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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. VI., No. 6.] "*The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.*"—*Is. lx. 2.* [FEB., 1884.]

"Thy Kingdom Come."

Among the countless songs of praise
That angels sing thro' perfect day,
Among the fervent prayers they raise
Is heard this sweet, exulting lay,—
"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy kingdom come." How often sung
Within God's earthly courts to-day!
It falls from lips of old and young
And multitudes in worship pray,—
"Thy kingdom come."

And it is coming, blessed One,
Thy glowing banners floating high
Are moving to and the rising sun,
From east and west is heard the cry,—
"Thy kingdom come."

The nations greet Thee, King of kings,
And over land and over sea
Now ever louder, clearer rings
The pean of Thy victory,—
"Thy kingdom come."

Still conquer, mighty Lord of all,
And may Thy conquests never cease,
Until the last usurper fall
And in each heart, O Prince of Peace,
"Thy kingdom come."

LIDA BAKER.

Mission Work among Lepers in India.

From the Indian Evangelical Review.

It stands out as our first great fact that the Master Himself, the great Lord of the missions, was very marked in His sympathy with, and His kindness and love to, the poor leper, and that He gave it as one of the proofs of the genuineness of His own mission: "The lepers are cleansed." "And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean.'" The great Master thought it no waste of time; and if at that early stage of the world, it occupied a prominent place in genuine missionary work, how much more so now, when there is a multitude of labourers sent forth into the vineyard?

2. It stands out as our next great fact that there are at least 125,000 of these poor sufferers in India; indeed, the late Rev. James Vaughan, C.M.S., in his valuable work, "The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross," puts the number at 200,000!

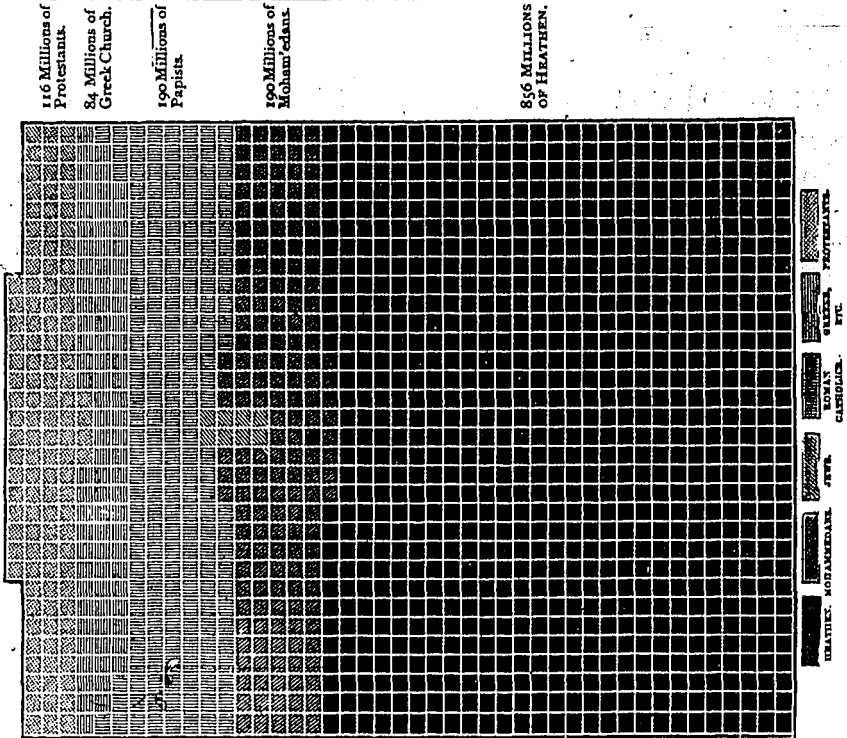
3. It is a fact that some of the best and brightest of our missionaries have given much of their time to this work, have been greatly blessed in so doing, and have left it on record that some of their happiest moments have been spent amongst the lepers. Amongst these we may specially mention three, whose loss we now deeply mourn, and two of whom were present at the general Missionary Conference in Allahabad—the Rev. Dr.

Morrison, the Rev. James Vaughan, and the Rev. John Newton, M.D. Mr. Vaughan, in a letter to a friend in Ireland, in writing on this subject, said, "I was out on a preaching tour; we had reached the last day of the old year. I prayed that night that God would show me some new work to do for Him in the coming year. The answer came, almost as a voice from Heaven, 'Go to the lepers!' There was a large leper asylum in Calcutta, not far from my church. As soon as I returned home I began to visit these poor creatures. I got my native brethren to help me in that work. It was in several ways trying to flesh and spirit; but we persevered, and at length one convert rewarded our efforts. Very soon others laid hold on Christ, and the leper asylum contained a leper church, as these interesting converts fitted up at their own expense one end of their ward as a church; and I can truly say that some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in ministering to those poor sufferers in that little sanctuary. No service could be more solemnly interesting than the administration of the Lord's Supper to that little band of maimed believers. Some had no hands, others no feet, several were blind; but to see them kneeling on their clean mats around the table, to see the spirit of devotion which actuated them, whilst every now and then a tear of grateful love fell from their eyes, was a sight to do one good. Many a time have I returned from such a service blessing God that He ever led me to engage in so hallowed a work. Before I left Calcutta it had been my happiness to have baptized upwards of forty of those poor people. Brighter specimens of Christian faith and love and devotion I never witnessed than I have seen amongst these forty."

