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— THE — Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. III., No. 10.] "*The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.*"—Is. lx. 1. [JUNE, 1881.]

I Dare not Idle Stand.

I dare not idle stand,
When upon every hand
The whitening fields proclaim the harvest near,
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,
Lost I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet,
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gift my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land,
Poor wandering souls need help like mine,
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem,
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command
Labour for Him throughout my life's short day,
Evening will come at last,
Day's labour all be passed,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

Parting Wishes and Last Words of Christ

When the Lord Jesus Christ was about to leave this earth for a long absence of 1800 years, what were his final injunctions to His disciples? What was to be their special work all through the ages, and up to the hour of His return? Did He plainly express His wishes, or did He leave room to doubt what His desires were? If His commands during the days of His life and ministry had not made His wishes clear, certainly the words He spoke during the forty days of His mysterious tarryance among His people, after His resurrection and before His ascension, left no room to doubt.

On His *first* appearance to His disciples—on the evening of His resurrection day—He commanded them to go forth and "preach repentance and remission of sins *among all nations*," or as Mark gives it, He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

When afterwards He met His people on the mountain in Galilee (probably the occasion on which He was seen of five hundred brethren at once, for there was evidently a special summoning to this gathering), and told them that all power was committed to Him in heaven and on earth, He solemnly repeated this command, delivered to His disciples first in the upper chamber in Jerusalem (Matt. xxviii. 16), "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father,

and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the age." All power is *Mine*; therefore *go ye and evangelize the world for I am with you*. The command in the centre had been vain without the assurance which goes before and the promise which follows after! The task enjoined was tremendous, but the assistance pledged was sufficient.

The first Gospel closes by recording the giving of this great commission for world-wide and never-ceasing Missionary work; but the Acts of the Apostles prove that yet a *third* time before he finally ascended up where He was before, the Son of God, our Saviour, uttered His deep desire as to the future work of His Church.

It was when He was on the very point of finally leaving them, on "the day on which He was taken up, after that He, through the Holy Ghost, had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen." And what were these His *last* words to His people, His *last* expressed wishes about His disciples? "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria, and unto the *utmost parts of the earth*."

The very last thought that passed through the mind of Christ before the clouds received Him out of sight, was thus a *thought for the distant heathen*. The final words that fell from His most gracious lips were, "the *utmost parts of the earth*." Touching proof of the place held in the heart of Christ by Missionary enterprise! How should it be otherwise? The Son of Man—did He not come to seek and save the lost? Who so lost as heathen idolaters? Who so far from God?

What was the *teaching of the one great miracle* performed by our Lord after His resurrection? That glorious results should follow the toils of Christian fishers of men! "they were not able to draw the net for the multitude of fishes."

Indeed, it would seem that on *every* occasion when the Lord after His resurrection met His assembled disciples, He laid on them this one injunction, to declare to the utmost bounds of earth and time, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

Nay! the fulfilment of this injunction is made a condition of His coming again. "This Gospel of the Kingdom

shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations; then shall the end come."

If then this is the great work of the Church during the absence of her Lord, let every Christian see to it, that he or she has her share in doing it! No one may neglect it and fail to take active interest in missions on peril of proving themselves heartlessly indifferent to the last desires of Jesus Christ. Eighteen hundred years have made no difference in His wishes. He is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever." He did not speak to Apostles as such only; He addressed them as representatives of the whole Church. Eleven men could not evangelize all the world, nor continue to preach during all the ages. Christ addressed his command to English men and women of the nineteenth century just as much as to Galileans of the first. And a responsibility which rests on all must needs rest on each.

Reader! ask yourself, what am I doing in obedience to this last command of Christ? Whom am I evangelizing? How much do I care for the conversion of the heathen? How often do I pray for Missionaries? How much do I give to Missions? What difference would it make to me if there were no heathen world? - E. L.

The Pariahs of India.

With one or two unimportant exceptions, the movement of communities towards Christianity in the Arcot District has been limited to Pariah villages, whose inhabitants, we need hardly say, are the lowest dregs of Hindu society; wretched outcasts, despised, oppressed and ruthlessly trampled upon by all who claim, or are admitted to have, any social standing whatsoever. Virtually, if not really, they occupy the status of slaves. Their position as regards self support is, as might be inferred, the lowest of the low. Indigence, penury, destitution are terms which do no more than accurately represent their condition. Here and there may be found a few who are possessors of small patches of cultivable land; but these are scarcely, if at all, better off than their wretched associates, for they have almost invariably mortgaged their property up to its full value, and its produce goes only to enrich their opulent high-caste oppressors, the latter taking good care that the mortgages shall never be lifted. The vast majority are altogether without means of independent subsistence, and only earn a precarious, hand-to-mouth, and altogether insufficient livelihood as helpless and degraded dependants on their wealthy neighbours. Many of them are found to have sold themselves with their families for a few rupees into a servitude practically perpetual, inasmuch as they can never even hope to command the paltry sum which would redeem their liberty. All of them are in a condition of utter and remediless poverty, verging on unqualified pauperism. Probably, indeed, nothing saves them from becoming absolute paupers except the fact that they can find few, if any, to give them aid. Threatened with starvation, they work in hopeless misery and degradation for their miserable pittance, doled out unwillingly by the iron hand of oppression. Such is their pitiable condition while still heathen.

