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# THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. IV., No. 4.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] DEC., 1881

## A Bird's Ministry.

FROM his home in an Eastern bungalow,  
In sight of the everlasting snow  
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,

Thus wrote my friend: "I had travelled far,  
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,  
Through the sand-white plains of Sindh-Sagar:

"And once, when the daily march was o'er,  
As tired I sat in my tented door,  
Hope failed me, as never it failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside fane,  
By the Indus bank, on the scorching plain,  
I had taught; but my teaching all seemed vain.

"No glimmer of light," I sighed, "appears;  
The Moslem's fate and the Buddhist's fears  
Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.

"For Christ and His truth I stand alone  
In the midst of millions; a sand-grain blown  
Against yon temple of ancient stone

"As soon may level it! Faith forsook  
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look;  
Then, rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof for the cooler air,  
I gazed and marvelled—how crumbled were  
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

"For, wedged in a rift of massive stone,  
Most plainly rest by its roots alone,  
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown,

"Whose gradual stress would still expand  
The crevice, and topple upon the sand  
The temple; while o'er its wreck should stand

"The tree in its living verdure! Who  
Could compass the thought? The bird that flew  
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall  
Than earthquake, war, simoon, or all  
The centuries in their lapse and fall!

"Then I knelt by the riven granite there,  
And my soul shook off its weight of care,  
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:

"The living seeds I have dropped remain  
In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,  
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain."

—Selected.

## Foreign Missionaries at Home.

A CIRCLE MEETING ADDRESS, BY MISS IDA FITCH.

We often hear people remark, "We cannot all be missionaries." With this we do not agree, but would rather say, "We can all be missionaries." It is the duty of every member of a Mission Circle to be a foreign missionary. Not to leave our own land to carry the light of the Gospel to the East—for we have at present as many missionaries in India as we are able to maintain—but we want more steadfast women, whose hands are here, but whose hearts reach away to heathen lands. More women who are willing to give, not only this year and next, but their lives to this work—women who lay their all on the altar of the living God, and are consecrated to this blessed mission of spreading abroad the news of Salvation.

Not long ago we heard a lady remark that she believed she was willing to die, if need be, that the Telugu people might learn of Christ. It is blessed indeed to die for the cause we love, but it is more blessed to live for it, and this is what Christ asks of us. How many of us are living to send the light of the Gospel over the world? How many foreign missionaries have we at home? We must have in our Circles more women in whose hearts this love is burning—burning constantly, whose prayer for our mission never ceases, and whose hands never tire gathering the mites.

If we could oftener remember that the work is the same whether done in India or in Canada, there would be stronger and more constant endeavour. Not long ago we visited an extensive organ factory in which were employed a great many workmen. Near the entrance stood a boy rubbing small pieces of wood with sandpaper, farther on a man was working on what would be a bellows; the next man was forking the reeds, and so on all through the building. The last workman gathered the pieces, made them into a whole, and shipped the work away finished. But if the boy at the entrance had stood idly by, or left his work to stare enviously at those farther on, the organ would have had no keys. Is not our mission work the same? It may be that we stand at the entrance with a small piece of work, but who can tell the importance of it?

If we are standing idly, will the day not come when we shall hear from across the seas, "Sisters in the West, who

among you has failed? There is a piece of the work unfinished. Some one has ceased to pray; some one has failed to pay." O, may God grant that not one in this Circle may so fail to do her duty.

Our mission, as a whole, may fitly be compared to a great harvest field that is not divided. True, some have gone farther into the field, and toil where there is no shelter from the blaze of the hot sun. They pile the sheaves one by one and gather them into the storehouse, while we work along the margin and in every corner of the field, gathering a little here and there. But are we *all* in the harvest? Are there not some outside the field leaning with folded arms, content with watching the work go on? Sisters, come in and help us!

"The sun shall not smite thee," our Father is saying.  
Go forth to thy work in the heat of the day.  
For lo, from the zenith the sun is descending,  
O, hasten, the hours are passing away;  
Work on till the shadows of earth are receding,  
And infinite glory shall break to the view,  
Believing the promise that ye shall inherit  
The rest that remains to the faithful and true.

Dear Sisters, let us try to realize more fully the importance of our work—"the evangelization of the women of heathendom." God has given us this work. We have taken it; and from us at last the account will be required. Let us encourage one another that we grow not weary, and, by the blessing of God, the souls that now wait in darkness shall dwell forever in the light of heaven, and the glory be all to God.

### Allie's "Mission Box."

Who is Allie, and what about his mission box? Some months ago I was sitting in a cozy room in a comfortable house, in a beautifully-situated village in the Eastern Townships. It was Saturday. The day had been disagreeable, and now, as night settled down, a furious storm raged outside. The wind sighed and moaned round the corners of the house, and then, failing to hurl the roof from our shelter, went shrieking away among the bleak hills and dark ravines. I had been tired, and cold, and wet. It was a grand evening for open-eyed dreaming, and I was busy at it. One I, was by that little table in Canada—the other I, was in India.

