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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. VI., No. 7.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2. [MAR., 1884.

Sowing.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee ;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters.
With a blessing and a prayer
Name Him whose hand upholds us,
And sow thou everywhere. — *Anna Shipton.*

Telugu Mission of the Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec.

THIS Mission is located at the mouth of the Godavery River, in the most central and densely populated district of the Telugu country. The first converts were baptized by the late Thomas Gabriel, a native Christian, about 1871. He resigned a lucrative position in Government service that he might preach Christ unhindered.

Canadian Baptists took charge of the field in 1874. At that time there were about 75 Christians, but, for want of funds, no Schools nor competent Preachers nor Teachers to do the work. In less than ten years the little one has become a thousand. There are three stations: Cocanada, which was occupied first; Tuni, 40 miles north; and Akidu, 75 miles south-west of Cocanada. There are 13 preachers, 25 school teachers, 4 Bible women, and 4 colporteurs; an efficient English speaking church in Cocanada, and over 1,200 members in the Mission Churches. Good progress is being made in self support and in educating the children in village and Sabbath-schools.

There is also a Theological Seminary in Samulcotta, in which about 50 students are being trained to greater efficiency as Preachers and other mission helpers. Our field includes over 2,000,000 people.

The work is growing. Our gain last year was about 270. The Christians are growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth. The Lord has richly blessed the Mission, and is blessing it now. This is a good time to invest money in it. The interest is high and the security ample. Success means expansion, and expansion means more money, more prayer and more faith. Myriads are waiting to hear; God is writing to bless, and Heaven is waiting to rejoice.

REAL repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin, and broken from sin too.—*Neivins.*

Little Utchima, (Rhoda).

BY MRS. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

(Written for the Heart and Hand Mission Band, of Providence, R. I.)

* * * * * Look on a large map of India about half way from Calcutta to Madras, on the eastern coast of Hindustan, and you will find the towns of Chicacole and Calingapatam. These towns, only a few miles apart are situated in the northern district of the Telugu country. North of these, inland about forty miles, is the town of Kimeddy, in the vicinity of which Utchima was born. This was probably about the year 1872. Her mother died while she was an infant, leaving her to the care of her grandmother. Her father was hard and cruel, one whom the heathen around him looked upon as a bad man. He probably gave little thought or care to his lonely child, till the famine of 1877 began to draw down over the people.

During the latter part of 1876 there was great scarcity of food and much suffering among the poorer classes. It was in October of that year that Utchima's father conceived the plan of robbing his own parents to secure a sufficiency for himself. So he made a parcel of all the jewelry and valuables that his father and mother owned, and took them stealthily away at night, and his little daughter with them. In the East money is comparatively little used. They never preserve their wealth in coin, but convert it into jewelry— which they guard closely—or keep upon their persons as the most secure way of preserving it. They have no banks in which to deposit money, and large fortunes, consisting almost wholly of jewelry are common among Eastern people. The only way of disposing of their means is by converting it into real estate, that is, buying land or houses with it. So he took all the means of support his parents had laid by, and left them destitute. He took his little girl, not because he loved her, but because she was worth money, and he hoped to sell her, and so add to his ill-gotten gains. She had gone hungry many days, and her father taking her from door to door had failed to find a purchaser, when he brought her to our Mission house in Kimeddy, and offered her for sale.

Poor little thing she looked up at me so wistfully; naked, gaunt with famine, how could I send her away with this unnatural father, sure to neglect and abuse her. I talked with him, but he would listen to nothing, he wanted money for her. I told him I could not buy the child, it was wicked to buy and sell human beings, but I would take her and care for her, and educate her if he would give her to me. This he would not do, and he took her away. A day or two after he brought her back, saying that he would give her to me for a rupee (about 40 cents) for she cried and no one wanted her.

At last he said he did not know what to do with her, I might have her if I chose, and after many more words he signed a paper, promising to pay me three rupees a month for her board if he ever claimed her again. This was all the security I needed, for he knew he would never pay it. So Utchima came under my care. She was probably about three or four years of age at this time, and had been so neglected and ill-used that she was most difficult to deal with. She was quick and cunning, and would steal anything she wanted as a monkey would, and apparently with as little conscience. Any ordinary punishment she cared nothing for, she had grown up amid blows and kicks and bitter words. She seemed to be wholly unsusceptible to kindness, and no amount of rewards appeared to stir any desire into her heart to merit them.

She wanted to eat all the time;—I suppose as a child she had never been satisfied, and the desire for food had grown to be insatiable. She would go out around the house or the neighboring houses looking for scraps that had been thrown away, picking up bones or decayed fruit, or any refuse she could find, devouring it ravenously.

No amount of food properly prepared at home would satisfy her; she would eat till she could not swallow, then hurrying out of sight and putting her finger down her throat she would disgorge it, and come back for more.