Hard as it is to conceive of such a situation being rendered any worse and less endurable, there is still a lower

depth into which they plunge when they embrace Christianity. Wretched as was their previous state, there yet existed a species of relation between them and their heartless superiors, which, while it was the cause of all their misery and degradation, nevertheless served their turn in an emergency. Their proud and cruel masters cared no more for them, indeed, than for the lean and mangy dogs which wandered through their streets; but they had a keen sense of their value as inexpensive sources of enolument; and under the strong impulses of self-interest, they gave them money or food in times of extremity, always taking care, however, to add the value to their already accumulated debt, and thus tighten, from time to time, the galling chains of their servitude. Yet it was help, and help from whatever source, and however motivated, was not to be rejected in their forlorn circumstances. But even this assistance, worthless and ruinous at the best, is forfeited immediately on their adopting the Christian faith. The false mask of patronage falls at once from the face of their superiors, and they stand forth undisguised and ruthless enemies. Hatred, rendered doubly malignant by anticipation of loss, no longer recognizes any restraint. The sole object now is to crush and destroy those who have dared, in defiance of their authority, to embrace a foreign faith and enter into alliance with a foreign master. And unless thwarted by some outside influence superior to their own, they unfortunately have, in most instances, the power to accomplish their malevolent purpose. We have already enumerated, in another connection, some of the many injurious methods employed, and they need not be repeated here. What particularly concerns us now is, that the new converts are at once ejected from their customary employments, and every effort which ruthless malignity can devise is made to hedge them around with obstacles to obtaining any new means of livelihood. The design is openly avowed of placing them in the following dilemma - Either re-enter your degrading servitude to us and our idols, or die. Such is the situation into which they are pitilessly pushed the moment they embrace Christianity; and it is in this situation that the missionary finds them when first they come into relation with him. He is at once confronted with the question - What ought I to do for these poor, helpless creatures who, with their families, are threatened with imminent starvation, simply because they have become Christians? Shall I leave them to struggle unaided amid their difficulties as best they may; or shall I, by a prudent and cautious extension of material assistance, rescue them from their perilous situation? It seems to me that there can be only one answer to this question.

The believer will naturally turn to God's Word for light and guidance. The spirit of the Moslem Dispensation finds general utterance under the following law, Deuteronomy xxi., 7-11. "If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of the gates of thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thy hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Thou shalt surely give him, and thy heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy, in the land." * * * As to the practice of Apostolic times, we need scarcely state that the duty of relieving the poor was not neglected by the primitive

Christians. Reference has already been made to the community of goods instituted in the earliest historical period, and subsequently we find the Apostles not only exhorting every Christian to lay by on the first day of each week some part of his earnings, to be expended in the relief of needy brethren, but themselves acting as almoners of their bounty. See Acts, XI, 29-30; Romans, XV, 25-27; 1 Cor., XVI, 1-4. The Scriptural answer to our question seems sufficiently clear and significant. We leave it with the hint that a close analogy might probably be found to exist, both as to their condition and its causes, between the poor Christians of the first century and the New South Indian converts of the nineteenth.—*Rev. Dr. Scudder, of the Arcot Mission, at the Bangalore Conference.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

ON BOAT "CANADIAN."

(*Mr. Timpany to the President of the W. F. M. Society, of Ontario.*)

MARCH 15TH. I sat down more than an hour ago to write to you, and got as far as the date. People came to see me and hear about Christ. I have no doubt that some of them will come to the Saviour and be saved. One of them was a Sudra woman, to whom Mrs. Timpany talked for a long time, while I spoke to the men. When she was taking leave, I spoke to her for some time. She seemed very clearly to apprehend the way of life through Christ and the futility of idols. I do think the Spirit of God has come down as never before upon this people. Faith in idols is fast becoming a thing of the past with multitudes.

Again the writing has been interrupted for two days. I had got so far, when the people came for baptism from the village where we were moored. There were *twelve*, eight men and four women. I examined them one by one, and, being satisfied, baptized them in the canal as the sun was sinking in the west. After the examination was over, I talked a while to those who had gathered and listened. One woman, a sister of one of the men about to be baptized, said to me, "I have believed, and because I would go to the meeting with the Christians, my husband has taken the two elder children and left me with this little one at my breast to live as best I may." Of the four females baptized, one is a young woman who will go to the girls' school at Cocanada after vacation.