The lady of the house came, and placing a small open box on the table by my side, said, "My little Allie's mission box." Oh yes, I understood it all at a glance. That mother, with the love of God in her heart, had taught her boy to deny himself for the heathen. My heart softened at once. I took up the coins, quarters, dimes and half dimes, pennies, coppers, cents, and a Chinese *cash*. I handled those coins lovingly, for had they not been dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ? Without looking up, I asked, "Where is little Allie?" but there was no response. Quickly, intuitively, I looked into the mother's face. Ah yes, it is all plain now—the tear, the sob, the symbol of woe tell what the choking voice confirms, "*Little Allie is in Heaven.*"

How reverently I touched those coins now! How sacred they seemed! I counted them over and over

again;—three dollars and twenty-cents-for-the-heathen. They were his own little gifts, laid aside out of his own earnings and presents. He had a little bank for his own, and this little box for the mission. Some time before his illness he was seen to sit down and count his money over. He then transferred twenty cents from his own to the mission box. Some days later, he took fifteen cents more from his own store and added it to the mission account. These last were choice pieces.

Allie was ten years old when he died. He was taken away suddenly by diphtheria. Now, I want you to notice what I am about to say further about Allie. He did not die because he was good—bad boys die. He was not good because he grew good, or because he was too lazy to be wicked. While Allie was quite well—no sickness and no fear of death—he repented of his sins and came to Jesus for pardon, and he got it.

Again, he did not give those pennies to missions because he could no longer use them himself. He gave them while in perfect health, because he loved his Saviour and because he pitied the poor heathen children who know nothing of Jesus.

Let the little boys and girls who read this, learn two lessons from Allie's case. Repent and believe in Jesus while you are young and well. Do for Him what you can while in health. Then, when the time comes to die, you will have nothing to do but cross over the River.

Imitate Allie in love for Jesus and pity for the heathen.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Nov., 1881.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, ETC.

The readers of the LINK will have learned before this of the death of Rev. Josiah Burder, our only ordained native minister. They will remember what Bro. McLaurin wrote about him some time ago in the LINK. Josiah was the father-in-law of Amelia Keller, whom so many of you saw in Canada. The loss of this native minister is a severe blow to our missions, more so than I can tell. But it does no good to sit down and grieve. We have to gather up the things that remain and go on with our work. God fills the places of those He calls away, and continually adds to the number of His faithful ones in the earth. Last Sabbath we had a baptism. The first one to enter the water was an old man who had heard the truth many years ago, but did not accept it till recently. Last year I went to see his sick wife; he was away in Burmah at the time. The wife I think died trusting in Jesus. The other four baptized were females; three of them were from our Girls' School. One of the girls in telling her experience before the church said, she "found the Saviour—two years ago in the school." Mrs. Timpany asked her why she did not then come forward and ask for baptism? She replied, "I waited till I had learned more about Christ." Another of the girls had been converted just before our vacation in June. She had found peace in private prayer. The love of Jesus has made a wonderful change in her, she often tried Mrs. Timpany by her waywardness. Another of the girls was baptized by Josiah during the vacation, in her own village. She had been brought to the Saviour while here. At no time since we came here has the Girls' School been so much to our mind as now. We hope a real Christian feeling controls it. I do not know of a

single girl who has been in the Boarding School for two years and was of any size who has not been brought to the Saviour. This remark covers all the time since the school was started by Mrs. McLaurin. One of the old girls now married came the other day asking for baptism. I have no doubt of her being a follower of the Saviour, and will baptize her when a suitable chance offers. That young woman, Lukshmi, who came to us in such a wonderful way is now, since the older girls have left, the head girl of the school, and fills the position much to Mrs. Timpany's satisfaction.

No measure can be set to the extent to which your Girls' School will benefit those who attend it. I have said enough already to warm the heart of any one who can be warmed with the love of Christ. Can more be asked for, than that all who attend it long enough to come under its influence come to Christ? As the mission grows, and grow it must and will, this school will increase in number and influence for good. The request which Mrs. Timpany sent home months ago that you pray for the Girls' School has been richly answered. Thank the Lord.

A. V. TIMPANY.

September 27th, 1881.

*To the Corresponding Secretary of the Ontario Women's Society.*

MY DEAR MRS. HUMPHREY.—Your long and welcome letter of April 11th reached us about the 20th of May. Our school girls do not know much English, most of them not enough to understand anything, so Mrs. Timpany took the beautiful hymn you sent and told them about it and translated it into Telugu. The girls and women appreciate what you are doing for them. We can reach them in no way more quickly than by telling them of your interest in them, though you have never seen them, and ask if they think it right to make an improper or careless use of such kindness?

