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THE CANADIAN Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. II., No. 1.]

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 3.

[SEPT., 1879.]

The Canadian Missionary Link.

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With deep regret, we learn that Rev. John and Mrs. Craig, of Cocanada have been called to endure a sore bereavement in the death on Sunday the 13th of July, of their little daughter Ida, who had just completed her first year. May God, the Holy Spirit, comfort them.

"Go Work To-day."

A ploughshare waits
For labourers to begin.

Why tarry ye, ye ransom'd ones?
Why haste ye not the prize to win?

From every distant land,
The cry is plainly heard:
"Why come ye not, your help to give?
Why tarry ye your loins to gird?"

From Afric's sunny clime,
From the coral strand of Ind,
From regions in the far "North-west,"
From every zone where man hath sinn'd,

The mournful voice breaks forth:
"Come, teach us, or we die,
To us the gladsome tidings bring
By which ye were to Christ 'made nigh.'"

And ye who cannot go
The message to proclaim;
Think not no task is left for you,
But work and pray in Christ's blest name.

'Tis yours the hands to raise
That hang so feebly down;
'Tis yours to claim the promises,
The work of every hand to crown.

And ye, whom God hath blest
With rich and bounteous store,
'Tis yours to give, that more may go
To enter the open'd door.

Give not with grudging heart,
Nor give with sparing hand,
On him that gives the Lord will pour
The boundless riches of his hand.

Then work, and pray, and give,
That all on earth may know
The sovereign love that brought Him down
To die for fallen man below.

R. JNO. IRISH.

From Bangalore.

The LINK is a delight to us in India, and is liked by all who see it. It is pleasing to know that it is being more and more appreciated at home—no one would kill little Benjamin, but rather give him a five fold mess, so may be the love shown to it. The brethren of the Maritime Provinces and their fields are becoming a reality to the brethren in Western

Canada; and we of the West, and our fields, are becoming better known down by the sea. The hearts of all are made larger, and the range of vision is being made wider, and larger blessings will be bestowed.

I started to write about the position given to women's work in Missions in the great South India Conference recently held in Bangalore. Their work was spoken of in the most unqualified terms of approbation, and there were none to say "nay." Already work for the women of India is recognized as one of the great potent forces in the cause of India's evangelization and Christianization. And yet this work is only in its infancy. What will it be in its consecrated maturity, but life from the dead to India's daughters? Only yesterday I saw the notice of the baptism of the first Parsee women that has been baptised in India. Now, one has come, is this not a pledge that the gospel is able to bring more, bring all? Is it any wonder that Dr. Thomas, of Serampore, went crazy with joy when Krishna Paul, the first Hindu convert in Bengal, was going to be baptized? Why, he saw in it the pledge of all India for Christ. And to one who loves Christ is not the joy unutterable? Among the influences after the preaching of the gospel I place our girls' school as one of our most important instruments for the Christianizing and development of the people in all that we deem best and purest among ourselves. Said a little Caste girl of one of the Christian schools when asked at a heathen festival why she did not adore the idol while all about her did so, "I worship Jesus," and there before them all she bore witness for Christ, and rebuked their wickedness in idolatry. A few days after, she sickened and died, but who will doubt that she is safe with the Good Shepherd?

A. V. TIMPANY.

June 24th, 1879.

An Appeal to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec.

FOR THE LINK.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—From the official position I occupy in connection with the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec, it is only reasonable to expect that I should occasionally raise my voice and use my pen in behalf of its claims.

In the cause of Foreign Missions, the late Andrew Fuller used the pulpit, the press, and the platform with a perseverance and power scarcely ever equalled. To this he added a personal canvass, but notwithstanding all, his success was so limited that it almost broke his heart, and on one occasion he sought out a secluded spot in which to weep alone at his ill success! Many a collector since then would feel it almost a luxury to "go and do likewise." I know I should for one. If giants thus fail what can a dwarf expect to accomplish? Instead, however, of weeping for the past and thus discouraging others, I shall make an attempt, though a feeble one it may be, to influence them for good in the future. There are other things to look at besides weeping Andrew Fullers. Take a retrospective view of our Foreign enterprise since the time our pioneer missionaries Carey and Judson first made the rocks and valleys which never heard "The sound of the church-going bell" echo with the proclamation of the everlasting gospel, and you cannot but wonder at the magnitude and grandeur of the results achieved. While we contrast India of 1800 with India of 1879, a pardonable pride will bubble up within us that our denomination, our church and members of our families in some measure have aided in achieving results so glorious. The means used by our forefathers to bring about these admired results—prayer, money, and self-denial—are as essential now as then, and are as accessible to us at the same cost as they were to them, and they must be used by us as they were by them, if we wish to do the same good and leave our children an example such as they have left

