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Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. IV., No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] Jan., 1882.

Lines

For the "Link."

Suggested by the Rev. Mr. Timpany's account of the death of
JOSIAH BURDER, the Telugu Pastor

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

A Sabbath day was waning to its close—
A Sabbath day in India. Prayer and praise,
And sacred teaching, all the passing hours
Had filled since early morning, but at length
The weary teacher rested, and there stood
Up in his place a son of India,—one
Erewhile an idol-worshipper, but now
A worshipper of God,—a follower meek
Of the world's Saviour, at whose feet
Long time he'd sat, and listened to His word
In humble trust and most adoring love,
Until his soul had grown more spotless far
Than snows of Himalaya, washed so white
In the pure, cleansing fountain of Christ's blood.

Around his feet a dark-browed, waiting band
Of Indian worshippers had gathered.
They, too, had turned from the polluted shrine
Of idol-worship, cast aside the bonds
Of fettering caste, and had assembled there
In Christian fellowship, to taste the bread
And drink the wine that spake anew to each
Of the great price at which the Son of God
Had bought their freedom.

Came there no thought
To any in that quiet room, that he
Who broke the bread, and poured the wine, and spake
So tenderly of Jesus, their dear Lord,
Would be, long ere another Sabbath sun
Would light the palm-groves of the Indian isles,
Translated to the presence of that Lord
To feast with Him in Heaven? None, none!
The clear calm eye, the gentle voice, the tones
So long familiar and so dearly loved
No presage gave of swiftly-coming change
To him or them.

Day melted into night.
The tranquil hour of evening worship came:
And in his place the pastor stood again—
Weary, indeed, yet none the less alert
To do the Master's work. As was his wont,
He spake of Jesus and His finished work,
Yet most of death he spake. Still, on
His tender, earnest words his hearers hung
With bated breath; yet, through them all, they caught
No undertone of warning, telling them
That even then, around those tireless feet,
Gathered and chafed the slowly rising tide
Of the chill death-stream, soon to bear him out
Into the mystery of a vaster life.

Another day—a bridal day in Ind,
Yet not a day of heathen pomp and noise,

And pagan ceremony, such as erst
Men kept in India ere the Gospel came
To break the bonds of Custom and uplift
The wedded pair to fellowship with Christ,
And, through His love, to tend'rest fellowship
With one another.

The pastor stood
Before the plighted pair, and once again
He read God's word in the mellifluous speech
Of his own land, and lifted up once more
His voice in prayer, and then passed on
To the beneficent utterances that made them one.
But here his words became confused. His mind
Wandered as he who dreams; and when, at last,
The rite was ended, they who saw him felt
Vague fears of coming change. They brought the pen,
And bade him write. "And are we then," he said,
"To talk no more about the blessed word,—
To pray no more?" "All that is over now,"
The teacher gently said; "only your name
Is wanted to this record—pray you sign."
He took the pen and wrote; but his own name
Seemed a forgotten thing. The faithful hand—
True to the prompting of the fervent love
Which burned within—*essay'd* no more to trace
His own poor name, but "Jesus, Jesus"—that
Which filled and overflowed his inmost soul,
And washed it clean of every other name.

The teacher came, and took his hand in his,
Guiding it patiently to trace the name
The law required; and then, with quiet steps
Like one who dreams, he left them all, and turned
Toward his own home.

"Why, at the marriage, sir,
Spake you so strangely?"—his attendant said.
"I'm going on a journey," he replied,
And spake no more. A few short hours, and he
Had passed beyond their vision,—with swift feet
Had trod the darkened valley, and been lost
To mortal sight,—with eager, buoyant steps
Traversed the starry spaces—not alone
But tenderly upborne by angel bands—
And entering the fair City, had sat down
Beside the Lord he loved.

On Earth were tears,
In Heaven rejoicing such as Heaven alone
Hath ever witnessed, as from pagan Ind
Another soul went up to be with Christ!

Ingersoll, Ont., Nov., 1881.

At Sea—On board S. S. "Parisian."

DEAR LINK,—Now a dearer Link than ever before,
binding us to thousands of dear friends in Canada,
Would you like a few words of farewell too? Farewells—
Ah how many we have spoken—tearful, heartfelt fare-
wells—blessed farewells, which make us all the better for

having uttered them. How kind the people have been. How considerate, how rich we are in loving words and kind deeds—not only in tears shed and choking words uttered but in dear and tangible evidences of thoughtful regard. Have we failed in acknowledging and thanking any one, for any of these? If so, kind friend, let us assure you, we are grateful indeed.

We left Woodstock station, and a host of friends of all denominations and all professions, at 9.39 a.m.

At Paris, Harrisburgh, Dundas, and Hamilton, kind hearts tried and true, met us to say their hearty, "God bless you." We were more than glad to see them all; each little group is photographed on the heart and mind.

The customs officer at the Bridge, sent us on our way without opening a lock, or loosening a strap. At Lyons, in New York, we spent Monday night with Dr. Jameson, one of our companions in travel twelve years ago. We had a rich treat recounting the dealings of the Lord with us during this time.