Then she had never worn any clothing; when we attempted to put a little skirt or jacket on her, she would scream and scratch, and bite if she could, and, watching her opportunity, she would steal away, strip herself naked, and hide the obnoxious clothing, where we frequently could not discover; nothing would induce her to tell; a new suit must be provided.

It took two or three months of patient discipline to induce her to submit to a dress.

You must not suppose other Telugu children are like Utchima. I never knew another of her age so depraved and fearless, yet she was so intelligent and quick, and evidently had been so ill-used that though we often feared that she would not repay our care, and regretted having taken her, still her courage and tact interested us, and if only we could turn them in a right direction, there was hope for her, notwithstanding. At that time Nau Nau, a devoted Christian Karen woman, was with me assisting me in my school. She had a great deal of patient wisdom in managing children, and she took Utchima to eat and sleep with, and to be under her constant care. But what a trial Nau Nau had! Teaching Utchima, or Rhoda as I shall now call her, to read, seemed for a long while a hopeless task, but patient continuance brought forth fruit at last.

Can you picture to yourselves a Hindoo school? Floors in India are always plastered, either with mortar or mud, and on this the children sit in a circle around the room with their backs to the wall, while the teacher occupies the centre on a mat, or, in more pretentious establishments, on a chair. Usually in a white-washed school-room you can tell the size of the pupils, by the soiled mark around the room where their heads come in contact with the wall. Each one comes to school with both hands, or a corner of the waist cloth filled with the nicest sand she can find. When she seats herself on the floor she places this in a little heap in front of her, and carefully smooths it over the floor to make an even surface for writing upon. Each child carefully guards her sand-slate from her neighbors, and each one when she has a chance takes just a little sand from the next girl, or overcomes a strong temptation in not doing it, for each

covets the biggest pile and the widest plat of sand. The teacher passes around the room and makes in each patch of sand with her fingers or a small stick, the letters which are to form the day's lesson. The teacher skillfully marks them upside down, that they may be right side up to the pupil from the other side of the slate. Then she carefully gives the sound of the letter as well as the form, and the duty of each pupil is to place her tiny finger in the mark and retrace it, saying aloud each time the name of the letter. If the little finger slips to one side or the other the letter is spoiled, and teacher must make it over again. All Hindoo and Burmese children learn to read and write in this way, in the sand: Little Rhoda sat for many months in the first division of the first class, with the Telugu letter A before her.

By night she would know it, in the morning she had utterly forgotten it, and so the days and weeks passed by. Sometimes I would say to Nau Nau, shall we give her up? Will she ever learn? I could not tell, but it seemed best during school hours to keep her there. We knew she was quick and bright, and it was chiefly her wicked spirit of not caring and not trying, that hindered her. During the second year she took more interest, and gradually her intellect awoke to the new world of letters.

Nau Nau was a faithful mother to Rhoda, and the child knew it and clung to her, though she showed little affection.

When Nau Nau was called to take charge of the Karen girl's school at Kemendine, Burmah, and it was deemed best for her to go, she took Rhoda with her, and I did not see her again till 1880, when I was on a visit to Rangoon. I was prepared to see a change in her, but scarcely all that I found. It was a forcible illustration to my mind of the words, "clothed and in her right mind," as of one who had been a "prodigal child," and "come to herself." Besides her native tongue (Telugu) she spoke with freedom English and Karen, and could make herself understood in Burmese; she could also read the primers of the first three languages, and had begun to study the Burman. Morally she had advanced as rapidly as she had intellectually, and gave promise of being a remarkably bright and active woman. As she played around the house I could not but watch her wonderingly;—her features were the same, but the expression had totally changed. Not long after this Nau Nau married, and placed the child in Miss Rathbun's school for future training. About this time Miss Rathbun recommended her to you, and she took by your request the name of Rhoda.

I know nothing of her history since then, yet I cannot but think that the God who has so wonderfully cared for this little wail, has something for her to do. Pray for her that God may keep her in the times of temptation that must come to one of her nature, and that she may be made "meet for the Master's use."

Those who help her on her way up from the degradation to which she was born, may yet have reason to rejoice that a rare jewel was thus won for the Master's crown.

Providence, Oct., 1883.

Woman's Work in Missions.

BY MRS. M. F. CRAWFORD, TUNG-CHOW, CHINA.

I cannot but look with concern upon the rapidly increasing tendency to a separation of the sexes in religious work. Of course it must be separate to some extent, but it is going to extremes. There is work which only women

can do well, and other which only men can do; but it ought to be done in concert. Women's work should not be confined to women, nor men's to men; each needs the influence of the other. The members of our missions have ever considered it one of the most important parts of our work to teach the women to go to church and worship with the assembly of God's people. This is more Christianizing than many times the labor spent in private teaching while leaving the church-going out. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that men cannot teach women in China, and women men.

The English Baptists of Shan-tung had a church containing quite a good proportion of women, where the missionaries were both single men. One of their native assistants, whom I know well, was in the habit of making village tours, teaching both men and women at their homes, and examining them in Bible lessons, no one deeming it improper.