us. They broke up the fallow ground and we are only required to till it. To accomplish this bequeathed task will require something more than expressions of admiration at the deeds of the dead, or good suggestions and fair promises from the living: (1.) We must have an organization. This we have got. (2.) We must have good pious men and women, who are willing to leave friends and home comforts 8000 miles behind them, and preach the gospel amidst the dirt, dangers, discouragements and disadvantages of unhealthy idolatrous India. In this most important of all important things we have been most fortunate. In brethren Timpany, McLaurin, Currie and Craig, and their wives (as far as they are known) the entire denomination, without perhaps a single exception, have the greatest possible confidence. (3.) We want Mission premises, etc., in the Telugu land. These we have got to some considerable extent. But all these combined, be they ever so perfect, without money will avail nothing, but be as a steam engine without fire. Money we must have, and it must come out of the pockets of the Ontario and Quebec Baptists. We want this money now, yes NOW—before that silk dress, or that new coat, or that melodeon, or that piano, or that carriage, or that new carpet is purchased, and before that new house, or barn, or "addition" is built; and before that mortgage is paid off; and before all your daughters are married and "set up"; and before all your sons are "settled" in life. We want it NOW. If you wait till you accomplish all your heart could wish for, our Mission would be ruined, and you would have become so worldly and penurious, that we could not expect anything from you but the "cold shoulder." Those who do not give to the cause of Christ before they are 50 or 55 very seldom indeed give anything afterwards. Perhaps it is your intention to "do something" for the Telugus after you have "done something" for all of your grand-children. Remember that during the period between your marriage and your 13 year old grand-child, no less than 18,000,000 of Telugus will have died, whom you will one day have to meet face to face!

"The heathen perish day by day/
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christian, to their succour fly,
Tell them of Jesus ere they die."

Here are seventeen simple questions—four asked by the Lord himself, and thirteen by me. Please answer them all as-in the sight of Him to whom all things are known.

- 1.—How shall they (the Telugus) call on Him in whom they have not believed?
- 2.—How shall they (the Telugus) believe in Him of whom they have not heard?
- 3.—How shall they (the Telugus) hear without a preacher? And
- 4.—How shall they (Brethren Timpany, McLaurin, Currie, Craig, and their wives) preach except they be sent (by the Ontario and Quebec Baptists)?
- 5.—Are you willing that these millions should never "call on Him," and therefore perish?
- 6.—Are you willing to go yourself as a "preacher" and teach these millions on whom "to call"?
- 7.—Are you willing that one of your sons should be "sent" 8000 miles away for that purpose?
- 8.—Are you willing that one of your daughters should be the wife of one who is "sent" 8000 miles as a "preacher"?
- 9.—Do you know of any "preacher" who is able and willing to go such an errand at his own expense?
- 10.—Would you like all those sent to be Pedobaptists?
- 11.—Would you like our missionaries who are in India to be supported by Pedobaptists?
- 12.—Would you like to have our present missionaries supported entirely by the Hon. Wm. McMaster and wife, or the Jarvis-street Church, Toronto?
- 13.—Would you like to see Bro. Wm. Craig give an

expensively educated son to be a missionary, and then have to support him in India?

14.—Can you suggest any other way of supporting our missionaries than by the voluntary contributions of the Baptists?

15.—Do you really wish to be exempted from contributing yourself?

16.—Would you wish to have even one of our missionaries withdrawn for lack of funds to sustain him?

17.—If you give nothing for this object will you not feel somewhat embarrassed in heaven every time you meet a Telugu there?

A few years since dear brother B., residing in the County of Norfolk, contributed the large sum of \$500 to our Mission. Through the instrumentality of that money there are doubtless even now some Telugus in heaven, and by the time he gets there himself there may be quite a cluster of them waiting to welcome him home. That money passed through my hands as treasurer, and it commenced its influence for good the moment I saw it. The contemptible paltry sums I was then receiving from many of our churches had so soured my mind that such a most reasonable "God-send" was truly refreshing. I feel its influence to this day. Some of the senders of these paltry sums were so scrupulously particular to send the exact amount that had been collected; that silver and even coppers were sent in letters. Did it never occur to these honest souls that there was no law to prevent them from adding a trifle themselves to make up an even dollar?

Some say that they will be better able to give \$10 in fifteen years than \$1 now. To give at the commencement of their start in life, they say, would be like killing the goose that laid golden eggs. Did it never occur to such that \$1 now may do more good in the Lord's cause than \$25 fifteen years hence? Do such think themselves better financiers than Jehovah? "Now is the accepted time," to give to the Lord. "Oh," irritably says one, "there are so many calls for money." I agree with you that there are, and I trust that you will agree with me that the number of blessings you receive from God is vastly in excess of the contributions you make to His cause.

"Oh," turbulently say another, "the Baptists have so many societies I really do not know which one to give to." Allow me to suggest that you extricate yourself from this difficulty by the masterly piece of strategy of contributing to them all! That these calls are numerous I admit, but this is no reason why you should take umbrage at those who make them. Those who call are generally those who contribute largely themselves, and it is most unreasonable that besides doing themselves only what they ask you to do when they go to the additional trouble of calling on you, you should be uncivil to them. Shame, shame on you!

The real question is: Can these calls be lessened without injury to the cause of Christ? I think not. Doubtless these "calls" will continue to be made on you till you are "called to give an account of your stewardship," and you might as well discipline your minds at once to bear them.

I well recollect once counting 63 teams and carriages close together near a chapel in which an association was being held. Now, suppose, while the \$3.43 collection for the Telugu Mission was being taken up inside the chapel, that a swarm of bees had attacked the horses, whereby they were all killed, and the carriages destroyed. Would these dear liberal brothers and sisters, think you, be seen trudging on foot to the association of the next year in order to contribute their \$3.43 to our Foreign Mission? Not a bit of it. 63 teams and carriages would be there as before, but they would be more expensive ones, the whole costing some 7000 or 8000 times as much as their collection to convert the Telugu.