Boston, staid old Boston, aristocratic, proud, orthodox, old Boston was reached after ten o'clock in the evening, and there in the weird flutterings of the electric light, we met Bro. and Sister Armstrong.

A call at the Mission rooms, friendly greeting with the officials of long ago; dinner with Miss Helen Jewett, daughter of good Dr. Jewett of Madras, and a few purchases filled up the busy hours. At ten o'clock Thursday morning, 22nd December, just twelve years to a day from our previous departure, the magnificent steamer *Parisian*, of the Ocean Line glided out to sea, and we waved a tearful good-bye to the Armstrongs on the quay.

Now dear readers of the LINK, we have a request to make, which we hope you will heed, and which those of you who love the Lord Jesus will grant.

We feel very much the importance of the work we go to do; we feel that much will depend on the way we do it; and we keenly feel our own insufficiency. The future ministry of our missions will pass under our influence for years. The teachers, the colporteurs and their wives will be helped or hindered, by our influence. From the bottom of our hearts we appropriate *God's word, "Brethren pray for us."* Pray, first, that we may have much of the spirit of Jesus; that day by day as we meet those men and women in the classes, we may be enabled so to speak, and think, and feel, that they may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus; that we may be preserved from a cynical, censorious, exacting or legal spirit; that we may be able to, "bear, bear, bear with the erring and the rude," to bear with their weaknesses and their ignorance, and to be faithful and firm at the same time; that our own spirits may be kept pure and sweet. Pray, secondly, that we may be richly imbued with the "enthusiasm of humanity," with the *enthusiasm of the Gospel*. Much of the success of these men will depend on the loving pity they have, not only for their perishing fellow country-men, but for men, as men, all the world over, for men, because they are men and capable of salvation; and also on their love for, and faith in, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Please

ask that we may be filled with this loving pity, this faith in the Gospel, that we may communicate it to them.

Again, our great work out there will consist in giving a thorough Bible training to the students. We have few helps in the Telugu language, and the teacher will have to do most of the work himself. He will have to a great extent to elaborate a system adapted to the capacities of the students. He will also have to adopt his teachings to the warm imagination of the oriental mind.

For this we need clearness of perception, readiness of resource, and aptness to teach. The Divine Spirit alone can give us this.

Pray that we may be filled with this illuminating Spirit.

Not once, or twice, but continually, we wish you to remember us. Bear us in your spirits daily before the throne of grace and God, even our God, will bless us and cause His face to shine upon us and our mission, and His name will have the glory now and ever. Amen.

JOHN McLaurin.

Halifax, December 23rd, 1881.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

Some extracts from Letters.

In a letter to Mrs. Humphrey, dated the 1st of November, Mr. Timpany writes that he had just returned from a preaching tour. He says: The day before I came home I baptized at Mirnapaud, a village twenty-four miles from Cocanada, the young wife of one of our Christians. She was a school girl in your boarding school, during Mrs. McLaurin's time, and was converted about five months ago. There is not a girl grown up now who attended your school who is not a Christian—not one. I mention this to the praise and glory of His grace, who calls out of darkness into His marvellous light this heathen people.

A month ago I visited a school in a large village, where we have also recently begun Christian work. The people of the village themselves started the work. In the school I found a good number of girls, among them the wife of the magistrate of the village. On examination I found that the girls were quite able to hold their own with the boys. These girls are sure to get and read Christian tracts. At the present time, here, in Cocanada, a young Brahman wife is reading my "Compendium of Theology in Telugu." Her husband told me the other day that she wanted to get a Bible in order to hunt up the references. A great deal of work has been done in India to make such a narrative as this possible. Now that the ponderous gates of darkness have commenced to open so that streaks of day can enter, it will not be long before light will penetrate to every corner of this old land. I want to live another twenty-five years yet, if it may please God, that I may see some of the rich harvests gathered that are now coming to ripening shade of golden hue for the reapers. Heaven is full, and the earth sown with the prayers and tears of the saints. They will bring down the angels and drive out the devil and his hosts of hell! "The Sabbath of the earth is breaking."

Again, on the 8th Nov., he writes to Mrs. Freeland: There are now outside of Cocanada, seven schools, and we are starting three more. If our plans work, we hope to have, in another three or four years fifty or one hundred schools. Our plan is to pay only Rs. 3 a month to a teacher. The people of the village must find the remainder. It is the same about the school-houses. We

will give the doors and windows, and some little help in money. We get some help in timber from the Government and the people too do the rest. These schools are more than mere schools. They are a kind of Sabbath-school and meeting, held every day. The teacher teaches the children during the day to read and sing. In the evening he gathers the parents and tells them about Christianity, and teaches them to sing and often to pray.

We had quite a large baptism here three weeks ago. Three English, and eight Telugus, one of them a Sudra, were baptized. Last Sabbath another Sudra was asking for baptism, but we put him off until we could know more of him.

I hope our Missionary Society has come out right, financially. It takes my breath away to think what would be the effect upon our work if we had to hold up now and retrench. I think it would kill me. The shock would be more than I could bear. I have not, as I remember, been sick once in twenty years except when I overworked myself. I have been very sick two or three times this year. In June, I was near dying,—it was from overwork. For more than a year, ever since we came from Udayagiri, I have wrought hard—very hard. "Comfortable!" Who can be comfortable surrounded on all sides by people going to hell? May God Almighty pour out His Holy Spirit upon you at home, and upon us here until we really believe that we are not our own, but have been bought with a price, and act up to our belief, this God is going to do. The time to call the earth from its slumber has come. God will stir up His people.

