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THE

# Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. 8, No. 9.] "*The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.*"—Is. lx. 3. [MAY, 1886

HINDU WOMEN.

MISS BUCHAN, the new corresponding secretary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario, is now at her post, and all correspondence should be addressed to her at 125 Bloor Street, East. Correspondents are requested to give their full address in writing to her, and not to take it for granted that she knows all about them.

MISSIONARY LETTERS.—Our readers are peculiarly favored this month. We doubt whether any single number of the LINK has contained so many interesting letters. A spirit of cheerfulness and hopefulness pervades them all that is truly refreshing. Our missionaries are praying for and expecting great things. Let us do our part in praying and working and giving, and their expectations will surely be met.

ELSEWHERE will be found notices of Associational Meetings of the Women's Mission Circles for the Middlesex and Lambton, the Elgin, and the Brant Associations. The officers of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Societies of Ontario intend to arrange for the holding of similar meetings in connection with the Eastern Ontario, Grand River, Huron, Midland Counties, Niagara, Toronto and Western Association. The Circles in each of these Associations are requested to take notice and to appoint delegates to the meetings.

ARREARAGES.—On looking over our Subscription List, we find nearly 500 names with '85 still opposite them. We know that most of them desire to have the paper continued, and are therefore reluctant to strike them off; but we shall feel obliged to discontinue all such as are not paid up by the first of July. These spring months are naturally the duldest of the year, the receipts for the last two months being barely sufficient to pay the printer's bills; and the payment of arrearsages would be peculiarly welcome just now. Will not all who are in arrears remit promptly and endeavour to send us some new subscriptions along with their own? Occasionally a subscriber several months in arrears wishes to have her paper discontinued, and forgets to settle up the amount due to date. This involves a loss that the LINK should not be expected to bear.

### "I've Been Waiting for You."

[A missionary to China relates that soon after her first arrival there, she talked with a Chinese woman, at the latter's own door. They exchanged only a few words, and the missionary promised to call soon to see her. She could not do so, for months, but when she did call, the woman was standing in her door, and received her with the words, "I've been waiting for you!"]

Only a few words of greeting,

Yet, all through the summer day,  
In the teacher's heart there were thrilling  
Sweet echoes, that seemed to say,—

"Dear friend, from a strange, far country,  
You have come o'er the ocean blue!  
Did you know, when your feet turned hither,  
That some one was waiting for you?"

"Waiting,—while, eager with longing,  
Often, my heart would swell,  
Waiting,—with hope and patience,  
For the story your lips would tell!"

"Now you have come, and I bless you,  
For all you have brought to me;  
For the 'better hope' and the promise  
Of a heaven mine eyes shall see!"

"You have come, like your Master, to show us  
The way to His heavenly home;  
A light through our darkness breaking,  
The shining of glory to come!"

And we,—do we hear them calling?  
Oh, listen! the story is true!  
To us, from afar, come sad voices,  
"We're waiting,—waiting for you!"

"Waiting,—for you to remember  
That here we have never heard  
Of a joy that makes life all brightness,  
Of the comfort in God's sweet word!"

"For we too need a Saviour!  
Life is mystery, sorrow and fear!  
O Christians! remember us,—send us,  
That Gospel you hold so dear!"

Are we listening, then, through the silence?  
Do our hearts long to heed the call?  
The Redeemer, in whom we are trusting,  
Has told us He died for all!

Let us hasten, with prayers, our answer  
To send o'er the far, blue sea,  
To sad hearts, still dwelling in darkness,  
Waiting,—for you, and for me!

MATTIE E. PATTUS.

## Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. 2.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

Few things are so inspiring as Missionary zeal. As soon as the tidings of the success of their missionaries in the East reached the home-lands of Denmark and Norway, other hearts were stirred up to engage in the same blessed work.

Privation, poverty, and the loss of all things to which the heart naturally clings most tenaciously, were calmly weighed in the balances against duty to Christ and loyalty to His commands; and, with many of the men of that day, were accounted as nothing, and less than nothing, if, by accepting them, they might win some poor, benighted souls, wrapped in the darkness of heathenism, to Christ, kindle in some corner of the earth a light which should illumine the nearer darkness, and open up a way for that light's wider diffusion through regions now remote.

One of the souls most deeply stirred by tidings of the success of the Danish Missionaries in the East was Hans (John) Egede. He was born in the year 1681 in Norway, then under the sway of the Christian King, Frederick VI. of Denmark, and therefore was about twenty-four years old when the Danish Missionaries set sail for India. He

had, at that time, been in charge of the parish of Vogen, in the north of Norway, for one year, and was already esteemed as a young man of unusual zeal and consecration.

But it was not so much to follow the steps of Ziegenbalg and Plutchante, the far-away East that the heart of this young Christian yearned as to carry the tidings of salvation westward to a land where, long years before, some of his Norwegian countrymen had gone, and, after many reverses and long battling with the rigors of the climate and the horrors of the plague which even there had found them out, had settled down to the poverty and degradation of the aborigines of the country, and through ages of admixture with them had become savage themselves, worshippers of Woden and Thor, the gods of Scandinavia, and at this time were sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition.

It was to these poor people, scattered along the inhospitable and ice-bound coasts of Greenland and Labrador, that the heart of John Egede went out with a great and irrepensible longing; and after eleven years of almost fruitless effort to interest his countrymen in the work, "the King of Denmark granted a charter to a company of merchants, who agreed to form a settlement in Greenland for trade in furs and other articles which might have a good influence on the natives, and teach them the Gospel. That was the idea of missions in these days." With these Egede went out as minister and missionary.

They set out with three vessels—the *Hope* and two smaller ships—one to be used in the whale fishing, and the other to return to Norway with tidings of the expedition. The voyage proved very stormy and dangerous, and before it was nearly done they parted company with the whaler and never saw her again. The other vessels, after great peril and hardship, came to anchor in the mouth of a small river where were many islands, on one of which they landed and erected their first dwelling-house of earth and stones, lined with boards, and into which they moved on the 3rd of August, 1721.

It is not my purpose to enter very fully into the details of the work of this devoted man and his heroic wife and sons—the first Protestant Missionaries to Greenland—details which should be studied by every Christian as furnishing one of the most touching and sorrowfully interesting chapters in the history of missions, but to note in brief some of the results of their patient toil and self-denial for Christ. In cold, hunger, loneliness, and most abject poverty, surrounded by ignorance, squalor, and degradation, of which we can form no adequate conception, amidst discouragement, pestilence and death, such as few missionaries, if any, have been called upon to face, this heroic family toiled on, year after year, for Christ, gathered from among the poor, illiterate heathen a rich harvest, and then went quietly away to their reward, while others, with the same unflinching trust in God, stepped calmly forward to do the work they had begun, and then die as they had died—themselves and their work almost unrecognized by men, but honored by God with an honor that shall cover them with glory throughout eternity.

Matthew and Christian Stach, Moravians, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in our next paper, went to Greenland, as missionaries, in 1733—twelve years after Egede and his family established themselves there.

Something of the earnestness of these men may be inferred from the fearless words with which they replied to Count De Pless, just before leaving Copenhagen: "How do you intend to get a living?" Their reply was: "By the labor of our hands and God's blessing, we will build a house and cultivate the land." "But there is no wood with which to build a house," objected the Count.