A few years since Mr. and Mrs. A. were asked for a contribution to our Foreign Mission, when they stated, in the most positive manner, that it was as much as they could possibly do to feed and cloth their four children. Since then the Lord has committed to their care and keeping dear little Jimmie and darling saucy romping Ruthie. We do not see these last two children running about in a state of nudity and half starved on account of the impossibility of their parents providing for more than four.

A year or two ago Mr. and Mrs. B. were asked for aid to send the gospel to the poor heathen Telugus; they too declined in the most decided manner, because, as they stated, it was really as much as they could possibly do to support their six children. Since then the Lord supports Johnnie and Susie for them in heaven free of charge, yet they give nothing to the Mission, notwithstanding their family expenses have been reduced one-third.

There are Mr. and Mrs. C., who almost solemnly promised to render us some aid, as soon as they got into a house of their own, and were relieved from paying rent. They got into their own house long ago, and when reminded of their solemn promise, coolly made answer that they could not, because it required

so much to furnish their new house, in order to make it "look like other folks'!"

Last year, when Mr. D.'s youngest child was writhing in agony, and "nigh unto death," he vowed to the Lord that if He would only restore his "dear, dear, dear, darling sweet little Bennie" to health, he would in future be more liberal in sustaining His cause. When, however, the collector called on him this year he refused, as usual, to give anything, urging as a reason that he had a doctor's bill to pay. Bennie had been restored to perfect health, and was sitting on the lap of the collector, playing with her guard-chain, when the refusal was made.

Mr. E. refused to give anything to our Mission last year because he had on hand a law suit concerning a horse, but promised most positively that he would be "liberal" this year if he only "won the suit." Alas, alas! when the collector called this spring after he had "won his suit," instead of redeeming his pledge, he refused to give anything, because he had a bill of costs to pay! Apparently forgetting that if he had not "won his suit," besides losing his horse, he would have had all the costs of the court to pay.

It is, I believe, estimated that there are two million grains in a bushel of wheat. It therefore follows that the farmer who gives a bushel of wheat to our Telugu Mission, gives the ninth part of one grain towards the salvation of each one of the 18,000,000 Telugus! As small as this is, it is the ninth part of a grain more than hundreds of their fellow farmers are giving. How would the giver of a bushel of wheat like the following engraved on his tomb-stone?

"The dear departed was a member of the Baptist Church, and gave to the extent of a ninth part of a grain of wheat towards the conversion of each of the Telugus, among whom that denomination had a mission."

He who gives one dollar gives only the 18,000 part of a cent towards the salvation of each Telugu! How would such a one like to be introduced into heaven by an angel, thus—

"I beg to introduce to the heavenly host and to Him who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, this Canadian Baptist, who when on the earth contributed to the extent of the 18,000th part of a cent per each Telugu, in order that they might be saved!"

Remember, that if every one of the 18,000,000 Telugus were converted, there would still be 19 times their number of heathen remaining in India.

Not unlikely some of those on whose "toes" I have "trod" will condemn this letter for its great want of dignity. I plead guilty, and ask mercy on the ground that the want of dollars was so great, that I forgot my dignity, and I honestly believe that one dollar will be of more real use to the poor Telugus than all the dignity I possess. I think there is a great want of dignity in being in debt, and our poor missionaries not regularly paid. For ought we know some Telugus may even now have reached heaven through the instrumentality of the money we owe.

T. S. SHENSTON,

President B. F. M. Society.

Brantford, Aug. 18th, 1879.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

THE MISSION FIELD.—Mr. Timpany says:—"The interest in the Cocanada field is good, some nineteen have been baptized and many are awaiting the ordinance in the villages. Of one thing I am sure, just as fast as we are prepared to take care of the converts and train them in the truth as it is in Jesus, converts will come—according to our consecration of men and money, it will be.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Mrs. Timpany writes to a friend:—"We have been getting a lot of new Telugu Hymn Books, which we were anxious all our scholars should buy. So I found them some plain sewing which they can do very nicely, and several have just been in to receive pay for their work. Some of the books are better bound than the others, and some of the girls just now said 'We want the best books, and if you will give us more work we will earn enough to pay for those.' I was glad to see them willing to work and anxious to have the best books, so I gave the work, and have no doubt others will be here for more. We think it much better for them to earn their books in this way than for us to give them. Mr. Timpany told the boys he would find work for any among them who chose to buy a hymn book, but has had no applications, as yet.

Since we moved our school up from town only about half of the little heathen day scholars come. We knew this would be the case, but could not avoid the difficulty. About 30 come quite regularly, however, and as soon as we get into our new school house I

have no doubt we can induce many from the neighborhood to attend, but at present our room is as full as it can be. If we had had means, I would have liked to rent a small room in the town, and keep all the children who were attending under Christian influence. We have done the best we could, and leave the result in our Master's hands.

THE CHAPEL SCHOOL HOUSE.—Mr. J. Craig says in a private note:—"I believe no one can estimate the blessing that building will be to the people of Cocanada. You know this place has a population of 20,000. The chapel is close to the road, and along that road multitudes stream back and forth nearly all the time. I hope there will be preaching there every day at least once, and perhaps twice. I believe more good will result from constant or frequent preaching in that building than all the preaching that may be carried on in the streets. I look for many baptisms in Cocanada within a year after the chapel is dedicated to God's service.