Mrs. Timpany says of the girls' school: We have now nineteen girls in school, all save one from our own field. All the large girls but one are Christians. There is a fine spirit among them. I think two or three of the little ones also are converted.

Akidu.

FORWARD!

Not long ago in writing to Brother McLaurin, I spoke of the changes he would see in all our stations so far as material advance is concerned. Hitherto it has been mostly pioneer work. See the new buildings at Bobbili, Bimlipatam, Tuni, Cocanada, and Akidu, nearly all erected since Bro. McLaurin left India, less than three years ago. I did not mention Chicacole, but for aught I know some building work may have been done there also within the past three years. Let us thank God that the pioneer period so far as the erection of buildings is concerned, is drawing to a close. There may be still considerable pioneer work to do in the matter of direct Gospel preaching, but that is what we have come to do. That is our legitimate work. We want to preach the Gospel all our lives, I trust, but we don't want to be engaged in building houses always. Well, as I said, it is a great cause of thanksgiving that the most of the building work is done, and the missionaries henceforth will be more free to engage in Gospel work than they ever have been in the past.

May I turn prophet? If I may, let me tell you something. Just as soon as you see the missionaries and their helpers preaching the Gospel throughout the villages of their respective fields, and trained men and women coming forth to the work from our proposed school at Samulcottu, just so soon you may expect to see thousands of converts coming into our churches from the Kistna on the South to the limits of the Telugu country on the North.

You will be glad to hear that a beginning has been made in Akidu. A middle-aged woman from the Malapilly, near the Mission-house, was baptized on the 2nd of October. Her name is Subamma. I trust many more will come out soon.

I have been writing a letter to the *Canadian Baptist*, telling about the baptism of thirty-five men and twenty women on Thursday last. This took place in a new village a few miles South of Gannanapudi. If God will only call them in by fifties, we shall soon have a grand company. By the way, that day was the fourteenth anniversary of my own baptism, which took place in Bond Street Church, Toronto, November 3rd, 1867.

Yesterday, the 4th, I visited a village to the South of the village where so many were baptized on the 3rd. The men had almost all gone to work, but a great many women came out to hear the Gospel. I spoke a little while, and then Peter took up the story. While he was speaking I prayed again and again; "O Spirit of God, come and breathe upon these slain that they may live." One man said that a good many of them were already believing, but they wanted to hear more. Many of them say they have not believed, because they have been ignorant about Jesus Christ. My opinion is, that in former times they have heard but not heeded the message. Now God is giving them ears to hear and a heart to understand. I fully expect to hear soon that at least forty or fifty have come out there. One of the women said: "We thought Siva was God." Another asked, "Must we not pray to the gods when sickness comes?" According to their idea cholera, small-pox, and other such diseases, are sent by particular deities, and hence those gods must be supplicated if the disease appears. Peter told them that diseases came only at God's command. One of the women with a child in her arms, said, "My child had fever, but when I tied a piece of palm-leaf on its neck, the fever went." The people may say, "Oh, these are only Mala women, and therefore they are easily persuaded," but the fact is, they are as loath to come as any people till God turns their hearts. Some of the Mala women show the most devilish opposition to the Gospel.

Leaving that village, I came here by palankeen. On the way I was thinking of what God had begun to do for this people. The baptism of that company the other day is only a beginning of better days, I feel sure. We must look more and more for the Spirit's power among the people.

I had been reading a short life of Mr. Garfield, and in a speech of his delivered on the first anniversary of President Lincoln's death, I noticed these lines:—

"He has sounded for his trumpet, that shall never call retreat:
He is sitting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
For God is marching on."

These lines have fairly taken possession of my mind. I think of the man in whose memory they were repeated, and I think of the glorious man who repeated them, but most of all I think of that God, whom they served. "God is marching on here in India. Fellow-soldiers in Canada! if your souls and mine are only swift to answer Him, and our feet jubilant to follow Him, what victories we shall see." Let this be our motto for the coming year—

"Be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
Be jubilant my feet.
For God is marching on."

JOHN CRAIG.

Commalamudi, India,

5th November, 1881.

Bobbili.

MISSION LIFE AND WORK—SUNDAY, AUGUST, 21ST.

Although our day in India does not correspond with yours in Canada, still, it is pleasant to think of our people at home, on the Sabbath, as being engaged in the worship of God at the same time as we are.

On Convention Sunday I thought of the brethren and sisters at home a great many times, and perhaps they might be interested in knowing how one of their sisters in India spent that day.

Mr. Churchill and our native preacher, were away on their first tour, so only Seyammah and I remained to carry on the work in Bobbili. In the early morning the servants were called in for religious worship, but before they and their children assembled, three Brahmin women on their way to the tank for an early bath, called "tsor-dadanakoo" (to see). They were induced to sit down, of course by themselves, and remain to worship, during which, and afterwards, remarks were especially directed to them, telling them of the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

Early tea was then taken, and we got off to town to the girls' Sunday-school at 8 o'clock. I took charge of the school in one room, and Seyammah brought in a number of caste women and talked to them in the other, till I was done.

