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Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. III., NO. 12.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] AUGUST, 1881

Broidery-Work.

Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun,
And from their tent-doors—all their service done—
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master—who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare,
Greater than old Misraim's greatest were,--

Had bidden them approach at his command,
As on a goat-skin, spread upon the sand,
He sat, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell;
He spake, and said: "Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word; I pray ye hearken well.

"God's tabernacle, by His pattern made,
Shall fall of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closely drew.—
"We are but women! What can women do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!"

"The gold and broidered-work about the hem
Of the priests' robes,—pomegranate, knob and stem,
Man's clumsy fingers cannot compass them.

"The sanctuary curtains, that must wreathen be
And bossed with cherubim,—the colors three,
Blue, purple, scarlet,—who can twine but ye?"

"Yours is the very skill for which I call;
So bring your cunning needlework, though small
Your gifts may seem: the Lord hath need of all!"

O Christian women! for the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands,—do you forget
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery yet?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Link.

The third volume of the LINK is completed with the present number. By the good hand of God upon them, the managers have again gratefully to record, not only entire freedom from all financial difficulties, but an enlarged circulation and increased usefulness.

While returning thanks to all those friends whose kind help has been mainly instrumental in making so success-

ful this labour of love, they also earnestly solicit a continuance of their assistance.

In accordance with the expressed desire of the several societies in whose interest the LINK is published, the profits of last year, instead of being divided, were reserved for the improvement of the paper. A proceeding which, the managers are glad to know, has given great and general satisfaction.

The number for last February contained a well executed wood-cut of the home of the Cocanada Missionaries: and the new mission house at Bobbili will, it is confidently expected, illustrate that for September—the first number of the fourth volume.

A Contrast.

Looking over the beautiful valley of the Cornwallis, with its clustering homes and verdant fields hidden among its many orchard groves, my mind travels swiftly back to the river plains of India, with their numerous hamlets grouped beneath groves of fruit and palm trees, while smiling fields lie bathed in sunlight between. So like and so unlike. Such a possibility of being the same, such a reality of diverseness. The outlines, the more prominent characteristic, are one; the detail and filling up are strangely different.

The key to it all lies in the church spires here and the towering temples there; the quiet holy Sabbath which hushes our valleys, and the noisy, riotous feasts that do honor to heathen shrines. The knowledge of an unseen but ever present God, who loves us, and whom our sins grieve, although He will surely punish them,—this knowledge, as heaven, has permeated our country, and elevated first the people and then their surroundings, till the whole face of the country smiles up to heaven in praise to the Giver of the Bible.

God is holy, and His worshippers grow purer; He is love, and His people grow loving; He is just, and we must show justice; He is tender and pitiful, and we too must relieve the distressed. As this emulation deepens and broadens, happiness and peace fill it in. "Peace which passeth understanding," "My peace," the Lord Jesus has called it.

Think what humanity would be with all this reversed, and you have a true conception of heathen life. The vices of their gods reproduce themselves in their wor-

shippers; and as peace in all its phases is the outgrowth of Christianity, so trouble of all kinds is the fruit of heathenism. War and bloodshed run riot through their country, contention and strife fill their homes, sickness and disease prey upon their persons. "The wicked are like the troubled sea," "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Not unalloyed peace nor unmitigated trouble this side the grave, but the tendency is strongly marked.

Heathen custom banishes literature and music from the home life, these belong distinctively to the outside world, and what a difference it makes! Weary from her cooking and the care of her children, the heathen mother craves rest and a change just as we do, but she cannot go out to call on her friends, she cannot take up an entertaining book or a bit of fancy work, or comfort herself with a hymn as she passes from one place to another or hushes her child to sleep. The only entertainment she has, apart from every day gossip, is to think of what she can remember of the stories of the gods which the Brahmin priests recited at heathen feasts she has attended; for women are permitted to attend those and pay their devotions to the deity of the day. These stories are most demoralizing; they tell of all manner of evil deeds that the god delighted in when he dwelt among men. Instead of the elevating influences of the Bible they have the remembrance of the vicious indulgences of those whom they are taught to worship. What wonder if this makes them worse instead of better. But there is another side to this. Only cultured women know how to make beautiful homes. Women without thought have homes void of refinement, vacant minds and idle fingers and empty houses; but mischief finds room to dwell and idle words a place. Noisy, unadorned, with scolding women and quarrelling children—how different these from the quiet homes we love. Let us thank God, who has given us the Bible, which has brought to us in its train our books and our music, the culture and refinement which give us so much pleasure, our friends around us, and the knowledge of a pure and holy God above. All these things are unknown to thousands of heathen women, who would enjoy them just as much as we do.

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Cornwallis, N.S., June 14th, '81.

A Missionary Picture.

[Extracted for the LINK from "Africa" by Major Malan.]