"In that case," replied the Stachs, "we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there!" "When they went to Greenland," says their biographer, "they had nothing but the clothes upon their backs. . . . Two other missionaries came in the following year, and they labored on against much opposition and discouragement. In the year after, the horrors of famine came upon them. Their supplies had not arrived from home. They had only a little meal to stand between them and death. . . . They kept themselves alive for a time by means of a whale that had been cast ashore, an eagle that had been shot, shell-fish, seaweed, train oil, and tallow candles. But the God of Elijah had not forgotten them. They had no one to whom to tell their distress but Himself, and He heard them. When their strength was waning supplies reached them from that land from a gentleman whom they did not know, but who informed them that he had for some time been unhappy about them, lest they should be in want, and that for the future he should send them provisions regularly. They continued their work, but without much appearance of success. They had tried to instruct the Greenlanders in regard to the existence of God, the fall of man, and such subjects; but when they were one day engaged in translating the Gospel, being at the part which tells of the death of Christ, they were asking for the suitable words, when the attention of the natives was extraordinarily excited, and one of them exclaimed: 'Is that true?—read that again!—why did you not tell us that before?' The story of the Saviour's love was repeated again and again with tearful eyes to the wondering listeners. From that day it was the great subject of the discourses of the missionaries, and from that day began the success of their mission.

"The original mission, which was founded by Hans Egede, was ultimately transferred to the Moravians, and they are now the only missionaries in the country. Along the whole west coast the people have generally professed Christianity. There are several villages. The schools and stations have been very successful, and the Sacred Scriptures, in portions and as one book, have been translated, and circulated along with other books necessary and useful for the education and Christian progress of the people."

### Zenana Day at the Lucknow Exhibition.

The arrangements for the visit of the native ladies to the exhibit now being held in Canning College have occupied the time and minds of the missionary ladies of the different churches for some days past. It is a gratification to know that the project was so successful as to surpass the most sanguine expectations of those well enough acquainted with the customs and social life of native ladies to realize how difficult it would be to carry out the scheme. After permission had been granted for "zenana day," every effort was put forth by the zenana teachers to secure the attendance of their pupils and native ladies under instruction. The result was astonishing even to those most interested in the education and advancement of native women, and is certainly an inspiration for renewed zeal and earnestness in spending strength and life in the uplifting and refining these secluded inmates of the zenana.

The doors of the college were opened early in the day. Mrs. Pirie (formerly Miss Spence, *Ed.*) stood at the front entrance to welcome and receive all English ladies, while missionary ladies received the native ladies at the rear entrance as they alighted from their closed carriages, *palanquins, dillies, and bailies*. Within, the scene was unique and interesting. At each stand of displayed wares

were stationed Christian young ladies from the different mission schools taking the places of the usual policemen on ordinary days. Bengali ladies assisted in the escorting of visitors from room to room. The excited and pleased women and girls were very much interested in the curiosities displayed about them.

At eleven o'clock, Lady Dufferin, Lady Lyall, and the Misses Lyall, Kunwarani Harnam Singh, and other distinguished ladies entered the door, and were received by Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Pirie, the band outside playing "God save the Queen." Lady Dufferin walked leisurely through the rooms, examining the beautiful specimens of gold and silver ware, while all eyes were turned toward her, and she whispered words, "There is the Lady sahib," were passed from one native lady to another. Just before her departure Lady Dufferin requested that the native ladies be presented to her. As they filed before her, each received a gracious *salam*, and now and then her ladyship stooped and touched the forehead of a little child as it tripped along in its gay costume by its mother's side. Mohammedan, Hindu, and Bengali ladies, each wearing her own peculiar costume, and all dressed in their gayest colors, passed by; then came the native Christian women.

To one interested in the souls of the people, the latter class was the most striking. The plain white dress, the neatly arranged *chaddar*, the absence of tinkling bangles, nose rings, excess of jewelry, the bright, intelligent faces, the clean white teeth, with no *pan*-stained lips—these all spoke of a change of habit, customs, and heart. As one of the useful and honored of Bible-women was being presented an English lady remarked, "Oh! there is an *ayah!*" While English ladies were thus deceived by the plain dress of the Christian women, on all sides the native ladies, wrapped in the costly *chaddars*, and tinkling with their gold and silver ornaments, were gazing astonished as they beheld Lady Dufferin in her plain black costume, and asked in loud whispers, "What! is the plainly dressed woman *the Lady*, the Viceroy's wife?" Truly, "Man looketh on the outward appearance."

Lady Dufferin lending her gracious presence in her plain dress, smiling on all, her heart filled with sympathy for the millions of India's suffering unhappy women,—coming near enough to touch them in their need,—is a charming illustration of Christian womanhood, and all earnest Christian women will unite in the prayer already ascending, "God bless her."

The missionary ladies, whose duties were very great all day, were detained until a late hour in dispersing the immense gathering of over two thousand women. — *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Cocanada.

MY DEAR LINK,—Mr. Craig was prompt, and wrote while we were at Nellore; that was right; I am glad he did, and so, no doubt, you are glad too. I should have done the same thing, but procrastinated. Did he tell you all about the journey down, and the hot time we had the first day after leaving Cocanada while crossing the Godavery river? We did not mind it so much afterwards; perhaps we got accustomed to the boat and to the glare which is always worse on the water. I am sure I cannot tell you how many times we stuck in the sand and had to wait for the tide to come in and drive us on our way; we had several rivers to cross, which was a change.

The canals down in the Ongole and Nellore districts are very poor. It was there we stuck in the sand so often and had to wait for the tide. We spent a Sabbath at Ongole, and had a very pleasant time. It did us good to see with our eyes the place where so many had been brought to the Lord, and were baptized in his name. We saw about 550 people at church, and met quite a number of missionaries. I was glad to see and become acquainted with Miss Rauschenbusch, who landed in Madras a few days after I did, now more than three years ago. She has charge of a number of women, whom she is training for Bible women. She has also charge of a boys' school. Miss Kelly, a Eurasian lady, has charge of the girls' boarding school, in which there are 160 pupils. We, of course, saw Dr. Clough, also Mr. and Mrs. Manley, who have charge of the high school in Ongole.

Wednesday, February 3rd, about 3 p.m., we reached Mypaud, where we left our boats, packed all our baggage into three or four bullock carts, got into two nice, comfortable carriages which the kind friends at Nellore had there waiting for us, and we had one of the most delightful drives that I have enjoyed since coming to India. Our coolies ran all the fourteen miles; that would seem dreadful to you I know, but we became accustomed to see men do what at home would be considered proper to expect of horses. There were a good many of them; I think seven or eight to each carriage. The road all the way was like a beautiful avenue. In some places the branches of the trees would meet over the road, forming a beautiful bower. The paddy (rice) in the fields by the way was so pretty and green, and about as high as the wheat, oats and barley are in the middle of June or at association time. I could have almost imagined myself in Canada, on the way to the Ottawa Association, only for the coolies. It was about nine o'clock when we reached Nellore, where we received a very warm welcome, indeed, from Mr. and Mrs. Downie and several others. Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin were given a room in the mission house, Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald were sent to tents that were already pitched, Mr. Currie was sent to some room in the boys' school, where several other gentlemen were also given a stopping-place, Miss Gray and I were given a room in Miss Wayte's bungalow. Perhaps some of you who read the *Missionary Magazine* or the *Helping Hand* will remember that Miss Wayte came to India with Mr. and Mrs. Downie when they returned a year ago. She was a friend of the first Mrs. Craig, and a member of the same church in Rochester. She shared her sleeping-room with Miss Day, the daughter of the Rev. L. S. Day, the founder of the American Mission among the Telugus. Miss Day, the first day of the jubilee, read some very interesting letters, written by her father more than fifty years ago.

