

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 8, No. 8.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [FEB., 1886.



Idols on the Bank of the River Irrawaddy, Burmah.

THE question has been asked, how much it takes to support a native preacher. Mrs. Timpany writes, that it is owing to the ability and surroundings of the man, some have more some less, the average being about 10 rupees a month, \$50 a year.

NEWS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—Many of our readers will be glad to hear a word from Mrs. Dr. Cooper who now resides in Kelso, Scotland. She writes us enclosing subscription to the LINK, and a contribution of \$2.00 to our Society. She continues to feel a deep interest in our work. She is in pretty good health, though failing from age.

THE LINK.—Those who have interested themselves in extending the circulation of the LINK will be glad to know that there has been a steady and encouraging increase. Appreciative words come to us from the east and from the west, for all of which we are grateful. Our appeal for prompt payment of subscriptions, we are pleased to be able to say, has been very generally responded to. We wish to express our sincere thanks to all who have aided us in our work.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—One of the most important items of missionary news is the opening of Upper Burma to missionary effort. The earnest appeal which we copy from the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* will give our readers an idea of the interest that American Baptists are taking in this great field. The portrait of Mrs. Anne H. Judson will recall to the memories of many the heroic efforts of Judson and his wife to establish a mission at Ava, and the fearful sufferings that they were called upon to endure, sufferings that doubtless resulted in death in Mrs. Judson's case. The frightful idols on the banks of the Irrawady cannot fail to impress all anew with the darkness of the heathenism that we are called upon to dispel. What Judson and his noble wife were willing to risk their lives to accomplish, is now a reality. Would that we in Canada were in a position to occupy a part of this promising field!

MISSIONARY LETTERS.—Last month we were rather short of letters from our missionaries, and we felt impelled to stir up our correspondents in India. We are happy to say, that we have no cause of complaint this month. We have four communications from as many missionaries, and for interest and variety they will compare favorably with any that have been published heretofore. Miss Frith gives us just the kind of information we require about her work among the women of India. Mr. Stillwell takes us with him on his long journey from Quebec to India, and relates many incidents in a pleasing style. Mr. McLaurin gives us some account of the work in Samulcotta Seminary, and communicates sad intelligence with respect to his own health. Will not our readers

bear in mind his request for prayer, that he may be restored to health, and permitted to continue his work, at least until some of the new missionaries are ready to take his place. Mr. Currie furnishes us with a missionary story which will delight and instruct our readers from the oldest to the youngest.

COLLECTING.—There is no part of our home work more important than *collecting*, and in collecting there is nothing more important than *regularity*. It is a fully established fact that a large proportion of the contributors to the funds of our Society find it more convenient to give small amounts frequently and regularly, than larger amounts at greater and irregular intervals. If the collector fails to call at the expected time, the chances are that the money reserved for missions will be used for some other purpose, and when two or three payments become due the amount is often discouragingly large. We have no doubt but that many subscribers are lost every year through the negligence of collectors. Collectors should be continually reminded of the importance of seeing every subscriber at least once a quarter, and if a single call does not suffice they should persist in calling until the subscription is paid or the subscriber has definitely refused to pay. Collectors should remember that they are collecting not for themselves but for the Lord, and that a persistence and an importunity which they would shrink from in the transaction of their own affairs is fully justified when they are attempting to get people to do their duty in contributing to missions.

GURAHATHI AND HERRIAMAH.—This is the title of a very interesting missionary story, by Mrs. Carrie A. Archibald, of Bimlipatam, India, one of our most esteemed contributors. It has been published in a neat pamphlet of 32 pages, by the Foreign Missionary Board of the Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and P. E. Island, and may be had by sending 10 cents to Mr. John March, St. John, N. B. The following from the introduction will give some idea of the aim and character of the story: "It has been thought that the story of *Gurahathi* and *Herriamah*, two of the most remarkable characters have been in connection with our Canadian missions to the Telugus, might be interesting to Mission Bands and Sunday Schools; hence the following papers have been written. It is a true story, and the facts have been gathered from Herriamah's narrative. Gurahathi donated two pieces of land, one for a chapel, and the other, outside of the town, for a burial-ground. In the latter his remains were placed. Some four years ago, the Ranee entered a suit against Gurahathi, to recover property which was given to him when a Hindu, or more properly speaking, a heathen; and the piece of land in town, on which is the well, was taken possession of by the government officials. As compensation 100 rupees was paid Gurahathi, and after deducting costs of

suit, etc., he presented the mission with the remainder." The story is one of thrilling interest from beginning to end, and we should like to see it very widely circulated. In a preface Mr. John March has given a good sketch of the missions of the Maritime Provinces in India, and the pamphlet contains a good map of the Telugu mission field and Southern Asia by the same hand. It is our own private opinion that this story would have done more good if it had been published as a serial in the LINK.

To-Day.

In tones as sweet as sweet could be,
A little baby sang to me,
Her happy heart to music stirred,
Yet knowing but this one sweet word—
A word, how meaningless to her,
To me, how much the heart to stir,
As o'er and o'er, in songful play,
She sang her pretty roundelay,
"To-day, to-day, to-day, to-day!"