One sex cannot be Christianized without the other. We wish a great many schools for girls, but we do not wish to see these girls married to men without Christian education. We must therefore have schools for boys; and missionary women, as a rule, must take the school department for both sexes. Moreover, men often come to missionary ladies for religious instruction, and women to missionary men. In short, the men and women of a mission must co-operate and make such division of labor as shall seem best according to circumstances.

Then single ladies going out must be sent to an established mission where they can have a home, suitable protection, and companionship. Our main great work is to evangelize the heathen nations by organizing and training Christian churches. Ladies as well as gentlemen should work in connection with a church, or with reference to one in the near future. We want men for our pastors, and we want churches composed of men and women. One of my life-long battles has been to break down the prejudices which keep women shut out, by insisting that it is proper and a duty for women to go to church where there are men, be instructed and baptized by a man. Continuously, slowly, I have proceeded, but the battle has not been unsuccessful. If a woman says to me, "I will be baptized if you will baptize me: I cannot have a man do it," I know she is not yet a thorough Christian. When truly converted she becomes willing to be God's in God's appointed way. We go out to teach them whosever Christ has commanded, and not to endorse heathen ideas or perpetuate heathen customs where they conflict with Christianity. Then is this the best idea for the societies, only looking at the work here at home? Pressure should not be made upon the board to send out too large a proportion of ladies.—*Heathen Helper.*

A Hopeful Sign in India.

Writing in a current number of the *Indian Evangelical Review*, the Rev. R. V. Modak, a native minister of Ahmednugger, presses with great force and energy the duty of the native church, not only to support itself, but also to enter independently upon the task of advancing the kingdom of Christ. "Now, in the goodness of God," he says, "there is a Christian government in India, and all have full religious liberty. Our faith therefore is not tried by persecution, as of old. But if we will show by all the means in our power that Christianity is of infinite worth to us, we shall convince the people around us of its truth. And the way to do this is as follows: We must assume the expenses connected with our own religious

privileges, and must undertake the work and expense of preaching the gospel to our countrymen; and whatever sufferings and losses come upon us in this work, we must cheerfully meet them. If we persevere in such a course, we shall certainly convince multitudes of the truth of Christianity."

What the Telugus do for Themselves.

BY REV. A. V. TIMPANY, COCANADA.

THE question of self-support in missions, as treated in the *MAGAZINE* for March, 1883, was read by me, and I doubt not by many others, with a great deal of interest. I do not hesitate to say that the members of the Telugu church in Cocanada now give more than they did as heathen. Some time ago I threw the entire finance of the church upon them. It was not long before they earnestly took most vigorous steps to raise funds. So much so was this the case, that my wife said she thought they had too many methods.

But I started this letter to say something about this question as it bears upon the missions in the south Telugu country, especially the mission at Ongole. I had occasion to say some time since, in a very public way, that the chief characteristic of the Ongole work was the amount of work done for which no mission money is given. I still adhere to this most emphatically. I will give an illustration that has recently come to my notice. Brother Craig of Akidu, is the Canadian Baptist missionary between me and the Kistna River, which is the boundary between the Ongole field and the Canadian Baptist mission. Mr. Craig wrote to me that his colporter had found a number of people in a region not before visited, who were believers, and wished to be baptized.

Some two years before, a man from a village west of Ongole some eighteen miles, got along so badly with his fellow-Christians in his native village, that he left, and came away north of the Kistna, and settled. But the root of the matter was in him. He had learned to read in the school in Ongole. As he earned his living, he talked and preached. The result was, that about twenty people had believed, the men had had their long tuft of hair cut off, and "they had commenced to take a collection."

How was it with thousands of the Christians on the Ongole field and my old field of Ramapatam before they became Christians? They were in the pay of the caste people, to perform certain important services in the heathen worship of these caste people. They had pay in money, clothing, and grain. More times than I can tell, have I had these servants of idolatry tell me what they would have to give up and lose by becoming Christians. After they were drawn by the love of Christ to become Christians, not seldom were they pulled by force into the village of the caste men, and beaten because they would not do, could not do, that which from time immemorial they and their fathers had done. I will hazard the assertion that what the Christians lost in this way alone was more than the foreign-mission money paid into the Christian community for teachers, preachers, etc., amounts to altogether.

There was P. Ramiah, now gone home to glory, who was a priest with hundreds of disciples and a fine living. He gave it up, and went to shoemaking, from which Mr. Clough called him, at my request, to study. There is S. Gooriah, who was a priest. He gave it up, and commenced to carry wood on his head, and sell it in the villages,

to get a little food to keep alive. When a man here in India loses his settled way of getting a living, or any considerable part of it, he is not able in a day to put some other employment in its place. What wonder, then, if these Christians for a time do not (if it is true they do not) give as much for Christianity as they did for heathenism?