There are two sides to the Missionary Picture. It hangs not against any earthly wall. The cord on which it is suspended is fastened to a nail in a sure place in heaven. Only the lowest edge of the frame touches the earth. The world sees but one side of the picture, that is the material. To everything but faith, it is a most discouraging tableau. A few white men, book in hand, are appealing to multitudes, which seem to be for the most part fast asleep. Here and there wars are taking place, and mission houses are burning. The rulers, chiefs and

others who are not sleeping, make little account of the white preachers. Some plan how they can get rid of them, others ridicule them or abuse them. In the distance, representing the land from whence the white preachers come, are people putting money into the mission boxes, and a few praying, while crowds gaily dressed look on laughing. Such is the material part of the great and glorious work of preaching the gospel of salvation to all nations.

The other side of this picture is the grandest masterpiece ever painted. To Isaiah was committed what forms the centre of the picture. It strikes the eye instantly. Unconsciously the head bends, and the beating heart is checked. The Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. Above the seraphim, each having six wings, one crying to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory." Before this throne is one man, he looks up with awe and adoration. A seraph touches his lips and when He who sitteth upon the throne says "Who will go for us?" he replies "Here am I, send me."

The brightness of the divine glory which shines on this heavenly picture no pen can paint. It has not faded in the least though 2500 years old. The halo of light has been carried over all the other parts, and it is nearly completed. Zachariah added the only dark object in this brilliant scene. Satan is standing before the throne. He accuses the men who stand before the throne day and night. "The Lord rebuke thee O Satan," has been eternally spoken, but he still perseveres, so great is his enmity to the ambassadors of God. Angels as ministering spirits, ready to fly on any errand of mercy, surround the throne. The foreground is a mass of figures, men and women, so beautifully arranged that the eye never wearies as it studies each group. Unutterable joy or holy calm fills each face. On the right of the throne and slightly raised above the rest is a scene added by Matthew. One like unto the Son of Man stands in the centre of a small group, blessing them and saying, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth, go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo I am with you always." In the other figures are recognised all who have obeyed this command, and those who have been helpful in the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. Such is the heavenly, divine, spiritual side of this picture. The Lord God, Man, Satan and the Angels. The world is not seen, except in a few sketches, introduced into the clouds of glory upon which the throne rests. These are in such faint colours that they are only observed by very close inspection. Empires, kingdoms, superstitions, idolatries are represented as falling or dissolving before the preaching of the gospel. One shows Paul preaching at Ephesus, and the temple of Diana a ruin. Luther is seen in another, and the Papal chair tottering. Many would not be understood by any living man. They were mighty results of faith, but the names and works of God's heroes are not known to this generation.

It is on this side of the Missionary Picture that all believers in our Lord Jesus Christ should take their stand in these days. Those who direct missions, those who support them, the missionaries themselves and the native churches.

Baillieboro, Ont.

SOME, at least, are laying themselves liable to the reproach of Bishop Hall, that "those who give not till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer."

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Evening at Chicacole—the May moon shines down as softly and brightly upon our mission compound in India, as it does upon your Canadian homes. After the intense heat and brightness of the sun its soft brilliancy is restful and refreshing.

From the Bay of Bengal, four miles away, a cool breeze comes in, bearing to my ears the sound of native music. A short time since we came up from our weekly prayer meeting, and now my Hindu friends are all out taking their evening meal. We had a very good meeting and have had others of a similar nature. There has been a something that has made me feel that the Master was not very far away. Oh, that He would come near and give to us, who profess to follow Him, the faithful, earnest love, that would constrain the heathen about us to yield their hearts to Jesus the Saviour of men. They are lost; dead in trespasses and sins, and we need the seeking, yearning spirit of Him, who came to seek and to save the lost, ere we can awaken them to a sense of their danger. From Him we can receive this and all else. He is waiting to bestow. Suppose we do not draw near and partake, hence fail in usefulness, in making known as extensively as we might the Gospel of Salvation. There is something awful in the responsibility, and I shrink from contemplation of the thought.

When we reopened school, some months ago, a Bible class, composed principally of Christian young men and women was formed. We began to study the "Acts." For our daily lessons, some preparation, both in Telugu and English was necessary on my part. My greatest aim has been to bring the lessons home to their hearts; to apply them to their lives, to their every day walk and talk. An increase in interest and attention has been an encouragement. Some time ago, we came to the verse, "For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." That took them a little apart from the ordinary line. For the idea of honour or gain, in some way or other, seems to be the motive power in India; and the thought of suffering for their Master was at least quite new. Then we endeavored to discover if any of us had borne any thing that could be so classified. Various things were suggested by different ones, but they melted away under a little examination. If there was one in the class who had suffered by her religion, that one had nothing to say. When I spoke to her, she said she had a Saviour now; she had not before. I will give you a sketch of her life some day. We next tried to see if there was anything we could do, any cherished evil habit that we could give up for the Master's sake. They could think of nothing, and I rather flatteringly suggested something about which I have talked much to the boarding Christian boys, viz: smoking. For a second they seemed too much astonished to speak; the face of one wore a look of such blank consternation, that I could scarcely repress a smile. He raised both hands, as he exclaimed "Uddi maha cushtom," (that would be very difficult). He said they had smoked from childhood, that it was a part of their nature, as much to them as their food. I asked them to show me the good that came from it; as they could produce nothing we were obliged to conclude that evil was the only result. Then I tried to show them that it was injurious, hence sinful; that they were supported by the mission, and asked if they thought