"To-day, to-day!" still ring the words
Along my spirit's subtle chords;
And more when I easy to know
How much unto my Lord I owe,—
How much to cravo, to do, to dare,
To plan and purpose, brave and bear,
To win to God the souls that stray
From Him in folly's downward way.
And all to-day, to-day, TO-DAY!

Wherefore! Because to-morrow comes
Never to human hearts or homes.
Have I the lost to seek and save?
To-day is all the time I have!
Have I to lift the cross so high
That all may see it who pass by?
Have I to watch, and wait, and pray,
And fight the fight of faith away?
My time—my only time's to-day!

To call aloud to souls that die:—
"To-day the Christ is passing by."
"O hear to-day His pleading voice."
"Make Him to-day your blessed choice."
"To-day with patient love He waits,—
"To-day holds back destruction's gates."
"To-day's bright hours glide swift away."
"And judgment will not long delay."
For this—all this, I've but to-day!

"Dear baby, may your artless song
Linger in heart and memory long;
And day by day constrain, impel,
My work to do, and do it well;
Remembering, as the minutes fly,
For me may come no by and by:
That what I ought to do or say
Be said or done without delay
While yet for me it is to-day!

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

The Story of Malukshmi.

During the year 1882 a man belonging to the Mala caste, Rajana by name, living in a village about three miles from Tuni, professed faith in Christ, and on being baptized, was received into the church at this station. Others in this same place became much interested in the

truth, and seemed on the point of becoming Christians, but did not come forward at that time. On the other hand, the step he had taken excited a good deal of opposition in the minds of some, and especially among the members of his own family. His wife, however, whose name appears at the head of this article, was led gradually to look upon the matter more favorably, and came occasionally with her husband to the station to attend worship. Her unusual intelligence, and attractiveness of manner, greatly interested us, and we had frequent conversations with her, endeavoring to persuade her to decide for Christ. At length, she yielded, and about a year after her husband's baptism, we had the pleasure of welcoming her to a place among our little band of Christians. Their eldest son, a young man, who had been from the first strongly opposed to the course his father had taken, was still more displeased at his mother's conversion, and became more bitter in his opposition. He did his utmost to cause his parents to abandon their new religion, and in this he was heartily seconded by many others among the people of the village. After our departure for Canada, in the beginning of 1884, the trials of Rajana and Malukshmi, on account of their profession of Christianity, became greater than ever. A most determined effort was made by their son, in conjunction with the leading men of the village, to compel them to renounce Christianity, and return to heathenism. They were summoned before the munsiff (magistrate), and in the presence of the principal men of the place, they were threateningly asked whether they would remain Christians or return to their former religion. Rajana's courage was hardly sufficient for the test, and had he been alone, he would probably have yielded to the pressure brought to bear against him. But Malukshmi stood her ground bravely, and declared that whatever might happen, she would never give up her faith in Christ. Her husband, encouraged by the firm stand she had taken, remained with her, and together, they resisted the efforts that were made to induce them to recant. The son became very angry and violent, beating his mother, and holding a knife at her throat, thus endeavoring by intimidation to compel her to return to heathenism. I had this from an eye-witness, who himself was so impressed by Malukshmi's firmness that he became an earnest enquirer, and afterward came frequently to Tuni to talk with our preachers about Christianity. In consequence of Rajana and Malukshmi refusing to abandon Christianity, they were driven from their house, and obliged to take refuge in a small shed, standing in a field at a considerable distance from the village. There, with their youngest child, about nine years old, they lived in a half-starving condition for several months, their diet consisting most of the time of five palmyra nuts each day, and water seasoned with pepper. It happened one day, while they were living in this shed, that a well-to-do Shudra, who was onged to their village, and knew them well, came that way, apparently by accident, and found them in this wretched condition. His compassion was at once excited, and handing them some money, he told them to go back to their house in the village, and live there as before, and he would befriend them. They returned to their home, and strange to say, the very people who had driven them away, including their son, now seemed rejoiced to have them come back. The feeling of their neighbors toward them appeared to have undergone a complete change during their absence. Since that time, their son has been living peaceably with them, and they have been enjoying the good-will and friendship of all about them.

Malukshmi has not had much teaching on the subject

of Special Providence, and it is doubtful whether she has ever heard the story of Elijah being fed by ravens, yet she believes that their deliverance was Providential. In speaking of the coming of that Shudra to them while they were living in the field, and of his kindness in helping them to return to their home, she said, with a refreshing simplicity of faith, "God sent him." And truly, those of us who have had more extended experience and observation of God's dealing with his people, must agree with her in this conclusion.

I have strong hope that the constancy of faith shown by Málukshmi and her husband under bitter persecution, will bear much valuable fruit in leading many others in that village and section, to submit to Christ.

G. F. C.

Tuni, Nov. 20, 1885.

"The Confidence of all the Ends of the Earth."

Psalm lxxv. 6.