This morning, 17th, I walked a couple of miles, and held a meeting in a village where heretofore there were no Christians. A man and his wife were received, and I baptized them in a channel close at hand, and then came back, reaching the boat at one o'clock, tired, hungry, and hot. These two converts are apparently very nice people; the woman's face fairly glowed as she spoke of her conversion. Six months ago she went to visit her mother in Nurananda, and was there converted. There are about 300 people in their hamlet, and I doubt not their coming is the death of Satan's rule in it, others will be converted. One of the heathen men said "It is now only a question of time for all to come." All will not come at once, but they will come, a few or many, until all are Christians. Last October, the village of Niranapand was visited by me, and the first converts there baptized. It is now a Christian village. The head men are all Christians. This is the first Christian village on the Cocanada field. Eight days since I baptized nine people there. One of the women baptized I will put

into the girl's school at Cocanada, and train for a *matron* of the girls and for a Bible woman. She has a little girl who has learnt to read in the school kept in the village by Buchiah. Her husband had two wives. The other wife, though not the principal one, has three children, one of them an infant, so she was kept, and Rebekah, at her own request, set aside.

SCENE AT THE BAPTISM OF A CASTE MAN.

(*From the Canadian Baptist.*)

Yesterday we had a most painful scene at a baptism. It is only three weeks since that two Sudras were baptized. Yesterday two more were baptized—one of them, Nariah, one of our teachers, has for a long time desired thus to obey the Saviour.

The morning services were all over, and a large company were gathered round the baptistery to witness the rite. They had sung a hymn, and Josiah had just commenced to make an address, when we heard some one coming with a great cry. In a moment, Nariah's wife burst like a mad one into the company, and threw her arms about her husband. He stood for a while, and then she tried to draw him away. Then he tried to break away, but she held him fast. A number of the Christian women crowded around and endeavoured to break her grasp, but she threw them away like children, and the painful scene went on. At last I told them to sing a hymn. While this was being done the baptism of the other candidates began, and I unlocked the woman's grasp: she sank to the ground and rolled and beat herself with her hands. The husband was baptized, and went to change his clothes. His wife was crying, "You shall not baptize my husband." Some of the women said, "It is done, and cannot be undone." After a while they took her to Mrs. Timpany, who talked to her, but apparently to little purpose. There is a little girl between seven and eight years of age; no other children. I told Nariah, legally the child belonged to him, as she was more than seven years old, and to keep her. If he did so, he would get the mother. The mother did her best to keep the child, but it was no use. We told her neither husband nor child was hers unless she did as a wife should. I told her we would do nothing to break her caste; that she could cook food and give it to them, and keep her caste as long as she was disposed to do so. I could not but pity the woman, for if she came with her husband she would lose her relatives, and if she kept with her relatives she would lose her husband.

This is the attitude of Hinduism towards Christianity at present. A Hindu may live as heinous a life as it is possible for a man to live; he may be, steal, commit murder, go to jail, in fact do any thing but get baptized, and it is the duty of the wife to cling to him. But as soon as a man becomes a professed Christian by baptism, his wife will be invited to leave him and disown him as if dead. Caste is a devilish system, and from what I saw of its workings yesterday I hate it, if possible, more than ever.

A. V. TIMPANY.

Feb. 28th, 1881.

Akidu.

A FEW PARTICULARS ABOUT THE FAMED DEATH OF
MRS. JOHN CRAIG.

(*Gathered from a letter to W. Craig, Esq., of Port Hope.*)

Mrs. Craig remained at Cocanada about five weeks after the baby was born. She left there with her husband

by boat on the evening of Friday, March 25th, for Akidu. They rested on Sunday, and reached their home on Monday, when she felt pretty well, with the exception of a headache. On Tuesday, about half-past five, she complained of a dumb feeling in her forehead, but it passed away. On Wednesday morning, after her breakfast, she felt sick; she ate a little curry at dinner, but held the spoon with difficulty. She then took a little walk with her husband, but before tea wished to go to bed.

That night she was feverish, and wished her husband to stay with her; and on Thursday morning she was very ill, and he got the overseer's wife, a Eurasian, to stay with her, and sent a messenger to Mr. Bowden (one of George Muller's missionaries at Mirsapore), asking him to send a doctor and come himself. He also sent for Mr. Timpany. During that night no one was with him but the Ayah and sweeper. On Friday morning he had given up all hope, and had no one with him but the overseer's wife for part of the time, and Peter, the preacher. No one came till Saturday morning at nine o'clock, when the doctor, or dresser, arrived, and immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. Efforts were made to relieve her, but without effect; and she died on Saturday evening, about five o'clock. Mrs. Bowden performed the last sad offices for her, and on Sunday afternoon a service in Telugu was conducted by Peter. As there is no cemetery at Akidu, the burial took place at Mirsapore, where there is a cemetery, walled in, near the river. This place is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. They left Akidu at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and stopped for refreshments at half-past ten; then went on, and at five a.m. on Monday they passed Palkole, where Mr. Macrae, a missionary who resides there, met them on the road with coffee and bread. Mr. Bowden's house was reached at eight a.m., and after breakfast the funeral services were held. The services were conducted by Mr. Heelis, a missionary. At the house they were partly in English and partly in Telugu, and at the grave all in Telugu.