In one of Dr. Newton's reports we read, "No one, I think, can appreciate the *physical* as well as moral aspect of the good tidings of Christ, so well as he who has watched the physical decay brought about by this awful disease. When heart grows sick and faint in its daily contact with suffering which no human aid can reach, when the mind is filled with even greater loathing on discovering that even these poor victims are often slaves to avarice, lust, malice, and all the other hateful passions of sinful men, oh! it is such a relief to know that there is One whose precious blood can cleanse from even such moral and physical pollution, and whose divine Spirit can create, within the wreck of the old, a new heart and a new body like unto His own glorious body—a body free from all taint of corruption, which shall live for ever. It is a most blessed privilege to be allowed to tell this good news."

One of the last acts of this devoted servant of Christ was to write to a friend from his dying bed pleading for these poor sufferers, and begging of him to look after them for him.

A veteran missionary, still in the field, writes to a friend: "I am thankful to find the cause of the lepers so warmly taken up by earnest Christians at home. I wish



they could look in upon us at the time of our morning worship, and see the earnest attention given by the poor lepers—men and women—to the reading and exposition of God's blessed word; and how they all bow down in prayer, as if they wished to join in the thanksgiving and petitions we offer."

4. It is a *fact*, and a very glorious one, that the lepers are as a class most accessible, and that they readily receive "the glad tidings of great joy," and give bright testimony from time to time to the power of the gospel to heal their sin-sick souls.

In "The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross," in the chapter on the Native Church, Mr. Vaughan devotes more than eight pages to the "leper Church," from which we quote the following: "We cannot describe, but we can well recollect, the abounding joy with which we saw the work of God advance in that gloomy region of suffering and death. Oh, to see the light of hope, the fire of love, and the courage of calm endurance, with which the gospel inspired many of those leper converts, was truly a rare and a singular privilege. Poor Kumari, whom we accompanied to the brink of Jordan, rejoicingly passed over, supported by the everlasting arms. She was a woman of high caste and good family. The disease had left her *face* untouched, and that was bright and comely. She was not thirty years of age. She had been a devout Hindu, and had for years before we saw her lived a pilgrim's life. Very simple was her faith. After

her conversion she learned to read, and from morning to night the Holy Book was her companion. Beautiful was it to see her 'inner man' growing day by day, whilst the 'outer man,' with awful literality, was *decaying*. For six weeks before her course was run the *worms were feeding upon her*. Such was the condition of that dying saint; yet there was no impatience, no repining. She had light and health and peace within. She calmly reposed on the love and faithfulness of the Saviour, and at length passed away rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

In the almshouse Asylum, one of the oldest established in India, there has been a great ingathering of converts from the leper community. The asylum now contains about 136 inmates, of whom more than 80 are professed followers of the Lamb. And it must be borne in mind that the Christian lepers are in no way differently treated from the others. They get no greater privileges, except the one precious one of being permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper, so that there is no inducement for them to become Christians other than the right one. In this asylum alone, between the years 1864 and 1879, there were 272 converts baptized, while many more have been added since then.

The late Dr. Newton used to say that almost all the *visible* fruit he had for his labours was from among the lepers, although he was a man who itinerated very largely.

5. It is also a *fact* that from amongst converted lepers

many have proved to be true missionaries to their afflicted brethren. Again we quote Mr. Vaughan, who, after relating a most interesting story of conversion, says:—"The rest of the leper community gradually came to look up to him as their natural head and leader; he, in fact, became their unordained pastor and teacher. His physical condition was such that he never could leave his bed; but that bed was his throne and pulpit. He ruled with Christian wisdom and love over his less advanced brethren; he watched their walk, gently admonished any inconsistencies which they might display, gathered them around him every morning and evening for devotion, expounded to them the Scriptures, and mightily helped them in their heavenward course. Hindu and Mohammedan enquirers also sat by his side, and learned the truth from his lips. He lived some three years thus to glorify God and benefit his fellows. His sufferings at times were great, but we never saw him unhappy. He seemed to have reached the apostolic standard; he was 'joyful in all his tribulations.' We never saw a Christian with clearer views, stronger faith, and brighter hope, than he possessed." The writer has known some interesting cases of this kind. One especially, a terrible sufferer, for, added to all his other afflictions, he was blind, who spent his time in composing hymns to the praise of Jesus and in teaching the others to sing them; another who used to read to his companions and pray earnestly with them. This latter was, I think, afterwards ordained an elder of the Leper Church.