Bimlipatam.

Letter from Miss Hammond.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Three months have sped swiftly. To your friends in Bimlipatam there have come no very particular changes. Our health and strength have been spared us, in an eminent degree, and we have many daily proofs of the protecting love of our heavenly Father. We are now in the midst of our hot season, and it really is hot. We did not expect the monsoon till the middle or latter part of this month, but on the 19th of May rain began to fall and continued at intervals for nearly two weeks. Sometimes it fell in torrents. It was my first experience of rain in India, worthy of mention, and I could not help enjoying it, nevertheless it somewhat retarded and injured Mr. Sanford's building operations in town. Our school-house, built of mud, was nearly ready for the roof—now it must be rebuilt from the foundation. The cook-house and walls about the place suffered slightly. Our dwelling-house, being built of more solid material, remains intact. The loss in rupees is slight. Perhaps we think more of the loss of time, for Mr. S. must superintend the re-building in this dreadful sun. Notwithstanding these hindrances we hope to move in the place the 1st of July. We do not expect to be as comfortable there as we are here, but the change seems necessary. We call our new compound "Rehoboth," the name was suggested by a friend at home. The rain cleansed the leaves of the trees from the dust which had so long covered them, and tiny blades of grass, refreshingly green, peeped above the ground. For two weeks now we have had no rain, and the heat is greater than before. We try to keep cool by thinking it cannot last many months longer. September will, doubtless, be more comfortable.

I spend a portion of every day in study, and will probably do so for months to come. The 1st of April the Churchills removed to Bobbili, and with many misgivings I took the school which Mrs. C. previously had in charge. For four weeks I retained the teacher she formerly employed, then, as they were without helpers and required his services I dismissed him. If a regenerated man he had never taken upon himself the vows of Christianity, hence was regarded among his friends as a heathen. After some time I employed Titus, one of Mr. Sanford's native helpers, who is known as a Christian, and never was a caste man. In consequence of these two facts many of the girls, including all the largest and furthest advanced, with one exception, left the school. I expected this trouble, but was not in a position to pursue a different course; moreover, I preferred if possible, having the school established on a known Christian basis. For a time I feared it would be broken up—now we seem to be on the sunny side of this difficulty. Mrs. Sanford's boarding girls go down every day, and I find them much assistance in the singing. This union of the schools somewhat decreases the expense.

Can you picture to yourself a school of native girls? They do not know their ages, but I presume they are all between five and fourteen years. They do not always come clean, with hair neatly arranged and tidy clothes. Lessons on the first two points must be repeated till one is tired, then repeated again. Sometimes they are so scantily clad it is necessary to provide something for them. I will tell you how this is done.

In order to induce the girls to attend school, Mrs. Churchill offered 4 annas, about 12 cents, per month, to all who would come regularly. She does not believe in the principle involved, nor do I, and we practice it for a time only as a means to an end. I am endeavouring to raise the school a step higher, that is, trying to induce the children to attend because it is necessary and fight that they should. To return to the clothing. Instead of giving them the money we buy material and teach them to make it into skirts

and jackets for themselves. I am obliged to do this, in several cases, this month. Notwithstanding their rather uninviting appearance, they can answer simple questions from a book, which many of them cannot read. They are learning about Jesus, and that, you know, is our great aim in having a school. When you ask blessings for yourselves will you remember my little girls in Bimlipatam? At best our part of the work will be poorly done, but let us do it in faith, and the Lord will perfect that which seemeth to Him good.

CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

Bimlipatam, June 12th.

Tuni.

FROM MR. CURRIE.—We are at Ootacamund, on the Neigherry Hills, some three hundred miles south-west of Madras, and six hundred from our own station. Considerations of health have led us to take this visit. At the end of April, when we left home, the new house, though not nearly finished, was so far advanced as to be ready to receive our furniture, and will be occupied on our return. Here we were received at the home of Rev. and Mrs. G. Pearce, of the English Baptist Missionary Society, who have opened a sanitarium for invalid missionaries. Their object is to do good, not to make money; hence they provide accommodation for their visitors at much cheaper rates than those charged at other boarding-houses and hotels, thus bringing the advantage of a brief residence on these hills within the reach of many who would not otherwise be able to afford so expensive a luxury. The boon which they offer is in great demand, as since our arrival not less than seven missionaries have been entertained by them at one time, all seeking health and refuge from the heat. Mr. Pearce came to India about fifty years ago, and has spent the greater part of his life in missionary labor in or near Calcutta. He removed to Ootacamund some four years since. A Baptist Church has been organized here through his efforts, and is under his pastoral charge. We hope to return to our station early in July, to resume our duties there with recruited health and vigor.

Bobbili.