[In consequence of the canal being closed for repairs, and palk: the only means of conveyance, Mr. Timpany could not get to Akidu in time to be of any service; and when the tidings of Mrs. Craig's death reached Mrs. Timpany at Cocanada, the burial had already taken place. —Ed.]

Bobbili.

A DAY IN THE MISSION HOUSE.

March 18th, 1881.

I have just read with a great deal of pleasure, *My day in Cocanada*, and have been wondering if an account of a Friday in Bobbili would prove at all interesting to the readers of the LINK, if I sit down this Friday evening and write out the experience of the day. I cannot say that all Fridays are alike here, for no two days are the same with us; but this day is a good sample of all our week-days at the present time. Our Sundays are more nearly alike than other days.

When I awoke this morning, the first thing that attracted my attention was the splashing of water in the bath-room; where Mr. Churchill was taking his morning bath, preparatory to a season of work upon the house-top, before the sun should get too hot for him to dare remain there. As I opened my eyes, a beautiful and inspiring sight met my gaze. I looked out of my window through a long avenue, it seemed, of mango trees,

all the green trees and rose-tinted skies appeared to meet. When Mr. Churchill returned to the room, I said, "This is your day for fever, so I must not forget to send you up a good dose of quinine as soon as I get it prepared."

Bathing and dressing over, a swarm of coolies, and other workmen, are waiting outside, to be set at work; so after giving out to the cook, rice to be prepared for the tiny ducks; rolong for conjee; and tea for our early breakfast, I take my sun hat and saunter forth; but am met at the door by the carpenter, who is also a blacksmith, bringing some nails he has been making at home, out of hours. They are still warm, and must be weighed, to see that the weight of iron given the night previous is not much diminished by the making.

I give out some nails, and then set the ten masons to work, some here and some there, and see that there are enough, and not too many, coolies to wait on each set. Then I apportion the women to their work, some sifting chunam, some heating the stones to resift, some pounding the mixed chunam and sand, and a bevy of girls to carry the prepared chunam to the masons. Some coolies are set to fill in, and beat down, the floor of the rooms in the godown; and two others are earnestly asking me to come and stretch the line for them to continue digging the foundation for the stone fence around the compound.

The ducks' food is ready, so I unlock the door, let out the large ducks, appropriate the eggs that have been laid during the night, and see that proper food and water is placed within for the remaining fowls. I may state, that a fowl house is a necessity at this station, for we can never purchase a fowl in bazaar, scarcely ever a piece of mutton fit to eat, and never any other kind of meat.

The fowls attended to, I get my umbrella and line, and start for the foundation. On my way I see Mr. Churchill working so busily on the top of the house, that he does not seem to know that the sun is shining full upon the back of his head and neck. So I call the boy to take the large umbrella, get up on the house, and hold it over Mr. C.'s head, charging him to see that the shadow always falls where it should, and I proceed to the fence. Here I find that, having commissioned the boy to stretch the line the day before, he had concluded that new holes were better than the old ones in which to drive the pegs at the end of the line. Consequently some of the work had to be done over again, as I prefer to search out the old paths.

By the time I return to the house, the tea is ready and the children dressed. Mr. C. is called down to take his quinine, which I forgot to send up to him as I proposed, and the horsekeeper is waiting to have the horse's, cow's and bullocks' feed measured out. This attended to, we take our early breakfast, or "chota hesrah," as it is called, in this country. Before we have finished, some of the masons are calling for instructions. As Mr. Churchill feels ill, I go out again, and set them right. Return, and have morning worship; after which the cook receives his instructions and money for the day; such things as we have in store, are given out; the safe locked, good mornings said 'with the children, and I start for school.

Just now my conveyance is more useful than elegant will tell you what it is like. Between Christmas and New Year our pony was frightened at something while I was in school, and ran away with the carriage, overturning and smashing it up badly, and we have not yet been able to get it repaired. It was broken right through between the front and hind wheels, but upon the latter

the seat and top remain, so Mr. Churchill strapped two bamboos on for shafts, nailed a board across for my feet, and with two coolies in front and one behind, I can still pursue my school and zenana work.

Arrived at school, I find not more than half my pupils present, so tell the teacher to walk around and enquire for the rest, while I proceed with the Bible lesson.

The father of two of my nice little girls comes to the door, listens a while, then steps inside, and I invite him to a seat. He is very much interested in the singing; enquires the meaning of a number of stanzas; remains through the hour, and listens to the first prayer that he has probably ever heard addressed to the living God. When the children repeat in unison the Ten Commandments, he pronounces them very good.