Again, the wants of the people are increased after they become Christians. I would think the man or woman had not been converted if such were not the case. They are no longer as willing to go *dirty* and as naked as before. They are not willing to have their houses quite as they were before. They have looked into heaven, and they have become the temples of the Holy Ghost. What wonder if they try to rise from the sottishness of idolatry? The thousands who ate carrion must put in its place other food. They must stop stealing from the fields they reap, and the stacks threshed, and the grain-heaps they guard.

To sum up, these Christians about whom I am speaking have less means to do with, after they become Christians, than they had before; they have more wants; and yet they do more for their teachers and preachers, as a rule, than they did for their heathen priests.—*Missionary Magazine*.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Samulcotta.

A postal card, dated January 18th, from Mrs. McLaurin says: "On the 12th fifteen Canadian missionaries met in Cocanada in general conference. Every one of our number but Mrs. Sanford was present. The meetings were most interesting and harmonious. Two native preachers were ordained, Jonathan and a new man from Ongole. The past year has, on the whole, been the most successful in our history, I think. On the 16th broke up. All came here on their way to the Telugu Association in Mr. Craig's field—all but the Curries, who are preparing to sail next month. We are all well."

Akidu.

BAPTISM OF FIVE SCHOOL-GIRLS.

In my little boarding school at Akidu there are only ten girls. Some of these were in attendance before the vacation in July and August; but the others have entered the school at various times since we opened the school in September. One came as recently as the 4th Nov., and another just a month before that. Five of the ten had been baptised in their own villages; the other five did not profess to be Christians, until lately, so far as I knew.

I had often thought about them, and wished they were safe in Christ's fold, and I had decided to speak to Deborah, who had charge of them, and ask her, if any of them were anxious. Before I had an opportunity to do so, Joseph, the teacher of the school, came to me, and told me that they all wanted to be baptised, this was last Sunday after the morning service. I told him to bring the girls over to my study, and when they came I examined them about their belief in Christ. Their answers were quite satisfactory. Some of them had believed, while still in their own villages, and had asked to be baptised, but I had not been informed of this. When the church met in the afternoon, these five were received for baptism, and on Monday morning, the 17th Dec., I baptised them in the canal.

I am happy to say that all these ten girls seem to be behaving well, and walking in love. Lakshmomma, of whom Miss Muir wrote, is well and happy.

As I have intimated above, the school is now under the care of Joseph and Deborah, who were at Asaram for a year. Mary, who was in charge of the girls, is still living at Akidu, but her husband is not teaching now. He preaches in Akidu and the neighboring villages. Besides this she has a little one of her own to take care of. The girls are comfortable in their new home—the Memorial House, and Deborah seems to be doing well as matron, although she is young for the work. I do not mean that she is younger than Mary, but young to have the care of a number of girls. Please remember the girls and their matron in your prayers.

JOHN CRAIG.

INDIA, 20th December, 1883.

[Mr. Wm. Craig, Jr., of Port Hope, Ont., has kindly furnished the following translation of a letter lately received by him.]

GUMANAPADY, '83, October 19th.

To Maharajah Mr. Wm. Craig.

MY VERY DIAR SIR,—Having learnt my name through the letters of your brother, Mr. John Craig, remembering the name of poor me, you have written me a letter, on account of which I am very glad. I shall never forget you. You have desired to hear about our affairs, therefore I am writing a few words.

Sir, a few years ago we did not know the name of the true God. We wandered about like lost sheep in the false paths in which our fathers had walked; we worshipped many idols. In the year 1864 or 1865 we learnt the name of the Saviour Jesus Christ, through our relative Mr. Gabriel.

As it is said in the 12th verse of the 4th of the Acts of the Apostles: "There is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," we having learnt this we broke to pieces with crowbars the idols we had been worshipping and threw them away.

In 1872 our family and a few others (14) were baptized by Mr. Gabriel. By the Lord's favor there are now some hundreds of Christians. Among the Christians many have given up cigar-smoking, arrack-drinking and other bad habits. If it be the Lord's will in a few years the people will become Christians by thousands. The Lord Jesus Christ, the sun of righteousness, has risen on many. Sir, your brother, Mr. John Craig, is conducting the Lord's work well, because the love of Christ is strengthening him, as it is said in 2 Cor. 5, 14, he is laboring much for the Lord's work. From the time that he came to Akidu, the Lord's work is prospering. As it is written in the 18th verse of the 8th chapter of the Apostle Paul to the Romans, Mr. John Craig may say of his toil. Like the Apostle Paul, living without a family he is prosecuting the Lord's work with care. Sir, when I think of your brother's hardships my mind is very sad. We should all pray for him.

My very dear sir, I send many salutations to you and Mrs. Craig. My wife Susanna, my elder brother Samuel, and my younger brother Andrew say salaams to you and Mrs. Craig. Accept the salaams of all in our family. Give my salaams to all in your family.