You ask me if I cannot suggest some way by which our Christian women in our churches can be more interested. I can suggest one thing that I think will go a good way to further the object in view. As you no doubt are aware, in many parts of the States the women have a meeting at the Associational meetings. I would have a Secretary appointed for each Association. She could arrange with the officers of the several circles in the limits of her Association the outlines of the meeting beforehand. The Central Board, through you, could afford information to be made use of at the meeting. It might be possible for some of the officers of the Central Board to attend. The interest in this way would filter down and get through the mass, the very work we want accomplished. What grand proportions the Baptist women's work is attaining in the United States. The two societies, east and west, raised last year over \$70,000. They will soon bring it up to \$100,000. Then again aside from the untold good being done in heathen lands, who can estimate the good it is doing our women and families at home? If we could get a fair proportion of the 15,000 Baptist women of our churches praying and giving for Foreign Missions it would not be long before the Telugus of the northern Circars were brought to Christ. And I believe it is coming to this fact and certainly. Rome for a long time was wiser than the Protestants. That day is passed. The church of God is now using both her man and angel hands. It is useless me attempting to describe, and I am not going to try to do so, the added life and power, aggressiveness and hope that the work of the women has infused into

every branch of mission work throughout India and the East. Take our own mission, what sort of position would we be in to-day had we not had the help the Women's Boards have given? Our chapel, our boat, our girls' quarters, our girls' schools, our village schools, etc., etc., have clothed the skeleton with flesh, and made it instinct with life and beauty. And this is true of most mission work in the East to-day.

I wish our Sabbath Schools could be reached in some way. At the present time most of them do nothing for anything beyond themselves. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." I am not at all surprised at the want of true views of Christian benevolence among so many of our people. The children are urged to bring their mites and put them into the Sabbath School collection, and Scripture is freely brought forward to prove that giving is pleasing to God, etc., etc. When there are about \$30 or \$40 in the treasury part of it is taken to buy Sabbath School papers, or a library, and the rest to pay for the annual pic-nic! Do not the children know that they get back what they give? And yet they are taught that this is benevolence! But no one thinks of calling what he gives to the school, or the baker or butcher of the family "benevolence."

The Presbyterian ladies, about whom you wrote, are doing wonders in the way of Juvenile Bands, etc. Are doing for the cause a double good work—the work at present is helped by the funds raised, and the work in the future will have good steady helpers when these children are grown into men and women.

We are moving for a Theological School in our Mission, or rather a Bible school, where under one of our missionaries our future Christian workers shall be trained for work. We need look for no real or substantial rapid-growth until we have something of the kind. God will not give us the people until we can to some extent care for them. What is the use of a lot of sheep without a shepherd. The wolf will get the sheep. India of to-day is not what it was ten years ago. Great social and religious changes are under way. Give us "India for Christ," and it means this eastern world. For my part I have no doubt about the fact to be. India will be brought to Christ.

A. V. TIMPANY.

July 2nd, 1881.

Tuni.

*Mrs. Currie's report to the Corresponding Secretary of the Ontario Women's Society.*

I have not been accustomed to writing reports, but will try to tell you simply what our women are doing in Bible work.

The money kindly appropriated by your Board will be amply sufficient for Hannama's support, as well as for any expense connected with this woman's work, such as small presents to the women who are working without any stated salary. To two, whose husbands are mission helpers, we give no salary. They are quite willing to use their leisure in this way, but we think it better to give them an occasional present.

Hannama commenced work with us during the month of February, attending my Bible class every morning, and spending the afternoon in teaching in the Tuni mala pilli and other near villages. In this she was assisted by Jane, our teacher's wife; Susannah, Abel's wife; and Kurnamah, the wife of a preacher since dismissed. As I was obliged to take a rest from teaching, Hannama re-

turned to her own village, Durmasagrum, on the 1st of April, where she taught both men and women as opportunity was afforded, until our class-work was resumed in July. Meantime her husband returned from Rangoon, ill, and attendance upon his needs necessarily interfered somewhat with her mission work. As yet I have had only verbal reports of her progress, still I am convinced that to the best of her ability she is continuing to work conscientiously for the Lord. She reports two of her relatives as believers in Jesus. Her experience is the common one—some hear gladly, while others object and oppose. From this labour we cannot expect very speedy results. It is something, oh, a *great deal*, that the glad news is being made known in these dark regions. As for the success of these feeble efforts, "the Day will declare it." As her husband did not receive benefit from medical attendance here, they have again returned to their own village. I hope that Hannama will be much prayed for by her sisters in Canada, for she and her husband are the only light in that dark portion of the field.