it right to devote the money which was consecrated to the Lord's work, by the hard labour, prayers and tears of our people to such a purpose? One said after he had smoked the two cigars, bought that morning, he would stop. I told him I would buy those two, that now was the time, and spoke of the failure that was sure to follow if they attempted to break such a habit in their own strength. This occurred about six weeks ago; and the result is that the three Christian boys who were addicted to the habit, gave it up from that time. They had quite a struggle; told me how they prayed about it. I am glad are you? And can you hope with me, that they may ever be kept from resuming it? By their honest, earnest endeavour to do right, they and we have been blessed; it is visible in many ways. A bad habit dislodged, leaves a vacancy; fill it with that which is good and the character assumes more strength and symmetry. The majority of our present day-school pupils, are we trust improving in secular knowledge, and in that which purifies the heart. But we are hard to satisfy; the more we see and receive the more we want; and may spiritual good come to us freely, abundantly.

A few weeks ago we had a pleasant, helpful visit from Mr. Sanford. He baptized two young women. The case of one has been under consideration for some time; the other is the sister of my present school teacher, and was converted elsewhere.

Considerable visiting and talking are being done in the town and adjacent villages, which we hope will be productive of good. When you pray ask God to take care of us and make us useful to the heathen about us. I regard your prayers as one of my great sources of strength, and as a blessing to us all. Your sincere friend,

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Chicacole, May 15, 1881.

Tuni.

Mr. Currie sends the Baptist a most interesting account of two young men he had been privileged to baptize early in May, one of whom was from a village which had never been visited by missionaries. He says:

"We have had tokens for good on this field of late, and the outlook is now quite encouraging. Some much needed changes in our staff of native helpers are taking place, and a better spirit seems to prevail among those now with us. The number of those who are becoming interested in the truth is increasing, and some are uniting with our little flock."

Bobbili.

A DAY IN THE MISSION HOUSE.

(Concluded from the June No.)

The line is adjusted; and when I return a hawker is waiting to show his goods, contained in three large yoked trunks on a small cart drawn by one bullock yoked into the shafts. I tell him that breakfast is ready, but he may show me the contents of one box while I wait for Mr. Churchill to come in. He brings his trunk on to the verandah close to one of the doors of the dining room. I and the children sit just inside, and he takes out piece by piece asking me to purchase each as he exhibits it. The things I need most he has not got, but I see a tooth brush so ask the price. "One rupee," (16 annas), I say "I will give you three annas." He begins to insist on something more, but I know I am to get it at the price offered and continue to say "Three annas," "Take it," he

says, and it is laid aside to bargain for something else. This is their custom, they invariably ask two prices for a thing, and often four or five times as much as it is worth or than they expect to get.

After breakfast the children are put in the cots for their midday rest, or nap. Mr. C. takes his book and I conclude to see the other boxes, as I have not yet found some things I am needing, and it is not best to enquire for anything, for then they think you really need it, and will make you pay an exorbitant price for it.

When the clock strikes two, the coolies, &c., are called back to their work, having been dismissed at twelve. The hawk gone, I take a Telugu book thinking I shall have a nice time to study for an hour, but am hardly seated when the father of one of my girls who was absent in the morning, comes in to tell me the reason of her absence, and to assure me that she will come to school again in a few days. He has frequently been to see me, and always ends by asking for a present, so I expect a repetition of this to-day and am not disappointed. I have told him his daughter is a nice girl, attends very regularly and is learning well, so he asks me to send her a present. I reply that if she continues to come she will get her present when the other pupils do, next Christmas. I read a little and talk a little.