FROM MRS. CHURCHILL.—A converted Brahmin in Madras told me first to make myself friendly with their women, and when they had got to know me and have confidence in me, then I could teach them what I pleased. I have thought of this advice a great many times since I came here, and have been trying to act on it somewhat. Here they know so little of foreigners that they are particularly suspicious, so I do all I can to make the women feel that I am their friend. When I am going through the streets, if any women are at their doors, and they usually are, to see the white woman and her children go by, except the goshia women; if they do not run when I go near go them, I stop and talk a little—talk of their little ones and my school, or anything else that I think will interest them. Then, when I see them go past here, I go out speak to them, or call them in, and if I can put a word in for the Master without frightening them I try to do it. Several Brahmin and other high caste women have come to visit me, to see my house, they say, something they never did in Bimli, and have invited me to come and see them; just what I want to do. When they come here I show them the different rooms, and tell them their uses, show my pictures and albums, and try to get them interested in something besides their rice and jewels. Last week one woman came and was talking about her children, she brought two bright little boys to see me, and said she had had one little girl, but she died. She said it sadly, and so I felt it was a good opportunity to tell her where her babe was gone, and to assure that the little one was perfectly happy, and would nevermore know sorrow, hunger, or pain. She listened attentively and seemed interested in the new thought. The next evening I drove past her house and when I returned she was standing out near the street, to make a salaam to me as I passed.

Chicacole.

Rev. W. F. Armstrong furnishes to Rev. Dr. Cramp the following particulars in his report of the Chicacole station: "Two have been baptized." One, an old woman, upwards of ninety years of age, who had heard the gospel for years, but at last accepted it. The other is the young man Nurmaloo, supported by the Wolfville Sabbath School. He belonged to the school in Kimedy, and followed us here, and after a few months he gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. We have been greatly pleased in observing the development of his mental and spiritual life. We hope for much from him as a helper in the mission."

Look for the hand of God where the eye of reason can only see the hand of man.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

MONTREAL.—The annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Missionary Society, Convention East, will be held in Montreal on Thursday, September the 25th, at half-past three, in the parlour of the First Baptist Church. An interesting meeting is expected, as the report of the year's work is full of encouragement. We hope to have delegates from the different circles present, and trust that they will communicate with the Treasurer and Cor. Sec. as soon as possible.

AMELIA MUIR,

Cor. Sec.

SIMCOE, ONT.—The circle which was originally formed at Simcoe having become quite extinct, a new one was organized on the 6th of July with favourable prospects of success.

BOSTON, ONT.—The sum of \$11 was recently realized for the Women's Bap. For. Miss. Society at a social given by Mrs. Barber at her own residence.

BEAMSVILLE, ONT.—We learn that the interest in the circle work, which had almost if not quite died out, has been very much revived of late.

LONDON, ONT.—In the name of the Adelaide-street Women's Bap. For. Mission Circle, I beg to acknowledge the gift, and thank the friend, who so kindly sent me, on the 2nd of August, a four dollar bill, to be added to our Mission fund.—May we have many such friends.

LETITIA PICKERING, Treasurer.

Maritime Provinces.

HAMMOND'S PLAINS, N. S.—The little band of sisters comprising the W. M. A. Society, who for years, in the face of many discouragements, have regularly kept up their meetings, early in July held a public meeting; followed a day or two after by a festival and tea. The public meeting was one of both interest and profit. The festival also was a decided success, exceeding financially the expectation of the most sanguine. A few evenings later the same ladies surprised their pastor's family by a visit and the present of a valuable carpet.

MONCTON, N. B.—The meetings of the Women's Missionary Aid Society, although not largely attended, have during the present year been kept up with great regularity, and in some instances the interest has been of a marked character. The society is blessed with a faithful president. The amount collected, \$21, shews an encouraging increase over last year's subscriptions.

My First Missionary Tour.

After a full year's sojourn in Cocanada I felt that I was ready to make my first tour. I hoped that Bro. Timpany would visit the field soon after his arrival, and that I might have the pleasure of accompanying him. However, extensive building operations have kept him busy in Cocanada, so that as I was determined to see some of our Christian villages, I was compelled to go alone. And yet I was only alone in the sense that I had no English speaking companion. I had a good guide and helper in our ordained preacher Josiah, and he was accompanied by one of the school boys. We left Cocanada on the evening of Tuesday, the 11 of March. I will quote from letters written from time to time during my trip:—

March 12th, 1879. Soon after we started last evening, Josiah and some others sat down near my chair, and we had a little talk, only a few sentences. Then I asked them to sing a hymn on the "Flight of Time." After one verse had been sung I asked Josiah to explain it, which he did. We treated three more verses in this way, and then I cried, "Enough; I have labored hard with my head," that is, in endeavoring to understand all that Josiah said. We have just entered the main canal, where the Cocanada and Samulcolta canals unite. This is four miles from Dowlash-waram. We had prayers about 8 o'clock. I read part of John 4th; after a hymn had been sung, Josiah led in prayer. I understood him well. He prayed for those left behind in Cocanada, and for me that I might understand the language, and that strength might be continued to me. A while ago, I had Josiah show me on the map some of the

Christian villages. I know more about the field already than I ever knew before.

RAJAHMUNDRY, March 13th. We reached Dowlash-waram yesterday about noon, and waited there until 3 p.m. Then we passed through the lock into the great dam or anicut as it is called. "Anacuta" is a Telugu word meaning a dam. Here the boat was licensed and the number of the license painted on the bows in English and Telugu figures. We came up to Rajahmundry in a very short time as the wind was favourable; the distance is about four miles. The river here looks about as wide as the St. Lawrence some 80 or 90 miles below Quebec. It seemed very hot in the boat yesterday though part of the time there was a nice breeze. This morning I had a walk and saw some pleasant streets. Rajahmundry is full of large shade-trees.

