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# Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. III., No. 4.]

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

[DEC., 1880.]

## The Canadian Missionary Link.

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### Our Sisters in India.

PAPER BY MRS. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG, READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

*Dear Sisters of Ontario and Quebec.*—I am sorry that I can be with you to-day only in spirit, and am not able personally to convey to you my cordial thanks for your kind invitation to be present with you.

The Master who was with me during some years of service in the foreign field, has brought me back again to those who in thought and feeling, in name and speech are one with myself. I meet many who were friends in by-gone days and many more,—may I not class you among them,—who through their sympathy with the work in heathen lands, feel an interest in even the humblest worker there. Pleasant as the revival of old associations, and the meeting with friends must be, through it all I seem to see the eager, waiting faces of the dark-browed sisters I have left, turned appealingly towards me, as though they would say "Have you—will you—forget us?" I do not wish to do so, but rather to bring them and you nearer together, till one common sister-hood binds us all in loving fellowship.

Telugu women and Canadian women are not so unlike as many may suppose. Their color, their dress, their food, their homes, their position in society are totally dissimilar, yet are not all these differences *external*. Their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, their love and hatred and jealousy, their motherhood with all its cares and recompenses are much like ours. "Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart." He loves the Marthas and Marys beneath the burning skies of India as He does those of happier homes in more temperate climes. The wailing of the orphan and the widow in Hindustan strikes upon His ear as speedily and as plaintively as those that rise from Canadian hearths and homes. He sends sunny days to the children there as here, and gladdens their parents' hearts with food and raiment. "Have we not all one Father?" Yes, and we all bear His image; His image marred by sin, twisted by our misunderstandings, yet filled with aspirations and possibilities of greater things, conscious of yearnings that nothing here can satisfy, conscious too of guilt that no effort of ours can wash away. He sees and pities us each and all. "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." The thought may arise in some minds that those who "fear God and work righteousness" are more numerous here than

in heathen lands. It is certainly true that those who love Him are found chiefly among us, because we only have heard of His love to us. But those who know little more of God than as an avenger fear Him in all lands, everywhere "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men," and of this many stand in awe, and those who, following blind guides, work what they deem to be righteousness, are no inconsiderable number among the heathen. If Canadians had not heard the Gospel and Hindoos had, the righteous would be there, not here. "What maketh us to differ, or what have we that we did not receive?" It becomes us not to be "highminded, but to fear." Our Hindoo sisters are what we would be without the gospel. We are much as they would be if they had known of Christ.

There are two distinct classes of women in India—those who live a secluded life, and those of the lower classes, who labor in the fields or wherever they can get work. There, as here, those who work hard every day and scarcely gain enough to eat, have little time to think. It is hard to awaken much thought among them. To earn their rice, to cook and eat it and have time to rest their weary limbs in sleep, is about the height of their ambition. So long as they can work, they give little thought to what the end of it all is to be. In their own expressive way they will tell you, "we cannot get enough to feed our bodies, what is the use of talking to us about our souls?"

Any who have visited among the lowest classes in our own towns and villages have met with much the same reception. In India, however, the poverty is greater, and those who are pinched and strained in circumstances are more numerous than here. Still, a large class of the people hold themselves to be the ladies of the land. They are ennobled by their birth as they suppose. Too refined and modest for exposure to the public gaze, they pride themselves on their seclusion, and find within the narrow limits of their own households sufficient to fill their lives if not their hearts. Many of these fritter away their time in gossiping and such gaiety as befits their station in life; but some among them are pious, and can say in all sincerity as Paul did when he persecuted the Christians to the death, that he was "zealous toward God."

Among this class of people who have more time to think and whose husbands and sons are often educated, thus bringing them into contact with the thought of others, I have found those who were "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." They deemed no sacrifice too great, no hardship too severe, which would purchase for them a little more of the favor of Deity. Their one object in life was to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. Their prayers were "but vain repetitions," yet they were never forgotten; daily they burned lamps before their idols and made them offerings; daily they fed or clothed the poor; and they did not require some one to ask them to contribute to this or that charity, nor was there any need of collectors calling on them; they gave freely and generously, and rejoiced in it. Their sacred books told them, "By thy works thou shalt be justified, and by thy works thou shalt be condemned." They

knew the "terrors of the law" Alas! for them, they had never heard of salvation by grace. They knew of a just God, but none had told them that He was also a Saviour to "save His people from their sins. They had heard He was pleased with their giving, they did not know of "His unspeakable gift." They had no knowledge of the grand secret of our peace, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and "going about to establish a righteousness of their own" was all that was left to them. Often I have heard them say, we have made a pilgrimage to this shrine and to that, but there are many more places we must go. There are always more gods to worship, more sacrifices to make, more good deeds to be done, we are never satisfied, we can never say we have reached the end, we never know what we have left undone.