Before he goes away an old servant comes from my friends, the Vellama, to ask me to come over; the son of one of the women I know is getting married, and a number of women, their relatives, have come from other towns and villages, and want to see me. It is still very hot and my clothes wet with perspiration; so I tell the woman to go back and tell them I will come as soon as I change my clothes. I take my ayah with me, for I know they will ask a great many questions which I may not understand, and as many will be there who have never heard my voice before, I know they will probably understand little of what I say to them about spiritual matters. Then I take my hymn-book and umbrella, these are enough to carry in this hot weather—and call a little girl to carry my camp chair over. Arrived there, I find a great many women and children all out on the wide verandah of a large tiled house. As the little girl was placing the chair for me, I heard "Tuppoo" (mistake) from various quarters, and when I asked "Why?" they waved their hands and shook their heads and I saw the chair must remain outside, and I must sit down on the verandah like the rest. It is contrary to their caste notions for any one to sit on a better seat than they are occupying, when in their presence, so as this dawned upon me I sat down like the rest. They asked a great many questions about how we cooked, ate and lived generally, among others why I wore no jewels, and why I covered myself with clothes in this hot weather, the same as in the cold season. But one woman whom I had seen before gave me my text as soon as I got there by saying that I always looked happy. When I asked her the reason, she said, "It was because I had plenty to eat, and wear, and nothing to do but sit still," but I gave a different reason from that, and tried to make them understand that very poor people can be as happy as those who are rich if they only have Jesus in their hearts. They were very anxious to hear me sing, but when I tried to talk to them their attention was easily diverted by the children talking, crying or quarrelling; however I had a few attentive ones. One old lady who always listens to me gladly. When she came to take her seat with the rest, one woman said "This grandmother has seen God." I remained about an hour and a half, and before coming away asked the young lad who was present to come on

Sunday afternoons to my school. He said he could not sit on the benches with the rest, he must have a chair if I sat on one. I told him to come and I would sit on the bench, and he could have my chair. They asked me to come on Sunday when the bridegroom returned with the bride, but I said that was the Lord's day and I could not come, so they told me that this young lad would be married in about a month and I could come then.

As I was hurrying home the old lady through whose yard I had to pass said I had not sat down with her that day, and several others gathered round, but I knew there was work waiting for me, so after hearing that the medicine I had given her daughter for rheumatism had cured her I ran home.

The tile people were waiting for me, to count their tiles, and when this was done I took my seat to watch the women mixing the sand and chunam for to-morrow's work. If I do not watch they will put in half, or more, chunam, for it is easier work to pound it, than if one-third, which is the proper quantity. Even while I am watching, it would be amusing, if it were not sinful, to see their dodges to get in more chunam. This kept me engaged till dark, when the workmen all come to the verandah to get their day's wages, between 30 and 40 in all. This I dole out to them, after which they salaam and go away. Then I feel as if I would like to lie down on the long chair and rest awhile, but the bell-rings and the children are impatient for dinner; so this must be attended to next. Dinner over, the account books are brought out and the accounts, both private and public, for the day entered. Then the little ones come to kneel at Mamma's knee, and the dear friends in America are not forgotten in their simple prayers. Good night kisses are exchanged, and the children are placed in their cots under the swinging punka. There they sleep while I sit here writing, with Mr. Churchill sitting on the opposite side of the table reading.

But Friday evening is the one on which we of the Canadian Mission have agreed to meet in our "Prayer Union," that is, on this evening we offer special prayer for each other and for each station. As this must be attended to now, I stop my writing for the present.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Akidu.

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."

Many deeply sympathetic letters have come to cheer me in my great sorrow. When Bro. Timpany was here with me for a few days I spoke to him about the telegram and said I was so thankful that we had the privilege of speaking to our friends at home in that way. I also assured him that I should not be unbearably lonely after he was gone, because I knew that thousands were praying for me at home. Christ's grace was sufficient for me, so that I remained at my post to the wonder of both Christians and unbelievers. The Christians were mourning first over the loss of Mrs. Craig, and then through fear that I would be compelled to leave my station. They were both surprised and encouraged when they heard that I intended to stay here as long as God saw fit to keep me in health and strength. Peter told me there was great sorrow among the women at Gunnanapudy and the neighboring villages. They had all seen Mrs. Craig as lately as last November, and some of them had talked with her.

There is no doubt but that this sad event has had a softening effect on some of our people who had grown

careless and lost their love to the Saviour to a great extent. Beside this, not only in Akidu but for many miles around the people know about my loss and in a sort of way many sympathize with me, I believe. If God will but bless this affliction to the good of hundreds and thousands we may well praise Him for His infinite wisdom.

In the top drawer of a little bureau Mrs. Craig had with her in Cocanada I found three little books, and their titles are "My Times in God's Hand"; "The Imitation of Christ"; and Miss Havergal's work, "Kept for the Master's Use." How I wish that every woman in our churches would read the last of these. Not but what it would bless the men too. It has blessed me. But the book was written by a woman, and many of the exhortations in it are addressed more particularly to women. If I wanted to see a Mission Circle started in any church I think I would send a copy of this work to open the eyes and the hearts of the women there as my first step.