Thirty years ago it was a rare thing to see an Oriental face or garb among us Western folk. An Arab or a Chinaman would be the centre of a crowd of people if he appeared in our streets, and an embassy from the Japanese or Turkish government was the talk of the town and the staple of the newspapers. The few men who came—there were no women—were travellers of more resources and more enterprise than most of their countrymen, led by trade or hope of gain to push their way to these distant shores.

The Centennial of 1876 was the occasion of great changes in this respect, bringing people of almost every conspicuous nation under heaven to exhibit their goods and see what other nations could produce. Many a slumbering Oriental mind waked up then to discover that there was much in this unknown Western land to stimulate energy and employ talent of every kind, so that, since that time, olive skins, almond-shaped eyes, Caucasian features, and garments of Eastern fashion, have been no unusual sight in our public places.

Out of this change has come one remarkable group of incidents of especial interest to us women. At different times, with no knowledge of each other or each other's purpose, from four Eastern countries, have women come to study medicine in our women's colleges. At the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, there are two students from India, one from Syria, and one from Japan, at the New York College another; and at the Chicago Woman's College there is, or has been, a Chinese woman. All but one of these are Christians, impelled to their self-exile from home and country by the conviction of the great need of medical care for their countrywomen, and by the belief that those who bring to them such care, with the Gospel, will gain ready access to their hearts.

What, think you, is back of the movement of these women, hitherward, from distant lands? Is it not the hand of God leading them thus to manifest that He, the God of our salvation, is in truth the "confidence of all the ends of the earth"? For it is the CHRISTIANITY, the CHRIST, of this land of ours which makes us what we are, and, "lifted up," draws unto itself.

Whatever may be our view of the desirableness of these foreigners coming, in any number, to our shores for this or any other purpose, it is impossible for us, as

Christians, not to recognize in it the fulfillment of prophecy and the accomplishment of Divine purposes. We may not invite such visitors, or encourage their entering our colleges or seminaries, for the reason, among many others, that there are institutions nearer their homes, where they can be sufficiently educated at less expense and risk to themselves. But when, without special encouragement, here and there, one has been moved to overcome all obstacles and make her way to us, we surely can do naught else but, in our Master's name, bid her welcome and care for her as for one of His own "little ones."

Medical work by women, among the women of heathen lands, is attracting more and more attention in these days. Probably most of our readers have seen notices in the newspapers of the efforts of Lady Dufferin, the wife of the present Viceroy of India, on behalf of medical work among women. These efforts were prompted by the Queen before Lady Dufferin left England, and with such prompting and such forwarding they will be likely to meet with success. An urgent appeal, founded upon this new movement, has come from a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, who is now in Calcutta, for more missionary physicians for India.

A letter from another missionary tells of the great need of this particular form of service, and adds an earnest warning that women physicians should go thither, not so much for private remunerative practice among the rich, as for hospital and outside practice among the poor and helpless. Most touching instances are given to show the wretched privation and suffering of the women to whom our missionary physicians minister, and the opportunity which such ministrations offer to bear the Gospel message.

Each of these Eastern women, who has come to our institutions for medical instruction, will carry far more back with her than she contemplates, or can estimate. She cannot breathe the atmosphere of a Christian land—even if it be by no means so pure and invigorating as it should be—for several years, without having her spiritual constitution affected by it more or less. Surely there is a duty devolving upon us so to surround them with our prayers that they may return to their homes with stronger faith in Christ, deeper love for Him, and more distinct purpose to serve Him, because of their sojourn in the land which has so largely, by the grace of God, the "confidence of the ends of the earth."—*Woman's Work*.

Am I Needed?

Have we ever thought, dear friends, whether *we* were needed in the missionary work? Have we settled the question whether our Lord's command, "Go teach all nations," is binding upon us? But even if we are not called of God to carry the bread of life to those in distant lands who are famishing without it, are we to conclude that the whole work will be done without our help? Nay, rather, are we not needed in carrying it forward? *Our own Circle needs us.* It needs our presence at its meetings; it needs our constant contributions to its treasury; it needs our hearty personal interest and support. We have not realized this enough in the past. We have thought it made no difference to any one whether we gave our mite, whether we read the LINK, whether we came to a missionary meeting, or spent our time and money in some other way. Whether our sphere of influence be

broad or narrow, whether or not we are peculiarly gifted in speech or prayer, whether we have much or little to give, still we may be in earnest to do our utmost for this cause so that our blessed Master shall Himself say of each one of us, She hath done what she could.

The Missionaries need us. They are bearing the heat and burden of the day. They have many and peculiar trials, many discouragements in their work, many cares and perplexities, and they turn to us for sympathy. They ask us to remember that they are women like our-elves, and their hearts crave just the loving, helpful words which you and I might give. They need cheering letters from us; they need our earnest, persevering prayers for God's blessing on their work; they need to be strengthened and sustained by the assurance that we care for the souls whom they are trying to teach and save.

And, The Lord Jesus Christ needs us!