Such people do not always hear the Gospel readily. They have their own righteousness wrought with much toil and care, and poor and insufficient as they feel it to be, it is still precious for the labor it has cost them. They have bought it so dearly that they will not part from it till they are thoroughly convinced that the "robe of Christ's righteousness" is the only one which we can wear acceptably in the palace of the King.

One sad difference between the religious Hindoo woman and her sister in Christian lands is, that the first is a service purely of fear, while ours is a service of love. The one is the spirit of a slave, the other that of a child at home. They are always trying to propitiate an offended God, we rejoice in Him who is the "propitiation for our sins." They bare the burden of their transgressions, working out "their own salvation with fear and trembling," knowing nothing of Him who "worketh in us" and "in whom we are complete." The insufficiency and insignificance of what they have done compared with what they ought to have done, and the mountain of uncanceled sin for which they cannot atone weighs upon their hearts. "God only knows of how many of them it may be said at last as of Cornelius, "thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Yet, we know that "by the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Peter was sent to teach Cornelius the way of life, because his prayers and alms alone were not sufficient. Yes, my sisters, and when your hearts were moved to send the Gospel to the Telugus, perhaps back of that was the prayer of some poor woman to her Swamy (Deity) that passed beyond the idol to the God whom she "ignorantly worshipped." The prompting of the Spirit in your heart it may be was the answer to her prayer.

Our sisters in India are groaning under the yoke of heathenism, and it is given to us to set them free. How shall we meet them hereafter if we neglect them now? How my heart has ached for the hopeless sorrows I have found among heathen women. When our little children die our friends weep with us and tell us "it is well with the child." When a Hindoo child dies the mother has lost it indeed; as its little body passes out from her sight, all hope of ever seeing it again dies away from her heart. She knows nothing of a heaven of ransomed little ones. Her child has been taken away, they tell her, because she has displeased the gods, and

it has gone from her forever. I remember one sad-faced woman whose children had nearly all died in infancy. Every day she wept and bewailed them, and would not be comforted, because they "were not." Her long years of weeping had dimmed her sight, her eyes were sunken, and the dark circles around them told that hers was no transient sorrow.

When I told her how Christ had died for our sins, and how he loved and saved the little children, how she repented and believed in Him she might yet join her children in their glorious home above; she drank in my words with almost breathless wonder. "Are they anywhere now," she said, "can I ever see them, or put my arms around them again?" And I could see the hope kindled in her soul—that no after-doubt could quite quench. It was all so new, and then it might be true was the language of her eyes at least. I do not know whether the woman has saving faith in Christ or not; but when I left Chicacole her relatives told me she does not weep now as she did; she has been a great deal happier since you talked to her." When a Hindoo woman's husband dies every one spurns her. "What a wicked woman you must be," they say, "it was for some sin of yours that your husband died. How indignantly I have listened as one said 'such-and-such a woman is dead.'" "Ah, was she a sinner or a saint?" "Oh, she was a sinner," would be the answer. And that meant nothing more nor less than that the woman was a widow. The gods had prejudged her a sinner in taking away her husband, and every one else said "Amen."

When the worshipper of idols draws near to death, with what terror the message comes! It is all so dark beyond. She knows not what sins are to rise up and condemn her; she knows not to what misery she must submit; friendless and alone she is going to be judged for the deeds done in the body. How different from the Christian going to meet the Judge who loves and has forgiven her?

When the news of a terrible famine in India reached England every heart was stirred. Accounts of the intense suffering of the living, and the many and terrible deaths thrilled every sensitive heart, and help for the famine stricken was the burden of many an appeal and many a prayer. Alas, for the famine stricken souls! Century after century they have languished and perished in despair. Still the long mournful procession hurries on to everlasting darkness. "What shall we do to be saved? what shall we do to be saved?" they cry. They torture their poor bodies, they fast, and they pray, they cry aloud to those that cannot help them and cut themselves and weary themselves with their crying; and there is "neither voice, nor any to hear, nor any that regarded."

Shall we pity the perishing body and forget the anguish soul? Shall we give them bread that perishes and withhold that which "if any man eat, he shall live forever?"