The school at Cocanada has been closed for the annual vacation. Two of the girls from this region came back married women. One of them, whose name is Shantamma, belongs to Chinnamilly, a village about six miles from here. Her husband's name is Joseph. They will probably live at Chinnamilly, so that Shantamma may teach school there, while her husband will teach in another village, Gummuluru. The other bride, Mary, is a sister of the young preacher who is stationed here. Her husband's name is David. They will live at Asaram, a village twelve miles to the S. W. of Akidu. A widow, called Annamma, will teach in her own village, Artamurn, four miles to the N. E. from here. Please remember these new workers in your prayers. Need I ask that I myself be not forgotten.

Akidu, 9th June, 1881.

JOHN CRAIG.

Notice to Subscribers.

As this month closes the third year of the MISSIONARY LINK, will our friends kindly send in their renewal subscriptions as quickly as possible?

In the case of any change of address, please tell what the former one was.

All Post Office orders make payable at Yorkville, not Toronto; and to MISS JANE BUCHAN, not Mrs. Freeland.

If those not receiving their LINKS regularly will first make inquiry about them at the Post Office, and if not there, send a Postal card to Miss Buchan at once, it will greatly help her in her work.

As the terms are strictly in advance, please watch your labels and renew promptly.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

That God's people may have grace given them to supply all the money wants of the Mission; and that He may be honoured by there being again *no deficit* in the general treasury at the close of the financial year.

For Brother John Craig, that the Grace of God may be sufficient for all his needs; that the Akidu field may be blessed; and that the three young women who have lately returned from the school at Cocanada, may become faithful teachers and earnest workers among their countrywomen in the villages.

THE THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING of the Central Board of Ontario was held in Toronto on the 15th of July, when it was arranged that the Annual Meeting should take place in Woodstock on the fourth Thursday in October (the 27th). It was also resolved to extend a cordial invitation to Mrs. H. M. N. Armstrong to visit Ontario and address that meeting. Five Circles and one Mission Band were reported as formed since April, and one new life member. The Treasurer's report showed that the amount in bank on the 22nd of April was \$500.37; that she had received since, \$316.74; that in June, \$250 for the girls' school and Amelia, and \$50 for a Bible woman under Mrs. Currie, at Tuni, were remitted to India per T. D. Craig, Esq.; and that she had on hand a balance of \$601.75.

DENFIELD, ONT.—Some time has elapsed since the Denfield Circle has been heard from. We have no progress, numerically, to report, but our Circle, consisting of about twenty-four members, continues to maintain its interest, and those of us who can be, usually are in attendance. As strawberry and ice cream festivals are in vogue just now, we have followed the example, and last week realized \$23.20, which our Treasurer will forward in a few days.

J. E. DALSON.

PARIS, ONT.—A union meeting of all the neighbouring Circles was held with ours to-day, and it proved an occasion of great interest and, we believe, of profit, to all who were present, numbering about seventy-five. The Circles of Woodstock, Goble's Corners, Drumbo, East Ward and First Brantford Churches, were well represented. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent in exercises of a devotional nature, interspersed with spiritual songs. Mrs. McLaurin read a paper giving a sketch of one of the native women-workers in India, who has lately ceased from her labours and gone to her reward. A resolution in favour of the LINK was carried, after addresses from Miss Fitch and Mrs. Ashley, urging upon the sisters the necessity of doing all they could to keep it in circulation. After some matters of business had been disposed of, all sat down to a social tea, giving an opportunity for friendly intercourse with each other, and the formation of acquaintances which otherwise would not have been formed. On separating, the one regret expressed was that the time had been too short.

A. V. S. D.

July 13th, 1881.

PORT BURWELL, ONT.—Mrs. Her says:—Our Circle is struggling still to keep alive and in working order. Though it is breasting huge billows constantly, we feel that, with Jesus at the helm, we shall not sink, though our numbers be but few. The little girls in Mrs. Murill's class, who used to meet on Saturday and piece quilt blocks to sell, send seventy-five cents to the Treasurer of the Society.

BRANTFORD, ONT.—The First Church Circle have constituted the pastor's wife, Mrs. Tuttle, a life member of the Society.

Maritime Provinces.

CLARENCE, N.S.—A sister writes:—Our Society keeps up its interest, is increasing in numbers, and doing good work. We are much pleased at the improvement in form and quantity of reading matter our MISSIONARY LINK brings to us since the beginning of the year, and thought perhaps you would be pleased to know that it is very helpful to us in our Society meetings and missionary concerts. It grieves us much any misunderstanding or trouble should have arisen in our mission work, but we feel the Lord is able to adjust it all, and bring good out of evil. May He help us to do our part wisely and in His fear.