He has not seen fit to entrust the ministry of His Word unto angels, or by miracle bid the winds waft His story, or the mighty Gospel fly abroad through all the earth; but He has condescended to make use of human instruments, of the souls whom He has redeemed, in spreading the tidings of His love. The message must go from heart to heart, for so alone can it be spread from land to land, and we are permitted to share in telling this wonderful story. If we can not go in person, we can help some one else to go; we may help by our money, by our efforts to keep ourselves and others informed of the progress of the work, by our prayers to the Lord of the harvest.

We love to read in the Gospels, of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, and how the message, "The Lord hath need of them," was all that was needed by the owner of the ass and colt to induce him to part with them. And, to-day, when a like message comes to us, that the Lord to whom we owe all that we are and all that we have, *needs us* in this missionary work, there can be but one response from our hearts, for surely we would not withhold anything of which *the Lord hath need.*—*Selected, and adapted.*

An Example worthy of Imitation.

BY A. P. M'DIARMID, OTTAWA.

Charlie — is about eight years old. A little more than a year ago he heard a missionary sermon. When he got home he asked his mother how much the sugar in his tea cost. She replied that she could not tell, and inquired why he asked. Well, said he, the minister this morning told us how much some women, who earned their living by washing gave to missions, and I think if they give so much, I can do without sugar in my tea and give the money to missions. He pressed his question, will it cost a dollar in a year? Finally it was settled that Charlie should have a dollar at the end of the year if he made the sacrifice of the sugar for his tea. During the course of the year Charlie was ill for some days. His mother proposed that he should take some sugar in his tea while he was sick. She assured him that he should get the dollar all the same. But Charlie was firm in his refusal to take it. He was anxious to make the sacrifice a perfect one. He would have his gift the fruit of a perfect sacrifice.

Some of us older ones can learn something from this example. We ought to learn to yield to the impulse to imitate those who make sacrifices for Christ's sake. That impulse is awakened in our hearts when we hear of the sacrifices that others have made. But, how often, alas! we crush the impulse. Then there are things that we like, that we can do well enough without. Are we

willing to make a personal sacrifice, in order that we may give to advance the work of Christ in the world, that which we have been accustomed to expend on such things? Even one dollar thus secured from each member of our families during the year, would it not exceed the entire sum we now raise for missions? By how slight a sacrifice, if it only became universal, could the treasury of the Lord be filled! Then one more lesson, when we pretend to make a sacrifice let us make it. If the time comes when we feel the stress of the sacrifice a little more than at other times, let us stand firm against the temptation to yield. And in doing so we shall find a rich reward in our experience.

Upper Burma in the Hands of the English.

In the last number of the Magazine, it was stated that the British forces were on their way up the Irrawaddy River to attack the defences of the Burmans. The principal fortress at Minhia was captured after only a few hours fighting, and the way was then practically open to Mandalay, the capital. King Thebau soon intimated that he wished to make peace; and the British occupied Mandalay without opposition. The following day Thebau formally surrendered to Gen. Pendergast, the English commander, and was sent to Madras under guard. Lord Dufferin, the viceroy of India, will administer the government of Upper Burma provisionally for Queen Victoria. It is intimated that a native prince may be placed on the throne, to rule under English supervision; but the country will be practically under British control. The state of the country is very unsettled—large bands of robbers roaming at liberty, and pillaging and burning wherever they go, even in Mandalay itself; but these will soon be subdued, and the country will be open and safe for residence of foreigners.

This is what American Baptists have been praying for ever since Judson went to Ava. God has now answered these prayers, and thrown a country of a hundred and ninety thousand square miles, and between four and five million people, upon our hands for immediate evangelization. Shall we be equal to the opportunity? With two such grand openings for missionary work as the Congo Valley and Upper Burma before us, Baptists ought to be aroused to missionary zeal as never before. The Lord has spoken unto his people that they go forward. We must obey, or lose the blessing. Every spot that the feet of our missionaries shall tread shall be given us. Twenty-five new missionaries is the least number that should be sent out the coming season. Fifty would find ample work, chiefly in new fields. The men will not be wanting. Already many are waiting to go. Will the Lord's people provide the means to send them? The question is narrowed to this. Ample and promising fields, plenty of volunteers, but no funds. Arise, ye people, and send the means to advance the Lord's work! Let a wave of enthusiasm sweep over our churches, which shall brush away all excuses of hard times. The Lord would not have called if he had not known we are able to answer. Let us arise in strength, and enter into the whitening harvests; and in due time we shall see the rejoicing multitudes coming to the God of their salvation.—*Baptist Miss. Mag.*

Conspicuous Events in the Missionary World During 1885.

The most impressive advance movements in missionary operations the past year have originated on the other

side the water. The greatest of them all, and dwarfing all others in breadth, is the opening up of Africa by the Congo Conference. This enterprise renders 100,000,000 people accessible to the Gospel.

Another marked event of the year has been the revival of missionary life and zeal in the universities of Great Britain. As a consequence, men have been offering themselves, not in a pitiful handful, but by scores, for the foreign service. They are spiritual men; they are trained scholars; some of them distinguished athletes; some of them clergymen of experience, of the Church of England. The China Inland Mission, under the direction of Hudson Taylor, has been specially replenished from this source.

all. One of the important objections to this plan is that made by Mr. Meredith, viz: that if all missions were conducted after Bishop Taylor's fashion, that large part of the Church which must stay at home, which cannot in person "go" abroad, could have no share in fulfilling the Saviour's last command.