On our way home, we called at a house where there was a very sick child, whose mother was anxious that I should do something for it. We brought the mother and child along to the hospital, and asked the Dresser to attend to them, and give them some medicine for the child.

At two o'clock, seven Telaga caste women on their way to the fields to work, came in "to see." They were also asked to sit down, and listened well, asking many questions, while we told them of the one sacrifice for sin, and the way of eternal life.

These had not been gone long when six more Brahmin women, also on their way to the tank, came in: and they also sat and listened to the story of the Cross, and to some of our Telugu hymns.

At four o'clock, we attended to our Brahmin boys' Sunday-school, and when that was over, I said to Seyammah that I thought our work for the day was over, and if she and her brothers would come in, we and the children would sing some Telugu hymns together. But we had not got into the house, when we saw a number of Kahpoo caste women going along the street in front of the house, laughing and talking, returning from work in their fields.

We called them to come in, and as ten of them accepted our invitation, we returned to the school-room in the Bungalow, where we got them to sit down, while we sang and told them the "Old Old Story." They listened well, till a black cloud came up, and a peal of thunder startled them. Then they asked permission to go home before the rain came on, and we dismissed them, asking them, as we did all the others, to come again and hear more.

At twilight I heard my little ones repeat verses, and we sang together hymns of the Better Land, while my heart was glad because of the opportunities the day had afforded of telling these ignorant women of Jesus.

"Tis a joy to bear the seed,
To go with the store of grain,
To scatter it here, and scatter it there,
And sow and sow again.

"I know not which shall thrive,
But the promise of God I take;
His eye will follow the smallest grain
I sow for His dear sake."

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Chicacole.

DEAR LINK,—It is nearly 7 p. m., and I have just dined, that interesting part of the day's work being delayed by a visit to a village with my Bible women. They have been there frequently before, and through the streets that we went it was plainly seen that they were known and respected. Their Dora Sonna was with them to-day, and there were many enquiries to be made.

We spent all the time at one house, where there were several nice and rather intelligent looking women, who listened attentively to all that was said. One said she believed in the Saviour of whom my women had told her, and that she prayed to Him. There were a number of men about so she was shy, and did not care to talk freely in their presence. I tried to talk to them and to an old gray haired man in particular. He said he did not know whether he was a righteous man or a sinner; and when I said, I knew very well how that was, and that most certainly he was a sinner, and that none of his so-called good works would ever win Heaven for him, he hardly seemed to know what to say. We had a long conversation and at last concluded, that sin was a certain thing; and that possibly (in his estimation) there were no meritorious works among men. Then he exclaimed, "What am I going to do? According to that I am a sinner and without any merit whatever." Then I tried to tell him by whose righteousness the sinner was justified. The story was all new, and when I said, "Christ loves you, and to save you He gave His life," he looked a moment, then turned away saying he could not believe that.

He came back presently and we talked till it was time to come home, then he said, "Will you come again?" I pitied the poor old man, who was fast nearing eternity, and who had lived all his life without a Saviour, and told him so.

There shall be "springs in the desert" some day, and may we here realize the prophet's words in the near future.

This morning while in school a man walked in, leading his son. One glance, and he said, "Iddi messains bussi," (this is a mission school) turned quickly and was gone. I called after him and sent the teacher, but he went faster than if he had discovered the small pox, instead of a mission school. Poor man! he had no intention of letting his son go where we think he might be most benefitted. Many heathen children come into our school, but it savours too much of Christianity, and not many come more than a week or ten days. Some time ago, a bright looking boy came, seemed much interested, and said he was coming always. Our own boys and girls repeat a verse of Scripture daily; I did not ask him to do so, but thought it would come in time. One day he came and asked for Matthew's Gospel, saying, he wished to learn the verse with the others. I gave it, but the little fellow never came to school again. I presume the sight of the book and the knowledge of what the boy was going to do with it frightened the parents, and he was sent elsewhere. The teacher went to look after him, but it was useless. If the children could only do as they pleased about coming to us, we would soon have all we could take care of.

I like my teacher very much, and our people are doing fairly well.

Last week a letter from Bagavan Bayrah stated that three men had broken caste, eaten with the Christians, avowed their belief in the Lord Jesus and asked baptism. He said Mr. Sanford, some of the Christians and myself, had better come out and see them. The families of the three men had deserted them, and there was considerable confusion in the villages. To-day, another letter comes, saying, that they have not yielded to any of the many influences brought to bear upon them, but seem firm in their determination to try to do right. I am expecting Mr. Sanford and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill in a few days, and some, or all of us, will go out. I have long been anxious to visit that village, and see the Christians who live there.

Appalarnisiah, a former preacher there, and Bagavan Bayrah have done a good deal of seed sowing in that vicinity, and I hope the harvest time is drawing near.