During the excessively hot weather of April and May, Jane and Susannah were unable to visit very often the Mala pilli, but for the three months now closing they have tried to visit as often as three times a week. One of our Christian women has gone, but her place has been supplied by another, Martha a widow, not as capable as *some*, but she has joined the others in telling the good news of salvation through Christ. One or two extracts from my note-book will give you the best idea of our method:—

*November 24th.*—On going, according to promise, to the house of the woman who was so attentive yesterday, I found she had gone to bazaar. Her children were near the entrance, and other women were gathering to see how I would meet this difficulty, but they were too much afraid of some men who stood near to listen. So I resolved to make an effort to find an audience elsewhere. A few houses further on we found women pounding rice, and asked to be allowed to witness the operation. After a little talk they offered me a seat, and surrounded by an ever-changing audience I read and explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Had rapid attention throughout the story and application. But soon the man and woman of the house left, work was resumed and others took their departure. But still I had listeners. Many came and looked and went away, but some stayed and paid strict attention to all that was said. I am to go there again—on the whole much encouraged.

*December 16th.*—Went with Jane to some houses in the Telaga pilli. The goldsmith's widow listened to a story of the blind man whose sight was restored by Jesus. Jane spoke at some length, and *well*. Afterwards we had a large audience at the "rice pounding house," where she did excellently well. Kurnama too, tried to assist. We here made the acquaintance of another woman who belongs to the weaver class and owns the house. \* \* \* Returned well pleased with our reception, and with Jane's gift for teaching, having promised future visits. These women no longer visit the caste people. After a little, when my visits ceased, they ceased to pay respect to our Christian women. So they now confine their efforts to the Malas.

*February 21st.*—Drove to Mala pilli to introduce Hannama. Passed her on the road, where she had instructed half a dozen women (travellers), in the Gospel story. So went on alone, but before I had secured a good place for our purpose she arrived. Quite a large number of women gathered to listen, but the situation

was so public we had many interruptions. Finally, a man, apparently a play-actor, approached, and tried to dispute with her. Thinking this rather unprofitable, we sought another more retired situation where she held the attention of four women and one man, until the shades of evening began to enfold us, when we returned home.

A few notes made by Jane, at my request, may also be interesting as exhibiting the trifling nature of some of the objections urged against belief in the Gospel.

"On one occasion, having gone to the Tuni mala pilli, we talked thus with Uchima, (one who has long professed to believe). 'For a long time you have heard the truth concerning God, have you not? What then hinders you from becoming a Christian?' She replied, 'I have a younger brother and sister yet unmarried, if I become a Christian and join the church now it will be a hindrance to them. After they are married, we will be baptized; nevertheless we believe in the Lord.' To which I said, 'Your brother and sister are more to you, than God who gave His life for you. If the Lord calls you now, you must leave them and go, must you not? Then what will you answer before Him if you, for them, lose your soul's salvation? On account of relatives I did not come, will you say? Therefore, putting aside such objections, seek the Lord your Saviour, and obtain joy to your soul.' To this she was silent. Near her house lives a woman with a painful disease, by which she suffers greatly, and is not able to go anywhere. 'I pray to God for me, that He will remove this trouble. Should He quickly make me well, I am ready to be baptized,' she said, I then told her how that Jesus when in this world wrought many miracles; healed many sick; that if she with all her heart believed in Him, and earnestly prayed accordingly to Him, He would heal her disease and save her. She replied, earnestly, 'Pray again for me.'"

"Another day we went to the Mala pilli and talked with some poor women, 'We believe in the one God, but we are poor. We have insufficient food, and no good clothes to wear, therefore we cannot come to your meeting. But whenever you come to the Mala pilli if you visit our houses we shall be glad to see you and hear about God's truth.' 'Very well, if you wish it we will come.'"

"In Pikarapetta, as we explained about the miracles which Christ wrought when in the world, His mercy towards sinners, and His death, some among them assented, 'Jesus Christ is the true God. If you give us food and clothing we will turn to your religion. If hereafter, we have food and clothes and are free from trouble we will believe in your God.' But others said, 'Having left our idols and idol-worship, we are believing in Jesus Christ.'"

"Concerning the old woman in Pikarapetta, who had worshipped idols so recently and so long, she has been mocked by her neighbours. 'For many days now you have believed in Christ. Have you left the former worship entirely? Are you a mad woman?' Thus her neighbours deride her. 'I will not listen to them. I will not again worship Satan as before. I sent them away and am coming to speak with the missionary concerning these matters.'"

This will be sufficient to show that our sisters are trying to help their heathen neighbours. We feel very much how futile will be all our efforts without an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. For this we would urge you to pray.

MARIA A. CURRIE.

Tuni, August 29th, 1881.

## Akidu.

*From the Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Ontario Women's Society.*

The schools that I reported in February have carried on their work until a few weeks ago. July, August, and September are busy months for the farmers here. Most of the schools closed before the end of July. In May I visited Comalamudy and saw the new school-house they had just built. Of course it is their meeting place as well as school-house. It is a neat building. It cost about Rs. 150, of which the Christians there contributed about Rs. 110. Land has been obtained in two other villages, Dondupadu and Asaram. At the close of the school in Cocanada two young couples were married. Their names are Joseph and Shantamma, David and Mary. Shantamma's village is called Chinnamilly; it lies about six miles north-west of Akidu. She will teach a school there, while her husband will teach in Gummuluru, another village a few miles from here. Mary will teach in Asaram, and her husband in another village near Asaram. Asaram is twelve miles south-west of here. Annamma is to teach in her own village, Artamuree, four miles south-east of this. I expect there will be a good many girls in two of the schools to be taught by these new comers.