The teacher returns, saying, one child has the mumps, another the itch so badly she cannot walk, others fever, another chicken-pox, another and another small-pox. Others remain at home because members of their families have the small-pox, as this is my order. Some others are so afraid of taking it that they will not come through the streets to school; it is very bad in the town now. One pupil has gone with her father to the Rajah's fort; another is visiting her grandmother in a distant village; six others are kept at home because this is the marrying season and some of their relatives are getting married. Three he found playing in the street instead of coming into school; these he brought in, so they must be reprimanded. We call the roll and give the children five minutes' run, and then take the largest pupils into the other room for an hour, half of which is spent in sewing, the other half in reading, grammar and arithmetic, with the most advanced ones. Re-assemble in the large room, sing the doxology and dismiss. I usually spend two hours and a-half in the school, but to-day I was a little late, and as the teacher opened the school at the proper time, half-past seven, it must be closed at the regular time too, half-past ten. I start for home, feeling anxious lest I shall find Mr. Churchill in bed, sick with fever, as I often do; but, instead, he is at the anvil making nails. I call Willie, and tell him to bring his books, slate and pencil, as this is the time I plan to teach him; but before we set to work I go out to see if the jungle animals have food and water, for, as the thermometer stands in the nineties, I think they must suffer, especially for the latter, and as I am out I look round to see if the masons and coolies are busy. Just then one of the men digging the foundation comes for me to go and start the line a piece farther. I hesitate. The sun is dead-fully hot, and I must go to the other end of the compound,—but the work must go on, so I call the cook and ask him if he can leave his work awhile; he calls to a woman to shut the cook-house door, so that the flies shall not carry off our 12 o'clock breakfast, and we start. I holding my double umbrella over my sun topee, and he following, trying to shade my umbrella with Mr. Churchill's large one.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

(To be continued).

[In a private note to the editor, Mrs. Churchill adds: I suspect we in India look for the LINK just as anxiously as the sisters at home do. It always brings something to stimulate and cheer us on in our work. The change in its shape is a good one, and the woodcuts of our stations, if you can secure them, will, no doubt, render it increasingly interesting. We hear of a photographer who is expected in Bobbili soon. If he comes, I can assure you we will not forget your request].

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

That God will graciously be pleased to pour out upon the brethren and sisters in the churches at home, a spirit of liberality, and an earnest desire to do what they can to fulfil the Great Commission that He will put it into their hearts to give freely of the money with which He has blessed them, that so His own work be not hindered and that He will bestow upon the missionaries great wisdom, real and entire consecration to His service.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the monthly meeting of the Executive of the Foreign Mission Society, held on the 10th of May, the following resolution was unanimously carried.

Moved by Rev. J. L. Campbell, seconded by Robert Lawson, Esq., and resolved

That whereas it has pleased God to remove by death our beloved sister Craig, wife of our esteemed missionary, Rev. John Craig, B.A., of Akidu,

Therefore resolved, that we hereby put on record our high esteem of her devotion to the cause of Foreign Missions to which cause she cheerfully sacrificed the comforts of her native land, the blessings of a Christian country, the pleasant society of friends and relations, and finally her own life. And further, that we deeply sympathize with our beloved brother in this time of his deep grief and sad bereavement, and pray that the mighty "God of Jacob" may give comfort and consolation in this time of trouble and sorrow.

Resolved That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. Craig by our Secretary, and also to the "Canadian Baptist and Missionary Link" for publication.

J. L. CAMPBELL, JAMES CATTES,
President. Secretary.

NEWPORT, ONT. On Thursday, the 10th May, we, the ladies of the Eastward Baptist Church, organized a Missionary Circle, which promises to be very successful. Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Dabson and Miss Moyle were present, from Paris. Mrs. Arnold took the chair, which she filled most admirably, and we all feel like saying, may God's blessing be with them and their church, for the interest which they have taken in helping to organize a Missionary Circle in our church. Our band of workers are few but I know our hearts are in the work, and by God's help we intend to do all we can toward the missionary cause. May the hearts of all the missionary workers be raised to God in prayer for our Missionary Circle.

AMELIA M. HAZELTON, Secretary.

DRUMBO AND WOLVERTON, ONT. A Mission Circle was organized on the evening of May 23rd, in connection with the Drumbo and Wolverton churches. The meeting was held in the Drumbo chapel. Twelve names were enrolled, and we trust that many more will follow. President, Mrs. Barr, Secy., Mrs. Brown, Treasurer, Mrs. Wolverton. The Circle will meet in Drumbo.

UPPER NEWPORT, HANTS CO., N.S. The little band of sisters forming the W. M. A. Society have sustained a severe loss in the death of Mrs. Joseph Dimock, who

passed away from this life on the 3rd of March, at the age of 75 years. The President of the Society, Mrs. L. Dimock, writes:—"The missionary cause had a large place in her heart, but her work was done and the Master called her home. Who will fill her place? We are only a little feeble band. Some of our most earnest workers are moving away, others dying. May the Lord help us and raise up faithful ones to do His work. We are so scattered that it is necessary for us to meet before Conference. At our last meeting a new member was received, and another is expected shortly."