Now, I will skip over four days and tell you a little about the fifth day. Mr. Craig, I know, has told you all that was done those four days.

At 8 a.m. Mrs. McLaurin took her place in the chair on the platform. I should have said that a prayer-meeting was held at 7.30, led by Miss Rauschenbusch, in which several ladies took part. After a few introductory remarks, Mrs. McLaurin read a very nice poem, written by Mrs. Archibald for the occasion. I trust a number of you will have the privilege of reading it in the volume which we hope we have published shortly.

Mrs. Waterbury's name came next on the programme, followed by that of Mrs. Jewett; but as Mrs. W. could not leave home, and Mrs. Jewett, on account of her very bad health, had been obliged to leave for America, accompanied by her husband, to their deep sorrow and

regret, as well as that of all those who had longed so much to meet them at that jubilee gathering. Mr. Craig was allowed to read his historical sketch of the Canadian Baptist Mission; after which Mrs. Archibald read a paper on Caste Girls' School. This was followed by mine, on Bible Women's Work. Then a very warm discussion followed on the subject of Mrs. A.'s paper, in which a number of gentlemen, as well as ladies, took part, some speaking for, and others against, schools for caste children alone. Miss Day said, as the daughter of the founder of this Mission, she could say that she was glad that before entering upon this fiftieth year, the jubilee year of our Mission, we had begun to do something for the caste people in the way of schools. At 10 prayer was offered by one of the brethren, and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening Mrs. Bullard led the devotional exercises. Mrs. Bullard was a Miss Richie, and lived in Perth, Ontario. She came to India in the autumn of the same year that I came. Mrs. Williams read a very nice paper on the "Wives of Native Ministers." Then Miss Wayte read Mrs. Waterbury's paper on "Women's Meetings," which was followed by Mrs. Downie's paper on "Boarding Schools, and Higher Education of Girls." These were also very interesting indeed; and after prayer the fifth day of our jubilee closed.

It was proposed by someone that each lady, while attending the jubilee, should write a short letter to Mrs. Jewett, which we all quite readily agreed to do; so you may imagine what a time she would have reading them. They were all sent in one envelope.

The evening of the sixth day, which was the closing day, we all had dinner together in a large tent, and had a pleasant time. The morning of the next day we met in the chapel and had a good prayer-meeting. Then Mr. Downie had a photographer there and had a photograph taken of the missionaries together; after that we all were invited to a breakfast in the tent given by Konakiah and Julia, the native preacher and his wife, of Nellore. In the evening we went to the collector's beautiful-place and spent about an hour and a half. The following day we packed up our things and sent them off on bullock carts, and in the evening took leave of the missionaries who still remained in Nellore, and drove to Esukapilla, a distance of twenty-four miles, and reached there a little after 12 o'clock, got on our boats, and started homeward. We arrived at Ramapatam, Mr. Timpany's old station, the next day in the afternoon. Sunday we spent with Dr. Williams. Mr. Currie, Mr. McLaurin, and Mr. Craig each preached a sermon to the students. I was glad to see Ramapatam because I had heard Mr. and Mrs. Timpany speak of it so often. On our way home from Ramapatam Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. Currie, and I went to Akidu to attend the Association, and we had a good time; the Lord was with us, as He was at Nellore and along the way. It does me good to go to the Association—indeed, it does us all good; we see the Christians from the different fields and have their letters read; and they see us, and that does their poor hearts good and encourages them.

Now we are in Cocanada again, and have welcomed our new missionaries, the Auvaches, and we have been able to make a good many visits and see a good many people—indeed I have had some delightful visits among my women.

Yours in Christ,

M. J. FRITH.

Cocanada, March 12th, 1886.

DEAR LINK,—In turning over the pages of your January number, I find on the second page something approaching a regret that more missionary letters were not forthcoming. I have felt a little uneasy since, and this letter is the fruit of your reminder. It is Thursday. The servants are away for their rice. I am writing in the study. Mrs. Stillwell is in the front room. Besides us two there are no others this moment in the mission house. Everything is still inside. Outside the birds are singing and the crows are attempting the same thing. Life is becoming reality. At first being in India seemed all a dream. We accept it now as a fact. Indeed, if one were dreaming he could not dream long here. Everything tends to keep one conscious. At the present moment I cannot get so absorbed in writing as to lose consciousness of the heat. Our cool season has said its salams and gone. The hot season is at our doors. Every day the sun is creeping higher up in the heavens. I watch the shadows to the north of the mission house, and every week they are growing shorter. They are only six or seven feet now, but in a short time there will be none at all, and it will seem strange to have the sun coming round and looking for us through the north windows. However, we can creep back into the shade. Even there the sun can make us remember he is outside. Just behind me hangs the thermometer. On Sunday it marked 87°, Monday 84°, Tuesday and Wednesday 85°, and to-day it is 88°. As there is a breeze stirring I left the door open, and the thermometer soon marked 90°. That seemed quite high enough, so I shut the door and kept the breeze out. 88°—and the sun on the other side of the equator! When he comes to this side the books say he will stay six months. I suppose he will; and, accordingly, the next six months we shall not suffer from the cold. It is fairly enjoyable yet. I cannot, as yet, speak about the degrees higher up. But I think the thermometers are marked no higher than 120°, and I imagine the manufacturer thought when he saw the mercury that high he would not care to look again. We have been here close on five months, and these months, on the whole, have been grand weather. We are glad and thankful that times and circumstances were so ordered that our first months in India were during the cool season. Thus we have had time to familiarise ourselves a little with things here, and also to break ground in Telugu. In acquiring any language there is always a good deal of what seems very like slavish work in the beginning, for many things are to be mastered before one can really appreciate what he is doing. We have done some of this work, and it has been done with more pleasure in that we have had the cool season. We are thankful in another way. Coming at the time we did, our first impressions of India were more favorable than they would have been had we reached here in the hot season, and imagined ourselves coming into a furnace instead.