Light and Darkness.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

False impressions as to the spiritual condition of our world are apt to be produced by the reading of missionary literature. We hear of efforts in one land and another, of new missions founded, and new bands of workers sent forth, and we are apt to feel as if the world was being rapidly evangelized, and as if present agencies were fairly adequate to meet the case.

How utterly untrue the impression! All that is doing is as *nothing* compared with what remains to be done! It is difficult to emphasize this fact strongly enough. What impression have all the efforts of Christendom combined made upon heathendom? How many converts have been gathered into the Church, in comparison with the multitudes still outside the sound of the Gospel?

The total number would, on the annexed cut, be proportionately represented by *one* of the little squares! Not a million converts have yet been brought into the Christian Church, by all the efforts of the last fifty years!

Each square of this diagram represents a million of human beings, so vast is the present population of the globe, according to recent and careful estimates. These degrees of light and variations of shadow, and this immense preponderance of unrelieved blackness, indicate accurately the proportion of moral and spiritual light among the men and women of our own generation.

Of the world's total population of one thousand four hundred and twenty-four millions, nearly two-thirds are still total heathen, and the remainder are mostly either Mohammedans or members of those great apostate churches whose religion is a mere Christianized idolatry.

Thus (to say nothing of merely nominal Protestants, who have the Gospel whether they obey it or not) we have four terrible facts: 1. Eight millions of Jews still reject their Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth. 2. Three hundred millions of so-called Christians have apostatized from the faith of Christ, are sunk in superstition and

ignorance of the Gospel, as in Austria, Spain, and Russia. 3. A hundred and seventy millions more are followers of the false prophet; and, 4. The remaining eight hundred and fifty-six millions are still in this year of our Lord, 1883, utter heathen.

Our Master bade His disciples to lift up their eyes and *look on the fields*, in order that they might pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest.

Would He not have us look on *these fields*, and take to heart the fact that all the laborers at work in them, even after all the efforts of this century, are so few that their combined efforts have diminished the mass of heathenism only by an almost imperceptible fraction?

True, that fraction is *in itself* a priceless gain; a million of human beings turned from darkness to light, and saved from the wrath to come, bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and becoming lights amid the gloom of their surroundings. True, it repays all, and more than all, it has cost to secure it, and is cause for profound thankfulness and strong encouragement.

But what is it compared to the mass of which it is a fraction? One of these squares! Say one-thousandth part of the whole.

What then is the world's need? What the *present* force of the injunction: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest," and "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature"?

We must not let the immensity of the task paralyze us with discouragement. It is immense, but *so are our resources*. There are more true Christians in the world to-day than ever there were before. It is easier for them to travel and dwell among the heathen, the world over, than ever it was before. The printed Gospel message can be distributed this year in more languages than in any former year of the Christian age, and the Church has more material wealth and more devoted and efficient workers than ever she had before.

There is no doubt that the Protestant Churches of England and America, of this last quarter of the nineteenth century, *could* give the Gospel to the men of this generation, *if they tried*. And this only is our task: *to evangelize the world*, not to save it, is *our* responsibility.

We are not called to aim at the impossible; we are not commanded to *convert* the world. We are told to *evangelize* it. This is a most important distinction, removing any sense of discouragement which might otherwise arise from the apparently insignificant results of missionary efforts.

Our task is clearly assigned, and our fidelity to Christ will not be estimated by the numbers of the saved, but by the degree to which we obey His last command. What are we doing? Let us each one see to it that we can honestly reply, *Our utmost*. Let us day by day bend all the thought and consideration we can to the solution of this great problem, how is the Gospel to be given to the men and women of our own generation?

LET US PRAY the Lord of the harvest, pray earnestly, confidently, hopefully, that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest. How natural that He *should* do so, seeing it is His own, and seeing He is well able to move His people's hearts, both to *go* and to *give* that others may go.

LET US GO, if by any possibility we can shake ourselves free of other claims, to some sphere where no one preaches Christ, and where no one knows Him—where we may have the privilege of being the only lights amid surrounding darkness.

LET US GIVE all we can; give as freely as we have

received. Give gold, or toil, or time, or sympathy, or whatever we have, and to the full extent of our ability, that the heathen may hear the good news of pardon and life; and let us strive to lead others to do the same.

Let us look out and help forward suitable men and women into the work, pressing the claims of the heathen on clever, enterprising, devoted young Christians of either sex—for women are needed as much as men—and assisting them to get into the field.

In a word, let us seek to have more of the spirit of the great apostle who said, "Be ye followers together of me."

What was the spread of the Gospel to Paul? His very life! His one object, end, and aim! His ever-present ambition! His earnest expectation and his hope! What to him was anything else? "Dross and dung!" "Loss!" His life exemplifies what it is to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

He was more earnest about this than most men are in pursuit of gain, glory, pleasure, or profit; for this he labored, for this he suffered, for this he died. All his powers, all his talents, all his skill and wisdom, were concentrated on and consecrated to this one object, the spread of the Gospel of Christ and the edification of His Church. He denied himself even lawful things, such as marriage, and a maintenance, lest he should in any wise impair his own usefulness. He endured all for the elect's sake, that they might obtain salvation. And what was the result? He probably did more good than any other man that ever lived from the beginning of the world unto this day, and great is his reward in heaven!