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, 'Feed my sheep.'" "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

Mr. TIMPANY writes, under date, September 24th: We have been home a little more than a week and are getting settled down again to our work here. There was plenty of work awaiting us; and although we have done our best, it is still before us. The girls are getting back from vacation, and some new ones will be coming in, so Mrs. Timpany has plenty to do arranging and getting things running.

A number of Telugu people are enquiring, in and around Cocanada. Some are cases of much interest. The truth is working more and more. The new chapel is doing its work. It stands close to the road, along which all the carts coming into Cocanada pass. Multitudes of people all day long and much of the

night also, come and go. Scarcely a hymn is sung but that some strangers listen to it. People now, far and wide, know what this Compound is for, and that it is the home of the Missionaries. Almost every meeting is attended by some heathen. Thus, week by week, and month by month, the Word is going forth to people who live near and far. The English interest has not abated. I go this evening to see some who wish to be baptized. There are four, I think, at present who are intending to come forward in baptism.

At Samulcotta where your Bible woman Ellen lives, there are some awaiting baptism. I am building a house there, having a large room for school and meetings, and a room for Ellen and her family. I pay her Rs. 10 a month, and help her a little about clothes. She is costing a little over the \$50 given for her. The \$50 for village schools I am taking to build, or rather help to build, the house mentioned, and to establish a school at one or two other places. I am rejoicing at being able from this on, to give more of my own time to direct field work.

I had a bell sent to me the other day, to look at and take for our chapel if I thought it suitable. The price was \$40. I tried it in the tower but found it too small. Perhaps Mr. McLaurin will try and bring out one with him. The new boat "Canadian" has travelled already about two thousand miles. Mr. Craig started for Akidu last evening with it. He had on board some furniture for his home there, some lime for his house, and some doors and windows for village school house chapels.

### Tuni.

#### AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

A few days ago I returned from a week's tour in the north western section of the Tuni field. Some time before leaving home I had heard that a Christian family was living in a certain village in that region; and one object of our visit there was to seek out this family, and afford them whatever encouragement and spiritual benefit we might be able to impart. Making our headquarters at Nursapatam, an important civil station in that section, we visited a number of surrounding villages, preaching to large and very attentive audiences. At one of these villages we found the family above mentioned, and were not a little pleased to discover a Christian home in the midst of the heathen darkness prevailing all around. The husband was absent; but the wife and little son were at home and seemed to appreciate our visit very highly. The house was given up to me during the day we spent there, while the regular occupants found temporary accommodation at the house of a relative. The one room, though not large, was scrupulously clean; and in this respect appeared in striking contrast with the ordinary dwellings of the lower classes. It was a surprise to find such an amount and variety of excellent Christian literature (in the vernacular) as the house contained. There were several back numbers of different religious periodicals, two or three different hymn books, and a complete copy of the Telugu Bible in one volume—the first I remember to have seen anywhere (the Telugu Old and New Testaments in our possession at Tuni, and those seen elsewhere, being bound separately). Hannamah (the name of this woman) and her husband were converted several years ago in Rangoon, where they had been living some time. There they became connected with a society of the Plymouth Brethren, though she calls herself a Baptist, not recognizing any distinction between the two bodies. Her husband is now in Rangoon, but is expected home in a few months. He earns higher wages there than he could get on this side, and supports his family by remittances sent home. The brother-in-law and sister of Hannamah, having been taught by her, profess to be believers in Christ; and so far as we could ascertain, their faith seemed to be genuine. They expressed their intention of coming to Tuni after a time to receive baptism. Thus her faithfulness appears already to be bearing fruit. Completely isolated from all Christian association, except with those whom she has herself persuaded to believe, her home seemed to me like an oasis in the desert. It was refreshing to find a spot where prayer was wont to be made, and to meet with one who sympathized with our work, and rejoiced to welcome us as preachers of the truth. After preaching a long time to the people of the village in the morning, and resting awhile in the middle of the day, it was no small privilege to conduct worship in this humble Christian home. Hannamah's son, nine years of age, a bright, promising-looking lad, seemed scarcely less pleased with our visit than his mother, and manifested a special liking for David, one of the two native preachers who are with me. I hope to have him in our school at Tuni some time. As evening approached, we took leave of our newly-made acquaintances, and returned

to our lodging-place at Nursapatam, thankful for the experience of the day, and hoping that the little gleam of Christian light which we had found shining amid the darkness, might, by God's blessing, continue to increase in power and brilliancy, until the shadows are driven away from all that region.