MARGAREE, N.S.—The W. M. A. Society held its first public meeting on Sabbath afternoon, 26th ult., in the Baptist Church at N. E. Margaree, C.B. This Society was organized some nine months ago under the guidance of Mrs. Foster, and is the first W. M. A. Society that has been established in Margaree. The members of the Society have been successful in collecting a considerable amount of money. Bright prospects lie before them, and there is no doubt but this Society, if properly governed, will aid largely in sending a missionary to the foreign field.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The annual meeting of the Central Board of W. M. A. Societies was held at the Parsonage at Bedeque, July 4th. The meeting was of an interesting character. Several nice reports from different Societies were read. We are pleased to know that the contributions of some of our Societies are larger than last year, and we hope all will do better in the years to come.

We have read with interest, from time to time, writings from Miss Hammond, and can say that she, in her noble work, has the heartfelt sympathy and prayers of many of the sisters on P. E. Island.

We regret very much that our loved Sister Armstrong (founder of our Societies) should be compelled to sever her connection with our F. M. Board. We trust that the difficulty now presenting itself may be removed, and the way made plain for her to re-unite with us in her chosen work.

The Society at Red Point has constituted Mrs. Alex. McLean (Sec. of their Society) life member. One dollar is for the "Willing Workers" of the Sabbath school; \$26 to be sent to Miss Hammond, for what purpose she thinks best.

List of Societies and Amounts contributed since July, 1880.—East Point, \$27; Tryon, \$40; Cavendish, \$30; Bedeque, \$22 50; North River, \$20.

ADA J. HOOPER,
Sec. C. B. M. A. Society.

TRYON, P. E. I.—The W. M. A. Society has just completed the tenth year of its existence. Although every sister is not yet a member, still the number of deeply interested ones is greater than ever before. The meetings have been regularly sustained, and the hours spent at them found to yield a ten-fold blessing. The collectors have been much gratified by the prompt liberality by which they have been met. Thirteen new members have been added during the year, and two removed by death.

HEAVEN will pay for any loss we may suffer to gain it; but nothing can pay for the loss of heaven.—R. Baxter.

Work for Missions by the Baptist Women of the Eastern States.

There are three American Baptist Women's Foreign Missionary Societies. The first and largest of them is the one of which we speak—for its tenth annual report lies before us—representing the Eastern and Central States, and the district of Columbia; the second represents the Western States, and the third is on the Pacific coast. Their organization is very similar to our own, the business being transacted by a Central Board, which meets monthly.

In addition to these, for the successful prosecution of the work, it has been found necessary to appoint State and Associational Secretaries, whose business it is—expressed very concisely—to keep alive old Circles and form new ones wherever it is practicable. The work performed by them is a most valuable addition to the strength and prosperity of the Society, and it is one which we in Ontario would do well to imitate on a limited scale as soon as we are a little stronger. Every year each Associational Secretary furnishes a report of the work that has been done under her supervision to the Secretary for her State, who in turn submits it to the Central Board.

The *Helping Hand*, published monthly in Boston, is the organ of all three Societies, has a large circulation, and is not only self-supporting but a contributor to the funds, to the amount last year of \$630.15—the excess of receipts above expenditures. We quote: "It is noticeable that in regions where the *Helping Hand* is most freely circulated, women are the most interested and contributions largest."

The Treasurer reports the amount raised from all sources during the year ending last March by this one Society, to be \$50,010.91. Total receipts for ten years, \$331,110. There has been a steady increase every year from the first, when the amount raised was \$9,172. Number of life members during the year, 209. The number of circles reported is 975, with about 30,000 contributors, and 321 mission bands, with 5,000 members.

Referring to the work of children and young ladies: "In this is our hope for future years—\$7,000 have been received this year from Mission Bands and S. Schools."

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.—The number of missionaries during the year has increased from thirty-four to forty. Three new ones have been sent out, and the support of three others has been assumed—one among the Telugus, one in France, and one in Africa. The missionaries have rendered loving, faithful service in the various fields to which they have been assigned. To a large number of pupils they have given daily instruction in God's Word; and to many of them this Word has become the light of life. There have been also 47 Bible-women supported during the year, and aid has been given to 78 schools, in which are reported 2,310 pupils and 89 baptisms. The work has been distributed among the Burmese, Karens and Shans, of Burmah; the Telugus, of India; the Garos, of Assam; the Chinese, and Japanese. After gratefully acknowledging the help and blessing of God on what has been done, the report refers to the numerous and urgent calls for help in the present. Several ladies ask for added facilities for mission work. Aid is asked for girls' dormitories and schools, for new mission homes, for repairs, &c. "The call of Providence, of our risen Lord, is clear, to give, not simply two cents a week, but freely and gladly of what He has given us, till His name is known in all the earth."

Contrasted Scenes in India.