Occupy till I Come.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

It was at the close of a gracious revival. All hearts were warm with the love of Jesus, and anxious for perishing souls. As a church, we all appeared to realize, that we were doing very little for the Master, while oft repeated vows were made for future work. I for one, was awakened to a new sense of my duty. I beheld "new wonders out of God's law." New beauties were daily being unfolded to my mind, while activity and zeal for the Master, appeared indispensable to the child of God. I had always been content to labour within the confines of home, and happy in picking up the pebbles as they might chance to be cast on shore, without any exertion of my own.

The words "Go forward, to the children of Israel" were now deeply impressed on my mind. I felt that the time had come, when those vows must be tested. The holy zeal which our Missionaries evinced for the Master, at their departure for India, seemed to inspire me with fresh courage to try, even though I might not succeed, to do something for the great cause of Missions. But when or where was I to make a beginning? The mothers in Israel had no time to spend, save at the prayer circle and Sabbath meeting. It was in vain to suggest any plan to work beyond our own homes. An oft repeated smile, with "You can't do anything here," or "We are quite different from town's people," answered me. Other churches appeared to prosper with their various societies, and I longed to be a sharer in their joys. Indeed I was unhappy for want of work to make me happy. I sought the Lord in prayer, asking Him to direct me what to do, and how to do it. He sometimes, in a way that we know not, answers prayer; but then, there appears to be a dimming veil between us and our duty. Soon however, for me the veil was removed. One day, while pondering over the past, and hopefully looking forward to the future, I became lost in "nature's sweet repose." My burden rolled away and I found myself walking in a beautiful garden in which were trees laden with delicious fruit, while every variety of flowers, made the air fragrant with their perfume. I could scarcely believe that such happiness was mine to possess. In my doubting mood I heard a voice, saying, "Occupy till I come." I felt in a moment, that I was standing on holy ground, and was lost in wonder, love and praise. The Gospel privileges of a past life were arrayed before me; and I then saw the unhappiness I had caused myself by not having been content to work in the Lord's service, wherever my lot was cast: If unable to gather gold or silver for the Master to be content to gather wood. Suffice it to say that after much pleading, a little "mission band" was formed from the lambs of the fold. The motto, "work for Jesus," inscribed on every heart. As we met from time to time, and witnessed the growing desire of those

young minds, to know more of mission work, I thought, this indeed, is the garden of flowers; and I longed to know more of the blessed work myself in order to instil into their tender hearts true love and sympathy for those who were out of Christ, in order to send forth fragrance from tender plants to those of mature age. As we sent our yearly gatherings, the fruit of the garden, to a heathen land, many hearts were made happy by having an interest in so sacred a cause, and, I trust, prayer was offered from infant lips to bear it onward. Our "band" has long since given place to a "woman's mission circle," yet my mind loves to linger with the dear little ones. The mothers, (some of them) can now find time, to meet in our monthly circle. Oh, that more would come and work with us! We are gathering one by one. Soon we shall exchange our earthly service for a crown of unfading beauty if we "occupy until He comes."

E. E. MCCONNELL.

Calton, Ont.

The Ongole Field.

On the 18th of February Mr. Clough, who was then at Camp Gaellapetra, wrote:

I am now thirty-five miles west of Ongole. I have been five weeks away from home. Three weeks I spent on the old Kamapatam field, where I had hard work but little direct result; yet I hope I paved the way for better things in the near future. Since I reached my own field we have had a grand time. Last Sunday over one thousand came to camp. In the afternoon we baptized 273, on Monday 192, and yesterday (Thursday) 177; making 726 baptized since we left Ongole.

English Baptist Missionary Society.

The English Baptist Missionary Society has just completed the eighty-ninth year of service for the Master. Eighty-five years ago William Carey wrote to the brethren in England from Mudnabatty:—

"When the Missionary Society was first established, many were the doubts whether it would not be crushed in its infancy; but it has now stood for a considerable time, and its success, although not equal to its wishes, is not, however, so small as to be imperceptible. Many thousands have heard the word of the Gospel from our mouth, and the name of Christ begins to be known in many parts of India. Seven of the natives, we hope, are really converted, and I wish to encourage you by the recollection of what God has wrought."

Work is now carried on in India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Western Africa, Central Africa, Bahamas, Hayti, San Domingo, Turks and Caicos Islands, Trinidad, Jamaica, Norway, France and Italy.

The report says:—"If the past year has been unmarked by events of thrilling interest abroad, it has yet been a year of steady and unmistakable advance on almost every hand; while in the churches at home a stronger and more intelligent interest has been excited in the great missionary enterprise."

Seven members of the missionary staff have been removed by death during the past year, and to reinforce the ranks eleven new names have been added to the roll.

