; do. (Mission Band), \$2.00; Markham, M. C. (2nd Baptist Church), \$6.00; Total, \$165.95.

Sent to India, per T. D. Craig, Esq., Dec. 5th, 1882. half yearly remittance, from 1st January to 1st July, 1883. \$662.50. (six hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents) for School and Bible work.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treasurer.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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