God help us to heed his exhortation, "Be followers together of me." God help us to be thus devoted, earnest, laborious, self-denying, enterprising, courageous, unworldly, unselfish, patient, and faithful unto death! And God grant us to be each in our own measure similarly successful!

Why not? Paul was a man of like passions with ourselves; and we have the same Christ that he had to be our strength and sufficiency. What we need is Paul's purpose, "This one thing I do."

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

(Extracts of a letter from Miss Frith to Mrs. W. H. Elliot).

Your annual meetings are all over for another year. How well your women's societies did! I am glad that the ladies are going to organize Home Mission Circles, and I am sure it will not affect their zeal in the Foreign work. I have not lost my love for the home work, nor my interest in the poor, weak, struggling churches. How often I thank God that he gave me work in the home field before sending me to the foreign. It is a help to me now, oh such a help, and will be a help in my Zenana work which has already begun. I am not pressing myself into this work before I am ready for it, but the work has been and is pressing itself upon me in a most wonderful way. Sometimes I wonder what is to be done and how the work is to be managed. Next year I expect to have Miss Gibson as an assistant. She is now studying and visits one zenana twice a week. Priscilla Beggs has one house she visits regularly after school hours, and Miss Gibson's sister (a most devoted, earnest Christian) is helping and will do so whenever she can be spared from home. Several of the Eurasian young women are learning to read Telugu, so that they may be able to work among the natives. This encourages me greatly, for there

is so much to be done, and if every one does a little, the mountain that now looks so huge will become smaller. We have no reason to get disheartened, there is much to encourage us and keep up our spirits; perhaps it is not so in every mission field nor in all parts of our own field, but it is true of Cocanada. We have a great deal of opposition. Many, yes, thousands, hate the name of Christ and are persecuting the poor Christians on every side; but what of that? it only proves to us that Satan has some reason to be aroused from his slumbers, if indeed he ever sleeps. God's mighty Spirit is abroad and his powerful influence is being felt by not a few. Some of the young men who come to my class told me that most of the young men have lost their faith in Hinduism and believe in the Christian religion. A Brahman lawyer, who called to see the Gibson family on Sunday, said that even the women were losing their faith in their gods and were beginning to believe that the Christian religion was right. He said, "Why, I cannot get the women from the house to come to the temple and make perjah." Last Sunday two middle-aged men came to see me for no other reason than to let me know that their house was ready for my visits.

Yesterday when I went to the zenana I visit three times a week, everything was very untidy. I was not pleased, for I had spoken several times about having things in readiness to go on with the lesson when I came. Pieces of paper were scattered over the mat and there was neither chair nor bench. I set one little girl at work getting up the paper, then Mungama came with her hair very rough. She went into another room, got a chair and was about sitting down herself when I reminded her of her hair. She understood me at once, for I had spoken to her about it two or three times before. She said they were very busy getting ready to go to a wedding, and that Meama, her cousin, could not take her lesson; she had gone. I said, "Well, I think we will have no lesson to-day, you are not ready and everybody seems to be busy." Mungama's mother came in just as I was about leaving and looked a little disappointed; the grandmother next made her appearance and looked still more disappointed. She wanted me to wait and give Mungama her lesson. Then came in a widow, in whom I had felt a great interest; from the first, and she said, "Oh, I want a lesson to-day, won't you give me one?" "Well," I said, "I will bear your letters." After the lesson was over, she said, "Oh, I want to learn and I want to be a Christian." I felt from the first that she was interested and my heart burns for her. She is about thirty, and has a son, a young man, I believe. I have thought so often, while looking at her bright intelligent face, what a grand woman she would be if she were a Christian, and it was with the hope that, some time, she might be useful in the work, that I advised her to study. She is already pretty well educated in Telugu, and has learned several texts of Scripture for me and taught them to the other women. She told me of two families who had asked her to ask me to visit them. It is wonderful how ready these women are to listen. Some of them are asking to be taught hymns. Ellen, the Bible woman, has gone with me several times, and she sings and talks to them.

Samulcotta.

Mr. McLaurin writes, on Dec. 12th: "I have just one definite idea in my head at present, and that idea is gratitude to the ladies of your Board for the donation of \$700 to this seminary. I cannot say anything very ex-

travagant about it. It did not save us from bankruptcy, neither did it lift a great load of care from my mind. The Lord Jesus put it into your hearts to do a good deed for His sake. You did it in His spirit, and the present happiness and future reward are as sure as His word. I am much better pleased than if it had come in response to any request of mine. It is a fresh proof to me that the Lord means to take care of this school—that he wants it for his work. That is all I want to know. Surely it is blessed to know that we are working along the line of His providence. He has led us in a plain path ever since He put it into our hearts to come to Cocanada, less than ten years ago. What hath He wrought? The more I think of the frail, silly instruments He uses, and the mighty obstacles to be overcome, the more I am astonished at the power of His grace.