In regard to women hearing the Gospel,—I think you at home have some wrong notions. You know that Mala and Madiga women have about as good chances to hear it as the men have. But, perhaps you are not aware that Shudra women as a rule, go about the streets quite publicly, and those who are poor do ordinary coolie work. Of course they would not stand in a crowd to listen to a preacher as Mala women would, but if we could see all the doorways near-by we would find a good many women listening to the truth. They are less likely to be seen listening when the preacher is a European than they are when he is a native. Bro. Timpany's trip with the school girls showed another way of reaching them. Zenana workers may be necessary if all are to be reached, but I think it would be safe to say that thousands of Shudra women in the Telugu country can be reached without Zenana work.

You will be glad to hear that the new mission house is nearing completion. A few weeks more are likely to suffice for what remains to be done. I shall probably use one room as a meeting-room and school-room until I can build a house for these purposes, which I hope to do next year.

I am very anxious to have a girls' school here just as soon as possible. If Bro. Timpany can get fifteen or twenty girls off his field where there are about 100 Christians, how many might I get from mine with over 500 Christians. I have no doubt that I would have 50 nice girls at once, and that their parents would be willing to supply them with some of the good they need, if I had all the other requisites! I hope to build a school-house next year, as I said before. Then I shall need to build houses for the girls to live in, and afterwards I shall need money for the support of the school. Of course I shall need some experienced native Christian woman to look after the girls, but I believe God will provide it all. This year I fear there will not be more than two or three girls from the Cocanada school. The Christians do not like to send their girls so far away from home. Here is a fresh field for sisters who want their money spent over women and girls. Even the Theological school will contain some women, wives of native students. I have not

asked for anything towards a girls' school in the estimates for next year, simply because there was so much else to ask for. I shall need at least \$200 for my village schools. If your society see fit to take that item as part of their burden for next year, I shall be thankful.

Although I am not able to visit the villages on account of my building work, still I have had a good many opportunities to proclaim the glad news of Salvation since I came to live in part of my house a month ago. Boatmen bringing bricks, sand and lime; sick people coming for medicine; curious people coming to see the house; and last but not least, my masons, carpenters, and coolies have heard more or less of the Gospel in this house itself. By the way building a bungalow in a place like this is quite an advertisement. Hundreds, and I may say thousands, of people never saw anything like this house before. At present it is the wonder of this region. I think I shall have to open it for inspection after it is finished.

One thing I must not forget. You know our Christians have all come from the Malas, so far as this field is concerned. In the Cocanada Mission a few have come from among the Shudras. Well, the Gospel has been preached here in Akidu to many classes, but we have made greater efforts for the Malas than for others. On this side of the village there is a small Mala hamlet, where they have received us gladly, but in a large hamlet on the other side of the village, although many have heard again and again they seem to be hardening their hearts. I would like you all to make the people of that hamlet a special subject of prayer. As all our Christians so far have come from that class, there is less excuse for these people than there is for the Shudras. I would rejoice so much to see some come out on the Lord's side.

JOHN CRAIG.

August 16th, 1881.

## Bobbili.

## SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill have been called to pass through deep waters of affliction. Suddenly, on the 10th Sept., of intermittent fever ending in convulsions, coma, death, their dearly beloved and only son, Willie Chandler, was taken from them. The sorrowing father writes thus to a friend:

"Being alone, we feel more deeply our loss. I had to work all the forenoon yesterday (Sunday) getting the coffin ready. We buried him in the evening in a corner of the compound, near the house. A native Christian, who spoke English well, read a few verses and prayed in the house in English, and our native preacher read and prayed in Telugu at the grave, while the other spoke to the people for a short time in Telugu. There was a large number present, but they behaved and listened well."

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and their little girl had all suffered more or less from fever. They have the deepest sympathy of hundreds of Christian friends.

## NATIVE HELPERS.

Mr. Churchill, under date August 19th, wrote to the Secretary of the N. S. Central Board of W. M. A. Societies:

I am glad I can at last tell you that our prayers for native helpers have in part been answered, and you can scarcely imagine our joy when they came to us August 1st. Our dear Brother Timpany was the means of getting them for us, and showed his unselfishness and real interest in the whole work by sending them to us instead

of keeping them on his own field, where the need of helpers is great, but not so great as ours. Nursiah, the preacher, seems to be an earnest, hard working man, and comes well recommended for his Christian character.