The colporteur came in from the field to day, and it seems he passed through a village where the mother of the wife of one of the men lives. She saw him approaching and exclaimed, "Dont come here, we are in plenty of trouble now by your people." The poor wife was shut up outside, because she was willing to go with her husband, and had eaten with the Christians. I presume she must remain isolated till they get the broken caste mended. As soon as the mother heard what the daughter was doing, she went and by some means took her home. Some of these poor creatures have much to bear that we do not know from experience.

Chicacole, Nov., 4th.

CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

That journeying mercies be vouchsafed unto Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, that so they may reach their destination in health and safety. That needed grace for their important work may be abundantly granted unto them; that the Word of God may dwell in them richly in all wisdom; and that the manifest blessing of God may be upon the new Theological Seminary from the very beginning.

For a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all the mission workers—both at home and abroad—that they may give themselves more unreservedly to the service of the MASTER.

SEVERAL COMMUNICATIONS too long for insertion in this number of the LINK, have been received. Will those friends who have sent papers prepared for Circle meetings, kindly allow us to put them in our "exchange drawer?"

WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

A special meeting of the Central Board was held on Monday, the 28th of November, to consider the appropriation for the year, when it was unanimously resolved that the following items on the "estimates" for 1882 be taken up, and the money sent to India, as usual, semi-annually in advance: *Cocanada*.—Girl's school, \$500; village teacher, \$75; Bible woman, \$50; books and tracts, \$25. *Tuni*.—School, \$100; Bible woman, \$50. *Akidu*.—Village school, \$200; books, etc., \$25. The treasurer was authorized to remit during the first week in December, through T. D. Craig, Esq., \$512.50,

the first instalment; also \$25, specially designated to support a young man for a year in the new Theological School; and at the same time to pay over the \$500 for Mrs. McLaurin's passage.—E. DEXTER, *Rec. Secretary*.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., FAREWELL SERVICE:—In view of the near departure of Bro. and Sister McLaurin, for India, a farewell service, of a most interesting and profitable nature, was held in the Baptist church, Woodstock, on the evening of Dec., 15th. Pastor Ashley occupied the chair. On the platform were Rev. Messrs. Coutts, McLaurin, Muir, and Stewart of Hamilton; McMullen, on behalf of the ministers in town, Carson of the C.M., and Mr. Hill, rector of the Episcopal church. The opening exercises over, and a few appropriate words spoken by the chairman, Rev. J. W. A. Stewart delivered a very able address, which gave the key-note to all that was subsequently said. The president of the society, T. S. Shenson, Esq., of Branisford, briefly and appropriately addressed the audience. Also Prof. Wolverton, representing the Institute; and Messrs. McMullen and Muir, spoke for a short time; Rev. Mr. Hill, of St. Paul's, expressed his deep sympathy with the object of the meeting, and the pleasure it afforded him to be present. Rev. J. Coutts, the secretary of the society gave an excellent address, going necessarily, somewhat into detail. After Mr. Coutts, came Mr. McLaurin, who read a short statement on behalf of Mrs. McLaurin, thanking the ladies of Woodstock, for their sympathy and practical kindness. It was a trying moment for him, especially when alluding to parting with his aged mother a short time ago, and to his near parting with his children; but he was soon able to rise above all personal feeling, and lay hold of the glorious cause to which he had consecrated himself. It is only when speaking of his beloved work in India that he rises to the full measures of his Christian manhood, and never did we hear him speak with greater power than on Thursday evening. The solemnity and spiritual pressure felt was something wonderful. Mr. Carson, an early school companion of Mr. McLaurin, spoke touchingly of their early days, their labors for the Lord, and their going at the same time last spring, and to the same neighborhood, each to bury his father; after which he closed the meeting with prayer. During the evening select pieces were sung by the choir—Miss Hatch singing with her usual sweetness and power.—*Can. Baptist*.

BRANFORD, ONT.—The social given on Wednesday evening 16th Nov., in the basement of the First Baptist church by the Ladies' Foreign Mission Society was well attended, the lecture room being filled with an audience eager, after discussing the tempting eatables, to learn what the society is accomplishing. Mrs. J. B. Tuttle, wife of the esteemed pastor of the church and president of the society, occupied the chair, and delivered the president's address, which was full of thankfulness for their success in the past, and hoping to be able to do better things in the future. Miss Roelfson presided at the organ and sang two solos during the evening, which were well given and received. Mrs. Powley, vice-president, who was delegated to attend the Woodstock annual meeting, reported the result as highly satisfactory.

Mrs. McLaurin was heartily received and described the trip to India, her field of labor, and the work there. Her description of the work performed by a native convert was most interesting, and her remarks were listened to with much interest and delight.

Mrs. McLaurin, was, during the evening presented with an autograph quilt, upon which deft fingers have

woven over 1000 names, and which she will take with her. This quilt has netted the society \$104.