I shall speak of impressions. A pretty constant one has been that, of the countries so far seen, no land can compare with Canada. Even the name has a ring it had not before, and then what it means—a bracing, invigorating atmosphere, a land of plenty, of equality, of gospel light, and of a people who are like-minded with ourselves. Had India been chosen as our birth-place, how different our lot might have been. It might have been daily toil beneath a blazing sun, a slave to ceremonies, bowing down to idols, darkness and no Saviour. The first belongs to time, and might be borne; but the last—no Saviour—what greater boon could be denied one? Jesus Christ means everything, and every day we are more thankful,

and have a deeper joy in knowing such a Saviour. Wonderful words of life seems more wonderful here, and glad tidings seems to be something more than glad. India needs a Saviour; we cannot but feel this every day as we pass through the streets. Here are the temples that have been pictured to us in books. A great feeling of sadness creeps over one as he stands before one of these shrines and watches the devotees passing in and out. Here are souls hungering for food, and getting stone; looking for life, and finding death; expecting some kind of heaven, and sinking into, perhaps, darkness. The door stands open, and we get a glimpse of the idol. It is hideous as death, and the darkness must be heavy when the worshippers cannot see it. The doctrine of depravity is easily read here, and the need of a real Saviour quickly felt. We are glad Bro. Auvaache is coming. He must be even now nearing our shores, and very soon will see the people among whom he must work. And there is room still—room for contributions, if that is all that can be given; room for prayers—yes, remember we are the Lord's light in this land, and pray our light may not give doubtful rays; room for workers. One bright light has gone out, but others must spring up, and are no others looking this way?

#### THE AUVAACHES.

The new missionaries have come! Mr. and Mrs. Auvaache are here! They left England on the 23rd January, reached Madras on the 26th February, and Cocanada on the morning of the 2nd March. On their arrival here Bro. Craig met them at the steamer and welcomed them to India. On reaching the mission house Bro. Currie, Miss Frith, Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Stillwell, and myself gave them another welcome. On Wednesday evening, the 4th, a formal meeting was held in the English Baptist chapel, and another welcome given. We have welcomed them and made them feel we were glad to see them. From arrival of the telegram in October till the 2nd March seemed a long time. The telegram only told that a new missionary had been appointed. It did not mention his name. Accordingly, we guessed and conjectured and wondered whom the Lord was sending. We kept on doing so for five or six weeks, when the mails came, giving the name and other wished-for particulars. Bro. Craig thought he had met the new man in Stratford, but wasn't quite sure. The rest of us could not even think we had met him, or known him, or ever heard the name, so we sank back into a waiting mood and waited. We thought we had to wait until about the 1st February, but all February was passed in waiting, and the 2nd of March brought the new missionaries.

I am no artist, and so I cannot paint them as they seemed to me. I am not even an artist in description, so I shall not attempt a picture. But they are here; we have welcomed them. In the meeting we also admonished them and treated them to some of our experience. Bro. Craig did it well. Of course I attempted it, and I could at least tell them something about acquiring Telugu. We had a good time. And *they*—they were ready to end their voyage, and see something of their new home, companions, and work. We are hoping they will have many years to get acquainted with these. May their future be bright, and may many Telugus rise up to call them blessed!

J. R. STILLWELL.

Cocanada, 1886.

#### Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK,—It is evening, and Mr. Archibald has just returned from the Malapilly, where he went to

preach. As usual, some heard well while others were indifferent. He met a Homaty man with a native almanac, and asked what he was doing with that, though he knew quite well. He said he was telling the people about the times and seasons, and when it would be suitable to do various kinds of work. It came out in the conversation that the almanac was for '85, and Mr. A. asked him how he could tell the people about the weather out of last year's calendar. Well, he was a poor man and had to obtain a living, and as the men and women did not know about it, it was a matter of little consequence. Mr. M. tried to impress him with the fact that he was knowingly deceiving the people, and that it was not right; but his heart refused to be impressed, and he said that although he had known of the Padre Dora for years, he had no friendship with him, and did not wish to have. Mr. A. desired to learn his objections; and he said he knew that the missionaries came to this country to tell the people about sin and a Saviour, and as he did not care for anything in this line, he did not wish to become acquainted with them. We meet many just like that man.

Their indifference falls coldly upon us as we attempt to converse with them upon religion. Interest enough to endeavour to combat what we say is sometimes preferable. Only the spirit of the living God can make these hard hearts tender, and we are praying and longing that it may come upon this people powerfully and convince them of sin of righteousness and of a judgment to come.

But we are hopeful that the time of harvest is coming nearer, and we are looking for the people to come in by ones and twos. Different ones say they believe, but who will take the first step is the point where they stumble.

After some good talk with others Mr. Archibald turned homewards, and by a door he saw some women preparing fish for the evening meal, and while conversing with them observed their novel way of removing the scales.

A woman sat on the ground with a large, coarse knife held firmly between her feet. Each hand held one end of the fish, which she scraped rigorously across the blade of the knife. Probably the style suits our friends here much better than the most approved Canadian method would.

Our native assistant from Kaiga came in to-day. This village is situated about eighteen miles from here, on the main road to Chicacole, and about five miles from the sea. Before we went south Mr. A. bought the property there and sent out a young preacher and his wife, and an old preacher to be a sort of support to the young people.

They had some little difficulties at first; the natives did not wish them to use the water from the tank, and put various obstacles in their way in this and other directions. But now all is moving on well; they are making some friends there, and, as a general thing, get good attention when they preach. We are hoping much from the work there, and feel assured that, by-and-bye, Kaiga and vicinity will report some believers in the Lord Jesus. Our friends at home must not forget to pray for this outstation, for its Christian teacher, and its heathen population.

A letter from Kortiah to-day at Pedda Penkie, on the Bobbili field, gives us the encouraging information that a leaper, or farmer family, gives some evidence of accepting the truth; that they wish to profess their faith in Christ but are afraid, and he asks us to pray for them. I send the request on to you, and hope you will take it to the throne of grace and present it in such a way that He who loves to give will hear and bless us with special favour.

Mr. Archibald expects to go to Kaija next week, and after a few days there will go to Bobbili for a more lengthy visit.

Peter writes from Pasvatipore that he is doing very well selling books and having good attention from the people when he preaches.

Now, what shall I say further? We had our Association at Bobbili early in January, and it was the best one by considerable that we ever had in this mission.

Miss Gray left here with us on the 18th January; we reached Cocanda the next day, and during the following three days and a half our conference was in session. It was pleasant to meet again—to greet old friends and make new ones; but I missed sadly those who were gone.

On the 25th some of us went on board the mission boats and set sail towards Nellore, which we reached in due time, and joined with others in celebrating the jubilee of the Teigu Mission.

Other and better pens than mine will, probably, tell you about this very delightful occasion, so I will only say that it was good throughout. It was particularly pleasant to meet those whom we had known by their work for years, and though widely separated again now, the sympathies of all have widened and deepened, and mentally and spiritually we are stronger for the work upon which we have again entered.

Ten months of the year yet remain, and we hope that each one as it passes will be marked by a special token of the Master's presence.

Cassie, Miriam, and Lizzie are good girls and becoming very useful. The two former are becoming able to do regular work in the town and palams, sometimes alone or with one of the ladies, or with some of our Eurasian friends.

The women listen to them well, and we believe they will be blessed. Lizzie is teaching daily in the school, and seems happy. They will work for their food and clothing.

We left Subuadu at the Ongole high school, and we miss him much.

On Sunday Mr. Archibald did not go over to the prayer meeting in the afternoon as he had preached in the morning in Telugu, and was to preach again in the evening in English. I went over, feeling that we were rather a weak party, as nearly all the Christians present were scarcely more than children. But my heart was very nearly filled. Penkataswany, the day-school teacher, spoke very nicely, and the girls prayed and spoke with such an evident interest that the cheering influences are with me still. Our weakness is God's opportunity, and it may be that in this respect we shall be peculiarly blessed this year.