G. F. CURRIE.

Tuni, India, Sept. 29, 1880.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario.

#### WORK FOR THE CIRCLES FOR 1881.

At a special meeting of the Central Board of Ontario, held on the 26th of November, it was determined to continue the support of the Girls' School; Amelia; Ellen, the Bible woman at Samulcotta; the village schools on the Cocanada, Tuni and Akidu fields; and to furnish all the books needed for the work. The Treasurer was authorized to send, through Mr. T. D. Craig, \$600 on the 1st of December to India, to be appropriated as follows—Cocanada Station, for the Girls' School, \$225; Amelia, \$25; Bible woman, \$50; village schools, \$50; books, tracts, etc., \$50. Tuni, school, \$50. Akidu, village schools, \$150.

It was also resolved that, as Mrs. McLaurin expects to engage in Zenana work on her return to India, the Women's Society should undertake to pay the \$500 required for her passage out. This can easily be done, in addition to meeting the next half-yearly payment for the Girls' School and Amelia, if the Circles continue as earnest and faithful as they have hitherto been. The Central Board therefore feel assured that they can appeal with confidence to their sisters in Ontario to uphold their action in this matter.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT.

Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario in account with Jessie M. Lloyd, Treasurer.

Dr.

1880.		
To amount in Bank		\$451 03
" Dundas	\$ 23 00	
" Yorkville	102 98	
" Paris	106 61	
" Brantford	53 10	
" Theedford	15 00	
" Stratford	18 00	
" Alexander Street	152 23	
" Port Hope	57 00	
" Guelph	67 00	
" Denfield	43 79	
" Timpany's Grove	41 00	
" Whitby	3 60	
" Ingersoll	13 12	
" Port Burwell	9 25	
" Salford	6 00	
" Strathroy	28 00	
" College Street	18 04	
" Whitby (6th concession)	15 00	
" London (York Street)	52 55	
" " (Adelaide Street)	46 00	
" Aylmer	34 50	
" Interest on Bank account	7 30	
" Beamsville	12 00	
" Peterboro'	73 75	
" Uxbridge	21 00	
" Special Contributions	159 06	
" Woodstock	61 00	
" Parliament Street	32 85	
" Cheltenham	27 50	
" Winnipeg	25 00	
" Belleville	2 00	
" Simcoe	15 90	
" Kincardine	4 75	
" Georgetown	3 25	
" Jarvis Street	151 67	
" Samia	24 00	
" Queen Street (colored)	9 15	
Total Receipts		\$1987 00

Cr.

1880.		
By T. D. Craig		\$1300 00
" Printing	\$ 14 25	
" Postage, Stationery, &c.	25 99	
" Lithogram	7 00	
" Expenses of Annual Meeting last year	12 00	
" Cash on hand	4 50	
" Cash in Bank	623 26	
		687 00

Total Expenditure.....\$1987 00

Audited and found correct.

H. E. BUCHAN,  
T. DIXON CRAIG.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The fourth annual meeting of our Women's Society has brought us once more together, and as a beginning to my report I shall give you a brief extract from a letter received during the year from Amelia Keller, who, with Mrs. Timpany, was with us three years ago, and helped to inspire us with zeal for the Telugu work. She writes: "Do not imagine I forget our dear old friends, I like to see you all once more, but I don't think I can, and hope in God we will meet at last in our Father's house, where no wide sea will be between us." To Amelia Keller's wish, I am sure, we all respond, Amen.

The correspondence during the year was not especially marked. The call for united prayer, and the question of the Boat-fund, awakened responses which have been more manifest in deeds than words. Many of the Circles are represented here to-day. I will read the list as they appear on our books: Aylmer, Alexander-St., Belleville, Beamsville, Boston, Brantford, Courtright, Cheltenham, Calton, College-St., Dundas, Denfield, Guelph, Georgetown, Ingersoll, Jarvis-St., Kincaidine; London—York-St., London—Adelaide-St., Lakefield, Line Baptist Church, Parliament-St., Port Burwell, Peterboro', Paris, Port Hope, Queen-St. Baptist, Strathroy, Simcoe, Salford, Stratford, Sarnia, Selwyn, Sparta, Theford, Uxbridge, Whitby, 6th concession, Whitby town, Winnipeg, Woodstock, Yorkville.