The meeting closed a few minutes before ten and was gratifying to all concerned. The ladies conducted the meeting entirely, and the thanks of the meeting were tendered them at the close.—*Con.*

PARIS, ONT.:—The fifth anniversary of the Women's Missionary Circle was fittingly celebrated on Monday evening, the 5th of December. These meetings have been growing in power and vigor every year since they were inaugurated, but this last one was more than usually interesting on account of the farewell given to Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin. The report of the Secretary, Mrs. Dadson, showed that there had been raised on the quilt during the year \$51.70; by the Circle \$59.78; by the Band \$12; making a total of \$123.48. Miss Ida Fitch, and the Messrs. Mihel, of St. George, and Porter, of St. Catharines, were present and made interesting addresses. Mr. McLaurin gave, as usual, one of his varied and vivid views of missionary life and labour in India. Mrs. Grant presented to Mrs. McLaurin a beautiful and touching parting address, with an elegant quilt, from the Paris Circle, the reply to which was no less tender, interesting and appropriate. The President of the Circle, Mrs. J. Arnold, concluded her address to Mrs. McLaurin with the following original lines:—

We grasp thy hand dear sister,
With thought no tongue may tell,
And whisper oh! so softly,
That sad, fond word, Farewell.

Go, tell the dark brow'd native,
Thy God alone can save:
And from thy prayers oblation,
Beside Akidu's grave

Go to the dark zenana,
Raise high the Lamp of Life,
Unfurl the glorious Banner
O'er widow, maid and wife.

Tell them the "old, old story"
You know so well is true,
The joy, the crown, the glory,
The peace possessed by you.

Go teach the rising millions;
Proclaim a Saviour's love,
Till borne on angel pinions,
He calls thee home above.

There, rolls no restless ocean,
No partings there are known,
And circles are unbroken
Before the Father's throne.

The music by the choir was excellent, and the meeting closed with many lingering farewells. The collection amounted to about \$20.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—A mission circle was organized here the last of September.

Our membership is twenty-three. The financial condition of the church, prevents many doing as they wish for outside objects, but we hope the small sum of two cents a week will be cheerfully given to this work which appeals so forcibly to the heart of every Christian woman. The visit of Mrs. Armstrong was much appreciated, but we had to regret that circumstances prevented a larger number from listening to her earnest words of those things which she had seen and heard in heathen lands.

Officers.—Mrs. W. H. Porter, President; Mrs. Thos. Bone, Vice-president; Miss Windlaw, Treasurer; Mrs. Mills, Secretary.

PORT BURWELL, ONT.—Mrs. Iler writes that the W. M. Circle of Port Burwell feeling a desire to show Mr. and Mrs. Timpany some token of the interest felt in their welfare, and their appreciation of Mrs. Timpany's loving care of Mr. J. Craig's motherless little one, have determined to piece a quilt, and send the money raised by it for mission work where most needed. They have already realized \$3.50. Mrs. Iler has also set the children at work, and her Mission Band are piecing a quilt of their own, by which \$1.25 has very quickly been raised. Her little boy, seven years old, had saved his own coppers till he could send twenty-five cents for Foreign Missions.

ST. GEORGE, ONT.—Through the efforts of Miss Anna Moyle, of Paris, a circle of twelve members was organized in St. George, on the 6th of December. Mrs. Arnold, of Paris, conducted the meeting, and Mrs. McLaurin made an earnest appeal for the Telugu women.

Officers.—Mrs. Stanton, President; Miss C. Bell, Secretary; Mrs. Collins, Treasurer. IDA FITCH.

BEVERLEY ST., TORONTO.—The sisters in this new church shew the true missionary spirit, and were successful in organizing a mission circle in December, having secured thirty-five members. The meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month at four p.m. Mrs. H. H. Humphrey very kindly came to the first, and gave an interesting account of the work in India. The officers elected were, *President*, Mrs. Newman W. Speller; *Secretary*, Miss Burt; *Treasurer*, Miss Gallagher, with four Collectors.

Surely this argues well for the future prosperity of a church which has only been a very few months in existence.

Maritime Provinces.

DEATH OF REV. J. M. CRAMP, D.D.

One more of the warmest friends, and, while strength permitted, most active workers in the home department of Foreign Missions, has been recently removed by the death of Rev. Dr. Cramp, which occurred at Wolfville, N. S. on the 6th of last December.

The following resolution, passed by the F. M. Board of the Maritime Provinces, betokens the great estimation in which the deceased gentleman was held:

Whereas, it has pleased God the Creator of all, and the all wise Disposer of events, to remove from us by death our venerable and honoured brother, the Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., for many years a highly esteemed and useful member as well as an efficient officer of our Foreign Mission Board.

Be it Resolved. That while we bow submissively before this afflicting dispensation and acknowledge the wisdom and righteousness of the Judge of all the earth, yet we are fully conscious that our Board and the denomination at large, sustain a severe loss in the demise of Dr. Cramp, who by his wise and judicious counsels to his brethren at home and also to the missionary corps abroad, and by his persistent and zealous advocacy of the claims of the heathen, had rendered himself conspicuous as an ardent friend of the foreign mission enterprise:

The services he rendered to our infant Mission were invaluable, and his paternal instruction to our missionaries on the field in his correspondence with them was weighty and inspiring, and duly appreciated by those addressed:

His views on matters of business claiming the attention and action of our Board were characterized by clearness, Christian manliness and admirable good sense.

We therefore mourn our brother's removal as a most serious bereavement and an almost irreparable loss.