(Signed)

KARRE PETER.

Letters lately received state that Mr. Craig expected to sail from Madras for home about the middle of March.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

ST. THOMAS ONT.—The members of the F. M. Circle in St. Thomas held an entertainment in their church in January.

The chair was taken by Rev. Elder Rowland, and those who are acquainted with him know how very ably it was filled.

Mrs. Hollins, Secretary of the Mission Circle read an address, which explained the object of the gathering, and appealed to the congregation for aid in the cause.

Mrs. T. L. Lindop, Treasurer, read her report, showing the number of persons belonging to the Circle, and the amount raised in the St. Thomas Circle for Foreign Mission purposes. Our Pastor, Rev. D. Hutchinson delivered an address, in which he dwelt upon the growth of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies, and of the Ladies' Mission Circles.

Rev. Mr. Davidson of Sparta, gave an earnest address on Missionary Work. Several quartettes were sung, Mrs. D. Hutchinson taking an active part. The Ladies' express their sincere gratitude to the church choir for the very appropriate anthems selected by them. An instrumental duet by Misses Zealand and Milligan. A recitation "Morning in Saville," by Miss Watt, formed an interesting programme, successfully carried out. A voluntary collection was taken, realizing nearly \$20; we were at a little expense for printing and use of piano.

The ladies are greatly encouraged, and would suggest to the Circles who have not had a gathering of this kind, to begin and they will find the satisfaction (in aid of the noble work, undertaken by women), so profitable as to surpass their expectations.

Our very estimable president, and other officers of our Circle have been re-elected again in their respective positions for the third year. Namely -- Mrs. John White, President; Mrs. Welton, Vice-president; Mrs. T. L. Lindop, Treasurer; Mrs. Hollins, Secretary. And two collectors.

F. HOLLINS, Sec'y.

CALTON, ONT.—Among the entertainments of the season, permit me to make mention, of the one held at Calton, Timpany Grove, on Feb. 5th. After completing our Mission quilt with nearly four-hundred names, the ladies of our Circle felt a desire to do something more to help on the good work. The chair was filled by Mr. Hurd of Aylmer, who did nobly for our Mission work. Reading of Scripture and prayer, were followed by a few words of welcome by the president. Several heathen nations were represented with their costume, (taken from the LINK). Luksimah, (by Miss Muir), was well portrayed. Miss Ettie Timpany, taking the part of Luksimah and singing in Telugu, added much to the interest, she having been so long a resident of India. I trust this will not soon be forgotten. Also a Missionary Colloquy, by Mrs. E. E. McConnell; Miss Ettie representing the Telugu song in this also. The choir enlivened the evening with sweet music, interspersed with the dialogues by the children.

The quilt was presented to Mrs. Mason by Mrs. Cohoun, after which interesting addresses were given by Elders Sinclair and Mason. We realized the handsome sum of \$44 for our quilt, including the fee at the door. May the Lord make it a blessing to the cause we love.

E. E. MCC.

PLYMPTON, ONT.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th February, a Circle was organized in connection with the Regular Baptist Church of this place with a membership of fifteen. The officers for ensuing year are, Mrs. McDonald, *President*; Miss Donald, *Vice-President*; Miss Chalmers, *Secretary*; Mrs. McDonald, *Treasurer*; and Misses B. M. Chalmers and M. A. Park, *Solicitors*. The work has but begun in this part of the Master's vineyard, but we trust that the Lord will give us grace whereby we may, with one heart and one mind, labor with an eye single to His glory.

E. PARK.

Silver Spray.

It was a bleak December morning in a great city. The crowds passed on in search of gain. Care sat upon many faces. Deep grief upon not a few. Each heart knowing its own bitterness, was trying to lessen or bear its burden of sorrow. Blighted hopes, false friendships, hungry wealth and grim poverty had all their part in the sombre colouring of that throbbing life-picture. The men who were in earnest had now come forth; fashion and frivolity were yet at home, perhaps asleep.

The faces of the crowd were a curious study, for the soul was incarnate in the features. Pride, passion, and self had their signatures in bold characters on many faces.

But two men claim our notice. The one is pale and thoughtful. He has his burden in that sense of failure which almost crushes him to the earth. His history is only too common. Three years before he became the willing minister of a small and poor church. He has toiled day and night, and prayed, thought, visited; many have been converted and cheered on homeward. He is growing in wisdom and power, but he has "failed to make it pay," and the deacons say they cannot go on much longer.

It is surely a hard case. He has a sickly wife and a small family. As a man of culture he must have books and leisure, must live in a certain class of house, and appear respectable, and as society now is, all this demands money. What can he do? He hates speaking to his people about it, and yet he cannot think to leave the place where God is blessing his labours. No wonder he is sad. An earnest worker about to be driven from his life work by the cares of this world.