The depletion of the heroic English force in the basin of the Congo; the expulsion of missionaries of the American Board from Bihé, West Africa, and their recall; the addition of the hitherto vagrant Umbundu tongue to the list of written languages; and the steady progress of the Japanese churches in the matter of self-support, are types of a series of events too long to be recited.

—*Woman's Work.*



Mrs. Ann H. Judson.

There has been a movement within the lines of several missionary bodies, the Presbyterian Board among them, towards the new and interesting field of Korea.

Bishop Taylor's expedition to Africa, at the head of forty persons, to establish a mission on the basis of self-support, has been much commented upon. While the method is disapproved by many, a hearty respect for the motives and leadership of the enterprise is conceded by

On Giving to Missions.

I was collecting for a mission when a lady said, Oh I give the tenth of my income. Did Christ only give us the tenth of his love, life, and death? A poor girl is supporting a sick mother—does she say when her mother asks for something—oh, I have given you the tenth? "If any man love father or mother more than me, he is

not worthy of me." Others use all their money on dress. Would it not be better to spend some on dressing other's souls, by giving them an opportunity of taking the robe of Christ's righteousness. Others buy bank stock, etc., instead of laying up treasures in heaven. I think some of our rich Christians here will be poor Christians in heaven. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." J. PAYNE.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Cocanada.

My dear LINK—In making your acquaintance I think I shall inflict upon you a story 11,000 miles long. It will be a story traversing land and sea by ship, railway car, carriage, omnibus, and almost every kind of conveyance. It will not make any pretensions at relevance, but will simply unravel at pleasure. And its pleasure is to begin at Quebec, on board the ship *Peruvian*. It was Saturday, 1st August, about 10 a.m., when our ship weighed anchor, and steamed down the St. Lawrence oceanwards. We were all on deck, and as the high engine wakened up and began carrying us forward we watched the receding town. Soon—it seemed too soon—even the last faint dim outline of things had faded away, and we had really said farewell. We were really started on our voyage, friends had been bidden good bye, the handkerchiefs had ceased waving, and it was useless to look longer. We tried to realize it, but realization comes slowly, and so we grew into it all the way down the river, and all the way across the ocean and all the way to India, and all the weeks we have been here. The voyage down the river was pleasant as the river was smooth, and there was something continually to attract the eye. The shores kept in sight until we reached the Gulf, when they disappeared. But they appeared again on entering the straits. The straits seemed very wide after being accustomed to the narrow passage shown on the map. We passed through the straits at night, and when morning dawned we had put out upon the ocean, there was nothing there but a great stretch of water, nothing but the ceaseless roll of billow after billow. Still there were things to relieve. We passed some icebergs and one was very fine, rising two hundred feet high. There were the sea birds that invariably show themselves to passing ships. There were the porpoises seen sometimes in great shoals frisking and playing in the water, at times racing with the steamer, then suddenly darting to one side and disappearing from sight. And on the seventh or eighth day out we passed a steamer, which was as interesting as anything we saw. The Atlantic wasn't rough yet there was a persistent swell that trembled the ship somewhat, and us somewhat also. Early Monday morning, the second one we had been at sea, at about five o'clock we put into a small lake on the north coast of Ireland, and landed some of our passengers. Nearly four months have passed since that morning, still I can see the green sloping hill-sides with their plots of ground adorned by a house, a few potatoes, some hay and oats, almost as vividly as ever. After six days of water land looked inviting, and that northern coast was a green spot in our lives. While in the lake we could see the remains of an old castle, with its moat, wall and draw-bridge. In passing out and along the coast we saw Giants' Causeway, and looked through our glasses at what we had seen in our geographies at school. Then we got into the Irish Sea, and it was the Irish Sea to us,

as it seemed to have somehow got its "Irish" up and it troubled us exceedingly. Night came upon us and we were still in the Irish Sea. The sea was still rough so that the ship pitched and rolled, sometimes pitching so that the screw would be out of water, and everything would vibrate in a way that you would need to be present to imagine, sometimes rolling so that the billows would come sweeping over the deck. It was night and we were in our cabin. Our last meal had been gotten down somehow and—well, never mind, the next morning we landed in Liverpool; and it seemed a privilege to get something stationery under our feet. We tarried in Liverpool just long enough to get our baggage through the customs, and to catch the first train by the Midland Railway for London. Our train made the distance, 220 miles, in a little over five hours so that we sped along briskly. It was a pleasant and very interesting journey. The country was verily beautiful with its cabbages, green fields, groves, streams, hills and vales. We passed through Derby, where our lunch came on the train, through Leicester, whither Richard was brought after Bosworth Field, through Harborough, hard by which is Naseby Field, through Kettering, the birth-place of Baptist Missions, through Bedford, fixed in everyone's memory by Bunyan's dream, through St. Albans, where Albans met Martyrdom, where two battles were fought, into London.