On the occasion of her recent visit to Bombay, Mrs. Murray Mitchell witnessed two scenes, which she thus describes in *The Free Church of Scotland Monthly Record*:—

"As we drove away from the railway station with our friend Mr. Mackichan, the first thing we came upon was a great crowd of natives engaged in celebrating, with all its wild absurdity, the unholy festival of 'the Holi.' This originally was rather a pretty celebration, accompanied with joyful rites, to welcome the glad return of spring. But in process of time it degenerated into the wretched saturnalia it is now—full of frivolity and tomfoolery, with practices of a most indecent and immoral kind. Respectable women will hardly venture into the streets during the Holi. The first look we got of our dear old Bombay was when it was 'mad' over this festival! The crowd was dancing, shouting, singing obscene songs, beating tom-toms, clashing cymbals, and throwing on each other quantities of pink and yellow wash, red powder, and any sort of filth they could lay their hands on. The garments, not only of this multitude, but generally of the common people we passed in the streets, were bespattered with this coloured nastiness, and the faces smeared with red paint, and dusted with red and orange powder in the most revolting way. It looked as if we had stepped back forty years! No wonder if, with a chill sense of disappointment, our spirits were stirred within us. Was it really as bad as ever? Was the whole city still given to idolatry?"

One would have been apt to say that it was indeed as bad as ever, looking merely on the surface, seeing only the ignorant and degraded crowd still, as for long ages back, mad upon its idols."

The other scene depicted is that of an Indian but Christian tea-meeting.

"On going up a lofty flight of stairs, we found an immense hall filled to overflowing with native Christians of all ages—men, women and children; the verandah was also filled. There were from three to four hundred present—so I was assured. 'Are all these Christians?' we asked, astonished. 'Yes; every one.' There was not an outsider present, except the Missionaries and their families, and some other European guests. At the upper end of the large room there were a punkah and table, and some sofas and easy chairs, while the rest of the room was seated closely with benches and chairs, which were crowded with the company. Every Protestant Mission was represented except the Episcopal Methodist brethren, who had that evening a 'love feast' of their own. A good many young men in long black coats flitted about, attending to every body. Here and there a grey head was to be seen; and we soon recognized some old friends among both men and women. . . . Then there were the children of many we had known, now married men and women with children of their own. There were some nice looking young Hindu ladies, intelligent and well educated, some of whom are employed as teachers. All were prettily dressed in native costume—some in coloured silk sarrees, the school girls in simple white, and the men in a kind of dress of their own. The verandah was filled with poor women, who had to bring their babies, not having any one at home to leave them with. We went through them all, giving and receiving hearty greetings. Some little fellows frankly appealed to our sympathies regarding the tea and cakes circulating ra-

pidly within, which were very tempting, and long of reaching the verandah.

After tea and plenty of talk, Mr. Dhanjibhai gave his address; Dr. Mitchell presented and read the letters from China and Japan, which caused deep interest and a good deal of emotion; and there were other addresses in Marathi and English, with hymns sung beautifully, and led by the different schools, between each; prayer followed, and we came home with hearts I need not say profoundly moved and thankful."

Laboring in Prayer.

CHRIST is interested in missions. It cannot therefore be otherwise than that all His followers are, for they are not His who do not partake of His spirit; but if it were possible that one should be found who does not care for the souls of the heathen, it is inconceivable that he should disregard the last words of Christ ere His return to His own glory and that of His Father; they being at once a precious legacy, a royal commission, and an absolute command. A Christian disobey a command of Christ!

Those who bear the Christian name, and yet do not endeavor to carry out the order to "Preach the gospel to every creature," I would entreat to beware lest Christ say to them, "I never knew you." If those who neglect to supply the wants of the body are adjudged deserving of punishment, can those who neglect soul wants escape that awful doom?

To such of my sisters as are really too poor to give anything towards the evangelization of the world—but be it remembered that none are too poor who are in the enjoyment of even one luxury—I would address words of encouragement. However indigent, however secluded you may be, there is still one way open by which you may aid in the extension of Christ's kingdom. You can pray for those who preach and those who hear. Pray—as did Jacob at the fords of the Jabbok; as did Moses when he pleaded for sinning Israel; as did Elijah and Elisha when they would raise the dead, and as did Epaphras for the people at Colosse. These did not offer the facile, dronish prayers, which are no sooner uttered than forgotten, but those in which the whole soul is engaged, all the energies of the mind called forth; God reached, and God held in the agonising grasp of strong unwavering faith. Be assured, that if you thus labor in prayer, you will be remembered with those who "turn many to righteousness," and on you will be bestowed the unspeakable honor of shining "as the stars for ever and ever."

MARY L. T. WITTER.

Canning, Nova Scotia.