The accounts for the year show that the total contributions from all sources have amounted to £51,459 14s. 10d., the largest sum the Society has ever received in one year. Several noble gifts are recorded. From Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, £4,000, for the Congo Mission; "A Scavenger" gives £8, saved out of his wages, for the Mission; "An Aged Pilgrim," in her ninety-first year, out of her small

pension, sends £2; a farmer's daughter, although "times are very sad and father has lost nearly all he had," must give £2, and £1 more from "Missionary Bees"; a collier, £5; a workingman and his friend, £6. From Somersetshire a friend writes: "The enclosed £2 please put to *that* part of the mission work most in need of it just now. Let no name appear, but the words, 'One of the Least.' It really comes from a very poor person, who saves by little—*even going to bed early* to save fire and candles—so as to get together something to help on mission work by." "The churches in Glasgow have not only done what Mr. Howard Bowser promised at the autumnal gathering on their behalf, but they have contributed a much larger sum; while the church at Hampstead, through the generosity of Mr. James Harvey, has also more than redeemed its generous undertaking. Individual donors also have, in some cases, acted upon the suggestion of Dr. Landels, and increased their personal donations to such an amount as will meet either the whole or partial expense of maintaining a missionary on the field."

Prayer Answered for the Attainment of Language.

Even in these days power to acquire a foreign language with great rapidity is given in answer to prayer, so much so that those who receive the power regard it as "the gift of tongues."

Miss Reade, a lady Missionary, who was so largely blessed among the Heathen and Mussulman women of Purooty in Southern India, had long been teaching in the Tamil language; but feeling it important that the Mussulman women, who were daily assembled at the Mission House, should be spoken to in Hindustani, the tongue to which they were most accustomed, she asked the Lord for the gift and her own expression is that "the power came to her as a gift from God." One month she was unable to do more than put two or three sentences together, while the next month she was able to preach and pray without waiting for a word. Those who heard her could only say with herself, "It is a gift from above."

When Miss Reade began to preach openly in Hindustani, one man, who during the famine had been saved from starvation through her instrumentality, lost all control over himself, called to her to stop speaking, and asked her "where she had got all these words?"

"One result of the knowledge of this language was the discovery of a custom kept carefully secret by Mussulmans; but that it is observed was confirmed by Khader Bee. Although the Koran ignores the fact that "with out the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin," yet the truth seems to be too deeply impressed on the human mind to be altogether blotted out; so that in time of great trouble and sorrow, when dreading the death of a favorite child, it is their custom *secretly* to sacrifice a lamb, and cry, "Allah, take the life of this lamb for the life of my child." The flesh of the lamb is then carefully removed and given to religious beggars, and the skeleton buried *without breaking a bone*."

The discovery of this ceremony has of course been an immense help in speaking to Mussulmans; they could not deny its observance, but said it was only practised by ignorant people.

A SISTER of the King of Sweden is a Missionary in Lapland.

A Message to You.

It comes from a land beyond the sea,
Where thousands in darkness wait
For the living water you can give,
Their burning thirst to slake

That land beyond the sea is docked
With the tall palm's feathery crown,
And the beauties of nature manifold,
By a lavish hand are strewn.

But around the minds and hearts of men,
Hangs libidinal's darkened pall,
And its heavy folds of sin and gloom
Both young and old enshroud

You wash in the flowing fountain pure,
Your sins are cleansed away,
And your loving souls are filled with peace
That deepens day by day.

Your friends in that land beyond the sea,
Have longings like your own,
They seek for that which will satisfy,
By every method known

They know not the fount which cleanseth you
For teachers there are few
And the Gospel you have long believed,
Is to most untried and new

Will you give of that which the Lord of Hosts
To you has so kindly given?
That His saving grace to them be sent,
And their chains of sin be riven

Will you give the prayer of faith and love,
That will reach the Father's ear?
That the teachers' shine as lights from Heaven
That young and old may hear

Will you give yourselves to the work of love?
Is the gift too great? we ask,
Will it not look small in the clearer light,
When the Master comes at last?

It comes from a land beyond the sea,
Where strength in sin is spent,
To ask your aid, to pray, to give, yourselves,
This message to you is sent.

(1894, Feb. 188)

Palestine's Unhappy Condition.

A correspondent of the London *Times* gives a sad picture of the present condition of Palestine. He says it is now almost treeless, and the cultivation of the soil is everywhere neglected. There are no regular roads, and the villages are but mud huts. He recommends the purchase of the country from the Sultan for four or six millions. The Turkish misrule is producing its bitter fruit; "everything is taxed, every fruit-tree, so none are now planted, every cow or horse, etc.; every vegetable sold out of a private garden. Every eighth egg is not taxed, but taken by the Government. In some places the taxes of the districts are sold to the highest bidder. The farmer is unable to sell a measure of his corn till all has been collected into a heap, and the tax collector has set his sum upon it, from which there is no appeal. Double taxes are expected this year, because, after three years of scarceness, the harvest promises to be abundant." It may be added, in this connection, that the Palestine Exploration Society in London has determined to spend from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year to excavate Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida, to examine the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, to dig round about Jerusalem, and make other researches.