Forty-one names are recorded here. In some cases it is only the name, as they have no voice nor report. We regret to think that there are churches in which there is no missionary spirit among the women,—we cannot think it and the names have been read to-day in our public meeting in the hope that the interest which has for a time slept will be aroused, and that they will be among the honored instruments of winning Telugu-land for Christ.

During this year a poem called the *Light of Asia* has created unusual interest in the literary world. Its merits are undeniable; it contains much that is a ministration to æsthetic taste and culture. As many of you know, it is the story or legend of Buddhism depicted in most attractive form, and the Gautama, the founder of this delusion, is made so beautiful, noble and self-sacrificing, that the human heart, in its outreaching for some object of adoration, instinctively turns towards this *resplendent* light. Time will not permit me to dwell more fully on the details and workings of the system—but, Sisters of Ontario, will you not to-day turn your eyes and thoughts to Asia, and ask, What has Buddhism done for India? What have Gautama and his disciples done for woman in India? Then,—remembering the degradation which everywhere exists there, about which you may thoroughly inform yourselves by reading missionary literature (and this we beg of you to do),—turn to Bethlehem and Calvary, remember with prayerful hearts the One who said, "I am the light of the world" and ask what our Saviour does for woman in India? Take the solitary case of Amelia Keller,—Which was the best for her, the Light of Asia, or the Light of the World? Sister, how many women would you like to be the instrument of saving? You may not go; but a small sum a year and earnest prayer will send at least one ray of light to the dark room and the darker heart, and the woman shall rise, and, striking off the dust and cobwebs of the centuries, sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him, and life will be *living*, and eternity a reality of joy.

Our foreign letters nearly all find a place in print. Mr. Timpany, at last accounts, was engaged in the revision of the Telugu New Testament. In a letter, dated August 9th, he says: "A good many of my old people, preachers and others, are coming to see me. Nariah came the other day. Poor fellow, he got hold of me and cried like a child—and so they come. The preachers and Christians have stood well. We should remember that these were evangelized by Canadian money." Mr. Timpany writes this from near his old field, where there is quite a staff of laborers. He then says he wishes he had just such preachers in Cocanada, but it is a new field and needs more money and more prayers. We had hoped to have heard from Ellen, the Bible woman of Samulcotta, but the letter has not yet reached us. Mrs. Currie writes, August 2nd, of difficulties connected with the school at Tun: "When the Brahmins found that a Christian teacher was to be employed they persuaded the higher castes not to attend. The school only numbers ten or twelve. We are doing all we can to persuade others to attend, but may yet have to offer some inducement other than education before the place is filled. Opposers also raised some absurd stories about Moham-medans lying in wait to kidnap boys, and as we live at some distance from the village this may prevent timid ones. Some are waiting hoping we will offer support, as well as education. This, of course, we

cannot do, nor do we wish it. So you see we are beset with difficulties. We do not despair of overcoming them, if strength and time are allowed us. Still the *dense* darkness of this heathenism is something appalling. Sometimes there seems not a gleam of light even to us. Our faith has not altogether failed, but it has been tried. We long to see that some impression has been made upon the mass of the people by the faithful and constant preaching of the Gospel—to see a little glimmer of light in the darkness. But the darkness seems to press inward with almost crushing weight at times upon our souls." Can we deny these the lamp of Life?

Mrs. Timpany writes concerning the request for special and earnest prayer issued by the Board: "The circular Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Currie have seen. All think it very good, and have no doubt it will call forth united prayer, which will be heard and answered by our Heavenly Father both in a blessing on what you are doing at home and upon the work here. It is good to remember from whence our help cometh. This we find especially necessary here."

These letters and others are all full of interest. Our missionaries love the work and enter into it with whole hearts. Mrs. McLaurin is interesting herself at home, and doing all she can to inspire the women with missionary zeal. Shall we speak of difficulties to-day? Shall we not rather take the Treasurer's statement as a sign of increasing interest? Another young woman has recently asked to be sent as our missionary. This is the fourth. The spirit in which these requests are made prove love for Christ and His work, and must we say, We cannot send you? There is but one reason why we cannot—a want of dollars. And where does the responsibility lie? It rests on us. On the women assembled here to-day. If the churches here represented are faithful we shall win souls. Mrs. Timpany said at our first anniversary, "The work will grow as you grow." We must report to-day: It has grown beyond us:—

"Sisters I ye who have known the Elder Brother's love;  
- Ye who have sat at His feet, and lean'd on His gracious breast;

Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own blest home above,  
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them up Him for rest?