Many readers of the LINK will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Gibson, one of our church members, went away to her heavenly home on the 18th February.

Wherever her pathway led she was an active Christian, worked, much interested in all our mission work, and ever ready to do more than she was really able. She will be missed much by us, but more in her home, wherein she left a husband and three little children. But the former knows in whose arm there is strength.

With a kind good-night to Canadian friends,

Sincerely yours,

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Bimlipatam, March 2nd, 1886.

### The Godavari Association.

On our way back from Nellore some of us went to Akidu to attend the fifth annual meeting of the Godavari Asso-

ciation. We had two boats. One carried Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and Miss Gray to Samulcotta; the other turned to the left ten miles from the Godavari, and carried Mr. Currie, Miss Frith, Mrs. Craig, and myself to Akidu. We had two quiet days on Sunday and Monday, but on Monday evening the delegates began to come in. Jonathan Burder and some others came in from Cocanada.

Many more came on Tuesday morning. At 8 o'clock we assembled in the chapel and spent an hour in prayer, after which Jonathan preached a good sermon from the text: "The love of Christ constraineth us." Mr. Currie was appointed moderator, and D. Samuel of the Cocanada field was appointed clerk. A committee of arrangements being appointed, suggested a programme, which was adopted. When we met in the afternoon the letters from the churches were read, and proved very interesting. Some were left over, and read on Wednesday forenoon.

We had a sermon from Bro. Currie on Wednesday, and from the writer on Thursday. Various interesting subjects were discussed, among them being the following: "The evils of drinking," "Caste among Christians," "Giving to the Lord's work," and "Evils of debt." The churches represented were the following: Tuni, Samulcotta, Cocanada, Akidu, Asaram, Gunnapudi, Gudlavalleru, and Vuyyura. I have mentioned them in their order, from the north to the south-west. Baptisms reported, 255; Church members, 1702. The Cocanada English Church does not belong to the Association; it has 46 members.

Eight people from various villages were baptized at Akidu on the second day of the association. After the adjournment on Thursday Peter married two couples. We left that afternoon, and arrived here on Saturday morning, the 27th February. The association had occupied the 23rd, 24th, and part of the 25th of that month.

We are praying for 500 on the Akidu field, 200 on the Cocanada field, and 200 on the Tuni field during this year. Please join us in these petitions.

Yours heartily,

JOHN CRAIG.

Cocanada, March 12, 1886.

### India News and Notes.

*Samulcotta*.—Here we are all pretty well. Last week the thermometer reached 92° in the shade, and we were all frightened at what it might be by the middle of May. But for a few days it is much cooler, and to-day it is quite cool again. To-day is a holiday. The Auvaches are here. So glad to see them looking fresh and strong. The boys sang a hymn composed for them by P. David, one of our senior boys. The Craigs came for a short visit with the Auvaches, also for some talk about mission matters, and to station the students for the vacation, which will soon be upon us.

#### FOUR YOUNG MEN GRADUATE THIS YEAR

—our first fruits. Their names are David, Jaganaikalu, Cornelius, and Jacob. The first named is from Chicacole, the second and fourth from Cocanada, and the third from Tuni; another from the Akidu field will finish without graduating. We hope to give you a picture of the graduating class in the LINK some day. We are expecting a good deal from these boys. We imagine we see a great difference, even in the dullest of them, between the day they first came to us and now.

*Cocanada* is full of workers now. Two mission families, Miss Frith and two assistants, Miss Folsom of the Eng-



lish school, with her helpers; Mr. Williams, who has been retained, and is part paid by the English Church; Abdul Aziz, the Muselman preacher, and Jonathan Burder, pastor of the Telugu church; all these are doing a work that is telling on the town.

In one of the outlying villages some of the petty officials, taking advantage of Bro. Timpany's death, took it into their heads to persecute the Christians. Five of them have just been sentenced to two years' each in jail. This will teach them and the surrounding country a much-needed lesson. So much for British law.

*Tuni.*—Bro. Currie is out touring, and expects to be out for a month or more. The weather is warm for touring, but station work is dull business when a man's family is 10,000 miles distant. Penta Cotta is the Tuni sanitarium. It is on the sea shore, and, on account of the peculiar formation of the coast, the winds come over the sea for a part of the hot season. This makes them cooler than elsewhere. I believe the Cocanada people are going there for the hot season.

Brother Currie, when out of town in January, baptized the head Mala of Thanti Konda; this was a great joy to the Christians, but a great grief to the villagers, as well as to the man's relatives. They tried all means of persuasion to have him change his mind, but without success. Failing in this, they determined to wash him free of the contagion. A great crowd of them came to his house, took him by force to an adjacent tank, and while the few Christians were looking on, proceeded to wash away the medicine which their priest told them the missionary had used to convert him. They took the juice of limes and rubbed it well upon his heart, then proceeded to pour floods of water upon him. Pouring water on him is no great hardship to a Hindoo, so he only laughed and told them they could not wash Christ out of his heart in that way, and that it such silly work pleased them it would do him no harm. Besides this, his children and wife have left him, and I fear he will have to bear much yet; but Christ said to Peter, "*I have prayed for thee.*" What a blessed word! Will not the readers of the LINK pray for him too. If he remains faithful he will do much good.

*Akida.*—There is nothing very fresh from this old field. The Godavari Association was held there this year, and all present report a grand time. Currie Peter the Gunanapudi pastor, has been sorely afflicted lately. Two of his children have been removed by death within the past year, and this, added to the death of his co-laborer, Isaac, has been a heavy trial. Pray for Peter.

The Gunanapudi church is preparing to build a Rs. 3,000 chapel, and they will do it too, free of debt. What do you think of that for a church, the great majority of whom were heathens two years ago?

Bro. Craig is going out for a tour on that field soon. The work among the Madigas, near the Kistna River, is spreading, and we are going to have a great ingathering soon. The Lord hasten it.

Samulcotta, March 10th, 1886.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Maritime Provinces.

DEAR LINK,—Just as I had made up my mind that there was no news from our part of the home field to send you this month, there came a letter from Miss King, the Prov. Sec. of Prince Edward Island. She writes quite cheerily, saying: "In regard to our work, I am

pleased to say the societies are meeting quite regularly, and the membership of most of them is on the increase. If the funds are not going forward as regularly as we could wish, we are confident that the Island will do as well in this respect this year as it did last; probably the contributions will be larger than they have been, as the interest is manifestly increasing.

"The Society at Alexandra, lot 49, is doing excellent work. They had an entertainment at Pownas last week, and though the hall used is situated in a village where there are few, if any, Baptists, the audience was large, and the respectable sum of \$50.00 was realized. The programme consisted of music, reading and recitations, and was very successful. The societies, from present appearances, are doing excellent work, and will be able to report progress at our next meeting of the Union."