In every department of the Missionary work in Eastern Turkey there is a steady and gratifying advance. Nine new preaching places have been established, making a total of 116. The number of Protestants is now 11,749.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the little folks who read this paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—This is a very rainy day, and reminds me of a Missionary story I found for you some weeks ago. A lady in Halifax saw it too, and kindly copied it to print in our "Corner." Once a little girl named Mary, who loved Jesus very much, because He first loved her, went to see the minister with some money for the Missionaries. On counting it over, he found eighteen shillings. Wondering how such a little girl had saved all this money, he asked Mary if it was her own.

"Yes, sir, I earned it all myself," was her reply. The kind minister asked her to tell him all about it, and this was little Mary's story: "When I knew that Jesus, my Saviour, had died for me, that He might forgive all my sins, and take me to His happy home, I wanted to do something for Him, and I heard you say that money was needed to send this good news to the heathen. I had none of my very own, so wanted to earn it. I thought over many ways, then remembered that there were many washerwomen who would buy soft water, so I got all the pails I could find; every rainy day these were all filled with soft water. I have been selling this water for a whole year, sir, and that is how I got the money."

The minister was very much pleased with the little girl's loving, patient work for Jesus, and said, "Now I will put down your name, my dear, as one of our Missionary subscribers."

"Oh, no, sir! Not my name!" said little Mary. "Please, sir, I had rather nobody knew but Jesus." If you must write something down by the money, just call it "Rain from Heaven."

I think the dear Saviour would say of little Mary as He said of another Mary, long ago, "She hath done what she could." That little sentence means a great deal. Can it be said of you and me?

Another letter "Sister Belle" received this month made her very glad. A young lady in Buckingham, Quebec, commenced taking the LINK this year. She says, "After reading about other Mission Bands, the Lord put it in my heart to start one here. It was organized the last Friday in April. We meet once a month, and each member pays a penny a month. Eighteen boys and girls are members now. We expect several more to join us at the next meeting. Two were appointed to read pieces about Missions. There was a very good feeling in the meeting. The people here are mostly Roman Catholics." May God bless this Mission Band, and help its members to be shining lights for Jesus.

I am always very glad to see that any of the money in the Treasurer's Report (in our LINK, month by month) is from some of my little friends. Can you guess why? I think that God is answering my prayer, and blessing our "Corner." Good bye for another month.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

Mission Band Reports.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—Mrs. McLaurin sends the following:—Our Band held its first annual meeting on the 7th of May. From the report of the Secretary, which is before me, I find that there are twenty-three members, and that the Band raised during the year \$12.85; enough to support a girl in the Mission School for seven or eight months. The Band has met regularly, during the past

year, on the last Saturday afternoon of each month. The officers for the second year are:—*President*, Miss Trotter; *Vice-President*, Rhoda Woodard; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Gertie Trotter; *Collectors*, Edith Schofield and Priscilla Whitehead.

The exercises for the annual meeting, which was an open one, were furnished by the members of the Band; and consisted of two dialogues, a recitation, a reading, an essay and music.

The Band feel hopeful and encouraged and love their missionary work better than when they began.

"EASTERN LIGHT" MISSION BAND, FARMINGTON, N. S.—In our letter of February we spoke of having commenced a Mission Band, and also of intending to hold a Fancy Sale. Accordingly on Wednesday evening, April 27th, we gave an entertainment consisting of recitations and dialogues, of a missionary character, interspersed with music. The latter part of the evening was occupied with selling fancy articles that we had made during the winter.

We realized \$14.74. This, with what we had previously on hand, will enable us to support a little Telugu child for one year. We have written to Miss Hammond to arrange this for us. At the last meeting of our Band we had the addition of six new members. We now number 21.

L. McG., *Secretary*.

May 11th, 1881

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, Author of "Yesterday, Today and Forever," has given \$5,000 to begin a mission among the Bhils in Central India.

SINCE the organization of the Telugu Mission at Ongole, India, Rev. J. E. Clough says that 15,796 have united with it.

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

Extended from April 26th to May 26th, 1881.

Dundas, \$10.; Tumpany's Grove, \$6.50; Jarvis street, \$6.40.; Peterboro, \$15.20.; Aylmer, \$3.50.; College Street, 3.25.; Total from Circles, \$44.85.

Special contributions—Mrs. Ranney, Salford, \$6.; Yorkville Infant Class, \$1.15.; Legacy by the late Miss Robertson, of Thorold, \$20. Total, \$27.15. Total receipts, \$72.

The amount given by the Yorkville Infant Class, is for Mr. Tumpany's bell; 37 cents of it are the savings of "a dear little cripple girl, who has recently died sweetly trusting in Jesus." The rest was given by the little ones—a copper or a penny at a time, out of their own money, and brought to school wrapped in a piece of paper apart from the usual collection.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, *Treas.*

222 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

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