March 14th. We left Rajahmundry about 4 a.m. During the afternoon and evening the south wind blows, so it is almost impossible to cross the river in this direction. Toward morning a wind comes down from the mountains north of Rajahmundry and then one can use the sail. We have just passed into the Western Delta canal, which leads to Ellore; and also to Akedy, by a branch which leaves the main canal about 8½ miles from the river.

March 15th. Yesterday we stopped about noon near Chittapat, a village on the canal. The canals are all so pretty. They are rather broad except just near the locks, and there are generally fine large shade-trees on each side. After leaving Chittapat we sailed on till 5.30, and then stopped for the night in a nice quiet place with no village in sight. We moved on again about 4.30 a.m. The fields look all brown because the crops were reaped a month or two ago. We expect to reach Gunapavarram this evening, where there are a few Christians. Last night I tried to make a little prayer in Telugu, but it was a failure. It is a good opportunity where there are just two or three of us for me to try to pray. It makes me think of my first efforts after my conversion. As far as speaking and praying in public are concerned I am a babe in Christ again.

GUNAPAVARRAM, March 16.—We reached this village yesterday, about 4.30 p.m. Some of the houses are only a few yards distant from the canal. Numbers of women come down for water, and very many cattle come to drink. Two or three large boats are lying near us. They will be loaded with grain and taken to Cocanada. We had a service last night from about 6.30 to 7.45. There are a few Christian families in the village, and they live quite near each other, in mud huts with thatched roofs. We had our little meeting in a yard between two of the houses, a space about twelve feet broad. A cot, with a coarse blanket spread over it served as a seat for Josiah and me. Just in front was a tree stump, which served as a table, for we put our lantern on it. Some mats were spread on the ground, and the people sat down on them. The men on our right hand and the women on our left. After they had sung a hymn which Josiah gave out, he asked them to start one of their own, upon which some one raised a fine lively piece, which was well sung. It reminded me of the Hampton Troupe's singing, and the tune was like some of theirs. Then Josiah read and spoke, and after a hymn and a prayer the meeting was closed. This morning (Sunday) we met again in a different place, under the scanty shade of a mud wall. The women were neatly dressed, that is, the four or five Christian women, who were present. Some others who were standing near listening had on their common dirty clothes. In this service a hymn was sung, then Josiah read a chapter, then John, the big preacher with the black beard, prayed. Then Josiah spoke for a while, after which a hymn was sung. Then I read part of John 10, and made a few remarks about Christ's sheep. After prayer by Josiah and singing of a hymn the meeting was dismissed.

This morning the moonsiff of the village came to see me. Samuel introduced him as the "Rajah," which means "king," but in this case only "chief man" of the village. He asked me how much salary I received from the Government. I told him my salary was paid by Christians in Canada. How hard it seems to make these men understand that we are not connected with the Government! Josiah says it is commonly believed that the Government gives 100 rupees for every Brahmin that is baptized; 75 rupees for every one belonging to the Rajah caste; 50 rupees for every Sudra; and so on, the rate descending with the caste of the converts. There are no Brahmins living in this village, but a priest visits some of the houses every day and receives gifts of rice and dubs for his services. A dub is a copper coin, about the size of our cent. Where there are only ten or twelve Christians, poor in every respect, in a population of two thousand, we may say, only a very thin end of the wedge has entered the heathenism of such a place. This is the state of things in Gunapavarram.

AKED, March 18.—On Sunday evening we had a third meeting in Gunapavarram. Yesterday morning we reached Goomaloor, and about 8.30 set off, across the fields, to the village. I inspected a few Christian houses, and then we had a short service. In the evening we set out for a village on the opposite side of the canal. The house we had service in was a pretty good one. Two of the women present sang a couple of hymns by themselves. One of them had a good voice, her singing sounded just like that of some of the Italian boys, who frequent our Canadian cities.

AKED, March 19.—Josiah went down to the village about 5.15 last evening, and Joseph (a teacher) and I went about half-an-hour afterwards. We found him standing under a tree, reading a chapter in a loud voice, so that some who were sitting on the verandahs of the houses opposite could hear him. After our arrival he and Josiah sang the hymn "All is vanity," and I joined in as far as I could. A

good many stopped to listen. Then Josiah began to explain the hymn, and went on to describe their idolatry, and contrast it with the purity of Christ's life and teaching. I think that about 60 or 70 heard the message." Our company was reinforced yesterday by the arrival of David, the Colporteur.

ASARUM, March 20.—I wrote yesterday at Akeed on board the "Minnie Wilson." Now I am sitting on a cot in a native house, or hut, 12 or 14 miles away from my home on the boat. They got a bandy for me about 3 p.m. yesterday, and we started about 4. There was a fine breeze blowing and the walking was pleasant. Accordingly Josiah and I went along together and we had a good talk on various subjects. We started early, because we had to cross the river Yuppuntem, some three miles from Akeed. The things were all taken out of the bandy and put on a boat made of two palm trees, scooped out, and two boards nailed across, with another board fastened across these two boards. Josiah and I sat on the centre board. The bullocks were unloaded and driven into the river, then they swim across. The bandy was put on another boat, with the wheels hanging over the sides. There is no made road from Akeed to this place, only a cart track across the sandy plain. I walked on with Josiah for about seven miles. About 9 p.m. I lay down in the cart and Josiah spread his mat under it. The others made themselves comfortable on all sides of the cart. We started about 1:30 a.m., and reached Asarum at 7. The hut or house we are in has one good point at least, it is new, so that there is comparatively little dirt in it. After breakfast we had prayers under the trees, the Christians of the village being present. After a hymn I read about the women at the well, and said a few words, which Josiah supplemented by a thorough explanation of what I had read. Ruth, one of the girls in the boarding school at Cocanada, is from here.