A letter from Miss Gray, on the Foreign Field, speaks of them as all well at Birmilpatam. She and Miss Wright have been busy during the year with the study of the language. A month had been spent on tour; in many of the villages visited the gospel sound had not been heard. Some are anxious to hear the good words; others are indifferent. In some places the Brahmins would disturb the listeners and urge us to leave the villages. The mission school was becoming daily more interesting, though of course in connection with it were many discouraging features. Let us at home pray very earnestly that these sisters, so lately gone to the work, may be enabled, through faith in the Lord of Missions, to look above and beyond all discouragement, assured of victory in His name.

Turning again to the Home field, we find the workers in Cumberland Bay, Queen's County, N.B., grieving over the death of their president, Mrs. Breenscombe. She had been leader for ten years, but on the 27th January was suddenly called home. The Society has lost one of its earliest and most faithful supporters, but could any of us wish for a grander epitaph than the record borne of her: "God's cause at home and abroad was her greatest delight." It was the Master who said: "I delight to do Thy will"; "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up," and for burning words to rouse, not the heathen, but the Christians at home. If it were our delight to work in God's cause, there would be no such complaints as are heard to-day from every treasury. The prayers of God's people, that He would open the doors of heathen lands, have been heard, and now His people are standing outside virtually saying: "We will not enter in." It may be better to work from a sense of duty than not at all, but surely the loving Saviour must value more the money, the time, that is given from a heart full of earnest love to Himself, the heart that gives for His own sake, because it is joy to serve, because it is a delight to be allowed to give Him anything. It really seems as though we believed that we were conferring an honor upon God's cause by giving and by attending—when we don't forget it—the monthly meeting for prayer. Do we not know that the highest honour which can be bestowed upon any one of our race is to work with and for the King of Heaven? When we come to work from love to Christ, remembering "He has redeemed me," then the work will go on gloriously.

The Officers of the Society at Cumberland Bay, N.B., are: *President*, Mrs. Lydia Burk; *1st Vice-President*, Mrs. Geo. H. Breenscombe; *2nd Vice-President*, Miss Amy I. McLaren; *Treasurer*, Miss Amanda Hauxhurst; *Secretary*, Mrs. M. L. Cox; *Assistant-Secretary*, Mrs. N. Breenscombe.

A. E. J.

## Ontario and Quebec.

## ELGIN ASSOCIATIONAL MEETING.

## Wingham Willing Workers.

DEAR LINK,—I fear we have been remiss in our duty for the encouragement of other Bands in not reporting ourselves earlier respecting our last year's work. Our third anniversary was held last October, which was well attended. Our young people entertained the audience with choice selections of music and literature on Foreign Mission subjects. One of the most interesting features of the entertainment was the floral tributes that were offered to the memory of our much-loved missionary, Mr. Timpany and Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the former being kindly contributed by Mrs. J. C. Gull. One of our members—Miss McLaughlin—recited the poem, "In Memoriam," found on the last page of the MISSIONARY LINK. After our chairman—Mr. Gracy—made a few feeling remarks on the works and labors of our deceased leader. Nine young ladies (four in plain black, representing sorrow, and five in white, representing triumph) stepped forward, each one holding a large letter, covered with flowers; the one carrying the letter A first, recited a couplet, at the same time placing the letter on a nail in the wall, and so on, till the name, A. V. Timpany, could be read from any part of the hall, after which they sang "Gathering Home," The effect was very touching.

Nine little girls offered the tribute to Mrs. A. H. Judson's memory, after which they sang "The Sweet By and Bye," which was very nicely done.

At the close we had three tableaux (heathen home scenes): A Breakfast in India; A Dinner in Japan; A Chinese Family, after which the meeting was dismissed, each one feeling that they had not only contributed to a very worthy object, but had learned much about those who were not so highly favoured with gospel light.

We still continue to hold our regular monthly meetings, with the usual good attendance, but we cannot say, with the same amount of interest. Shall I tell you why? Yes, we trust, for your benefit. It is this: *We quit working*; we thought we were tired, and needed a rest and change, and the result was not good, and we are beginning again to read, recite, and sing, &c., &c. We are very sorry to read in LINK that the Mission Bands do not avail themselves of the map prepared by Mr. Craig. We say it is a great loss to a Mission Band not to have a "map"; in fact the leader cannot give the necessary information to the Band pertaining to the country, the mission, &c., &c., without a map. We would not like to be without one. We must not forget to tell you that we raised \$126.60 last year, \$50.00 we remitted for the support of two young people in India, \$25.00 was remitted to the Treasurer of the W.F.M. Board to be applied on the building fund in India.

Yours, &c.,  
K. M. FISHER.

## BRANT ASSOCIATIONAL MEETING.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Circles of the Brant Association will be held in the vestry of the Union Church, Governors Road, Tuesday June 1st, to commence at half past two. It was thought best to have the meeting the first day instead of the second as formerly, and secure one speaker at the evening meeting on behalf of the Circles.

Reports must be brief to allow for three or four five minute papers on various subjects, each paper to be followed by a discussion. Further notice will be sent to the Circles.

ANNA MOYLE, Assoc-Sec.

The second annual meeting of the Elgin Associational Society in connection with the Ladies' Mission Work, will be held in Alymer on Thursday, June 3rd, in the Baptist Church, afternoon session commencing at 2.30 o'clock. A public meeting will be held in the evening at eight o'clock. A good programme is being prepared, and we hope to see every church in the Association represented.

E. WELTER, Assoc.-Sec.

DEAR LINK,—Thinking to interest and encourage some other Bands, I write to tell you the result of our sale at Alexander Street. The children of our Band worked so remarkably well, and some of the S.S. Teachers, I am pleased to say, helped us by having some of the little girls home, and entrusted them to make several of the very useful articles that were sold. The result was, that we took in \$14 75 at the meeting, and \$9.25 from the sale of goods left over, making altogether \$24.00, fifteen of which we have sent to the Home Mission, and so make our young president, Miss Louisa Carter, a life member; the rest we have in reserve, as we expect by the time our anniversary takes place in September, to raise sufficient to have a life member in the Foreign Mission Society, besides supporting the little Indian girl we have adopted. I may say here that we did intend to send it all to the F.M., but, in thinking over what Mrs. Castle said at the Jarvis Street meeting, that if we had done all we could for the H.M. perhaps the North-West rebellion would never have taken place, we felt surely we must do something to help spread the Gospel in our own land.

We thank God for His great blessings to our Mission Band, as we believe our meetings have been the means of much good to the souls of some of our young members, and earnestly solicit your prayers for the future.

On behalf of the College Street Mission Band.  
E. A. MOOR.

## AYLMER, ONT.,—

DEAR LINK,—For the encouragement of mission workers I have much pleasure in writing that our Home Mission Circle, only lately formed, made their first effort to aid in enlightening the heathen of our own land. To do this, we had an Envelope Social, and we certainly have no reason to be discouraged, as we raised \$20.00.

We trust our Circle will advance both in numbers and in missionary spirit, thus proving a blessing to ourselves and others, and that God will bless the little we may be enabled to do. O that we might be like the Philadelphia of old, and as we deny ourselves for the service of God and render unto Him that which is His, so will He establish and bless us in the ages yet to come.

The officers of our Circle are:—President, Mrs. D. J. Ferguson; Vice-President, Mrs. W. Baker; Treasurer, Mrs. Timpany; Secretary, Mrs. J. Rogers.

