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The Canadian Missionary Link

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Enough To Do

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT

The lady rose from her cushions,
Her broidery frame to bring,
And showed me the tinted satin.
Where violets seemed to spring,
Then turned to a splendid curtain,
Enriched with a golden thread,
And scarf with arabesques covered.
All worked by herself, she said

"But where have you found the leisure?"
I said, as my head I bent
To look at the fairy stitches
That minutes and hours meant
"In a world so full of business,
Whence cometh this time to you?
She laughed as she lightly answered,
"I've nothing besides to do."

"I've servants to wait in plenty,
They lift one from household care,
There is no use of me stitching
The garments I choose to wear;
And save to drive in my carriage,
And loiter my visits through,
Or dress for a ball or dinner,
I've nothing besides to do."

Nothing! when thousands are mourning,
Can brain and can fingers find
Nothing to do but make cushions
And curtains with gold outlined?
And while from the darkened nations
Call mothers, and widows, and brides,
For teaching and help, you embroider,
With "nothing to do besides."

I've heard how the Eastern beauties
Live hushed in their perfumed air,
Shut in from the world's confusion
With nothing to do but be fair:
The blood in their pulses flowing,
Languidly day by day,
With never a thought to stir it
As passes their life away.

We are not as they, my sister,
To thus let the years go by:
They know of no living higher,
Than watching the moments fly
We live in a world enlightened
By Christian teaching of years,
And the cry of help for sorrow
We cannot drive from our ears

I know that you hear it, sister,
However you shut it out,
Although you sit and embroider,
So closely curtained about.
It reaches in through the curtains,
Though heavy and thick they fall,
And wives, and widows, and mothers,
Send up their sorrowful call.

Wives that are beasts of burdens,
Widows mocked at in mirth,
Brides that are trembling children,
Daughters cursed at their birth:
In India's muslin chuddah,
In Turkey's turban and veil,
In the costly shawls of Persia
They are robbed as they tell their tale.

Wives, and widows, and mothers,
They call from the darkened lands,
And nothing more than the Bible
Twixt their lot and your lot stands.
They call for its words of freedom,
They stretch out their hands to you;
Oh! speak no more of your "leisure,"
You have God-given work to do.

—Life and Light

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. XII.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

As with Moffat in Africa, so with Williams in the islands of the South Sea, he was not the first missionary who had broken ground there. As early as 1797 a missionary company consisting of eighteen men, five women, and two children were landed by captain Wilson of the ship Duff on the island of Otahaiti, or Tahiti, as it is at

present known. These were well received by the king and people, other missionaries were left at some of the other islands, who were also received with expressions of kindness, and great were the rejoicings in England when news of their favorable reception was carried home.

But the ship had barely left the port of Tahiti, when the natives began to plunder the missionaries; and after a series of annoyances and persecutions, eleven of their number were obliged to flee. They made their escape in a ship that had been driven for shelter into one of the bays of the island. However, others remained and labored on, learning the language, establishing schools, instructing the natives in the useful arts, and the preaching of the Gospel was not without marked and viable effects.

The boyhood of John Williams, like that of his distinguished contemporary, Moffat, to whose life his own ran parallel for more than forty years, was singularly full of moral sweetness and the promise of peculiar excellence in whatever sphere of life he might be placed. He was carefully trained in religious knowledge by his mother, and at a suitable age apprenticed to an iron-monger—not so much to learn the mechanical as the commercial part of the business. But the lad had a singular talent for mechanic arts; and in the intervals of time when he was not needed at the counter or the desk, he picked up so much practical knowledge at the forge or in the finishing shop as to become a really skilled workman, and was often entrusted by his master with tasks that none of the regular workmen could do so well.

At the age of eighteen, like many another just entering upon the activities of worldly business, he was growing to be less and less influenced by the religious teachings that had blessed his earlier years. But here God's spirit arrested him; and with his conversion came the entire revolutionizing of all his earlier plans and expectations. From the day he professed faith in Christ, he became an earnest worker in His cause. Recognizing the fact that now he had another Master, even Christ, while no less faithful in every particular to his earthly master, he embraced every opportunity to serve the Church. He became a teacher in the Sunday School, and at the same time improved every spare moment in the culture of his mind. The missionary zeal and earnestness of his pastor and his faithful setting forth of the duty of Christians in this respect, stirred up the mind of young Williams to diligent inquiry in regard to his own personal duty, and before the time of his apprenticeship had expired his mind was made up, and his application to the directors of the London Missionary Society was made. Though so very young, his suitability to the work was recognized, his master cheerfully released him from the remainder of his apprenticeship, and on the same day as Moffat, he was, as we have already seen, designated to the field of his future labors.

The Islanders to whom Mr. and Mrs. Williams were sent were, when first visited by Europeans, extremely degraded, cruel, addicted to infanticide and the most revolting pagan rites, and in a number of the islands cannibals of the lowest description. But in the majority of cases they very readily accepted Christianity; and as soon as converted not only became intense lovers of the Bible, but zealous missionaries to the heathen of the neighboring islands. In no part of the heathen world where Christianity has gone, have more willing and eager workers been found than among the people of these savage islands.

The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Williams was like the dawn of a new day upon the South Sea Mission; and from that day to this there has been steady progress, though not without some painful and bitter trials, such as the

murder of Williams in 1839, of Bishop Patterson in 1871, and the check that was put upon Protestant missions in Tahiti in 1842 by the French assumption of the Protectorate of the island.

Such were Mr. Williams' industry and aptitude in acquiring the language, that he preached his first sermon in the native tongue just ten months after he reached the islands. This progress was unprecedented, and greatly surprised the older missionaries, some of whom, on hearing him preach, affirmed that he had done as much in ten months as might reasonably have been expected in three years. But this, like every thing Mr. Williams did, was done in his own peculiar way. It was not accomplished so much by sitting down to solitary study, as by mingling freely with the natives, talking with them, as he was able, and thus familiarizing himself at once with the commonest words and simplest forms of expression, as well as with their peculiar pronunciation.

From the time he preached his first sermon his work was fairly begun. At once, in addition to preaching, he set about translating the Scriptures, establishing schools, opening up new stations, and, at the same time, turned his mechanical skill to good use in the building of a church and in the erection of a better class of houses for the missionaries. "It was my determination when I left England," he says, "to have as respectable a dwelling as I could erect; for the missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to civilize the heathen. He ought not, then, to sink down to their standard, but to elevate them to his."

As soon as Mr. Williams' work was established, his mind began to go out toward other places. In the year 1823 he commenced those "Missionary Enterprises" by means of which a large number of the neighboring islands were reached and evangelized, and the sphere of operation and influence of the Missionary Society he served greatly enlarged.

In a letter to the Directors of the Society about this time he says: "A missionary was never designed by Jesus Christ to gather a congregation of a hundred or two natives and sit down at his ease as contented as if every sinner was converted, while thousands around him and but a few miles off are eating each other's flesh and drinking each other's blood, living and dying without the gospel. For my own part I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef."

The remainder of Mr. Williams' singularly busy life was a carrying out to the fullest extent possible to him of the principles here enunciated. In his mission-ship, the Endeavor called by the natives the Beginning—he journeyed from island to island, opening the way for Christian laborers, and leaving behind him native Christians to carry on the work in his absence.

But at length, after much foundation work of this kind had been done, and many islands visited, in consequence of complaints sent home by merchants of Sydney that "the bringing of the goods of the islanders to the colony interfered with their trade," the Directors of the Society were induced to sell the Endeavor, and by this suicidal policy the mission would for a long time have been crippled, but for the energy and pluck of their missionary.