Thank the Women's Board for me, and tell them I am very grateful indeed for this kindness, and may the Lord make you increasingly useful.

SUNDAY AT SAMULCOTTA.

DEAR LINK,—Here, in this training school, the daily routine of class-room work goes on so quietly and steadily that the passing months bring us but little stuff out of which to make news-letters. It has occurred to me, however, that you might be interested in knowing how the Sabbath is passed by us in Samulcotta, hence these lines. Sunrise, at 6.10, finds most of our people already up, and a glance towards their row of whitewashed, grass-thatched houses reveals "the future hope of our mission," at various stages of his Sunday toilet, about his doorway. At eight (an hour later than week-day time) the bell calls all together in the large class-room for Sunday-school. The few village Christians and servants are present as well as students, so some sixty or seventy cheerful salaams greet the entrance of the missionary. All are out in fresh and neat attire—all look interested and happy. The sight is quite inspiring. Our good teacher Philip, from Ongole, is in the superintendent's chair. He opens the school just as his fellow-officers do in Canada, and then the classes scatter to their respective places. Mr. McLaurin takes his seniors to the south verandah (this house is the home of both seminary and mission family, you know); Philip and Suberaydu divide the east verandah; Uursamalu has the small class-room, while Juganaikalu, Sarah and I remain and share the meeting-room. Suberaydu and Juganaikalu are two fine young men. They are well informed in Bible truth, of excellent Christian-spirit, and pleasant, kind fellows whom everyone likes. They were little boys in our first school in Cocanada, nine years ago, and have been under mission instruction most of the time since. Uursamalu is a good, useful man also, as ambitious to learn as we would care to see him. Sarah is teacher Philip's wife; "a valuable woman" Dr. Clough called her when he sent them to us—such she has proved herself to be. I am sure you would think her very pleasant to look at could you see her as she engages her class—the only one of children—with the lesson. The teachers have all been taken over the lesson on Saturday. When all have reassembled at the call of the bell, the report is read by the secretary and tickets are distributed for perfect lessons. Only six or eight failed of tickets last Sunday. A certain number of these entitle to a book as prize. Between two and three hundred verses are repeated every Sunday.

After five minutes intermission comes the preaching services. The sermon is by the missionary generally, by the older students occasionally. At 10.30 we separate—the boys to cook and eat their midday rice, to read, sing

and talk. Between two and three they have little meetings for prayer among themselves, before going out in couples and trios to preach Jesus in the surrounding villages till dark. At three, Mr. McLaurin has the younger boys, who do not go out, in a prayer-meeting, while the women meet me for the same purpose. This is a particularly good hour with us. At 5.30 there is an English service in our sitting-room. This has been commenced at the request of the English officer who is stationed here in charge of a company of sepoy. Besides himself and wife, some five or six Eurasian neighbors come in. This extra service has been undertaken, not because the "day of rest" was not full without it, but in the hope that it would be a blessing to those few who have no other opportunity of hearing the Gospel. After this there is just time for a cup of tea, and then off to the meeting in the village school-house at eight. Here quite a number of heathen sit or stand about to listen, and here scores have heard of the Saviour who loves them. To this service the students gather in from their way-side seed-sowing, and from here all come home together under the starry skies. An hour remains for quiet rest and reading, and the day is done.

"Lord, if we may,
We'll serve another day."

M. B. MCL.

Samulcotta, Dec. 5th, 1883.

Akidu.

From various sources we learn that Rev. J. Craig hopes to return for a visit to Canada and home during the coming summer. He brings his little girl to the care of her relatives. We are sure that a warm and hearty welcome awaits him from many friends.

Bimlipatam.

MARRIAGE OF MISS HAMMOND.

A year ago the first of this month I had the privilege of writing for the LINK a short account of a wedding that took place in Chicacole, in which all our stations were interested, as the bride had belonged to both Bimlil and Chicacole, and the groom to Bobbili.

I did not then suppose that it would be my privilege again this year to write of a similar occurrence, happening only a few days later in October. That occurred on the 23rd, this on the 25th; and if all our stations were interested in that marriage when it was solemnized between two of our helpers, you can imagine how much greater was the interest this year, when the parties were none other than the missionary sent out last year to Bobbili, namely, Rev. J. C. Archibald, and our missionary young lady, Miss C. A. Hammond, sent out five years ago, who first belonged to Bimlil, then to Chicacole, and again, for the last ten months, has been residing and working in Bimlil. Mr. Archibald arrived in Bobbili January 4th, 1883; remained with us till the last of March, then, by invitation of Rev. J. Hutchinson, he made a visit of a month at Chicacole. The first of May he went still nearer to the sea, by invitation of Rev. R. Sanford, for a visit at Bimlipatam. The visit, which at first was intended to be short, was prolonged, each succeeding month finding in him less inclination to return to Bobbili. Of course, his chief mission work there or here was the same—studying the language; but it seems after a time he became engrossed in another and even more enjoyable study. Having seen, I have no doubt,