The diameter of this house is about 10 feet. A post in the centre supports the apex of the roof. The walls are about 4 1/2 feet high, thick near the ground, but sloping towards the top both outside and in. A hole in the wall constitutes the door, and as the ends of the bamboo come down in front of it, one has to stoop very low in order to get in or out. These bamboos reached from the top of the post to the wall all around, and thatch is laid over them. This kind of roof keeps out both wet, cold and heat, very well. Certainly not much cool breeze gets in. I would prefer to stay under the trees if it were not for the hot sun.

GOONANAPOODY, March 21.—I am now setting on a cot in the Baptist meeting-house at Goonanapody. Yesterday we sent in all directions for Asarum for a bandy, but failed to secure one, so I wrote to the Tahsildar, of Kaikaloor, for a bandy or a palankeen. It was about 5:30 when I sent the man off with the note, and about 10 the bandy came; then hoops for the cover had to be obtained and the mat tied on, so it was about twelve when we got started. The road from Akeed to Asarum is a grand one compared with the one from Asarum to this place. The bandymen did not know the way and Josiah and the others were just as ignorant, so we wandered around for some hours, and then halted and went to sleep. We got up at 5:30 a.m. and found ourselves near Ganavaram, a village we all know. We had come 6 miles. Finally we reached here about 11 a.m. We had to cross a number of small canals, and the struggles of the bullocks while crossing almost made me sick.

This chapel is built of mud, and has a thatched roof, the thatch resting on the bamboo poles used as rafters. The walls are about six feet high, but in front the wall is set back from the edge of the roof so as to leave a verandah, so that wall is about nine foot high. The chapel is about 20 feet wide and 35 long. It would hold a lot of people. I had no idea they had such a good place here.

March 22.—Yesterday afternoon about 4.40 we set out for a neighboring village, Golavappilly. We had a short service there. Josiah read and explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. It moved me almost to tears to think that many present were hearing that as a new story. That old, old story is so new in many places of this dark land, and it touches one to hear it read to men and women to whom one knows it is really a new story, as new as it is to a little child just beginning to enjoy the stories its mother tells it.

We returned to this place about 6.45, and found that Peter, the native preacher, had arrived from a tour he was making.

On Saturday the 22nd we visited Comanamody. It is only half a mile or so from Goonanapody. We had an interesting little service. On Sunday, the 23rd, nearly 200 men, women and children gathered in the chapel at Goonanapody for worship; many were from neighboring villages; 9 a.m. was the time appointed, but all were not there at 10. Josiah gave out one or two hymns which were sung, and then one of the Christians led in prayer. After another hymn I read Matt. iii. and made a few remarks; then Josiah read 1st Thes. v., and spoke on the three exhortations, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks." One of his illustrations on the second of these commands was this:—"As soon as a child is born, it cries naturally. The mother attends to that cry. So a new-born soul will cry naturally, and God will hear it even more quickly than the mother hears her child. A collection-box was set down on the floor near where Josiah and I were sitting, but very little was put in it.

BAPTISMS IN COONANAMOODY.—About 5 p.m. we started for Coonanamody, where we had been on Saturday. The Moonsiff there is a Christian; he is a brother of Peter, the preacher. Four men and four women were examined by Josiah previous to baptism. Those present were asked if they knew anything about the candidates, and made various replies, saying they ought to be baptized. Then we all walked down to a fine large tank which was quite near; a hymn was sung, and then Josiah read the

closing verse of Act ii. After this Josiah took one of the men and walked slowly out to where there was sufficient water, while the Christians present sang part of a hymn. Here is a translation of what Josiah said to each candidate before administering the ordinance.—"Thou hast received the Lord Jesus Christ as thine own Saviour, therefore I am giving thee immersion in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As soon as each one was baptized the Christians sang a verse or two, just as we do in Canada on such occasions. Josiah himself led into the water the first one to be baptized, and the second walked in alone. But after that an elderly Christian man led in one to meet Josiah as he was leading out the one whom he had just baptized, and so they met half way and exchanged the candidates they were leading. I never saw the ordinance conducted with greater propriety than on this occasion. After the baptism we gathered together again, and Josiah addressed a few words of exhortation to those who had just put on Christ.

That night the mosquitoes again bit me badly. A native theatre-performance was kept up during the entire night in the village, at least I could hear it going on at four o'clock on Monday morning.

We passed about 500 pack-cattle as we were entering Goodywarda; they are used by the hill people for bringing down produce; women as well as men are seen driving them, and these women are clad in many-colored dresses, so that they look quite gay.

On Monday evening the 24th I left in a bandy for Akeed, which was reached on Tuesday, about 10 p.m. I was glad to be on the boat once more. On Wednesday morning we started for home. Thursday night we reached the Godavery river, but could not cross, so we anchored there. We had a good wind on Friday, and made about three miles an hour; reached home at 9.30 p.m., and found all well. Josiah did not return with me; he remained on the field.

JOHN CRAIG.

A Hindu Widow's Story.