In the next street another man, the chief support of the church, is confronted by the same problem. He is loath to lose that man who has awakened in him a nobler self, and yet what can he do? No doubt the evil arises from the lack of thought, and not from any want of loving interest on the part of the people. They cannot all be church officers, and matters seem to go on well. Their minister is nicely dressed and apparently cheerful, his sermons are full of power, the congregation increases, and as to the money, why it comes from that mysterious and never failing fountain known as "the church funds."

Believing that all goes smoothly, they give loose copper or silver to the collection, pay their pew rents, praise and love their minister, grow in grace, and have no thought about such an unspiritual thing as money. But this man has to find the means, and although not rich he has nobly given more than his share. It cannot go on much longer, for when the rivulets are very small, and flow very slowly, who can supply the broad stream?

"How sad," he is saying to himself. "Here we are

now a respectable church, owing all to our minister, and yet we are about to lose him, because we cannot raise him the salary of a common clerk. Is there no remedy?"

Thus thinking, he runs against a man who is coming hastily around a corner.

"Halloa there!"

"Halloa, you there!"

"Why, bless me, Brown, is that you? Come along, you are the very man to help me."

Here followed the usual greetings, and the two friends, arm in arm, go down the street.

They were kindred spirits—men in its grandest noblest sense—men of business, and yet men of God. Men who said little about their spiritual feelings, but whose whole being bent in homage before the Divine.

"Well, Herbert," said Mr. Brown, "what's wrong now? One would almost think you a lineal descendent of the weeping prophet."

"And you would be sad also," answered Herbert, "if you had the same reason."

"And why is that, pray?"

"We are about to lose our minister."

"Never," said Brown. "Why he is one of the finest men I ever knew."

"That may be, and yet we must lose him, for we are unable to raise his salary, and we could not ask him to do with less than he has now."

"Very strange," said Brown. "What are your 'financial arrangements,' as people call them—how do you raise the money?"

"In the usual way. We have pew rents and occasional collections, and yet are going behind £50 every year."

"Yes, but have you all a *God's purse and weekly offerings*?"

"A *God's purse and weekly offerings*!" said Herbert, in utter amazement, "what do you mean?"

"Mean: I mean what I say. But by your looks I know the secret of your church failure. But now, Herbert, you listen to me. Your financial arrangements must be changed. Our church was once in the same condition as yours. We are now flourishing, and the secret is a *God's purse in every house, and weekly offerings in the chapel. We have learned on the principles of the Bible that each Christian should have two purses—one for himself and his wife, and one for God. As a free man with a conscience enlightened by God's word, he must be himself the judge of the extent to which God has prospered him, and of the amount to be put into God's purse; but having once settled the amount, he should think it robbing God to touch the Lord's purse but for the Lord's work. Then coming to God's house with God's purse, let each one have his offering on the table prepared for it. Let that table be looked on as an altar; each man deeming it a sacred privilege to worship God with his substance—a great honor to cast his gift into the treasury. And if you do this, depend upon it you can not only keep your minister, but give more to the poor, and help to spread around the religion of Jesus."*

Herbert was amazed and silent, and they walked for a time ere either spoke.

"Why, Brown, you would make giving money an act of family and public worship."

"And so it ought to be, but only the few look on it as such. Take my own case:—For many years after marriage, when I got my quarter's salary, there was a portion for rent, for baker, for grocer, and all the rest, but none for God. I gave as others do, but I had no special purse for Him. But now, while believing that all I have and am is God's, and that in living honestly I please Him, I

still hold that some definite part of my income should go to God's service, and having acted upon my belief, God has prospered me with peace and plenty, with something also for a rainy day, and I have given to His service three times as much as in former days. Get your church to do the same, and tell me the result. But I must go; good morning."

Herbert walked on in deep thought, and as he mused, the fire burned, a new light was dawning upon his mind. Nobler resolves of self-sacrifice, like so many angels of mercy, were arising from the graves of a dead past. Conscience also, shaking herself free from the fetters of evil habits, claimed to sit supreme on the throne of his soul. He bent in deep sorrow—he knew he had not done the right—and now, at the call of conscience, there came before him in stately array, the examples and commands of God's book. He saw the ancient Jews in a state of semi-barbarism giving one-tenth of their substance unto God; remembered how often in praying that God would open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, he had forgotten the condition of bringing one-tenth unto God, that there might be meat in His house; saw the early Christians piling themselves and all that they had as a living sacrifice on the altar of Christ, recalled the numerous allusions to giving in the epistles, and heard a voice crying unto him, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." He was self-condemned—confessed his faults, and then vowed if God would forgive him the past ignorance and cruel neglect, he would begin his life of Christian giving anew.