Williams resolved that he would build a ship for himself. But how was this to be done without material, tools, skilled workmen, and the numberless conveniences that are deemed indispensable to such an enterprise? The missionary was the man to solve this difficulty. Never, perhaps, was the old adage "where there's a will there's a way," better verified than in this instance. Warmly seconded by his native Christians, he boldly set to work

to build his missionary ship. A rude machine of his own construction supplied him with a substitute for bellows, a stone was his anvil, a pair of carpenter's pincers were his tongs, and thus the necessary smithing was accomplished.

He had no saw, but the required timber was split from the trunks of trees with the help of wedges; the bark of a particular tree, twisted into ropes, supplied the cordage; some sort of cloth that he had, did duty for sails; a pick-axe, a carpenter's adze, and a large hoe constituted his rudder; and in less than four months he had a ship ready for sea, measuring sixty feet in length, eighteen in width, and of some seventy tons burden. This strange craft he named "The Messenger of Peace." "My ship," he wrote to another missionary, soon after it was finished, "is about to convey Messrs. Pritchard and Simpson to the Margnessa, after which I propose taking a through route, and carrying as many teachers as I can get down through all the Navigators, Fijia, New-Hebrides, New Caledonia, etc. I trust that having the means in my own hands we shall speedily extend our mission far and wide. The Lord has blessed our labors in every direction, and I trust that what has been done is only an earnest of what will be done, and as the first drops of abundant rain."

This hope was speedily realized. Group after group was visited, and the welcome from some of those that had been visited before, and where native Christians had in the meantime been laboring was most touching. Even at islands that had never before been visited except by native Christians, his welcome was of the most joyous kind. Approaching one of these, he was met by the natives in their canoes, exclaiming—"We are sons of the word" we are sons of the word! We are waiting for a religious ship to bring us some people whom they call missionaries to tell us about Jesus Christ."

At one, he was met by a man who introduced himself as "a son of the word," and stated that about fifty men in his district had renounced idolatry, embraced Christianity, built a place of worship, and were waiting for the missionary. "A large party," says the narrator, "spread themselves along the beach, and looked somewhat fierce. Williams, dreading their looks, made the native Christians who were with him in the boat rest upon their oars and unite with him in prayer. The chief, who stood in the centre of the people on the shore, earnestly entreated the strangers to have confidence in them as they were Christians. Mr. Williams said he had been told that they were savages; and the chief replied:—"Oh, we are not savages now, we are Christians. A great chief from the white man's country, named Williams, came to Savaii about twenty moons ago, and placed there some teachers; and several of our people who were there began to instruct their friends when they came back, and many have become sons of the word;" and, pointing to a company separate from the rest, he added—"these are the Christians; they are known by the cloth which you see upon their arms." The missionary explained that he was Mr. Williams, and they immediately plunged into the water and carried the boat with him in it to the shore. When he inquired about the services in the chapel, the person who conducted it, explaining how he was able to do so, made the following interesting statement

"I take my canoe, go down to the teachers, get some religion which I bring carefully home, and bring to the people; and when that is gone, I take my canoe again, and fetch some more. And now you are come for whom we have been so long waiting. Where is our teacher? Give me a man full of religion, that I may not expose my life to danger going so far to fetch it."

In 1833, on account of impaired health, Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned to England where they remained four years. Here, in response to his appeal for a ship to be wholly devoted to the service of the mission, a sum was raised—in considerable part by Sunday School children—sufficient to buy, and fit out the Camden, a ship of two hundred tons burden, in which the missionaries sailed on their return voyage, on the 11th of April, 1838, Mr. Williams little dreaming, as he turned his face again towards his loved work, that that work was so nearly done.

Touching at the Island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides islands, on his return voyage, hoping to do the poor islanders good, he was treacherously assaulted, killed and his flesh devoured by his remorseless murderers.

His bones were afterwards recovered, and buried on one of the islands of the Samoan group, and monuments erected to his memory on both the Samoan and Herney Islands. Thus perished, after a life of singular beauty, and almost apostolic labors in behalf of the heathen of the South-Sea Islands, one of England's noblest sons, one of the Church's most trusty servants, and one of the greatest of modern missionaries.

Paper Read by Miss Stuart, at the Quarterly Meeting of Halifax and Dartmouth Aid Societies, Feb., 1835.

It is impossible in a brief sketch to give a comprehensive idea of our Great Eastern Empire, extending from Himalayas, to the Indian ocean, and from Beloochistan, to Burmah.

India has as its base the Himalaya Mountains—the highest, broadest, and one of the longest mountain ranges on our planet. Few of us comprehend the grandeur of this great Empire. When we speak of India, we are to understand that we are considering a country with an area of 1,485,950 square miles in extent equal to sixteen Great Britains, or equal to the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia. Its length from north to south is 1,900 miles, and where widest is as broad. It presents every variety of scenery and climate from the highest mountain in the world, with summits robed in perpetual snow, to river deltas only a few inches above the level of the sea.

The greatest wealth of India consists in its fertile soil, which yields almost every variety of vegetable life necessary to man. The fertile soil fed by copious rains and abundant heat, produces an enormous amount of vegetation, which is troublesome to the cultivator, and the rapid growth followed by an equally rapid decay, produces fever and other diseases which are the bane of life in India.

By the census of 1831, the population of India amounted to over 252 millions, or about one-fifth the entire population of the earth, and more than double what Gibbon estimated the Roman Empire to contain in the highest of its power.

India is composed of many provinces speaking different languages, and with varied religious customs. Among them are spoken ninety-eight languages, with a greater number of dialects.

God has seen fit in His providence to give this vast country, with its varied resources, great wealth and enormous population to Protestant Britain, and in a great measure the work of its evangelization lies in our hands. May we be found worthy of this great trust, and be the means in God's hands of overthrowing their detestable, superstitious religion and give to this benighted people the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the missionaries have had to cope is caste. The castes are of four kinds: the highest is that of the Brahmins; the next that of the chiefs and warriors; the third that of the merchants and farmers; the fourth and lowest, that of servants of the other castes. Besides these there are the out-caste, who have forfeited the rights and privileges of their caste.

Hinduism teaches that caste is a divine institution: a gift bestowed from on high. It teaches that the distinction between the castes is quite as decided as between the beast, the bird and the reptile. The greatest solicitude of any Hindoo, is to keep his caste undefiled. A Brahmin may commit theft, adultery, or murder, and not lose caste here, or suffer hereafter, but to violate any caste rules will involve the guilty in degradation to endless ages. The Sanscrit professor at Oxford, says: "It is difficult for Europeans to understand how the pride of caste, as a divine ordinance inter-penetrates the whole being of a Hindoo. He looks upon his caste as his veritable good; and those caste rules which we believe to be a hindrance to his adoption of the true religion, are to him the very essence of all religion, for they influence his whole life and conduct."

For a Hindoo to become a Christian, is to break caste, and that means exclusion from all family ties and association, separation from friends and neighbors.

Missionaries have met with repeated instances in which this barrier alone has stood in the way of a profession of Christianity. The condition of the women is another great hindrance to the success of missionary work in India.

According to the teachings of their sacred books, women have no minds, and the Brahmins teach that their present condition is the result of an in a previous state of existence. The birth of a daughter is received with bitter wailings, and the little unwelcome stranger is either ill-treated or murdered. Formerly infants, both girls and boys, were thrown by their mothers into the river (Ganges), to appease the anger of their gods. But apart from this, thousands perished simply because they were girls. Their sacred books also teach: "The husband gives bliss to his wife here below, and will give her happiness in the next world."

Of the 122 million women, not more than one in a hundred are receiving education. The condition of the widows is pitiable in the extreme, they sometimes express regret that government took from them the power to die with their husbands, as they are spared only to live lives of suffering. Well may these women exclaim, "Oh, American women, who hath made us to differ!"