We remained in the great metropolis two weeks, and can but say, that we tried to see what others had seen, and found our two weeks gone with but a glance at the city. We were in the Zoological Gardens, in the Parks, in the National Gallery, in Dore's Gallery, in West Minster Abbey, in the British Museum, in John Wesley's old Church, and saw where he sleeps. We saw the outside of more buildings than the inside, among which were the Parliament Buildings, St. Paul's, the Tower. We passed down Drury Lane, down Whitehall Street, back through Fleet Street, Cheapside and Billingsgate. We rode upon train, car, cab, bus, omnibus, underground railway, boated it on the Thames, and footed it when we didn't ride. We were at the farewell meeting given the Congo Missionaries, heard Comber speak; in Wesley's Church, heard Talmage; in the Tabernacle, and heard Spurgeon. But our two weeks were gone, and with them we had gone. We took berths in the *Coromandel*, a new steamer with splendid accommodations, and steamed out of the muddy Thames. Through the Channel, through the Bay of Biscay which was very smooth, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and lay alongside the town for three or four hours. It was evening and we sat upon deck looking at the lighted town, and at the dark mountain keeping guard in the back-ground, and up at the sky all ablaze with stars, thinking it looked much the same as the sky at home. Before lying down I climbed up to my cabin window, and took a long look at Gibraltar wondering when, if ever, I should see it again. In the morning we found ourselves entered some distance into the Mediterranean, and in three days were at Malta, the Melita of the Apostle. At Valletta we went on shore, toiled up its steep narrow streets duly accompanied by a procession of cabs and guides. We saw something of the place, posted our letters, lunched, and went on board again. Then we continued onward, reached Port Said, passed through the canal into the Gulf of Suez, and anchored off Suez where we staid three days during which time we saw the town and wrote letters. We were glad to move on though we did not relish the 94° heat in the Red Sea. But a few days and we were at Aden, and leaving Aden we traversed 2,100 miles of sea, and put in at Colombo. Two days at Colombo gave us an opportunity of seeing the place, and calling upon Mr. Waldoek, the Baptist Missionary, and

Mr. Scott, the Methodist Missionary, the latter being our fellow voyager from Suez. We looked at the Mission Houses, and wondered if they were aught like what we should spend our days in.

By the 26th September we were at Madras, a town of 400,000 people. Here we made the acquaintance of Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, who came to the country in 1848, the Missionaries of the Ongole Hill Prayer Meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, four years in India, Mr. Stillman, some nine months out, and Mr. Day who began the Telugu work fifty years ago. We left Madras on the Asia, and felt that our days at sea were fast nearing their end. On the morning of the 9th October, we anchored off the Cocanada coast. Bro. Currie met us on board, and with him we went on shore. The voyage was ended, and this letter though I have made it as brief as possible has grown to quite a length. Let it end with the voyage.

J. R. STILLWELL.

COCANADA, Dec. 4th, 1885.

Samulcotta Items.

DEAR LINK;—Just a few items of news this time. We were all so sorry to hear of J. Isaac's death at Gunnapudi, on the 1st of October. He was one of our best men. A good man—tolerably well educated, faithful in his work, a good vigorous preacher—kind and genial with the people, and one in whom the missionary could trust. It will be a sad loss to Brother Craig's field. He died the very day on which Brother Craig reached Cocanada. The Lord preserved him during the greatest need of the mission, and only took him when help had returned. Isaac had been Clerk of the Godaviri Association of Baptist Churches ever since its establishment. He was also co-pastor with Peter, and travelled extensively with him. His wife, as well as himself was in our boarding school in Cocanada in the early days of the mission. She is a daughter of Munasiff Samuel, of Komnamudi, one of the leading men in our mission.

LAKSHMIA.

On the 23rd of October, in the Hospital in Cocanada, passed away one of the sweetest, gentlest spirits, it has been my privilege to know among the Telugus. Lakshmia came from Chicacole, had been an elephant driver. He was thoroughly converted, everything except his ignorance. He loved the Lord Jesus with all his heart, and longed to preach the precious gospel to others. He was diligent in his studies and made great progress in experimental knowledge of the Lord. To know His will was to do it. With him obedience was implicit. His prayers indicated a near acquaintance with the Saviour. He had been out in the jungle with Brother Hutchinson, during vacation. After his return to Chicacole he was seized with jungle fever, but recovered, on his way down here had a slight relapse, but again it yielded to medicine, although there were bad symptoms. Still again he was seized with another attack, I then sent him to the hospital in Cocanada, for a day or so he was better, and he rejoiced that the Lord was going to spare his life for work, but another relapse took him to his Father's house, to one of the many mansions he was pleased to go; he told his wife to be sure and follow him. He sang hymns, and spoke of Jesus, and said he saw a great many people in white clothes waiting for him. At last, turning over on his face and knees, he cried out, "Lord, Lord," and breathed out his spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! what a miracle is this! The poor, ignorant heathen of a few years ago, is now escorted by

white robed angels into the presence of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and that King is his Saviour, his friend, his elder brother. No wonder angels are amazed at such a redemption.