in Miss Hammond those qualities for which his heart was hungering, he at last asked her to give up her independent existence as the young lady of our mission and become Mrs. Archibald. She consented, and, as I have written above, the happy event, when they twin became one, occurred on the 25th October, at 10 a.m. The ceremony was performed in the hall of the mission house, Bimili, under an arch of green, constructed according to Mr. Sanford's directions, over and in front of his study door. This was adorned with two mottoes, "In God we trust" and "Home is the kingdom, Love the king." The officiating clergyman was the Rev. R. Sanford, assisted by the Rev. G. Churchill. All the missionaries from our mission, with one from the L. mission and one from the Lutheran, as well as friends, English and Eurasian, in all upwards of thirty, were present, beside the native Christians from Bobbili and Bimili.

After the ceremony and congratulations, the guests were served with cake and coffee or tea. Mr. Archibald's fine organ was brought into requisition and "discoursed sweet music during the congratulations, as it had already done when the bride walked through the room, escorted by Mr. Churchill, and followed by her little bridesmaid, Bessie Churchill, to take her stand by the side of him with whom she had consented to bear life's woes and enjoy its pleasures from that day forth. When all the friends except the missionaries had dispersed, the wedding breakfast was freely discussed, after which the bride and groom left immediately by coach and pair for Kylassa. This is a hill near Vizagapatam, about 1600 feet high, on which the Maha Rajah of Vizianagram has built two bungalows. The name Kylassa means Heaven. And this place was chosen by our young couple, being far from the busy haunts of men, as suitable and desirable for the enjoyment of their honeymoon. They could only drive to the foot of the hill, and were carried up in tonjons, and arrived at the bungalow, which had previously been put in order to receive them, at 8 p.m.

And there let us leave them, as by later accounts we hear they are as happy as they could wish and far more so than they anticipated, only waiting to express the desire that not only shall their "honeymoon" so called be full of sweetness; but that all succeeding months may be as full of that commodity as is best for them.

M. F. CHURCHILL

FROM MRS. ARCHIBALD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is a cold December night with you, I suppose; and as the wind blows around outside and forces its way through the closed venetians even I almost shiver, and involuntarily look about for my shawl to throw over my thick woollen dress. Are you cold over there when the glass says 74°? That is what ours shows, and we were almost inclined to disbelieve it, so examined another, which proved the first one correct. I rather suspect that you would not call our weather cold; I did not five years ago, and used to wonder at the other ladies for wrapping up as they did; but a few hot seasons have materially changed my mind. It is evening with us, and what I have written applies only to the morning and evening at Bimlipatam. The climate is so variable that you need not conclude that all your Indian stations have as much cold as we have. The days are bright and pleasant, but outside the thick stone walls of our house the sun has not lost its peculiar tropical heat.

We have had about six weeks of this weather, and there may be no apparent change for another month. This

coolness is an unspeakable blessing; and when you think of it in connection with the month's rest which has recently been mine, you may imagine me going about my various duties with what I call considerable briskness. My rest was taken about twenty miles from here, in a very pleasant bungalow, situated on a hill, sixteen hundred feet high, called Kylassa, and there was just enough company of just the right kind to make everything exceedingly agreeable.

The gardens about the house, now in a neglected condition, had once been beautiful, and several yards of lattice-work were covered with some of the loveliest vines, aglow with pink and scarlet blooms. A few miles from there, on the hillside, reached from the plain below by perhaps a thousand steps, is a rather noted Hindu temple. We went over one morning, saw all the wonders which ordinary eyes are permitted to look upon, and returned in the evening. We were not allowed to even ascend the steps of the temple proper, but upon them were congregated men and women whose sinful lives ought to be enough to disgrace even a heathen temple. The doors of one of the side buildings were graciously opened to us, and we walked about among the rows of curiously carved pillars, looking at the wooden elephants, snakes, fish, and gaudily-painted birds and horses. All these are made to do duty in various ways when the Swamy from the great temple makes his visits to the town below. One end of the building was fitted up rather nicer than the rest, and upon enquiry we found that he was married here once every year. I asked one of the bystanders to describe Swamy. Well, he was about so long, measuring with his hands perhaps two feet, made of some kind of white stone, with body of a lion and arms and head of a man. He was kept wrapped up in a rich cloth nearly all the time, but while we were talking his dinner-bell rang, and I suppose some of the many Brahmins standing around had a good meal, for I do not think poor Swamy could eat much. We also seated ourselves to partake of our lunch, consisting of bread and butter, some roast mutton, and oranges. A good number of people took part by looking on, and I tried to talk to them about the folly and wickedness of all their doings. Presently the noise outside grew into a tumult, and I asked what the trouble was; they replied that they were only talking of their own affairs, but we suspected something else, and very soon we were invited to go out, as eating meat inside the temple defiled it. We complied at once, and a big Brahmin vociferated that he would report us to the collector—that it would cost them fifty rupees to get the temple purified, and we would have to pay it. I assured them that we would not knowingly transgress the rules of the temple, but it was useless to talk to us about the place being holy, and treated the matter rather lightly. We have not heard from the collector, so I do not think their cleanliness was injured very seriously.