The degradation of women marks all systems of heathenism, and if it were not for the gospel of Christ, the women of our favored land would occupy no higher position than the down-trodden woman of the East.

Oh, may the story of our sisters' woes rouse us to greater earnestness and activity,

"Sister! Scorn not the name for ye cannot alter the fact
Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing South shall be
Valid excuse above for the priest's and Levite's act,
If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not see?"

"Sister! Yea, and they lie, not by the side of the road,
But hidden in the loathsome caves, in crushed and quivering
throats,
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible
load
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited wrong,

"Made like our own strange selves with memory, mind, and
will;
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live forever!
Sister! Is there not chord vibrating in musical thrill,
At the fall of that gentle word to issue in bright endeavor?"

"Sister! Ye who have known the Elder Brother's love,
Ye who have sat at His feet and leant 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 to Him for rest?"

Although Protestant missionaries have been in India 175 years, for half of that period their labors did not extend over one-tenth of India. The Protestant missionaries of all denominations were, during last century, in the proportion of one to eighteen million, and during the present century have not averaged more than one to each million.

There are numerous districts in which no Christian laborer has ever lived. There are thousands of villages in which the gospel has never been preached. More than half the population of the whole of India, have never had the great message of Christianity presented to them.

When we are brought face to face with these great facts, and realize in some measure how much work there remains to be done; we are led to say, "Who is sufficient?" But He who said, "Go, teach all nations," also said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth, and I am with you all the days."

The revealed word is rich in promises to the Gentile world. "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles." "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee. "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. "Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." "Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

We have reason to be greatly encouraged, for an immense amount of pioneer work has been accomplished. The most suitable localities for mission stations have been discovered. The whole Bible has been translated into fourteen Indian languages and dialects. The New Testament has been translated into twenty-nine others. Christian books and tracts in great numbers have been printed in all the principal languages. The increase of native preachers and ministers has been very marked.

Some great crimes and cruel customs have been suppressed such as suttee or widow burning, and thuggism. Infanticide has openly ceased in British India, but it still prevails in secret, particularly among the high castes.

Religious murder has now ceased. Female education is slowly spreading; perpetual widowhood, with all its attendant sadness, is still common, except among some of the lowest castes, but public opinion is growing strongly against it.

Not only are Hindoo customs and ideas changing, but Christian ones are becoming more and more prevalent. No statistics can give a fair idea of all missionaries have done towards evangelizing India.

Some time ago a Hindoo expressed himself thus in a public lecture delivered in Calcutta. "Mighty revolu-

tions are taking place on all sides. Every department of native society is undergoing change—radical and organic change. Ideas and tastes are changing, customs and manners are changing, old institutions are giving place to new ones."

The spirit of Western enlightenment and civilization is at work in the case of Hindoo society, and is somewhere perceptibly, somewhere secretly transforming, remodeling and revolutionizing its entire organism. Its powerful influence has shaken the enormous fabric of Hinduism to its very foundations, and convulsed the very heart of the nation, and every sphere of native thought and occupation, intellectual, social, political, commercial and religious, is in a state of violent fermentation."

It can be truly said that Christianity is fairly rooted in India.

We, as Baptists, are particularly interested in mission work among the Telugus. The Telugus are found chiefly in the Presidency of Madras. In particular they inhabit the eastern coast of Southern India, for 500 miles.

The progress made among the Telugus since 1877, is most remarkable. At Nellore, in 1878, the American Baptists in six weeks, baptized 8,691 heathen. To those were added in 1881, 2,757 converts; in the first few months of 1884, about 1,800. Sixteen years ago there were but forty known Christians among the Telugus, now there are about 30,000. They have 80 native pastors, one hundred and fifty teachers, 10 Bible readers, and a Theological Institute with about 175 students.

The Telugus are a very enterprising race, and are much inclined to emigration. They are scattered through Burmah and other parts of India.

The population of Maulmain is 95,000, twenty thousand of these are Telugus. Rangoon has a population of 150,000, fifty thousand of this city are Telugus. This will give some idea of how they are pushing themselves in among the less enterprising people of the land.

Some who have gone to Burmah were converted and members of Baptist churches before they left their homes in Telugu land.

Oh may we at home pray that the Holy Spirit will prepare the hearts of the Telugus, that the seed, which is the word of God, may fall into good ground and bring forth fruit abundantly, and as they leave their homes to settle in other parts of India, they may go "preaching the word," and thus help to extend the kingdom of Christ on the earth.

The Telugus number about 20,000,000, and when we consider that only about 30,000 of these are Christians, there still remain over 19,000,000 in heathen darkness.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields," for they are white already to harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His vineyard."

"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him if they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

The Ministry of Women.*

From one end of the Bible to the other we find a constant activity. The ideas of master and servant, of workmen toiling with some great end in view, of diligent

learners who cannot lay aside their tasks, are continually before us. In all those activities do the hands of women appear tied? Does it even seem that she is not wanted; and has no special niche to fill? No, emphatically no, for God has her place and her work ready for her. It is hardly necessary to refer to Gen. ii: 18. There we learn that woman was made as "an helpmeet" to man. That she has and is fulfilling her mission we have no hesitation in affirming. In Judges iv: 5, 8, we see the marvellous power of woman's influence, she leads a man and wins the day. Barak was nothing without the noble and quickening influence of Deborah. It was her presence that inspired the army and saved Israel. "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go," said Barak. An incident in 1st Sam. xxv: 32, 33, illustrates the restraining power of a woman over a man. It takes a woman to restrain David.

Abigail kept back his hand from executing summary justice on a surly chieftain. In Dan. v: 11, we have a woman making a way for the man of God to enter into a palace. What has Belshazzar cared for Daniel in the past? But now in his agony and distress and while trembling for fear, the Queen brings in the man of God to point him upwards. It has been said that "women are naturally more religious than men." Let this be granted, and by so doing we will see her in a better light than we could she we attempt to deny the above statement. Not one woman can be numbered among Christ's enemies. Evon Pilate's wife advised him to refrain from taking any part in injuring "the just Person." Priest and King as He was and is, the only earthly anointing He received was from the hands of women. When tempted unsparringly to condemn woman, because through her came ruin, let us remember that by her came also redemption. Need we add that in numerous instances they have been eminently useful members of the Church. The mother in Israel has always been a source of the pastor's inspiration. She is punctual at service. Her countenance is a resting-place for the anxious eye which scans the congregation from the pulpit. That surely is a very great deal! The pastor may be somewhat disturbed as he thinks of his sermon in connection with the inmates of the banker's pew, or in answer to a query which attaches itself to this or that prominent member. He may be doubtful of its application to the giddy portion of his flock or of its reception by the ignorant, the obstinate or the prejudiced; but he has rest in the contemplation of the calm sweet face whose lines of care and many traces of sorrow are made peaceful through sanctuary influences. Her husband may doze through the sermon, but she never does. Others may be inattentive, but never she. And then the kindness of her greeting and the generous response she gives when her heart has been touched—every pastor knows the blessedness to himself of her unobtrusive service. Everybody knows something of the sanctuary ministry of old ladies, even though they may not recognize the significance of such service; for since the days of Anna, there have been no more devoted attendants at the place where God's honor dwelleth. Wherever there has been any purity, any zeal, any activity, any prosperity in the Church of Christ, there woman's presence and aid as "a helpmeet" for the other sex, while they have been bearing the heat and burden of the day, will be found no unimportant element. From the honorable mention of the names of several, we know that the ministry of women in the apostolic age was appreciated by St. Paul. It may be encouraging to recall how they ministered to him. In the city of Philippi we see the great Missionary Paul. On the seventh day he and his companions went to the side of the river "where prayer was wont to be