Siamma, the preacher's wife, promises fair to make an excellent Bible woman. She is already a great help to me. I take her with me every morning when I go to school, but as there are so many opportunities for work all around, I think it best not to keep her in the school, but to send her out on to the veranda to talk to the women who come to look on, and see what we are doing inside, or to the nearest house, to talk of the great Salvation to as many as she can get to listen to her, and she seems to be very well received. In the afternoons she goes out with me to my Zenana work, and visiting the women of the town. So far she has only gone to houses where I had visited before she came, but this afternoon I have sent her to some new houses, and will see what reception she meets with. Before starting she came in to see where I wished her to go. I had just written her name at the top of this page, and told her I was writing to you, and she said, "Send Ummah my salaams." As I have obtained a government grant for my school this year through the kind recommendation of the Inspector of Schools for this division, I shall not need for it *all* the good sisters at home have sent me this year, so I ask if I may be allowed to support this Bible woman from that fund, or would you rather send me something specially for her? If she continues as she has begun, she is well worthy of your support; and as the preacher gets but small wages, it is right, if we require *her* work that we give her a small salary too. I could not go out with her yesterday afternoon, so told her to go to the Velema houses where we went together last week, and she did not return till dusk, and then her face was all aglow because so many women had listened to her message well, but she said they all wanted the "Ummah" to come again soon.

I fear you are not going to send me a young lady this year. Before many years we will have to plead for another missionary to be sent to Bobbili, I expect, while we go home to recruit. It is a great pity for any of our stations to be left without a missionary, and the brethren at home should see to it that the mission is sufficiently manned to prevent this;—as in our Lord's time, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

We are counting the months till our new missionaries will be with us, and sincerely wish they were not coming alone.

### Chicacole.

Miss Hammond, in a letter dated August 15th, says: "Herriamah and Papamah, my two Bible women, seem to be doing very good work, and they are also much interested in it. Both they and the colporteurs speak of an increased interest among the people, a more than usual willingness to hear. Only God can give the hearing ear and the understanding heart, and clothe the speaker's words with power that they may be felt."

REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON writes from London on Oct. 24th: "We have secured passage to Madras by Ducal line steamer sailing Nov. 8th." He reports being disappointed in not being able to secure passage through to Bimli direct. He expects it will be near Christmas when he reaches Chicacole.

I NEVER knew a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec.

#### SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

For an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the missionaries and native helpers—both men and women—in the Cocanada, Tuni and Akidu fields; that many souls may be added unto the Lord during the year 1882.

For the three Executive Boards of Ontario and Quebec; that the Holy Spirit may direct their actions, and that fervent zeal mingled with wisdom and discretion may be bestowed upon them.

#### NOTICE TO CIRCLES—AN EXCHANGE DRAWER.

The following manuscript papers have been kindly placed at our disposal for the use of the Circles. All who wish to avail themselves of these helps to circle meetings can do so by sending a postal card to Mrs. M. Freeland, P.O. Box 8, Yorkville, Ont., naming the paper requested, which must be *promptly returned*:

"Reasons why we should make the monthly meetings interesting, with some hints as to the best means of doing so," Mes. H. J. Rose; "Why we work," Miss Ida Fitch; "A day in the Cocanada Mission House," Mrs. McLaurin; "Women's work in Missions," Mrs. A. V. Timpany; "The condition of women in India," Mrs. J. Coutts; "Some facts and figures about our Society," Mrs. M. Freeland; "Sketch of the W. M. A. Societies of the Lower Provinces," Mrs. W. H. Porter.

MRS. W. F. ARMSTRONG'S visit to Ontario will long be remembered with gratitude and delight by those who had the privilege of meeting with this devoted servant of God. During the two weeks she spent in the Province, beside speaking both in the afternoon and evening at the annual meeting at Woodstock, she met with and addressed the sisters at London, St. Thomas, Toronto, Peterboro, Hamilton, and St. Catharines. To the Sunday Schools of Goble's Corner, Woodstock and Yorkville she also spoke of the work in India. The organization of three new circles was one direct and immediate result of her visit.

MR. AND MRS. McLAURIN expect to start on their journey to India about the 22nd of December. A meeting for the purpose of bidding them farewell will be held in the Woodstock church on the evening of Dec. 20th.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Foreign Mission Society of Ontario and Quebec, for the year 1881-82, was held in Olivet Baptist Church edifice, on Friday, 28th Oct., at 2 p.m.

The following brethren were elected by the Board as the Executive Committee for the current year, viz.:—Shenston, Raymond, W. Craig, T. D. Craig, Lawson, Campbell, and Coutts.