The Maha Rajah of Vizianagram has spent thousands of rupees in and around this place; and Lymachalam, as it is called, is annually visited by hundreds of Hindus, who are seeking from the idol either temporal or spiritual good.

As we were going down the steps, a man overtook us, who was carrying a little boy some few months old. In reply to my question he said he had come from Saloor, a town some twelve miles beyond Bobbili, to get Swamy's sanction to the name they wished to give their baby boy, and also to decide how his hair should be allowed to grow. The little head was almost bald to begin with, but lines had been shaven above the ears, a spot on the

top of the head, and a circle at the back. He said if they did not carefully attend to the naming, they feared the baby would die. I spoke to him about the Christian religion; and he said he had heard the Bobbili Dora preaching about it in Saloor. He appeared to have an intelligent idea of the fundamental truths, but superstition and ignorance reigned in his heart.

Water is conducted artificially on either side of the steps, from the temple to the foot of the hill. There are pools, ponds, and spouts from which it falls in silvery showers twelve or fifteen feet. It bubbles out of the mouth of a little stone idol and curls around the feet of larger ones as happily as a civilized Canadian brook flows between its green banks. At the foot of the hill is a very good bungalow, belonging to the Maha Rajah, and some extensive but poorly-kept rose gardens, which rise one above the other in seven terraces. From here a native frequently brought in beautiful roses, and we tried to repay him by teaching him the truth. I had a class on Sunday afternoons and found in this man an attentive listener. He has been to see us since our return; brought three large bunches of roses, and said he was trying to put away his heathen customs, that he believed in Jesus and desired to serve Him.

Now I am at work again in the school and visiting in the town, and find that my friends among the shepherd people are glad to see me back. Some of them were up to see me married, but it is a matter of surprise to them that the Dora gave me no jewellery except a ring. One woman asked me yesterday if I did not intend to put any ornaments in my nose or ears.

In one house was an old blind woman, all alone. She said she had been blind four years. Listened attentively as I told her about Jesus, and her first question was, "if I stop worshipping idols and believe on the Saviour, will my 'sight come back?" I could only tell her that it would when she went to heaven, but if she did not serve Jesus she never could go where He was.

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE HAMMOND ARCHIBALD.

Bimlipatam, Dec 12, 1883.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

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

A Corresponding Secretary for Mission Bands.

Will the Secretaries of Mission Bands, and all those who are interested in this branch of the work, please take notice that at the last meeting of the Central Board, a new officer was appointed, a Mission Band Secretary, who will attend exclusively to all business connected with Bands? Mrs E. W. Dadson has kindly consented to take charge of this department, so that from this time any one desirous of obtaining information about anything relating to Bands will please apply to her. Secretaries are also requested to notify her either when a new Band is formed, or where from any cause, one has been given up. Her address is, MRS. E. W. DADSON, 16 Glen Road, Toronto.

BOARD MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Central Board was held on Friday afternoon, January 11th.

The Corresponding Secretary reported one circle formed since October, at Springfield, and Bands organized at Springfield, Guelph and Whitevale.

A letter was received from Miss Frith, giving encouraging reports of her work. It was moved by Mrs. Evans, seconded by Mrs. Castle, that Miss Frith be authorized to engage a Urasian lady to assist her in her labor.—Carried.

Mrs. E. W. Dadson was appointed to take charge of the Bands as "Mission Band Secretary."

E. DENOVAN, *Rec. Secy.*

THE MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN.

Mrs. Rose sends the following communication for publication:—

OTTAWA, 10th Jan'y, 1884.

Madam.—With reference to the subject of your letter of 18th October last, transmitting a memorial to Her Majesty the Queen, on the subject of Child Marriage in India, I have the honour to acquaint you for the information of the memorialists, that a despatch has been received from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, conveying the information that the memorial in question will be duly laid before the Queen.

I have the honour to be, madam,

Your obedient servant,

G. POWELL,

Under Secretary of State.

MRS. H. J. ROSE,

Sec. of Wom. Bap. For. Miss. Soc. of Ontario, Toronto.

PARIS, ONTARIO.—The annual meeting of the W. F. M. Circle, in connection with the Baptist Church, was held on Monday evening the 10th of December, and was well attended. The beloved pastor of the church occupied the chair, and after making a few happy remarks, called upon the Secretary to read her report, which was a very satisfactory one, and showed that the Circle had succeeded in raising during the year, \$99.55. This in connection with \$34.13, collected by the Band, amounts to \$133.68. After the business was attended to, Miss King gave a very appropriate recitation, followed by most excellent addresses by Revds. R. Lennie, of Dundas, S. S. Bates, of Goble's Corners, and Jas. Ballantyne, of the Presbyterian Church. Tea was served in the vestry at six o'clock to members of the Circle and other friends. The meeting throughout was a most successful one.