We would also desire to convey our expression of sympathy and condolence to the family of our dear brother in the hour of their poignant grief and overwhelming sorrow :

We can only commend them to resort in the hour of their trouble to their father's God and Saviour, in whom he trusted for so many years and who has received him to that presence in which there is fullness of joy forever :

Resolved: That a copy of this Preamble and Resolution be forwarded to the family of the deceased :

By order of the F. M. Board.—W. P. EVERETT, *Acting Secretary*, St. John, N. B., 9th Dec., 1881.

TO THE MEMBERS OF W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Dear Sisters.—At the general meeting of the W. M. A. Societies held during the Convention of Yarmouth in August, it was unanimously

Resolved, that the financial year of each of our Societies and Central Boards be arranged to coincide with that of the Foreign Mission Board, namely, to close with the Convention year, and that from this time each W. M. A. Society send to its respective Board its Report in July, at latest.

You will see by this that the Central Board will not hold its usual public meeting in January, nor will the accounts of the various Societies be made out and presented till the next Convention. This will embrace a period of about eighteen months; but after that time it will be annual.

It is, however, recommended that wherever practicable, each Society should hold its own anniversary meeting during the winter, as it is believed this would be one means of keeping up the interest in Foreign Missionary work in the churches, which is so important and necessary. The W. M. A. Societies at Convention undertook to furnish the outfit and passage money of our young missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, so that it will be seen that all our resources will be well taxed this year.

MARIA R. SELDEN,
Treas. and Sec'y. of Central Board, N. S.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.—*Annual Report*. Our W. M. A. Society, has now been formed one year, and we meet to-night to thank God for past blessings, and to ask Him for more strength for the future—to gird on our armour and "go forward," for this is His command to us, just as surely as it was to the children of Israel, many thousand years ago.

Though our Society is small, still it is increasing, and to-night we are one-third larger than we were a year ago. God has increased our number and we thank Him for it.

During the year just past we have met eleven times, in missionary prayer meeting, missing only one month (July) in the summer; and who can tell the good done by our united prayers, for those engaged in missionary work, and those to whom they are sent? Our class for Bible study has met nine times during the year, and we know God has blessed those who have followed His command to "search the Scriptures."

Our treasury also has not been behind. We have each given as we could, and the result will be seen in our Treasurer's report. So ends one year, and to-night we meet to elect new officers, to go on to new labors, and to offer new prayers to our Father in Heaven; hoping, that

though we may not always be together here, still we may all meet when God shall say "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

Mrs. W. R. WHIDDEN, *Sec.*

THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD have elected Bro. John March Secretary, and Bro. C. F. Clinch Treasurer. It is expected that both these brethren will accept the positions to which they have been elected. They are both good men and thoroughly competent for the discharge of the duties of the offices tendered them.—*Visitor*.

MRS. CHURCHILL'S SCHOOL.—It is expected that the February number of the LINK will contain a wood-cut of the Bobbili Mission School. Our subscribers in the Maritime Provinces, who desire extra copies, will oblige by sending their orders as early as possible.

From Darkness to Light—A New Book.

"More than a year ago, Mr. Cortell, the publisher of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, 'Our Gold Mine,' etc., asked Mr. Clough, of Ongole, India, to induce some native Telugu to tell the story of his conversion from heathenism to Christianity; but, to his surprise and pleasure, Mr. Clough himself offered to write a book on that remarkable people among whom he has so successfully labored. It is a true story, intensely interesting to all who like information clothed in attractive form. And at the same time it fully supplies the demand for a more extended knowledge of this people. The story gives a faithful picture of the home life of the natives, and describes the conversion of one of the representative class, and his advance from the darkness of heathenism to the light of Christianity. The book contains valuable information about Ongole and the surrounding villages, where the principal characters are now living, and many instances of the great famine of 1876-77 and of the revival which followed. The frontispiece gives a correct likeness of Lukshmiah, the hero, who is now a student at Ramapatam, and who will some time be heard from as a leader and guide among his people. Illustrated, cloth. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.25." May be ordered directly from W. G. Cortell, Publisher, Mission Rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.; or through the publishers of the *Canadian Baptist*, 61 King-st., Toronto, who will be happy to fill all orders. No Mission Circle and no S. S. library should be without this most interesting work.

HYMN FOR MISSIONARY WORKERS.

("AIR SWEET HOME.")

There comes a low wailing from over the wave;
The breeze bears it onward—it calls us to save,
Our sisters forsaken: we bring them to Thee,
Christ, Christ, only to Thee,
We bring these poor souls on life's desolate sea.

Their idols are cruel, their Gods are but stone,
They hear not the crying, nor answer the moan,
And man, with his iron heel grinds them to scorn
Till hope spreads her pinions, and leaves them forlorn.

Christ, Christ, only through Thee,
Can hope bless these weary ones over the sea.

Let us hasten, my sisters, send forth the glad word
That woman is free in the name of the Lord;
That the great Father loves her, and opens the way,
Where the weakest may enter from night to the day,
Haste! Haste! bear the glad word,
That woman is free in the name of the Lord!