*An address by Miss H. H. Wright, of Chicopee, given at the conference in Cocacada.

made." On that day it seems the worshippers were mostly women, and among them was one attentive listener, who was the first person in Europe who became a Christian. She was not a European or a Jewess by birth. She was an Asiatic, one of a guild of merchants of the city of Thyatira. But she had embraced the Jewish faith in one living God, and the Jewish hope of the Saviour. She was evidently a woman of wealth and consideration in the city. She had a household of servants and of people whom she employed, and she ruled them and managed her commercial affairs. That Sabbath morning Lydia had come with her household to worship God, in this quiet place beside the river, outside the city. And there came the stranger from Asia with his friends, the Missionary with the small stature and insignificant appearance, and the wonderful eloquence which had made the Asiatic people of Lystra take him for Mercury, the god of eloquence. His speech was no ordinary oration about piety or good works. It was a proclamation of a King and a kingdom, a message direct from Heaven. The anointed Saviour of the world, the promised King of the Jews had come. He had lived and died and risen again, and lived for evermore the Lord and friend of all men. The story says of Lydia, "The Lord opened her heart, that she attended to the things spoken of by Paul." We know that the baptized household of Lydia was the beginning of the Christian Church in Europe. Lydia's open heart opened her house and all she had, to be no more her own, but her Redeemer's. Her alabaster box and precious ointment were her house and its hospitalities. The feet on which she poured it were the needy, the stranger, the servants of Christ. She also had heard the echo of the Saviour's "unto me." She entreated Paul and his companions to make her house their home. At first the apostle hesitated, but the generous heart prevailed, and for a few days the great Missionary, who knew so well what hunger and thirst and homelessness, and weary travel and toil were, was cared for as in his own early home. But not for long. Paul and his companions were soon cast, bruised and bleeding, into a dark dungeon. We know of his release, and the conversion of the jailer. So once more there was a joyful gathering of friends and Christian brethren in Lydia's house. Thus, to all time, that open-hearted woman stands before us the type and leader of a beautiful company of Christian women who have ruled households, estates, and works of industry, large or small, and even kingdoms, in the service of God and man, and yet never lost the true womanly subordination and gentleness and simplicity: delighting to give when giving is the way to serve, content to rule when ruling is the way to serve, but as devotedly and as humbly serving at the head of a household or a kingdom as the lowliest servant or subject they have to guide and rule. Hospitality, the care of the household, of guests, and of strangers, in the cottage or in the palace, has ever been among the most frequent duties of Christian womanhood. And sacredly uniting the common household duties with the alabaster box, the costly spices at the tomb, we read the golden words, "I was naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me, a stranger and ye took me in." In Corinth, Paul found valuable helpers in Aquila and Priscilla. Some have debated whether Priscilla were of nobler birth or of stronger character than her husband, because of her being mentioned at all, and because sometimes her name is placed before his. But this indeed matters not. We do not need to measure by greater or less, when the more of one only supplies the other, and the variety is part of the beauty. Whatever gifts each had belonged to both, and could not be reckoned apart. That Priscilla was a

"helpmeet" is not to be doubted, for together they worked at their tents, together they welcomed the Apostle Paul and learned of him; together they found out the eloquent Apollos and brought him to them, and "expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly"; together they made a gathering place and a home for the Christian Church at Rome. Much more could be said of the ministry of women in the apostolic age, of the early church, and of the middle ages, but we must pass on and leave them unnoticed. We ask in what position of life, or to what attainment man has reached, that woman his "helpmeet" has not helped him and stood by his side? We answer none. In science, literature, art, commerce, law, medicine, divinity; in short, whatever man may perform, woman taken out of his side may equal.

"Oh not for wealth or fame or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower
To make of earth a heaven."

As Christianity is woman's bond of equality with man, so is the vineyard of Christ equally her place of labor, and she also goes forth in the faith that maketh strong, to do the will of Him who sends her. The necessity or the fitness of woman's work for heathen women is no longer an open question. The gospel can never be planted among them till it is introduced into their homes. We cannot approach the question of the condition of women among the heathen, without a feeling of sadness as profound as the need of effort is felt to be great. Let us be truly thankful that woman's work has begun among them, and that the religion of Christ has power to bless even a woman. How urgent the demand that calls woman to the work, for until Light and Life enter these dark homes, heathen women will dwell in darkness. Christian love cannot leave them so, missionary work must go on till "the heathen are given to Him for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession."

In the hastening of this glorious time, women, by their service can do much for their Master. To be a bearer of glorious and deep truths is not a lately conferred honor to woman. After the resurrection of our Saviour, Mary Magdalene was charged with a deep and wonderful message to the disciples. We should have expected that the disciples would have been charged to convey the message to the woman, but in the wisdom of our, He said to Mary, "Go to my brethren." Christ honored woman by giving her the great message to hand down to future ages. To-day we find women gladly obeying the command "Go," and from the annals of missionary enterprise we could supply some of the loftiest instances of zeal and devotedness from among the weaker sex, and of whom the churches of the present day gladly testify how well they are fulfilling their ministry.

The Ayah.

The ayah is an oriental institution; a species of nurse and lady's maid rolled into one. Ours was engaged for us before we landed in the country. She was a dapper little body, about five feet in height, and a little less than half that in breadth. Her face was small and sharp, so were also her nose and eyes. Like most small people she had a very respectable idea of her own importance. She had been head ayah to the Padre Mem Sahib, of Nellore, who was the mother of half a dozen children, and the mistress of two or three ayahs. This Mem Sahib was going home

to England, and so Helen—a pet name—had to come down in the world—from a Sahib with Rs. 800. a month to one with Rs. 160. She was dressed as all ayahs are, in a quaka folded about her plump waist half a dozen times, and hanging down to her ankles. The last yard of this roll of cloth was thrown over her chest and shoulder and tucked under the girdle behind. Undornamented this on her bust was the ravelka, too short both above and below and skin-tight withal. She had an encumbrance called *Adia*. He was her husband and her most useful card in playing her many games. He was supposed to be maley, wherever she was ayah, so that it was easy for either to strike when a favorable opportunity occurred. The fitting opportunity always came when they imagined it would incommode us most to dispense with their services.

The ayah was supposed to look after the baby, do up her mistress's room, see that the washwoman, waterman, etc., etc., did their work properly. In the case of the upper ten, the ayah bathes and dresses her mistress, and in conjunction with the butler runs the establishment generally. Besides the above duties, the ayah spends a considerable time in eating, sleeping, smoking, chewing hotel nut, and gossiping with her neighbor ayahs, and reciting the events of the day. She will tell them what was on the table for breakfast—why master was so angry with the chokra, what missus said about miss so and so, what was in the note the master got from the Padre, and what master wrote in return. She quarrels with both waterman and cook every day, and regales her mistress with the sins of the household. If the baby does not sleep at the proper time for these various duties, the conventional ayah will often facilitate matters by a dose of opium. The baby will then sleep delightfully, and sometimes, alas! the poor things sleep on—forever.

Our first was only with us a few months—shortly after baby was born, and when we needed her most, her Adin got discontented and must leave, and she as a dutiful wife must go too. Of course a few rupees extra would have settled matters, but we did not see the point, and so Helen and Adia left. We then tried a new plan. We determined to be independent of heathen ayahs, and to train a Christian ayah out of raw material. So we applied to a neighboring missionary for some of this material. He sent us one. Oh, how raw it was, how filthy, how lazy, how stupid! Double work now, training the ayah and doing the work too. Her carelessness nearly cost the life of our first child. She left her sitting in the sunshine, while she was away gossiping. Weeks of anxious care, and fears for her reason were our share; bitter indifference was hers. After two years she married.