"Oh! for a clarion voice to reach and stir your nest,  
With the story of sisters' woes gathering day by day  
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),  
Till you rouse in the strength of the Lord and roll the stone away."

Respectfully submitted,  
H. H. HUMPHREY, Cor. Sec.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MISS MUIR, OF MONTREAL.

It would be impossible to express in words the gladness that fills my heart at being permitted to be present this afternoon. Every year as you have met I have been with you in spirit and longed to see you personally and hear the particulars of the work, and it hardly seems possible that the desire has been granted. In Mrs. Freeland's address reference was made to a fact that had quite escaped my memory—that the Eastern branch of this society was formed before this one. It recalled to my mind the formation of the society at Montreal, and the reluctance with which we undertook it. When Mr. Timpany came to consult with some other ladies and myself about the advisability of having a Canadian Women's Baptist Missionary Society, I did everything I could to discourage him. I told him that I was sure that we could not succeed in keeping it up—that we were not like the American ladies, not nearly so clever, or capable of taking any public part like they were; that it would be difficult to get a lady who would take charge of a meeting; and as for expecting any one to *speak*, that could never be done. He listened to all I had to say, and then, in his quiet, persistent way, said: "The question is not whether you will have a society at Montreal or not, that is already decided; we are determined about that; what we wish to know from you is, who will be the most suitable ladies to appoint as officers for the first year?" So what could we do but submit? Oh, how blind we were! When God in His kindness was opening a door of usefulness and happy service before us, we shrank back, and through want of faith and confidence feared to enter; but by the hand of His Providence He gently pushed us in, and we must ever thank Him for it. It is an honor, a privilege, that we women are allowed in an organized way to assume some definite part of this Foreign Mission work, to share with our brethren in the responsibility of providing means for the spread of the Gospel in Telugu. Besides, it is such happy work, bringing

us into sympathy with Christ, and lifting us out of the narrow circle of our personal thoughts and plans; and we long to have every woman share it with us.

The pleasure and responsibility of building churches where Christ may be preached is nearly always confined to the gentlemen. We may contribute a little, but the amounts are so small that they seem like nothing in proportion. We have none of that delightful sense of being able to contribute something worth while. We can only look on and admire, and sometimes wish we were in their position. There is one Chapel, however, that in one sense belongs to us. Through the kind Providence of God we have been permitted to send the means to build it. Towards that spot in Cocanada, which none of us have ever seen, our thoughts have often turned. But we must not think for a moment that, now it is built and paid for, our work with regard to it is over. Very far from it. Our aim and prayer while gathering the money was, that in that Chapel Christ might be so preached, that many of the darkened souls that enter it may be touched by His love and open their hearts to receive Him as their Saviour and Friend. Until that is accomplished our work is not done. Every Sabbath, as we pray for our own pastors, that Christ will stand by them and speak through them, let us remember our missionaries in the Chapel at Cocanada and the congregation gathered there, and let our hearts go out in prayer and sympathy for them.

I do not know if you all feel as I do, but I cannot say that I feel the same interest in the men and boys in Telugu as I do for the women. The gentlemen are sure to see that the boys and men are looked after, that they are educated and have the Gospel preached to them; but the women! How our hearts go out in sympathy for them in their dark and barren homes. In Mrs. Armstrong's address, that has just been read, she says that she is haunted by the eyes of the women as if they said, "Can you forget us?" Do they not haunt us, too, as by faith we see them, and do they not seem to say, "Can you not give us something that will make life worth living for?" We are so happy in our homes, surrounded by kindness and affection, and treated with respect and consideration by all around us, allowed (under certain restrictions, of course, and probably as often as is good for us) to make our own plans and have our own way, that we long to share the brightness of our life with them. What is the most precious thing to us? Is it not the Lord Jesus Christ? Is it not the sweet assurance of His forgiving love, the restful consciousness of His abiding presence and protecting care, and His approving smile and companionship, that make our lives the bright, joyous things they are? This we long to share with our Telugu sisters, to give them Christ, one whom they can love and trust, who will never despise them. It was not very strange that a Hindu woman should have said on hearing the Bible read, "That book must have been written by a woman, it is so very kind to women."

We may have our own plans as to how this is to be done, and it is quite right for us to think about it and do all in our power to have them carried out; but when we have done that, we must wait to see if our plan is what Christ sees to be best. It is such a comforting thought that God reigns, that all hearts are in His hands to guide and move as He sees best. Our only way of finding out God's will is by the ordinary leadings of His Providence around us; if He closes up the way for us by these, we must wait to see where He would lead us. We believe He has guided us so far, and as far as He leads we wish to follow, but not one step beyond. How disastrous it would be if, to carry out our own plans, we should step for a moment beyond the places where Christ would have us go. Rather let us wait and see what He would have us do.