THE DISPROPORTION.—While New York has one Protestant minister for every 3,300 of its people, and Philadelphia one for 1,800, China has one Protestant missionary for every 1,300,000! What if there were but one minister for either Philadelphia or New York? and yet that is the condition of China relatively! 33,000 Chinese die every day with no hope in, and the vast majority with scarcely the slightest knowledge of Christianity; equal to burying all of Philadelphia in less than one month! *Rev. Frank Dobbins in the National Baptist.*

THE ZENANA MISSION of the Baptist Missionary Society, has 23 European ladies, and 55 teachers and Bible-women at work in the cities and towns of India, and 16 schools for girls. Mrs. Joseph Gurney succeeds the lamented Lady Lush as *Secretary of the Mission.*

Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks that read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—If a little baby is sick in Canada, its papa and mamma do all in their power to make it better, or ask the doctor to come and see it. The little brothers and sisters are so sorry for baby, and show their love for him by walking softly and keeping still while he sleeps. But if a baby is sick in India, the idol priest tells its mamma that an evil spirit is angry with the child. So the poor baby is put into a basket and hung up in a tree for three days. Then the mother goes to look at it, and if still alive, she takes it home, thinking that the evil spirit is pleased again. Often she finds the basket empty, and her little baby gone forever—carried away by some vulture, or eaten up by ants; or that the poor little child has starved to death. When there is a famine in India, many mothers will sell their children for bread, or leave them to starve. One missionary took fifty-one starving children into his house; they were always crying, "Sahib, roti, roti," which means, "Master, bread, bread." But the bread came too late to save their lives, for all died except one. There is a tribe in India called Khunds, and they say the way to make their corn grow is to kill little children and sprinkle the fields with their blood. The English government will not allow such cruel things to be done, so Queen Victoria's soldiers once took away eighty miserable little children from these wicked Khunds, and sent them to a missionary's school. How wretched they were at first; but they were soon fed and clothed and comforted. Then they were taught to read and sew, and of Jesus who died for them. So instead of being put to a cruel death, they were saved, and their lives made useful and happy. Does not this remind you that we were all condemned sinners, waiting for the punishment of death eternal, until Jesus came to save us? If we believe what He says and love Him, all our sins will be forgiven, and instead of eternal death, we will spend eternity with Jesus in the home He has prepared for us, and be perfectly happy.

The tents of some English soldiers were once pitched in a lonely part of India. On a very dark night the wife of one of the officers heard a child crying. She sent her servants out to look for it. Soon they came back, bringing a little girl, four years old, with them. Where do you think they had found her? Buried up to her throat in a bag, her little head just peeping out. Her cruel mother had put her there, and left her alone to die. There was once a little Hindu girl named Rajee. She went to the missionary's school, but would not eat with her schoolmates, because she belonged to a higher caste, or class, than they did. Her mother brought her food every day, and Rajee sat under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother that she wished to turn from idols and worship the living God. But her mother begged her child not to disgrace their family by becoming a Christian. Rajee cared no longer about her caste, for she knew its teachings were folly and deceit, so one day she sat down and ate supper with her schoolmates. When her mother heard it, she ran to the school in a rage, and catching her little girl by the hair began to beat her severely. Then she took Rajee to the idol priests to ask whether she had lost her caste forever. The priests said as Rajee was so young, and had not yet got her new teeth, they could cleanse her, so when her teeth came she would be as pure as ever, only it would take a great deal of money to pay for this cleansing. The money was paid and poor Rajee given to the cruel priests. They burned

her tongue, and did many other wicked things to make her say she would not love Jesus. But the dear Saviour gave His little lamb patience to suffer for Him. At last they sent little Rajee home to die. Her poor deceived mother wept bitterly over her little daughter; but Rajee said she was not sorry to die, for she was going to Jesus. She begged her mother to leave her idols and love the true God, so that they could meet in heaven; and then little Rajee's body died, but her soul went to live with Jesus in the "happy land."

Oh, my little friends, let us never forget to thank God that we were born in a Christian land! May we all work, give and pray for the poor children of India!

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

Mission Band Report

TORONTO.—ALEXANDER-ST. MISSION BAND.—Our Mission Band was started last September. We meet the first Saturday in each month. Our average attendance is about twenty-three. Our collections have amounted to twelve dollars. We have two cents to pay monthly to become members, and each family has a missionary box, which our President opens at every third meeting. She reads us missionary news, and we recite verses out of the Bible or pieces of poetry. We feel glad we have been able to do this little for Jesus, and pray God will bless our efforts in bringing some to hear of the only true God in far distant India.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

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Brantford, First Church, \$37.00; Paris, \$10.00; Paris children's aux., \$4.27; Jarvis-St., \$6.15; Woodstock, \$14.50; Woodstock, "Willing Workers," \$3.50; Denfield, \$28.27; Belleville, \$4.50; Port Burwell, \$6.00.—Total 114.19.

Seventy-five cents of the amount from Port Burwell was given by Mrs. Joseph Merrill's Sabbath-school class of little girls.

Twenty-five dollars of that from Brantford was to make Mrs. Tuttle a life member.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

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