Her successor was a heathen, kind of half Christianized. Another little body—black as a raven's plume, thin as a knife-blade, keen as a razor, and with a head of hair like a chimney-sweed. She went with us to Cocanada, but only remained there a few months. She was lonely, had no chance for gossip, as we lived too far away from the other Europeans. A relative died, and so she had to go to see about the family. A relative always dies just when an Indian servant wants to change. Most accommodating people they are. We sent her away in peace. Take her all in all she was the most satisfactory we ever had. In the great Ongole revival she became a Christian, and amid her old surroundings is holding on her upward way.

In missionary houses the servants never have the place, and never sway the powers which they do in the houses of Government officials. There the head ayah

is lady's maid. She dresses her mistress's hair, attends her at bath, and dresses her three or four times a day. At the same time she retails to her all the news which she has gathered from the conclave of her fellow ayahs, who were airing their various charges on the pier, or in the park, or under the big banyan tree last evening; while in return she gleams from the Mem Sahib choice morsels for the evening's confab. How angry master was at the young collector for his impertinence in court the other day. That Mrs. F. said Miss K. was a presuming, impertinent little hussy, and ought to have her ears boxed; that Mrs. D.'s ayah had stolen her mistress's gold chain, and helped the butler to rob her of all her jewelry. How Miss L.'s poodle had been bitten by a mad jackal, and that missy had fainted when she heard it must be shot, etc., etc.

After a while these ayahs got to know so much of the inner life of these people, and could reveal so many inconvenient things, that they become virtual rulers of the house, till the mistress leaves for Europe, or some distant country. Many of the ayahs become devotedly attached to the children, and are kind and careful of them. They are proud of their health and growth, and will neglect no charm or incantation which will do them good. They often acquire a good deal of skill in treating infantile diseases, and under the circumstances of climate, and other considerations form a very indispensable part of an Indian household.

J. McLAURIN.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Telugu Association.

The usual order of growth seems to be Church, Association, and Convention. We have made the Association stage, and hope in a few more years to grow into a Convention. At present we have one Association only, and of this we make a good deal, and we want home friends to find a place for it in their memories also.

This year the Association was held at Tunji, and Mr. Currie was constantly in our thoughts, for he had hoped, when the new house was completed and Mrs. Currie had joined him, to have had the Association come to Tunji. But Mr. Currie has gone before, and all we could do was to send the Association greetings to Mrs. Currie in Canada.

The Association covered five days and was a high time to all, Missionaries and Christians alike. As we are at present the Tunji Missionaries, Mrs. Stillwell and I went on in advance to get things in readiness. Soon came the delegates and non-delegates, from the churches, and finally Mr. Craig, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Williams, Miss Hatch, Mrs. Debeaux, Miss Beggs and two Miss Ensells; and what with all of us, Tunji was taken by storm, and the people verily came in crowds to see what wonderful thing had come among them. 13 Churches and 1915 Christians were represented, so that we had a goodly gathering and a right royal time.

First came the Association Sermon, preached by Karrie Peter of Gunnanapudi, the pastor of a church of nearly 600 members, and one of the faithful pioneers in the work. His sermon was on "Giving," and he made out that we should at least give a tenth, something that he practices himself. Then followed the election of officers, resulting in:—Jonathan Burder, the Cocanada pastor, as Moderator; and D. Samuel, as Clerk.

Then came the reading of Church letters, each one

telling its own story of work done, of difficulties overcome, and of some advance having been made. Maybe some of my readers would be glad to know the names of the churches and therefore I shall write them. There are 7 churches on the Akidu field, with an aggregate membership of 1385, namely: Malikhahannadapuram (a big name by the way), Akidu, Asaram, Gunnanapudi, Gudlavallern and Bodagunla; on the Cocanada field are 4 churches, with an aggregate membership of 424, namely, Cocanada, Marnuanda, Nallurn and Samulcotta; while on the Tuni field is the Tuni Church only, with a membership of 267. The 13th Church is the English Baptist Church in Cocanada, with a membership of 39, a round total in all of 1915. The evenings as well as the days were taken up, and on one evening we had what is called a Conference or Fellowship meeting which lasted for about 2 hours, when a very pleasant and profitable time was passed. The Christians spoke briefly and followed one another in close succession; and some had wonderful experiences indeed to tell, and as one listened he could see that Christian life and growth were the same the world over.

Sunday was a high day also, Mr. Craig preaching in the morning, Mr. Archibald in the afternoon, and Jonathan Burder in the evening. After the afternoon sermon a Candidate was baptized in the tank near the town, after wards the Christians broke into bands and preached Christ in the streets, bazars and market places of Tuni. Many interesting questions came up for discussion, and perhaps the most interesting was the question of wearing excessive jewelry, at least it took the most time. It may be interesting to know the final position taken. In English it would be somewhat as follows.

Whereas God evidently did not intend rings, etc. to be worn in the ears, nose, or lips, else he would have created us with the holes already made, so that disfiguration of the body would have been unnecessary, and

Whereas many incur debt in order to satisfy their vanity in this direction, and finally

Whereas rich people in wearing jewels in excess, incite illegitimate desires in their poorer associates, therefore

Resolved, in accordance with 1st Peter, 2nd chapter, 3rd and 4th verses, and 1st Timothy, 2nd chapter, 9th verse, that we refrain from wearing excessive jewelry on our persons and discourage it in others.

No doubt a moral lies hidden in this, but I shall not search for it.

But of interesting things by far the most pleasing was the establishing of what is called a Home Mission Society, the object of which is the spread of Christ's Kingdom in India, but chiefly the procuring of lands for Chapel purposes and the building thereon of suitable buildings. To send delegates to sit in council in this new society a church must contribute 2 annas per member. This would give us about 240 rupees which will, without doubt, be forthcoming. The collection on Sunday was for the new society and amounted to 36 rupees and 11 annas and 1 pie. A Constitution was framed in accordance with which a Board was constituted of 15 members, 3 to be Missionaries and an Executive of 5 members; also a Trustee Board was constituted consisting of 5 members, 2 to be missionaries, in whose name all lands are to be held for the churches. The Board at its first meeting engaged a man, for the special work in hand, at a salary of Rupees 8 per month. My letter is already growing too long, else I could show the need of the above Society, so I shall merely say we are looking for much from this move.

Thus after the best of associations we broke up, each

one directing his step homewards and work-wards; and now you may think of us as all busy and very hopeful of success.

J. R. STILLWELL.

SAMULCOTTA, Feb. 4th, 1888.

Port Said to Cocanada.

With Port Said came the first real showing of Oriental life. There men dress in long flowing robes, or a paucity of robes, and go about with turbaned and uncovered head. Some ride donkeys, some in two-wheeled bullock carts, but mostly all walk in mid-road with sandalled or bare feet. Like the majority of Eastern towns it has no trains, no omnibuses, no railway and no patting wagons roaring over stonepaved streets. "What delightful quiet," you say. Well, no. In these cities and throughout the East men cannot work without noise, and where men in most of the work substitute the steam truck and the draught horse, the dia would out-vie old Bonsecours Market, Montreal, on its busiest day. There were fifty men hitched two and two pulling along a low car on which was many tons weight of iron. As they tugged away one sang a wild queer jargon in two lines while the men took four steps, then all joined the chorus during eight steps. And thus they go day after day pulling their heavy loads and singing their unmusical song, doing the labor of beasts of burden and leading lives not far removed from them. They have no time for books, could not read them if they had; no time for social enjoyments, none to be had if there was, and no capacity for them. No time for thoughts of a God of Love, of whom they have never heard; "whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." Their life is a rush for a living. They work to eat, and eat to live, and live to die, for they are without hope. And in them is represented the great mass of the population of the East, the work people. If in many parts of abounding America men must scrape for a living, what must it be in the East where, in India, it is estimated that about one third of the population live on one meal a day. What a joy to point those people to the Bread of Life, to hid them to the great feast.