A. V. S. DADSON, *Sec.*

ONE MORE MISSION BAND.

OTTAWA.—A mission band, called the "Cheerful Gleaners," was organized here the 12th of January. There were 46 present, and \$1.22 was collected. We have organized as a temperance mission band, and have appointed a committee who will induce all those who attend to take the pledge. The money given will be divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Our Sunday-school gave nearly \$60 to Samulcotta Seminary last year, the collection of the first Sunday in every month being devoted to that object.

B. M. MEADOWS, *Sec.*

MAKE the best use of what you have, and then you may look to the Lord with confidence for more. In the path of duty God promises His special protection; He will keep us safe and bless us.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—The "Cheerful Gleaners" of our Ottawa Mission Band have promised to report themselves in this paper. Their meeting last week pleased me very much. I hope to see Mission Band reports every month in our LINK. If only in a few words, try to tell what you are doing, and the plans of work that succeed best. This will help other Bands in their meetings. Perhaps it will encourage you to hear of the good your cents can do. We all take an interest in knowing just how far missionary money goes. A kind lady has sent me a story for you about the mite-box of a little boy. He had saved his pennies until the box contained eleven dollars. Then he sent the money to a missionary in Syria, who bought with it :

1. A Bible for the Baalbec hotel.
2. A large reference Bible for a friendly Greek priest in a village near by.
3. A reference Bible for an influential Greek who was seeking Jesus.
4. He paid the travelling expenses of an orphan girl on mule-back, from her mountain home to the Sidon Seminary.
5. A reference Bible for a fatherless girl in one of his schools.
6. A pocket Testament for a watchman in a vineyard, who had leisure moments to read it.
7. A pocket Testament for a man, whose fellow-villagers were so bigoted that no direct mission work could be done among them.
8. A family Bible for a man of leading influence in another village.
9. A hymn-book for a Christian girl living in Damascus.
10. A reference Bible for a man who had helped the missionary in his work.
11. A Bible for the use of a school and prayer-meeting.
12. Four Testaments for children, who had no money to buy them.
13. A pocket Testament for a man, whose business kept him constantly in the saddle.
14. Several copies of sermons for circulation.

All this was the result of one little boy's saving his money for the missionaries. Who can tell the good yet to be done by these Bibles in years to come?

Another little story I find is about one cent. Fifty years ago a child gave one cent to the missionary box. He was sowing a very small seed, but it became a mighty tree. A little tract costing just one cent was bought with it, and some one gave it to a young man, the son of a Burman chief. He was so anxious to know what it meant, that he travelled 250 miles to learn to read it. The Christian teachers taught him, and after reading that tract, God gave him a new heart. He went home with a basketful of tracts to give to his people. Crowds came to hear him talk about the Gospel, and many learned to love Jesus. In one year 1500 heathen became Christians and were baptized as the result of his labors.

Perhaps these stories will make you feel like singing this mission hymn of Mrs. Sigourney's,—

Onward | onward | men of Heaven,
Hear the Gospel Banner high,
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.

Rear it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Halt it, ere he goes away.

Where the arctic oceans thunder,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre shining,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling
Lifts the untaught hymn of praise.

Rude in speech or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show its light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste from every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation
And your victory is nigh.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

GOD uses not the most capable, but those nearest at hand and the most willing. Those who are watching at the gates and waiting at the posts of the doors are first to receive his orders, and to be advanced to power and influence.

Discouragement is not a fruit of humility, but of pride.
—Fenelon.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from December 26th to January 31st, 1884.

Alexander Street M. C., \$11.00; Woodstock M. C., \$12.00; Woodstock M. B., \$2.00; St. Catharines M. C., \$16.50; Paris M. C., \$19.55; Paris M. B., \$5.21; Jarvis St. M. C., \$8.50; Peterboro' M. C., \$10.15; Yorkville M. C., \$13.85; Ailsa Craig M. C., \$7.00; Thedford M. C., \$3.00; Uxbridge M. C., \$7.35 (\$1.10 of this was raised by a "tea" given by one of the ladies); and Markham M. C., \$5.00; Guelph, M. C., \$17.00. Total, \$139.11.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

W.B.F.M. SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST.

Receipts from October 19th, 1883, to January 25th, 1884.

Perth, \$13.00; Ormond, \$6.00; Miss Allen (Ottawa District), \$7.00; Cornwall, \$10.00; Ottawa, \$32.50; Hull, \$7.50; St. Andrews, \$13.00; Montreal (F. B. C. S. festival gift, Mr. Sims' class), \$5.55. Total, \$94.55.

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