BAPTISM.

Yesterday, we had a baptism in our community. An overseer in government employ, who has been for many years a nominal Christian, cast in his lot with the people of God. He is a caste man, an engineer, and has a good position here. He has for many years given up Hinduism; as a boy, was in Dr. Hay's school in Vigacapatam, and was removed from the school for fear of Christian influences. Little by little, he came to know, and believe in Jesus Christ. We hope he will do much good as he goes among the villagers. . . . Since the above was written, three weeks have passed away, weeks of sickness and excessive weakness. We are much perplexed as to what we ought to do, the doctor says we must go home; but we hope the Lord has other work for us to do. We do wish, oh, so much to remain here for two or three years yet, and as strength is slowly coming back, we hope the Lord has this mercy in store for us. Will not all the readers of the LINK, pray, that our Father would grant our wish?

JOHN MCLAURIN,

Samulcotta, December 5th, 1885.

THE WORK AT HOME.

The Secretary of the Ontario Society wishes to state that the Circle of Point Edward was accidentally omitted from the list of new ones published in last month's LINK.

The addresses of officers had been previously received, and that of the Secretary forwarded with the others, to the editor of the *Gospel in all Lands*. It is hoped that this useful magazine is now in the hands of nearly all the Circles. If those Circles recently formed wish to be supplied also, will each one just as soon as it is organized, kindly forward either to the editor of the LINK or to the Cor. Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Rose, the names of officers and date of organization, stating also whether the Foreign work is taken up alone, or whether the Home work is combined with it. This is asked not only that a useful and instructive magazine may be supplied, but because it is very desirable that a complete list of all the Circles should be kept.

DEAR LINK,—It is time you heard from us again, but news from our Societies comes in so slowly. The weather is too fine, and the work too important to allow of any sleeping, even though the month be January, and the thermometer at zero. So we are bound to believe that the silence of our Societies means such a *press of work* in raising money, etc., that they have no time for writing just now. Let us hope that when this *press* of work is over, you will have to give us an extra page in which to recount our doings.

Mrs. Clark, President of the Society in Nictaux, N. S., writes as follows: "Our Society has been so small, and we have apparently accomplished so little, that we have hitherto hesitated to send any account of ourselves. But since the appointment of a Nova Scotian correspondent, we are more anxious to contribute some items. Our meeting this month was of more than usual interest; two new members joining, and we rejoice that more of our sisters are willing to lift up their voices to the Master

with us. It has been one great drawback to our meetings, that so few of our sisters were willing to pray, but we trust our Divine Helper will yet shew many their duty in this matter, until all shall esteem it a privilege to supplicate the Throne of Grace on behalf of our mission work.

We also decided to take the "Gospel in all Lands," to read at our monthly meetings. About eighteen copies of THE LINK are taken, and we are still canvassing on its behalf, and hope at no distant date to be able to report increased progress."

The annual meeting of the W. M. A. Societies, of Halifax and Dartmouth, was held last evening, 14th inst., in the Baptist Church, Dartmouth. Reports were read from the three societies, each showing that good work was being done, while at the same time no doubt was left on any mind, but that a good deal more *might* have been done.

In monies raised during the year, the North Church, Halifax, stood first, that Society having sent in \$68 50, and the Mission Band, \$65; Granville Street Society had sent in \$58 and the Mission Band, \$25. The Dartmouth Society reported \$19, and from the Sunday School Mission Band, \$50, part of which had been sent to the Home field. The other bands had also divided their monies, and if any mistake occurs in the figures, it is that more money was sent in, not less than is here set down.

A recitation by the infant class, a dialogue entitled "Reasons why I do not attend the Monthly Meeting", from an older class, with music and addresses, made up a pleasant, and we trust a profitable evening. A collection amounting to \$7.27 was taken up.

The first fruits of the meeting appeared the next morning, when an old woman walked a distance of over a mile to bring *five* cents to the treasurer, saying "that, that was just a splendid meetin'" and she wanted to join that society, adding, "seemed like last night that the Lord had done so much for me, I ought to give all I could to Him; five cents aint much but every little helps, and it will do to begin;" are any of us too far ahead in the matter of giving, to learn the lesson?

We are so apt to forget that "every little helps" and to keep back the five cents or two cents, when perhaps that is just what the Lord needs from *us*. Let us remember, that He in whose hands the barley loaves multiplied until they fed thousands, is the "same Jesus" to-day. The disciples had no power in *themselves*, any more than we have, and did we but keep this thought in mind, how soon the Lord's treasury would fill, how many more voices would be heard in prayer at our monthly meetings, how many more earnest words spoken for Jesus. Coppers turn to gold when placed in the hands that were pierced for the heathen. Prayers, no matter how feeble, bring down innumerable blessings when presented at the Throne by our Great High Priest. "He ever liveth to make intercession;" our words may be weak, but when He who spake as never man spake" gives them to us, they *must* prevail.

Dartmouth, N. S.