The Estimates for the year were then considered by the Board, and the following appropriations made:

Cocanada Field.....	\$2,760
Tuni Field.....	1,850
Akidu Field.....	2,150
Theological Seminary.....	2,250
Passage Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin.....	1,000

Total .....\$10,010

Moved by Dr. Clarke and seconded by A. A. Ayer—That in case of more being expended upon specific items of mission work than is appropriated by the Board for the same, missionaries be expected to report to the treasurer the sum *actually* expended, and indicate the sum received by them from other sources for the purpose—*Carried*. On motion, it was resolved that our Theological School be open to students for the ministry from the mission of our brethren of the Maritime Provinces, on condition that the Board of that Mission pay a fair share of the current expenses, in proportion to the number of students; the share being referred for determination to the missionaries on the field.

The Board then adjourned; prayer by Bro. Munro.

JAMES COUTTS, *Secretary*.

Georgetown, Nov. 1, 1881.

LONDON, ONT.—The collection at Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. McLaurin's meeting on the 31st of October, amounted to \$25, with which Mrs. McLaurin was made a life member. It is to be applied to the education of a native student in the new Seminary for one year.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.—Mrs. McLaurin and Mrs. Armstrong met with the ladies of the St. Thomas Church on Tuesday, 1st November. At the conclusion of their addresses a Circle was organized, which it is hoped may ultimately prove to be one of the strongest and most influential in Western Ontario.

TORONTO, ONT.—On Thursday evening, November 3rd, a mass meeting of the Toronto Circles was held in Jarvis St. Church, to meet Mrs. Armstrong. Mrs. J. H. Castle, who presided, welcomed her to Toronto. Mrs. Armstrong then gave a most interesting and vivid account of the work of a Zenana visitor, and the difficulties she has to contend with. Mrs. H. J. Rose read Miss Fitch's paper, "Why we Work;" Miss Dexter and Miss Lloyd followed with extracts from their annual reports. A collection to defray expenses was taken up, and after a short time spent in social intercourse a most delightful and profitable meeting was brought to a close.

PETERBORO', ONT.—On Friday evening, the 4th inst., over two hundred ladies met in the Baptist Church, Peterboro', to listen to an address from Mrs. Armstrong, late of Chicacole, India. Mrs. Gilmour presided, and the pastor of the church read the Scripture lesson and led in prayer. Mrs. Freeland, of Toronto, also took part in the meeting, and gave some interesting information about the work of the "Baptist Women's Foreign Missionary Society." Mrs. Armstrong is a bright, intelligent, vivacious speaker, and succeeded in holding the attention of her audience for over an hour while she spoke on "Christian Women's Work in Pagan India." The meeting was under the auspices of the Women's Foreign Mission Circle of the Peterboro' district, and was a grand success. A collection of \$16.83 was taken up at the door to defray expenses. We understand that the Peterboro' Mission Circle is very prosperous.—*Canadian Baptist*.

HAMILTON, ONT.—For a week or two previous to Nov. 7th, the sisters of Hamilton looked forward with eager anticipation to a visit from Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, and on the afternoon of that day a large assemblage met in the Park Street church to listen to this earnest Christian worker speak of the claims of Foreign Missions on the sisters of this land.

She spoke chiefly of the work in India, where she—with her husband—has laboured for five years, and described the great difference which exists between the two classes of women to be met there. The despised pariah, or outcast women, were not allowed to live in the large cities or towns, but were to be found in the outskirts. They were not secluded, but were very ignorant and generally very poor. They, as a rule, cared for nought else than to secure food for their famishing bodies, while their souls were perishing for lack of spiritual food. The other class to which reference was made were the caste women of India. They live in such seclusion they can only be reached in their homes. They are refined, polite, intelligent, and eager to hear. They are also deeply pious, and are conscious of sin, for which they expect to be punished. The burden of their cry is, "My sin! my sin!" and they strive by good works to appease an angry god. This is a most promising class to send the Gospel to, for they appreciate it and many accept it. As the speaker related incidents of conversions we felt our hearts burning with a desire to join with our sisters in the noble work of sending lady missionaries to those who are hungering and thirsting after truth.

Mrs. Freeland accompanied Mrs. Armstrong to our city, and followed her address with one of a different type. She told of the work done by the sisters at home during the past five years, and pleaded so earnestly with the sisters here to assist with their prayers and their offerings that, on the conclusion of her speech, it was moved and seconded that a Mission Circle be organized in our midst, and the following officers were duly elected:—*Pres.*, Mrs. John Evans; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. P. W. Dayfoot; *Sec. and Treas.*, Miss Lizzie Moore.

At the first meeting of the Circle, held on Nov. 11th, there was an attendance of about thirty. Mrs. Balfour was elected Treasurer. Ten solicitors were appointed, and districts given to each. It was also resolved that this Circle meet on the first Friday of each month.

L. MOORE, *Sec.*

AILSA CRAIG, ONT.—A correspondent writes:—When Mrs. McLaurin and Mrs. Armstrong were in London, one of the Ailsa Craig ladies happened to hear their addresses. She returned home determined to do her part, and on Thursday, Nov. 3rd, we formed a Circle. "May God prosper the feeble beginning, and may the little one become a thousand."