March 4th.

## ST. THOMAS, ONT.,—

DEAR LINK,—I am sure you will be glad to hear from our Willing Workers. We feel greatly encouraged in our work. At the time we organized we undertook the support of a Samulcolta student, Bellum Thomas, at the cost of \$17.00 a year, thinking if we raised that amount we would do well. But, at the end of fourteen months, found we had raised over \$50.00; we, therefore, decided to send \$8.00 more, making \$25.00 a year, and as we have two years provided for, we have decided to support a girl in the Cocanada school as well. Our money has been

raised by monthly collections, which are two cents a month, or twenty-five cents a year, two entertainments—one given last June, another in February, and in making an autograph quilt, on which we have already raised \$15.00. Surely God has owned and blessed this work.

March 22nd.

HATTIE PERRY.

SARNIA, ONT.,—

IN response to Mrs. McMaster's letter, setting forth the need of earnest effort in behalf of Home Missions, the ladies determined to make a special offering, and for this purpose decided on an envelope party, such as was mentioned in the LINK some time ago. Cards were sent to each member, asking her to be present and to bring her gift in a sealed envelope, accompanied by a suitable verse of Scripture, brief quotation or short letter, and the response to the invitations were nearly all accepted. An entertaining programme had been prepared, one exercise of which was the opening of the envelopes and reading of the letters. Just before the closing hymn was sung refreshments were served. An enjoyable and, we trust, profitable evening was spent. The proceeds of the evening amounted to about \$40.00, of which \$12.00 was taken by the "Band," as they assisted in getting up the entertainment.

The constitution of our circle embraces home and foreign work, and we feel grateful for the privilege of doing something to aid the cause of missions. Our meetings are well attended, and an increased interest is manifested in the work both at home and abroad.

L. H.

March 30th.

LONDON, ONT.,—

DEAR LINK,—Your visits are greatly appreciated. As intelligence from the Circles contributes to the interest of the paper, a few lines from Talbot Street might be acceptable. An anniversary meeting was held on the 11th inst., for which we were favored with the services of Mrs. Osborne, of Niagara Falls. Her address was so inspiring that I think none listened without having their faith and zeal in foreign missions increased. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, and appropriate music was furnished by the choir. A short sketch of the F.M. work was given by Mrs. Carfrae, and encouraging reports from the Home and Foreign Circles by Mrs. Albert Jeffrey and Mrs. Porter. The Foreign Circle reports a membership of 105. The Home, organized March, 1885, with 16 members, now reports 90. Both departments are working harmoniously, one helping the other. The presidents of the Circles alternate in conducting the meetings, and think the union conducive to the interest of both.

Yours in the work,

MRS. W. H. PORTER.

WOODSTOCK—Acting on the suggestion of an article in a late number of the LINK the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circle, in connection with the Woodstock Church, held an envelope meeting. The programme consisted of singing, a colloquy, a paper on "needs of our Mission Work in India," by our President, Mrs. Timpany, the reading of texts, verses of favourite hymns and missionary items, the contents of nearly ninety envelopes. The proceeds, \$21.10 were equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The members of the Circle are highly pleased with the results of the envelope meeting, which was so easily arranged and to the interest of which all could contribute.

LONDON, SOUTH.—Dear Mrs. Newman, I send you the notice of our annual meeting of the Middlesex and Lambton Association. The second annual meeting of the Home and Foreign Mission Circles in the Middlesex and Lambton Association, will be held at Mount Bridges on Tuesday evening, June 1st.

The Circles are earnestly requested to get their reports ready in good time. A full attendance is desired.

SUSIE B. WALL, Assoc-Sec.

## New Circles.

CARHOLME.—Dear Mrs. Castle,—God has put it in the hearts of some of His people to aid in the work of rescuing the heathen from darkness and giving to them the light that the Gospel of Christ brings, and aiding our sisters in India, and as a means to better accomplish this end we met on the 16th inst. and formed a Mission Circle, although our Church is only a small one consisting of about 20 members; and they are scattered over an area of eight miles, and it is difficult to get together; yet we want to work for the Master, having the promise of His blessing on every effort put forth for the advancement of His cause here on earth. Names of Officers:—Mrs. Mary Masicar, *President*; Miss Corlette J. Hicks, *Vice President*; Mrs. J. Siprell, *Sec. and Treas.* Our Circle is to work for Home and Foreign Missions.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### The Missionary Doll.

BY HANNAH SHEPHERD.

Now, mamma, take me on your lap, and hold me tight—just

And I'll tell you all about it—how I let my darling go.  
For I didn't know 'twas naughty until you said to-day  
That I must not give my playthings, without your leave,  
away.

Oh, but it was so drefful hard to let Angeline go!  
For she is my oldest child, and my dearest one, you know.  
Why didn't I send Nellie, or my new wax doll so tall!  
Because I loved my precious one the very best of all.

Don't you 'member all about it—how papa said that night  
That when we gave to Jesus, it must be our dearest quite?  
And I saw the mission-boxes being packed so full down-  
stairs  
For the little heathen children who've not been taught their  
prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my Angeline—now, mamma, don't  
you cry;  
I'd have let you say "Good-bye" to her, but I knew you  
would ask me why:  
And papa in his sermon said, "Don't tell 'bout what you do,  
But help a little if you can"; so I thought that meant me  
too.

And I hope that ragged heathen girl, 'way out in Timbuctoo,  
Will love my sweetest Angeline, and treat her well, don't  
you?  
Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just at first, you see,  
For she is not used to strangers, 'cause she's always been with  
me.

So please don't tell the boys; they'd tease me 'bout my "mis-  
sionary child."  
And I couldn't bear it very well, if even papa smiled;  
For I tucked her softly in the box when no one saw, you  
know,  
Though it broke my heart to pieces to let my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night, That when we gave with all our hearts, it must be a hard fight; But that Jesus know about it all, and would help us to be glad,  
If we only gave, for love of Him, the dearest that we had.

—Child's Paper.

## Dorothy's Koorta.

BY C. L. BURNHAM.

"Aunt Agnes, I wish I didn't have to make this koorta."

The speaker was a little girl who was busily engaged in turning a fell on a small cotton garment. Now, turning a fell, truth to say, is one of the most difficult things in sewing; and this particular fell ravelled and ravelled, and wouldn't turn under, and wouldn't be even, till Dorothy was utterly discouraged.

"Why, Dora," said Aunt Agnes, pleasantly, "you know you are not doing it for pleasure. Can you not deny yourself for the sake of doing good?"

"Yes, I can," said Dora, "but I am not willing; and when I have self-denial, I want to be willing." And she sighed heavily as she tugged away at an uncompromising knot in her thread.

And Agnes kissed the flushed cheek, took out the knot and started the little maiden afresh, and then said, "How pleased the dusky little tot will be who gets this koorta! She has trudged to school every morning from her poor little home, after eating her handful of rice, in the expectation of getting a koorta at Christmas if she should be regular and punctual. I can see her, can't you, in the row of little girls Christmas morning, when this very koorta is handed to her. How her dark eyes shine!"

"And it is made just as she likes it, too!" cried Dorothy. "Isn't it funny that they are so particular about the pattern? that the little Cawnpore girls want it their way, and the Calcutta girls theirs?"