During business hours his mind turned again and again to the vow he had made, and a new hope arose within. He felt that he had now a hold of the missing link, and determined soon to insert it into the broken chain of holy influence. And the more he thought of it, the more did he realise the full value of the scheme. He saw how that, not only would the minister's salary be provided for, but all the varied and unavoidable expenses of God's house; and instead of the necessity of sending round boxes to each person, all efforts, whether for missions at home or abroad, whether for ground-rent, or house-rent, in fact, everything which a living church ought to undertake, might and ought first to be offered on the altar to God. And arising from it men would thus give, as seeing Him who is invisible, and thus, in its grandest and noblest sense, make to themselves friends out of the mammon of unrighteousness.

He hurried home in the evening, and his wife seeing he was dull, said little, but was very cheerful. Instead of spending the evening in the parlour, he went upstairs and entered upon holy ground. He was alone with Emmanuel; but into that holiest of all no alien eye must look. He came forth a wiser, nobler man. The next day was Sunday, and it was the habit in his house that all should rise as early on that day as on any other—a habit that more would do well to acquire. When he came down he was cheerful but perplexed. He knew the right, but feared lest his wife might not approve. However, he must have her consent before moving a step.

"We must have two purses after this my dear," he said.

"Two purses!" she cried in alarm, "two purses! Why, what have I done; am I not careful enough?" It was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Here was a scene now—he felt very foolish. However, he managed to smile, and quietly said, "You do not understand me, dearest. You and I must have one purse, and only one; but we have never had a purse for God."

"He then told her his conversation with Mr. Brown, and concluded by asking her to consent to the two purses—one for the house and one for God, the latter receiving at least one-tenth of all they possessed.

His wife seemed to hesitate. She thought, "The children need new clothes, and there is my silk dress getting quite shabby, and besides we need so many other things; but yet, if my Father sent His only Son to die for me, how can I refuse to do all I can for his house."

"Well, Herbert, said she, "if you think it is right I shall not hinder you."

And thus it came about that in Herbert's house there were two purses—one for him and his wife and one for God.

It need scarcely be said that no happier man entered their chapel that morning.

At least one-half the struggle was over, and he could commit the rest to God.

In the chapel all seemed to go well. The people had no idea of their impending loss. The sermon was one of great power on the subject of cross-bearing, and concluded by an elegant reference to the grand army of conquerors around the throne,—those who stand in white robes on the banks of the river of life.

The congregation then sang, "Shall we gather at the river." Herbert joined as usual, but when he came to the verse,—

"On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day,"

he paused. "Silver spray," he thought! Is there not silver spray required on earth as well as in heaven? A treasurer's thought, no doubt, but to him a very suggestive one; and in view of it he beheld that stream of worship which makes glad the city of our God flowing along the banks and channels of outer forms, with the waves of divine music leaping in gladness, and the willing offerings, like so much silver spray, telling of the gladsome billows which rolled beneath.

In the church meeting, after the service, there was a strange hush, like to that before a coming storm. The minister rose and, in a few broken sentences; told them he could preach no longer, because the church funds were not enough to meet the demands, and it preyed so upon his mind that he must give up. His words fell as a thunderbolt among them. They could not bear to lose him. It took them by surprise, and all said they were prepared to do something to keep him. But what could be done? When all were silent, Herbert rose and told them the history of his own change of mind about money, explaining the nature of the two purses, and the weekly offering, and urged them, one and all to do as he had resolved to do.

There was little difficulty. In fact the plan seemed so fair and simple to every one that they could not object, nor did they. They loved their minister. In fact they were to a large extent ignorant of how matters stood, for although there was a periodic reading of accounts, they had such unbounded confidence in their deacons, they thought little about money matters.

Loving their minister, no one said, "He has too much, for he has more than I have;" no one spoke of "being taxed for free gospel," nor trembled for their "voluntarism." They felt it an honour, and act of worship to give, and each member resolved to have two purses, and the whole church agreed to the offertory table as an altar of thanksgiving to the God of all grace and goodness.

From this day a new era dawned upon the church. No doubt there were some who opposed it, some who thought there should be no money given except to the poor; but these were met with the plain statement of the New Testament that "they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

Some, also, thought the table too public, because no one should know who gives; but they forgot that they publicly paid their pews. In general there was perfect satisfaction with the change, especially when the income became double, and a higher spiritual life entered into the church.

The family feeling grew stronger—the social household and God's household were more firmly united—self-denial became more common—giving was now regarded as a privilege, a luxury twice blessed, and ere long that God, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof, and who is honoured by the offerings of his people, did pour out "such a blessing that there is not room enough to receive it."

Not long after this Herbert was in the city and again met Mr. Brown. This time he was cheerful enough and scarce waited for the customary salutations ere he began to tell what a wonderful change had been wrought by the two purses and the table altar.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "has your minister got another place?"

"No," said Herbert, "and I hope never will. Why, he is like a new man. He preached well before, but you should hear him now. The whole church is alive with a new life; all our current expenses are easily met; we have doubled our mission collection; the deacons rub their hands and smile with gratitude, and we feel that "old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

"Well done," said Mr. Brown, "I told you how it would be; and in future if any church asks you how to scare away the armed man of poverty, who has strangled so many good works, send them to Dr. Brown or tell them of his famous cure, called,

TWO PURSES,

AND

THE WEEKLY OFFERING TABLE."