"I was my father's eldest daughter, and as I was greatly petted by him, there was no wish of my heart that he did not gratify. I was married, when I was seven years old, to a husband who was very much older than I, and belonged to a very rich family. I continued in my father's house as happy a child as you could wish to see. When I was eight years old my husband died, and with the exception of two or three days of my wedding, I never saw the man I was married to, and being so young a child, I do not even remember him. The grief of my father at hearing I was a widow can well be imagined. I was allowed to remain with my people until I was about eleven years old, when my father-in-law said it was no longer proper for me to stay out of his house. So though I cried my eyes out, I had to go. My father used to come and see me. I would beg him to take me home, but ah! that was impossible. Work was appointed me in the household; I had to take charge of the room where the idols were kept, clean it, and make every preparation for the pooja.

One day I was grinding the sandal wood, I had had a bath, and as I had very long hair it was hanging on my shoulders to dry. While occupied thus, suddenly the door was thrown open, and the Brahmin who did pooja for the household walked in; but seeing me here he walked out as fast again. My mother-in-law came to me, and the next morning I was told that I must get up before the break of day and get through my work, so that no man could see me, and come back into the women's apartments. No thought was given to my feelings. By degrees I left off the jewels I had, and wore the simple white cloth, the sign of my widowhood. After my father's death, I was kept so strictly, I could not bear it any longer, and as I was no longer a child, I came to my brother and sister, and here I have continued ever since. Life has had very little pleasure for me. Such is our evil Hindu religion." The lady Missionary now instructing this widow has much hope of her.

Africa.

Late news from Bishop Crowther's mission on the Niger River, Africa, state that one of the chiefs, Captain Hart, who had been most active at Bonny in the prosecution of Christian converts, is dead. On his death-bed he commanded that all his idols be destroyed, warning his followers to have nothing more to do with idol-worship. The next day after his death the heathen fell upon the collection of idols with a will. Bishop Crowther writes:—"Early this morning they began to destroy the jujus. The work of de-

struction is great. The poor gods and goddesses are having very hard times in the late Captain Hart's quarters now. They are handled in a most unceremonious and rough manner. "Two canoe-loads, it is said, have found their resting-place in the deepest part of the river, and those that float and will not sink are broken into ever so many pieces. Floating wrecks of idols made and worshipped since the days of Captain Hart's father are to be seen dotted all over the creek, to the river in the shipping." Imprecations and abuses have taken the place of worship." The Bishop reports that, after a long season at Bonny, in which, owing to persecution, there were no converts, eight persons have been baptized.

Mr. Snell's Missionary Bees.

From the Christian Messenger.

William Snell was a farm labourer, who supported his family on ten shillings per week. Having the grace of God in his heart, he longed for the conversion of others, and his sympathies went out to heathen lands. He thought he could do but little; yet he did as much as some whole churches to send the gospel abroad. In the village in which he lived, a small missionary society was conducted. The writer was present on several occasions. At the annual meeting, when the list of contributions was read, a most interesting item on the list, was "Mr. Snell's bees, £1, (five dollars).

Now, who will keep a hive or two of bees, to collect for missions? like Mr. Snell's, some of them may be kept in a glass hive; this will illustrate the great missionary organization. Many visited the lowly garden to see the missionary bees at work; and some lessons were learnt of diligence in a good cause. Every church should be like a hive of bees. Every individual should be gathering up and laying in store, till the end of a year, the necessities for carrying on the glorious cause of bringing the world to Christ. It is not much honey that the bee gets from each flower, and some don't yield any, yet the hive is often filled. A trifling amount from each person makes a large amount when collected.

H. BOOL.

Children's Work in England.

At the last annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, held in Midway Hall, London, one of the speakers said, "I wish to tell you of a little work amongst young people not connected with the Sunday School, but with the families of our own neighbourhood. We had last Saturday about fifty-six of these boys and girls. The girls, seated at one table, were engaged in needle-work, and the boys engaged at another table making scrap-books and other matters of that kind. This has continued just a year. We have a missionary address, and we have prayer, and we have texts of Scripture, and we have missionary boxes. £54 has been the result of this little effort during the first year. We have several missionaries as honorary members, who come and speak to us, and we are enabled to give grants of £5 to this mission, and £10 to that. At least the children do. It is brought before the children, and they feel an interest in it. Now, I heard Mr. Ballache, the late secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, say once, that a large proportion of the income of the society was derived from the efforts of children. I can quite believe it. There are not many churches, perhaps, which raise £54 a year like these children do. I think both the China Inland Mission and other missions might be greatly helped if the children took more interest in the work of the gospel."

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST.

Receipts from July 25th to August 26th.

Peterboro' circle, \$15.82; Toronto, Jarvis-st., \$14.10; Alexander-st., \$7.90; Guelph, \$10; Cheltenham, \$8.58; Thorold, Miss Robertson, \$4; Boston, Mrs. L. C. Barber, proceeds of a social, \$11. Total, \$71.40.

Special for Chapel School House.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Crotty, \$2. Total receipts, \$73.40. All moneys intended to be acknowledged in the current year's account must be in my hands not later than the 8th of October, as the books will be closed on that date.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,
232 Carlton Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

- Rev. Rufus Sandford, A.M., Bimlipatam.
- " George Churchill.
- " W. F. Armstrong, Chicaco.
- Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

- Rev. John McLaurin, at home.
- " John Craig, Cocanada.
- " G. F. Currie, Tuni.
- " A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.