"Do you know I rather like that in them?" said Aunt Agnes. "It seems to bring them nearer to me, because it makes me think of some other little girls whom I know and love, who decidedly prefer to have their dresses made like those of the children about them, and not in some way that would make them look old-fashioned or odd."

Dorothy laughed. She remembered how particular she had been herself, and it reconciled her to binding the koorta with red, and turning all the fussy corners in the sleeves and round the neck.

"But I didn't wonder after all," continued auntie, "that you get tired over the little garment. I do myself; and as I was making—mine the other day, I thought of three things I would put into it to make it more interesting."

"Oh, what were they?" said Dorothy.

"Well, I will tell you. A lady who was sitting by said to me, 'Whom is that little shirt for?' I said, 'A little Hindoo.' She smiled rather incredulously, and I thought to myself, 'After all, whom is it for? Only a little Hindoo girl, and nobody in particular? No, it is for one of Christ's little ones; it is for Him I am doing it, and I will ask him to accept the little offering of my time, and to direct it to some dear child, whose heart he will soften to believe in His name.' So I put a prayer into my koorta; and you wouldn't believe how my needle flew as I prayed for the conversion of the very child who should wear it."

"This brought me to thinking how I should like to have her get some sweet verse telling of Jesus' love, to

draw her young heart to Him, and I resolved to send a card with a pretty picture on it and a Bible verse, for the little one to take to her home to show to her father and mother. Who could tell but they might be converted too? With this I became so much interested that as every one had gone out of the room, and I was left alone, I could not help singing the missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' So I put a song into my koorta, and before I knew it, it was finished in a burst of enthusiasm."

Aunt Agnes had become so absorbed in her story that she had not noticed that Dorothy had dropped her work and was gazing at her. Suddenly she felt a pair of arms around her neck in a tight squeeze, and a voice said in her ear, "You have made me willing, auntie."—*Selected.*

## Rest for the Weary.

From a private letter from one of our missionaries, we are permitted to take the following:—

I would like to tell you about some of the women I met on our return from Toungoo to Mandalay, during the cold season of 1884 and 1885. One morning we stopped for breakfast at a large village in which were two zayats. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of people curious to see me, as they had never seen a white woman. You have so often heard of their curiosity, that I will repeat only a single one of their remarks about me. They said I was so white I looked exactly as though I were silver plated.

As soon as they found I could use their language, and that I had come to tell them of a new religion, a group of old women gathered about me and said it was most fitting that we should talk about such things, for it was the Burmese worship day, the eighth day after the new moon. Each held in his hand a rosary, and as she slipped the beads through her fingers was supposed to be reminded of her mortality and of the vanities and sorrows of life. I told them of the Saviour, and of the love which led Him to take our sins upon Himself, and to die for us upon the cross.

They listened most eagerly, and only interrupted by now and then saying: "Is it true? Is it for us or only for white people that he died?" One old woman said: "I am old, and all my life I have been wishing I might get away from my sins. I have tried faithfully to do all the priests have told me, but I have never had a moment of rest." Then I told her of the witness in my own heart that all these things were true, and spoke of the peace that passeth understanding which lovers of Jesus know. Then she exclaimed: "Who could help loving Him if He died to take away our sins?" Another said: "We are women, and this is not for us. We have no judgment, we only know that to be good which the men tell us is so." I asked her if she did not daily buy and sell in the bazaar without consulting any man about her bargains? if she did not know herself whether she were well or ill, miserable or happy? She seemed to get a new thought, and brightened up as she replied: "Why yes, even my husband and sons do not know what are the thoughts of my heart, and how can they know just what prayers I should repeat?" Another said: "Jesus Christ! Do you say he can save me? This is good news indeed. How can we tell Him that we want Him to save us?" So I taught them to pray, the first time they had ever thought of true prayer. It was a blessed day to me, and I believe it was so to at least two or three of those poor, old gray-haired women.—*Helping-Hand.*

## Schools in Mainpuri, India

BY M. E. POLLOCK.

When you think of schools in far-away India, do not picture in your minds a large airy school-room with rows of neat desks, and at each desk a clean, neatly-dressed girl. No, indeed! The little dusky Indian girls would be completely lost in such surroundings, and would not know what it all meant. They are not accustomed to benches and chairs, but prefer to sit on the ground. Come with me and I will take you to a typical Indian school. We pass through narrow, filthy lanes until we come to a low mud house—that is, the walls are mud—having a thatched roof. As we enter, we find ourselves in a little room about ten feet long and six or eight wide. The walls are plastered with mud, and the floor is mud and lime beaten so hard that it seems almost like stone. In this room there are no windows, and all the light and air we get must come from the door. On a square of matting sits the teacher, surrounded by twelve or fifteen girls, each with a book before her from which she studies aloud. You can imagine what a clatter they make; but it is their way, and according to their ideas, the louder they study the more they will learn.

Low cane stools are brought for us, and we sit down to examine the scholars, and see what progress has been made since last we visited the school. The books, all containing Christian instruction, are numbered one, two, three and four, and are published by the Christian Vernacular Tract Society. When these have been mastered a Scripture History will be taken up, and after that the Bible itself.

They learn a simple catechism corresponding to one that possibly very many of you study, beginning, "Who made you?" We must be very careful to see that they have studied this, for as it contains the doctrines of our Christian faith, the heathen teachers do not like to teach it, and must be watched very closely that they do not neglect it. You know how hard it is for any one to teach what he does not believe and does not want others to believe, and so it is with them. If the teacher refuses to teach the catechism or the girls to learn it, the school is at once closed.

Well, after this is recited and explained, we hear the multiplication table; and have simple exercises in arithmetic. Then comes the writing class. The slates are boards-painted black, the pens are large and made of wood and the ink is a mixture of lime and water. After that comes what they enjoy most of all, the singing of hymns set to native tunes. They are eager to learn to sing, too, and many of the older girls sing very nicely. The sun is getting high and we must hasten back to the shelter of the thick walls of our bungalow; for you know Europeans must be very careful of the fierce rays of the Indian sun.

All of these poor girls are taught from their very infancy, by their mothers, to worship idols, and a very common excuse for tardiness is, "I have been to worship some goddess." When you think of these poor heathen children and then of your own great blessings in having kind parents, comfortable homes and so many advantages in the way of education, are you not glad that you do not live in a heathen land, and does it not make you more eager to send the gospel to the children far away over the seas?

In Mainpuri we have eleven such schools, and in them one hundred and sixty-five girls are being taught. We hope that you will not forget to work and pray for these ignorant little children that they may forsake their idols and worship the one true God.—*Children's Work.*

## Two Kinds of Work.

This is the way we go to school,  
With our heads bent low  
And with footsteps slow,  
For we've sums to do,  
And "two times two,"  
Hard words to spell,  
Hard reading as well;  
Oh, it's serious work to go to school!

This is the way we go to our band;  
How quickly we run  
When lessons are done!  
For we've stories to tell,  
And to hear as well,  
About little children in foreign lands,  
And of all the work done by little hands  
To send them the news of our Jesus dear,  
Till every child in the world shall hear.  
Oh, it's joyful work to go to our band!

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