In the Apostle Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians he uses these words: "As we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak." Taking the spirit of these words, can we not say for ourselves "that we have been allowed of God to be put in trust with this work, so will we labor?" accepting it as a great trust, a great honor? Do not suppose for a moment that any one of us has undertaken it of her own free will. The human heart touched by the spirit of God is an intensely selfish thing, and such a work of faith as this, helping to save those whom we have never seen or will likely ever see, would not naturally appeal to us. The sympathy and compassion that stirs our hearts is only a reflection of that Divine compassion that filled the heart of our Saviour as He was moved at the sight of the multitudes because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. He has given it to us, and let us thank Him for it. Never for a moment let us think or say what sometimes meets our ears: "I do not see why I should have to do nearly all the work of our circle, I am tired doing this collecting, there are so many just as well able who have far more time than I have, and why cannot they do something?"

I think I have done my share, now let some others take it up." Ah, how unlike the Apostle these thoughts and words! Our thoughts should rather be as we look around and see others cleverer and more capable than ourselves of undertaking this work: "Why was I chosen? Why is my heart touched when others are careless? What have I done that such an honor as doing anything to carry out the plans and wishes of so great a God as ours should be conferred upon me?"

### Quebec.

**COATICOOKE**.—Miss Muir, the Corresponding Secretary of the Eastern Society, reports a Mission Circle of sixteen members recently formed at Coaticooke, Que.

**MONTREAL**.—A Mission Band called the "Cheerful Workers" has been started in connection with the Olivet Circle. Miss Muir says, "We are doing remarkably well and intend having an entertainment on the 17th of December."

### Maritime Provinces.

From the *Christian Visitor* (St. John) of Nov. 24th, we clip the following:—

The Rev. W. F. Armstrong, returned missionary, met with the Foreign Mission Board in this city, last week, and much to the regret of the Board, pressed his resignation, which he tendered at the meeting in Hillsborough. It is not necessary for us to enter into a narration of the reasons adduced for this action. They were sufficient in our brother's estimation to justify the act. The Board had before them only one course open to pursue, and regretfully accepted the resignation, after having the property in Chicacole, transferred to its Treasurer, and all other matters amicably settled. Bro. Armstrong intends travelling over the Provinces, exhibiting a series of East Indian Views, and giving lectures illustrative of mission life in India. These views are said to be very fine. We trust that he may be able to communicate much valuable information concerning our mission work, and stir up the people to a more generous benevolence in its behalf. We learn that it is Bro. Armstrong's intention to return to India after a time, and resume work in some section of the great harvest field.

The Board now needs a man to go to India at once, and take up the work in Chicacole, and thus relieve Miss Hammond from duties that are too onerous for her. Prayer has been offered that the Lord would send the right man for this important mission. It is only necessary to add that in all this matter, the utmost harmony and good feeling have been preserved, and the one idea of doing that which tends to promote the Redeemer's glory, has been kept uppermost in their actions and plans. We trust that this discouragement will be overruled to the furtherance of the work that is dear to all our hearts.

### A. L. O. E.

At the October meeting of the "Association of Female Workers," in England, Mrs. Weitbrecht gave a message she had just received in a letter from A.L.O.E., who, at her lonely post at Batala, in the Punjab, carries light and brightness wherever she goes. The message from this solitary worker was in substance as follows:—"Ask all dear sisters to plead for me that I may have more zeal, more love, more faith. *This is all I want.* As to earthly blessings they abound; the natives are my real friends. The Lord gives abundant grace and cheers me with His presence, and I have such joy in the companionship of my Bible that I do not miss the society I should otherwise value. Do not send a helper to me, when many other parts of India need it so much more, but pray much for these three things—more zeal, more love, more faith."

I AM trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power;  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fall!  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all!

### Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the little folks who read this paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—If you had been in Ottawa last Sunday afternoon, you would have seen one of our largest churches crowded with children. A missionary from China named Dr. McKay had announced that he would meet with them, and talk about that heathen land. About three million Chinese live at Formosa, and for nine years Dr. McKay has been trying to teach them about the true God.—At first nobody would listen to him, but tried in every way to hinder his work. They called him "that barbarian," and printed placards about him to hang in the streets. One of these said that he was an agent of Queen Victoria to conquer the people, that he had his hut full of weapons to kill them. When Dr. McKay heard this lie he left the door of his house, (which was only a horse-stable before he lived in it,) standing wide open day and night, so any one who liked could come in and see that he had no armor hidden there. Another placard told the people that the barbarian would poison their wells, and their vegetables if allowed to come near them. So the poor man had to take long journeys to buy food, and to go quite a distance for the water he drank. One plan he tried to make the people like him was to pull their teeth for them when in pain with tooth ache. He said he had pulled more than ten thousand teeth since going to Formosa. The boys and girls were then shown a large picture of one of the Chinese idols called Confucius. When a little boy is old enough to go to school his mother gives him a hard-boiled egg and three small sticks. The boy stands at the open door of the school-room and rolls the egg in.—If it rolls straight, it is taken as a sign that the boy would become a good scholar, but if crooked, that he would not succeed in his studies. The boy then enters the room, going straight to the picture of the idol which hangs on the wall, and with his three sticks makes signs asking that Confucius would help him to study. They remain at the school from sunrise to sunset, taking some rice in their pockets to boil for their dinner. The teachers carry a bamboo rod for lazy boys. Dr. McKay said he had often been pelted with mud and stones while preaching about Jesus. Sometimes the people said they would kill him if he did not go back to his own country. They did cut off the heads of some dear young people who had heard the missionary talking of Jesus, and believed in Him instead of in their idols. But God spared Dr. McKay's life to continue his good work, and at last gave him the great joy of seeing many of the Formosa people leaving their heathen ways to worship the true God. Will you pray for this good man as he goes back again across the wide ocean to work for Jesus? India, China, and other heathen lands need many more missionaries. Let us give all the money we can that they may be sent.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

### Some Immediate Responses.

The recent Autumnal Missionary Services, of the English Baptists, in London, were seasons of great blessing. They have "deepened consecration, quickened effort, and lovingly impelled to self-sacrifice." The *Missionary Herald* for Nov. says:—"Numerous letters from all parts of the kingdom abundantly testify to the hallowed emotions and devout resolutions evoked by these services. From an obscure, almost unknown and out-of-the-way village in Cornwall, a brother writes:—"My heart is overflowing with thankfulness for the privilege of attending our autumnal missionary services. I shall never forget the Conference on Tuesday morning. How the address of Dr. Landels did stir my heart! I so longed to be a rich man that I might be able to support eight or ten missionaries. Still I can do something, thank God! and since my return my wife and I have resolved to go into a smaller cottage so as to save £2 per

year of rent to give to the dear mission, and we are full of joyful plans by which to do with our old clothes for another year, and so give more for His work abroad. How much joy there is in giving up for Him! I send £1 with this, and wish I could make it £10."

"The generous challenge of Mr. James Harvey, on behalf of Mr. Brock's church at Hampstead, to supplement their contributions to a sufficient sum to entirely support one missionary, has been already followed by the churches of Glasgow and Plymouth, and many others are moving in the same direction."

Mr. Barron's promise to personally contribute a moiety of the expense of our missionary has been followed by a further offer from a most liberal and sympathetic friend of the society, who wishes his name to be withheld, to undertake the entire cost of one additional missionary, should a suitable one present himself. And many other generous responses seem to indicate beyond a doubt that, by the blessing of the Master whose work it is, the solemn and powerful words spoken by Dr. Landels have taken root in many directions, and are already springing up and bearing fruit."

C. H. SPURGEON AND ZENANA WORK.—In the November *Sword and Trowel* Mr. Spurgeon makes this note:—A lady who is engaged in Zenana Mission work in India writes to us:—"One of my outdoor pupils is a Mahomedan lady. On my first visit to her home I had a long talk about religion with her husband, who confessed that he was favourably impressed towards Christianity, but not converted. I lent him a volume of your sermons, and on my next visit he said to me, 'I have read half the book you lent me, and I like it very much. I think it will be the means of my conversion,' and then he exclaimed, 'If this preacher would only come to India, everyone would believe and be converted, and I do wish the whole world was converted to Christ.' Alas! India needs far more than any human preaching. May God bless those who are labouring there, and give them abundant fruit."

NEVER lay too great a stress upon your own usefulness, or perhaps God may show you that He can do without you.

### WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

Receipts from October 26th to November 25th, 1880.

Cheltenham, \$5.00; Jarvis St. \$15.50; Alexander St. \$6.50. Total \$27.00.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.  
222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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