In the Suez Canal many strange sights met our eyes. The canal is a straight bed of water, just wide enough to admit one ship's passing another tied to the bank. It runs 87 miles from Port Said to Suez and is broken in different places by beautiful lakes fringed here and there with the rich foliage of the tropics. The banks are all sand, and behind them stretches as far as the eye can see, the sandy hill and sandy hollow of the desert. At intervals of eight miles are little white-washed stations, which look so cool and pretty resting underneath a shelter of stately palms and covered with twining creepers. A hedge of cactus, growing perhaps 15 feet high, protects their garden from the sand of the desert, and in it flourish plants so rare at home, covered with a wealth of flowers.

In the widening of the canal many companies of wild Arabs and Egyptians are employed. They use the wheel-barrow, the mule truck and the round-pointed long-handled shovel. These they manage with apparently as much skill, though not the same strength, as the navy of the West. But instead of the horse, the camel, and instead of the two-wheeled cart two large baskets suspended on either side of the camel are shovelled full of sand and emptied beyond the banks.

In one part the canal is but the deepening of the shallow lakes, and beyond the banks these sheets of water reach away to the horizon. On one of these we saw a strange mode of navigation. In a small boat, under the shade of his umbrella, sat the sole passenger, and from behind a man wading knee deep in the water pushed the craft along for miles. Many small boats passed in the canal, being towed along by men who ran upon the bank. We met many vessels from all over the world, but none so interested us as three ships bound from Jedia to the Mahometan ports of the Meditor-

anean, each bearing some 3000 pilgrims. Two were British, the third an Italian (that is about the proportion of British to other vessels in these waters), and all these were loaded from hold to hurricane deck with as motley a company of excursionists as ever filled a ship. The passengers provide their own food, and rich and poor alike live on what scanty fare they can afford to take with them or purchase on the way. Boats filled with fruits and vegetables, that had put out from Suez, swarmed around them. One poor fellow had fallen overboard, and as he struggled in the water his cries of "Allah, Allah," were pitiful. One of the boats took him in. Every year these enormous excursions are run from all parts of the Mahometan world to Mecca, to visit the tomb of the prophet.

The Red Sea consumed five of the hottest days we have known. Many of the passengers slept on deck. Every morning the salt water bath was a great luxury after por-spring all night long.

In the Indian Ocean we saw myriads of flying fish. They are from 4 to 8 inches long, and rising from the crest of a wave to the height of a few feet, skim over the surface of the water as fast as a bird can fly, for 25 or 50 yards, and then suddenly go plump into a passing wave. In the storm many were thrown on deck and we had an opportunity of examining their delicate gossamer-like wings and the brilliant tints of their bodies.

In Colombo, Ceylon, there is a thriving English Baptist church, in charge of one of Mr. Spurgeon's students. Studd, Smith and the rest of the China Inland Mission Band had visited them and held meetings there and with the many other denominations of the city. We were pleased to learn that mostly all of that band had not only been immersed but now practise believer's baptism in their mission work.

Madras is a great city, it is entirely different from Toronto, the streets are gravelled with a soft red stone which makes a fine even road. The native houses are mostly of mud, thatched with grass or palm-leaves, the better class are of soft brick, plastered with lime and roofed with tile. In front of each is a narrow veranda. On this on one side of the open door is the shop where the wares are displayed for sale, and on the other the family ox or cow is tied with in some cases a goat or calf, quietly feeding. The streets are remarkably clean and the houses have a tidy appearance, in the main part of the city; but in the outskirts away from the English quarters, the sights and smells are disgusting. Near one of these quarters we found the large and beautiful new compound of the American Baptist Mission in charge of Miss Day, the daughter of the pioneer Baptist Missionary to the Telugus. There we met Mr. Manly and his family, who have the only other Baptist mission station in the city some four miles away. There are, I believe, two English Baptist churches. In this latter station Mrs. Drake is now living; a number of the native preachers were there; they were then being hotly opposed by the Hindus, who follow them from place to place, and after they finish preaching, their priests address the people on their religion and ridicule Christianity. The English part of the city is very beautiful; large white-washed, airy bungalows in wide compounds, luxuriant with vegetation and shaded by the spreading branches of large trees, line street after street. The Madras Christian College, in charge of the Free Church of Scotland, has 800 students in its college course going on to B. A., and 1,100 in the preparatory schools. The building is an enormous four-storied place with wide verandas opening from every floor. Though the school is not doing a very positive work in winning souls, yet she is negating Hinduism in a way most disastrous to that religion.

On November 12th we reached Cocanada, which is two days north from Madras by steamer, and here we are and have been for three months. Miss Alexander has come and Mrs. Drake has gone. The Garbides are now settled with Miss Hatch. By the time this letter reaches you, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and I will be spending the hot season at Pentecotta, and Miss Hatch will be off to the hills at Coonoor. The language is coming slowly. As we see the awful need of

the people, we pray that when the Telugu comes it may come like the gift of tongues in great power.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

Cocanada, Feb. 17, 1888.

THE WORK AT HOME.

The Union Meeting in Toronto.

The semi-yearly Union meeting of the Baptist Mission Circles of Toronto, was held in Jarvis Street Church, March 8th. As usual, a good bill of fare was served, and varied as the wants and sympathies of this increasingly benevolent age could require. Home and Foreign missions, Temperance, the Indian question, Tea and a Social filled the afternoon and evening to repletion. In the afternoon after scripture reading by Mrs. Cook, of Parliament St. Church, and prayer by Mrs. Wardell of Beverly St., Mrs. H. E. McMaster, who keeps her eye and heart on "Jerusalem" and its suburbs, all the year around, gave an earnest address on Home Missions. Appropriate to this Miss Muir feelingly sang "Our Country's voice is pleading." Mrs. Cowan, President of the W. C. T. U., spoke on Temperance and Missions, two subjects that might seem inharmonious and distinct, but which were clearly proven to be closely allied, when she told us that the "utmost parts of the earth" receive from Christian nations the gospel and cargoes of rum by the same ships. Whose sin is this? The legislators of these Christian countries, or the distinctively Christian men and women of these same countries? Who is his brother's keeper? or Who is not? Mrs. H. E. Hubbard read a very eloquent paper on what Christianity and education are doing in the United States and Canada for the long neglected and ill-treated Indians. She could speak with authority, as she certainly did, having visited several tribes in the United States and given much attention to their condition. As this paper is to be published in the Home Mission column of the *Baptist* in April, we need only say to all, be sure to read it. As a denomination we have done very little for the elevation of these poor, abject heathen of our own land. Since the rebellion there has been a growing feeling that we would be "without excuse," unless we joined the faithful few who are striving for their amelioration.

After Mrs. Hubbard's stirring words a special collection for work among the Indians was taken, during which "Something for Thee," was feelingly sung by Miss Muir, Mrs. and Miss Lugsdin. Amount of collection, \$121.00. A good letter from Miss Hatch was read by Miss Davies, of Rosedale. Mrs. McLaurin, our recently returned missionary, whom all were glad to welcome, gave an interesting address on a new subject to us, English life in Cocanada. There is in the City a Church, a Temperance and a Literary Society, and Gospel Hall for English speaking residents, which give immediate employment to our missionaries while they are preparing for work among the nations, Mr. Laflamme has charge, now, of the church.