WYOMING, ONT.—Our Mission Circle was formed last March with a membership of nine. Since then it has gradually increased until we now number eighteen. Our meetings are held on the 1st Thursday of each month, and the attendance is gratifying. We have raised \$10.40 for missions and feel encouraged to go on. The work to be done is great and the labourers few. In our little sphere we are endeavouring to do what we can.

Oct. 15th.

REGINA A. JONES, *Sec.*

OSGOODE, ONT.—The ladies of the Osgoode Baptist Church met on July 19th for the purpose of organizing a Foreign Mission Circle. We were successful, having secured twelve members then, but the membership has since increased to thirty. The officers elected were:—*President*, Miss Janet McCaul; *Vice-President*, Miss Kate McMartin; *Sec.-Treas.*, Miss Mary Fisher; with seven solicitors.

Oct. 2nd.

MAGGIE MCKENDRY, *Sec.*



## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Who can tell me what trees grow in India? I do not think our beautiful maples are found in that hot land, and our woods are now filled with their glory. Nature "changes her dress" with the first arrival of Jack Frost in our cold Canada. But the palm tree is fully as useful to the people of India as our national emblem is to us. The leaves of the palm often make the roof, the umbrella, the bed, the plate, and the writing-paper of the Hindu. Our good Mr. Shenson, of Brantford, who knows far more about India than any of us do, once gave me a leaf out of a printed book from the Telugu land. It is a narrow strip of palm-leaf about thirteen inches long. On each side are five lines of printing, not with ink, but as if written with a fine steel point. A good many of these leaves are pierced through, and strung together to make a book. As the printed letters are all Telugu, I cannot tell you what the book is, but it is quite a curiosity to me. The palm leaf has various other uses, but I cannot speak of all. Perhaps the most curious tree in India is the banyan, because one tree often grows into a hundred. The branches hang down, touch the ground, strike root there, and spring up into new trees—joined to the mother-tree. I am told that seventy thousand men can sit under one of these old banyan trees. A sort of grass grows in India to the height of one hundred feet. It becomes hard as wood. This is called the bamboo. Its stem is hollow like a pipe, and is often used for water-pipes, also for posts of houses, and for carriage poles.

But, boys and girls, there is no nation that has so many gods as the Hindus. They are numbered at three hundred and thirty millions. I will try and describe some of them to you next month.

Here is a little poem for some one to recite at a Mission Band meeting (copied from "The Changed Cross"):

In some wild Eastern legend the story has been told,  
Of a fair and wondrous fountain that flowed in times of old,  
Cold and crystalline its waters, bright y' glancing in the ray  
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favored hour  
Infused into the limpid depths a strange, mysterious power;  
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again,  
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and haste,  
Far through the mountain-desert, far o'er the sandy waste,  
If he but sought this fountain first, and from its wondrous store,  
The secret of unfailing springs along with him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend—yet may not meaningless lie,  
Visions of better things to come within its shadow lie?  
Type of a better fountain to mortals now unsealed,  
The full and free salvation in Christ, our Lord, revealed.

Beneath the Cross these waters rise, and he who finds them there,  
All through the wilderness of life the living stream may bear;  
And blessings follow in his steps, until, wherever he goes,  
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom like the rose.

Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come to this fountain side  
Drink freely of its waters, drink and be satisfied!  
Yet linger not, but hasten on, and bear to all around,  
Glad tidings of the love, and peace, and mercy thou hast found!

To Africa's pathless deserts, to Greenland's frozen shore  
Where din of mighty cities sounds, or savage mountains roar  
Wherever man may wander with his herbage of woe,  
To tell of brighter things above, go, brother, gladly go!

Then, as of old, in vision seen before the prophet's eye,  
Broader and deeper on its course the stream of life shall rise;  
And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and love,  
Peace and good-will to man on earth, glory to God above!

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis street, Ottawa.

A BOOK ABOUT THE TELUGU.—The first of December Mr. Corthell of the Mission rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston, proposes to issue a new book entitled "From Darkness to Light," written by Rev. J. E. Clough, Missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, to the Telugu at Ongole. This story gives a faithful picture of the home-life of the natives, and describes the conversion of one of the representative class and his advance from the darkness of heathenism to the light of Christianity. The book contains valuable information about Ongole and the surrounding villages, where the principal characters are still living, and many incidents of the great famine of 1876-77 and the revival which followed; and is designed to meet the many demands for a more extended knowledge of this remarkable people.

THE Lord's battles will never be fought if every one claims the right of remaining in the reserve.

### WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Received from Oct. 20th, to Nov. 23rd, 1881.

Jarvis St., \$13 65; Woodstock (Collection at Annual Meeting), \$28; Strathroy, \$17; London (York St.), collection at Mrs. Armstrong's meeting, to make Mr. McLaurin a life member, \$25; Mrs. Dunn, Langley, B.C., \$1; Total, \$84.65.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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