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Some of you may be reading the missionary story which is now being published in the *Baptist*. We are apt to forget other heathen nations because our own mission is in India. I am sure you would all be interested in parts of this story about the earnest missionaries who were working and suffering for Christ in that far-away island. Perhaps mamma will tell you some of the ways and customs of the heathen there if the story itself is too old for you. A young man from one of the sandwich islands was brought to this country to be educated, after he had learned to love Christ. One evening he spent in a company where a lawyer who was an infidel tried to puzzle him with difficult questions about the Bible. At last Hopu replied "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you; but soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. Only one question will be asked us then, namely: "Do you love

the Lord Jesus Christ? Now, sir, I think I can say yes, but what will you say? The lawyer could not speak. God used these few words of the boy to make him think how unprepared he was for the great judgment day, and he did not rest until he too, loved the Lord Jesus.

Here is a little dialogue for six girls to recite called

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE.

- First*.—There's a call from a far-off heathen land,
Oh, what can you give for its great demand?
- All*.—We have not wealth like the rich man's store
We will give ourselves; we have nothing more.
- Second*.—I will give my feet—they shall go and go
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.
- Third*.—I will give my hands—till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not, but can earn.
- Fourth*.—I will give my eyes—the story to read,
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.
- Fifth*.—I will give my tongue that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.
- Sixth*.—We have little to give, but by and by
We may hear a call from the Voice on high,
To bear My Gospel o'er land and sea
Into all the world—go ye! go ye!
- All*.—Though of silver and gold we have none at all
We will give ourselves, if we hear that call.

Mrs. Preston has written a little poem which I will copy for you next:

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

Have you read the wonderful story
Of what happened so long ago,
Away in a distant country
In sight of the Alpine snow?
How thousands of little children,
With scallop and staff in hand,
Like Peter the Hermit's pilgrims
Set forth for the holy land?

From hamlet and town and castle,
For many and many a day,
These children had seen their fathers
March to the east away.
"Why do they go?" they questioned
Of their mother's who watched and wept,
"They go to take from the heathen
The tomb where the dear Lord slept.

And the thought in their young hearts kindled,
Let us do as our father's do;
Let us wear the cross on our shoulder
And help in the conquest too,
The strength of one child is as nothing
But we'll gather in one strong band,
The strength of ten thousand children
For Christ and the Holy Land."

And so, they tell us, these children
On their strange wild mission went,
But the Saviour who would not lead them
In the way He had not sent,
Lifted them up in his pity,
(Misguided, and yet his own),
And instead of the tomb they sought for
Sent them to sing by his throne.

Now what is the tender lesson
Wrapped up in this story so?
And what can we learn from these children
Who lived such a long time ago?

For the Sepulchre's sake, where only
Three days the Redeemer lay,
They were willing to face much danger
And wasted their lives away.

For a Temple that is eternal
Where the living stones are piled—
(Each stone of the costly building
The soul of a heathen child.)
Are there ten thousand children
Over this land so broad
Willing to work? their shoulders
Wearing the badge of God?

Are there ten thousand children
Filled with a zeal intense,
Ready for Christ to offer
Their labors, their prayers, and their pence?
For the gifts and the prayers of the children
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a Holy Land.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

ONGOLE.—Up to the time I left Ongole (Nov. 16), 1885 had been baptized into the Ongole church since Jan. 1. But in that number are not included those that have been baptized at Nursaravapetta, Vinakonda and Baptula since Oct. 1; neither does it include those who were baptized into the twenty-six local churches connected with the Ongole mission.—J. E. CLOUGH, D.D., Dec. 6, 1883.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from February 1st to February 27th, 1884.

Mrs. Alex. Dunn, Langley, B.C., \$5; St. Thomas, M.C., \$20.27 (of this \$13.50 were the proceeds of an entertainment in aid of the Circle; Woodstock, M.C. (to send a native Telugu girl to school), \$18; Jarvis St., Toronto, M.C., \$19.13; Beverley St., Toronto, M.C., \$17.45; Goble's Corners, M.C., \$22.20 (of this \$7.30 was collected at a public meeting); Goble's Corners, M. B., \$4.21; Alexander St., Toronto, M.C., \$17; Whitevale, M. B., \$3 (of this 25c. was the proceeds of Winton's Mission Garden); College St., Toronto, M.C., \$10; Petrolia, M. C., \$7; Total, \$143.26.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

W.B.F.M. SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST.

Receipts from January 25th, to February 27th, 1884.

Ottawa, \$9.47; Hull, \$20.53; Thurso, \$28; Montreal—Olivet Cheerful Workers, \$160.46; Olivet Circle, \$38.30; Sawyerville, \$10; Abbott's Corners, \$5; Total, \$271.76.

M. A. SMITH, Treas.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

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