Tea was served in good style in the Church parlor to over six hundred, but the untiring Marthas, who served while their sisters were drinking, in the Christ spirit all the afternoon, were equal to the unexpected occasion. The evening was spent in social greetings, and music by the Misses Elliot, Burke, Muir, Lay, Chute, Mrs. Lugsdin, and Messrs Lugsdin and Robertson, who added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

M. A. CASTLE.

We are happy to say that a very cordial letter from Rev. Dr. Murdock, the honored Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, states that their Society most cheerfully assumes the expenses of Miss Alexander, now Mrs. Drake. It is said that in all treaties between United States and Canada, the United States got the best of it, and this no exception, as all who know our lost mission circle can readily testify. At the same time we heartily acknowledge that the most generous reparation possible has been made, and the Woman's Society, of Ontario, tender to their co-workers over the line their most sincere thanks.

M. A. CASTLE.

News from the Circles.

PALMYRA. On Tuesday, Feb. 28th, the ladies of our Baptist Mission Circle held their annual entertainment, which showed, by the interest displayed, that the mission work in this place is progressing favorably. Rev. L. Iler, the presiding pastor, and Rev. W. Prosser, of Ridgetown, gave edifying addresses. The programme consisted of readings, recitations and excellent music, furnished by the choir. The proceeds together with membership fees, amounted to \$10, which we have divided equally between the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. The Circle, though consisting of but a few members, seems thoroughly sympathetic with the mission cause.

MRS. Wm. COLBRIDGE, *Treas.*

CALTON. It is a long time since you have heard from our Circle, and you may think that we are getting tired or "resting" from our work. Not so, we are one of the oldest of the Mission Circles organized by our beloved Missionary, Mr. Timpany. We have a noble band of workers; although small, we find that every year brings new responsibilities, creating in our hearts a greater desire for bringing others into the vineyard, to gather in the sheaves. Our yearly meeting in June seemed to give a fresh impetus to our home Circle, or many are more in sympathy with us. We were made stronger by attending the annual meeting at Aylmer. Additions have been made through the direct or indirect influence of those meetings to the various Circles.

E. E. McCONNELL.

WALKERTON. On Thursday evening, March 1st, the (the third anniversary of our organization) our Mission Circle held a public meeting in the church. Mrs. N. Crawford occupied the chair. Addresses were given by Mrs. J. J. Baker (our new president), and by Mrs. D. McNeill, Port Elgin. Miss McCormick gave an account of the organization of our Foreign Missionary Society, and the secretary gave a report of the three years work of our own Mission Circle. Two missionary readings, Thanksgiving Ann, and Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box, were given by Miss Cutlenden and Miss MacKenzie, and a recitation by Miss Essie Walford. An excellent musical programme was rendered by the choir; we were also favored by two solos from Mrs. E. R. York. A very pleasant evening was spent. Money taken at the door (\$15.50), fifteen dollars and fifty cents. As a Circle we feel very much encouraged by the coming among us of Mrs. J. J. Baker, who has kindly consented to take the position of president, which has been vacant since Mrs. Daak left Walkerton more than a year ago. And we hope in the fourth year of our life as a Circle to do more in the Master's cause than we have done in any year that is past. Praying that God will bless you in your work for Him.

A. SPROULZ, *Sec.*

MOUNT FOREST.—The ladies in connection with the Circle are now feeling much encouraged in their mission work. Meetings are growing in interest and though we are few in numbers we feel strong in God, who is able to give strength to those who put their trust in Him. Hearts have been touched by the earnest appeals for the Home Mission fund and great success has attended the efforts of those wishing to send an answer to these appeals. At a Home Mission Social, held on the eve of Feb. 25th, we raised \$24, and at a recent meeting a few of the sisters gave a thank of \$3.25 for God's kindness to us as a Circle. We are encouraged by a few new names added to our list and are hopeful for the future.

MRS. J. J. COOK.

LISTOWEL AND ATWOOD.—On Thursday, March 1st, it was my privilege, as director of the Walkerton Association, to attend a meeting of the Listowel and Atwood Circles, at the home Rev. D. Daak, Listowel. The meeting opened at 2.30 o'clock, with Mrs. Daak, president of the Listowel Circle in the chair. The president in opening the meeting gave a very nice address of welcome to all present, after which an enjoyable season was spent in prayer, praise, readings, etc. Sister Hammond, president of the Atwood Circle, gave an encouraging report of her circle, which seems to be accomplishing much good for the Master. Mrs. J. Cook, of Ingersoll, who was a visiting sister, was then invited to give some suggestion on "How to make the meetings pleasant and profitable," which she did, and by her words of comfort seemed to encourage the sisters present. These Circles seem to have a deep interest in mission work and seem very hopeful for future work. They have a very earnest and loving helpmeet in Mrs. Daak, and cannot but feel like pressing forward in the work. We all felt it was indeed good to be there, and hope it will not be the last meeting of the kind we shall be invited to attend.

MRS. J. J. COOK.

PAINEY.—Our Home and Foreign Mission Circle, held a public meeting on the evening of the 14th February, being the third anniversary of the Circle. The church was beautifully decorated and well filled with a very appreciative audience. The meeting was conducted entirely by the ladies; our Pres., Mrs. J. C. McDonald, presiding. Our Secretary reported \$61.84 raised last year. Meetings better attended, interest in missions greater than ever before. Our programme commenced with a piece of music, "Tell it out among the Heathen," by the church choir. Addresses by Mrs. McNeil, of Port Elgin, and Mrs. Baker, of Walkerton. Readings and recitations interspersed with music from ladies of the Glammis Circle; Mrs. York, of Walkerton, and some of the Painley friends. Collection amounting to \$22, was taken up by four young ladies.

E. W., *Secretary.*

MALAHIDE AND BAYHAM.—The second annual meeting of our Home and Foreign Mission Circle was held in the church on the evening of Jan. 17th. The chief feature of the evening's entertainment was a thrilling and instructive address on "Our Work in India," by our beloved Missionary McLaurin. The meeting was ably presided over by the president of 1887, Miss Cohoon, and the following programme carried out:—Singing, From Greenland's Icy Mountains; Reading of Scripture by the Vice-President; prayer, pastor; address by president; report by secretary, Miss Abell; address by Missionary McLaurin; address by pastor Mason; dust, "Help a little,"

by two little girls ; collection taken by four young girls ; colloquy—"What of the night and what of the day?" Mrs. J. C. Yule, by Miss I. Cohoon and Miss Pound. The addresses were interspersed with music kindly furnished by the choir of the Calton Baptist Church. The meeting was closed by the congregation singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and benediction by the pastor. The collection, amounting to \$11, was divided equally between the Home and Foreign Missions. The secretary's report was encouraging and showed that since organization our membership had increased from fourteen to twenty-eight. Death had entered our Circle for the first time in November, 1887, and taken from us one dear sister ; we lost another by removal, leaving our present membership twenty-six. From January to September, 1887, our Circle contributed to each of the societies, Home and Foreign, the sum of \$14.38, (we have changed our year to make it agree with the convention year). Our circle meets regularly every month with an average attendance of about twelve. The interest in missions is increasing. We have enlarged our plans for the present year and with God's blessing on our efforts, we hope to do more than we ever yet have done towards sending the glorious light of the gospel into the dark places of our earth. At our January meeting the following officers were elected for the remainder of the present conventional year.—*Pres.*, Miss Adela Pound. *Vice-Pres.*, Miss C. Cohoon ; *Treas.*, Miss Ella Foster. *Sec.*, Miss Amelia Pound ; *Solicitors*, Misses E. Abell, Frances Rogers, Jessie Westover and Minnie Pound

A P

New Circles.