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Can you think with me of the greatest difference between yourselves here, and the boys and girls of Hindustan? It is not that their faces are darker than yours, or that their homes I have described to you in their Indian land are so different to yours, or that their clothes and habits seem strange to us. If somebody asked you how many Gods there are, you would quickly answer that our God is the only living and true God. How much you have learned from the Bible of His great love for you, in making and keeping you alive, giving you a home and loving friends, but most of all in sending Jesus Christ, His only Son, to be your Saviour! But let the same question be asked of a Hindu boy or girl, and what different answers will be given! No one person can know the names of all the things that are called gods by the people of Hindustan, for they are three hundred and thirty millions! More than all the people in that dark land! The chief god is called Brahm. There is no image of him, and nobody worships him. He is thought too great to trouble himself about any one on earth, so it is no use to pray or send offerings to him. The next three gods are Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver, and Sheeva, the Destroyer. Very few people worship Brahma, for they think after he has created them, he can do no more for them. A great many idle tales are told about Vishnu, that he has been nine times upon the earth, as a fish, a tortoise, a man, a lion, a Boar, a dwarf, a giant, twice as a warrior, and as a thief. These tales say that the next time he comes it will be as a conquering king riding on a white horse. People are very fond of worshipping him, supposing he will give them gifts and blessing in payment. But Sheeva, the destroyer, has more followers than any other idol, for the Hindus fear his power over them. His image looks horrible, clothed in tiger-skins, with a necklace of skulls and snakes; but his wife is believed to be even more terrible. Her name is Kalee, and her whole delight is said to be in blood. Those who wish to please her offer sacrifices of beasts, and, sometimes, offer up their own lives. I told you that Calcutta was named in honor of this cruel Kalee. Her great temple is near that city, where, every year, a feast is held in her honor, and horrible deeds done, the description of which makes me shudder. Yet her followers look on and shout for joy as they see the bleeding victims suffer and die. These are the principal idols worshipped by the Hindus, and after them come a great multitude of animals and other things that cannot think or speak or hear the vain prayers offered to them. The river Ganges is called the goddess Gunga, and people flock from all parts of India to worship her. They bathe in this river, and think thus to wash away all their sins. They carry home large bottles of its sacred waters for their friends. Very cruel things are done by this river. I have told you of mothers tossing their babies into its waters to be eaten alive by crocodiles. It is supposed that all who die near this river go to the Hindu heaven, so dying people are dragged out of their beds, laid in its mud, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and sometimes drowned by their friends if they are too long in dying. The Ganges is the great burying place. Dead bodies are often seen in it, while crows and vultures tear the flesh from the bones that float on the water. Some people drown themselves here to gain a great reward in the next world. Ah, what a sad awakening theirs will be!

Monkeys are treated with great respect in India, for

they, too, are thought to be gods. There is a temple in India where snakes crawl about at their pleasure, waited upon by priests and fed with the best of food. Kites, those fierce birds of the air, are also worshipped. There is meat sold in shops expressly for them, and thrown up in the air to the greedy creatures by their worshippers. Kalee, the fierce idol that is believed to delight in blood, has a great set of followers called Thugs, or deceivers. Well do they deserve this name, for their whole lives are spent in deceiving, that they may destroy. Before they set out on their journeys, they bow down before the image of Kalee, and ask her to bless the shovel and the cloth held in their hands. The cloth is to strangle poor travellers, and the shovel to dig their graves after the bodies have been robbed of clothing and riches. After committing dreadful murders, they return to the priests of Kalee to get her blessing, for which they pay by dividing their stolen goods with these priests.

Much more I might tell you if time and space allowed, but I think you all see the greatest difference between yourselves and Hindu children. Oh, how thankful we should be to the true God for our Christian education! Another "Happy New Year" has come to us. May the God who gave it help us to use each day for His glory. Do not forget to think of, pity, work and pray for your brothers and sisters in India, these heathen boys and girls who never heard of our God.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

NOTICE TO CIRCLES—AN EXCHANGE DRAWER.

The following manuscript papers have been kindly placed at our disposal for the use of the Circles. All who wish to avail themselves of these helps to Circle meetings can do so by sending a postal card to Mrs. M. Freeland, P. O. Box 8, Yorkville, naming the paper requested, which must be promptly returned.

Reasons why we should make the monthly meetings interesting, with some hints as to the best means of doing so," Mrs. H. J. Rose; "Why we work," Miss Ida Fitch; "A day in Cocanada Mission House," Mrs. McLaurin; "Woman's work in Missions," Mrs. A. V. Timpany; "The condition of women in India," Mrs. J. Coutts; "Some facts and figures about our Society," Mrs. M. Freeland; "Sketch of the W. M. A. Societies of the Lower Provinces," Mrs. W. H. Porter; "Our Sisters in India," Mrs. Armstrong; "Christian Activity," Miss J. M. Lloyd.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Received from Nov. 23rd to Dec. 20th, 1881.

A Sabbath school class in Boston, \$10; (for the education of Chinamah, a little Hindu girl.) Cheltenham M. C., \$3; Jarvis St., \$11.80; Alexander St., \$10.20; Port Burwell, mission quilt, \$3.50, mission band quilt, \$1.25, Leslie Her, (seven years old,) 25c.; Paris M. C. \$13.45, mission quilt, \$26, children's auxiliary, \$2.46. Total, \$81.89.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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