BROOKFIELD SOUTH. A Women's Mission Aid Society was organized December 1st, 1886. Eleven members. Names of officers—*Pres.*, Mrs. A. W. Christopher. *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. J. Spear. *Sec.*, Miss Augusta E. Waterman. *Treas.*, Miss Jessie Christopher. *Auditor*, Mrs. B. Minard

A. E. WATERMAN, Sec.

Brownville Circle organized Nov 1st with 12 members. Officers—*Pres.*, Mrs. J. A. Brown. *Vice-Pres.*, M. J. Pound ; *Sec.* and *Treas.*, G. B. Brown. Numbers now increased to sixteen. The Circle has already been a source of blessing to ourselves in developing social and spiritual life, and we find our hearts going out towards the mission work, and our prayer's ascending for God's blessing. We regret that we did not organize long ago and do more for this important work.

Enclosed please find five dollars for the Home Mission Board, also two dollars for eight members of the LINK.

MRS. G. B. BROWN

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

Taking Medicine in China.

People are sick in China just as they are in Ontario. Yes, and more often, for many reasons, some of which we have talked about in the LINK during 1887. If my boys and girls are sick, their papa sends a message by telephone to our good doctor. He has made them well, by God blessing his treatment, so many times that we love him

dearly, and when a new baby-boy came into our house this winter we gave him our doctor's name as a proof of our esteem. Many of you who read this are old enough to know a little about different ways of being sick, and the means used to make you well again. Perhaps some of you have been ill this winter yourselves, and know what a blessing it is to have a good doctor near you. In China they have few real doctors, but ever so many pretenders. That is one reason why it is better that missionaries going there should know something about medicine. You may be interested in hearing about these make-believe doctors who pretend to cure the sick Chinese. Our man makes pills to prolong life, and says his great-grandfather left him the secret way of making them; so the people rush after him and he makes a fortune, but their lives are not one day longer than God meant them to be. Another doctor tried to cure a poor woman's headache by sticking a long needle into her head through her ear, but only succeeded in making her perfectly deaf, without in any way helping her headache.

Then their medicines are composed of the strongest mixtures. Besides the herbs, roots and barks of different kinds that are useful in their place, they use dried snakes, caterpillars, worms, spiders, tigers' bones, elephants' skins, horns of dead animals, toe and finger nails of human beings, fish bones, silk worms, decayed wood, moths, butterflies, and many other things too numerous to mention. Our friends who visit California tell us the Chinese living their have brought the same customs with them as may be seen by a visit to any of their drug stores. The great multitude of China's people believe that all sickness is caused by evil spirits. They know nothing about the laws of health or cleanliness, and so resort to foolish and cruel methods of driving away evil spirits. In special times of danger, children wear yellow paper tied about their neck with red cord, as a charm against contagion. These doctors study surgery by practising shooting long needles into an image made to look like a human being, and as soon as they can aim straight enough to hit the different parts equally, they are ready to begin and practise on real people. One tried to cure a man of blindness by sticking a needle into his eyeball, but it did not prove a successful plan. It seems strange that the people are foolish enough to pay their hard-earned money to such pretenders. Any one can set up a doctor's establishment in China, without needing to pass the severe examinations that test medical students in our country. So you see their bodies are in as bad a state as their souls, with one important difference, however. The ill of the body are only for this life, and even if not cured here, sick people who know Jesus, the "Great Physician," may look forward to freedom from all pain and suffering in Heaven. But souls that die without knowing the Saviour's cleansing, can never enter into the promised land. Will you not pray earnestly for the people of China who are so anxious to have their sick bodies cured? Ask God to bless the missionaries who are helping to cure their bodily ailments, while seeking also to minister to their sin-sick souls. Dear boys and girls, if you know that your souls are sick with sin, remember that the great Physician, the sympathizing Jesus, is near you to-night, and ask Him to make you whole. He can do it, and He only. The answer will follow your prayer just as Jesus answered the leper, who came, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And Jesus said "I will: be thou clean," and the leper was cleansed at once, and forever.

SISTER BALLE.

The Most Wonderful.

There are none more acutely sensible of the apathy of the Christian Church to their condition than are the converted Indians. The writer has heard their words of pathos regretting their friends who have died in the past years without the Gospel.

When the pious Chippewa chief Mi-ne-ge-shig, known to the writer, returned from a visit to our Eastern cities two years ago, his brother chiefs gathered around him and said:

"Tell us what, of all you saw, was most wonderful."

After a long silence Minegeshig replied

"When I was in the great churches and heard the great organ, and all the palefaces stood up and said, 'The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence,' I thought, 'The palefaces have had this religion all these four hundred years and did not give it to us, and now it is late.' That is the most wonderful thing I saw."

And the chiefs said

"That is indeed most wonderful! Now it is late! It is indeed noon."

Child Ministry.

BY SALLIE MORRISON

"And a little child shall lead them"

Oh, the sweetness of the word

In the grand millennial glory,

Ere the coming of the Lord,

Little children shall be helpers,

Sharers, too, in all the joy;

Gracious words their lips shall utter,

Gracious deeds their hands employ

In those latter days of splendor,

As of old in Galilee,

Christ, the Lord, will welcome children

Love's sweet ministers to be

Work there is for old disciples;

"Feed my lambs," Christ says to them;

But the little ones He'll cherish,

'Childish love He'll ne'er condemn

Welcome, then, dear little workers,

Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew;

If till death you're true and faithful,

Crowns unfading wait for you

The Minutes.

We're little things on little wings,

And fast we fly away,

In one short hour we wield our power,

And then are gone for aye

We're little things on little wings,

And often we're abused,

But there's a day when we must say

If good or ill we're used.

We're little things on little wings,

And swift we take our flight,

So treat us well, that we may tell

Who uses us aright.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO

Receipts from Feb. 24th, to March 26th, 1888, inclusive

Mrs. Win. Forbes, Grimsby, \$25; Mrs. Geo. Burt, Hillsburg, \$3.33; East Zorra M.C., \$4; St. Catharines M.C., \$18; Peterboro M.C., \$14.10; Mrs. A. J. B. Brodie, Toronto, \$5; A Friend, Toronto, \$1; Mrs. T. Stewart, Napanea, 79c.; from mite box; Beverley St. M.C., \$7.35; Forest M.C., \$5.30, of this \$1.75 from Mrs. Campbell's children's mission box; Palmyra M.C., \$5; Melbourne M.C., \$1; London (Adelaide St.) M.B., \$4.75; London (Talbot St.) M.C., \$22.05; Malahide and Bayham M.C., \$17.50, of this \$5.50 was collected at anniversary services; Essex Centre M.C., \$1; Essex Centre M.B., \$1.12; Hamilton M.C., \$19.85; Burch M.C., \$10; St. Catharines M.B., \$2, towards the support of B. Jean; Listowel M.C., \$2.10; Port Perry M.C., \$2.50; Mount Forest M.C., \$3.70; Vancouver, B.C., M.C., \$4; Dovercourt Rd. M.C., \$9.05; Chatham M.C., \$10; Beamsville M.C., \$17, for the support of John Stuart; Whitty M.B., \$2.63, from Frank, Ada and May Richardson's mite box \$1.52, Herbert Richardson's mite box \$1.11; Aylmer M.C., \$6.25; Owen Sound M.C., \$4; Baileboro M.C., \$20.70, from mite boxes \$12, from entertainment \$8.70 for the support of Anna; Beamsville M.B., \$20; Line Church (Smith) M.C., \$10 Total, \$284.07.

MRS. JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

231 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Feb 21st, 1888, to March 21st, 1888.

St. Andrew's, \$4; Clarence, \$15; Vankleek Hill, \$2. Kenmore, \$10; Brockville, \$8; total, \$39

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2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal

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Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N.S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

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