A. E. J.

ST. GEORGE.—DEAR LINK.—At a time when the reports, both Foreign and Home are so encouraging, we desire to express our sympathy with the work. Our W. F. M. Circle organized December 6th, 1881, has since then contributed \$202.33, also we have a H. M. Circle. This being a country Circle, we are somewhat at the mercy of the weather and roads: still, on the whole, the meetings have been quite regularly held each month. At our January meeting the officers for the year were appointed:—*President* Mrs. F. F.

Rae, (our pastor's wife); *Vice-President*, Mrs. E. Mainwaring; *Treasurer*, Mrs. S. G. Kitchen; *Secretary*, Mrs. O. Collins. So many remain away from the meetings on the plea that there is nothing for them to do; that we have concluded to adopt the plan of sewing also; we hope to raise some money that way. Our President brings a large stock of experience into the work, and with such efficient help, we are looking hopefully forward to a year of united and happy work, always inspired by the thought, we are "labourers together with God." Yours, in the work.

S. COLLINS, Sec.

BRUNSWICK ST., ST. JOHN.—DEAR LINK.—Having read at our last meeting A. E. J.'s letter in a former number of the LINK, in which reference is made to the anniversary meeting lately held by us, the ladies thought your readers would be pleased to learn that the appeal made to our sisters at that time was not in vain. Our meetings are increasing in numbers and interest. Indeed, since this year began, our Society has been more fully alive to the importance of this great work of Foreign Missions. How often during the last year we have heard the few who met together pray that God would put it into the hearts of our sisters to meet with us. This year God is answering those prayers. What encouragement this is; for as He has heard and answered our requests in behalf of our Society, we are assured He will answer those in behalf of that cause dear to the hearts of so many. We have lately adopted the plan of meeting at the houses of the members, instead of at the church as formerly. These meetings are of a social nature, and our President usually has some interesting missionary news to read to us. We are looking for a special blessing on our Missionaries and their labours this year; and we believe that in praying for a blessing on them, we ourselves will be blessed.

ELLA J. WOODWORTH, Sec.

GOBLE'S CORNERS.—We held the fifth annual meeting of our Foreign, and first of our Home Mission Circles Monday evening, Jan. 18th, our Pastor, Rev. S. S. Bates, presiding. Rev. A. Grant told us about the needs of the destitute fields in our dear home land, suggestive of the thought, "Beginning at Jerusalem." Rev. James Grant, of Paris, was no less faithful in presenting the claims of Foreign Missions: "Go ye into all the world." Rev. Mr. Beattie, Presbyterian minister, spoke of the "Reflex Influence of Missions;" "Giving and yet increasing." At the close of the meeting a collection amounting to \$17.35 was taken up, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

R. W. G.

New Circles

TEESWATER.—Children's Foreign Mission Band, organized by Mrs. R. Hodgson, Oct. 14th, twenty-six members. Officers: Mr. Thos. Davidson, *President*; Mrs. R. Hodgson, *Vice-President*; Mrs. J. Kelly, *Lady Director*; Carrie Kirkby, *Secretary-Treasurer*.

TEESWATER, Ont.—I am very late in sending you a report of our Circle. The sisters of the Baptist Church here met on the 18th of June for the purpose of forming a Mission Circle. The officers elected were—*President*, Mrs. H. Arkell; *Vice-President*, Mrs. R. Munro; *Treasurer*, Mrs. L. A. Brink; *Secretary*, Miss Annie V. Braden. I think that sister Hodgson was the first one to agitate the question of forming a Missionary Circle in connection with our church. She had become interested in the work which our Presbyterian sisters were doing, and was on her way to their meeting one day with the intention of joining with them, when the thought struck her, why cannot we have something like this in our own church? So she decided not to join the Presbyterians until she should see. About that time there were a number of letters in the *Baptist* pleading for help for the

Foreign work. More of us began to think of what we could do to help, and the result was the forming of a Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Circle. Our meetings are becoming more interesting. We have thirteen members. We are indebted to Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Newman, of Toronto, for the kind letters of information which they sent us. May we all commence the new year with renewed consecration to our Master's work.

ANNIE V. BRADEN, Sec.

BAYHAM, Ont.—*Dear LINK*.—On the afternoon of New Year's Day, 1886, a number of the ladies of the Malahide and Bayham Baptist Church and congregation met together, and with the aid of Pastor Mason, formed a Women's Home and For. Mission Circle. At this meeting the names of fourteen members were enrolled. Our first regular meeting held Tuesday, Jan. 5th, proved an interesting one; three more were added to our number, and at our next meeting we expect to receive several more. One of our members has been appointed to solicit subscriptions for the LINK, and we hope soon to see your valuable little paper in the home of every family represented in our Circle. We hope that our Circle may prove a blessing to ourselves, that it may promote a more active and prayerful interest in the cause of Missions, and that God will own and bless the little we may be able to do for the advancement of His kingdom in the dark places of the earth. The officers of our Circle are: *President*, Miss Adelia Pound; *Vice-President*, Ella Abell; *Treasurer*, Mrs. L. H. Cohoon; *Secretary*, Miss Amelia Pound.

A. P.

CALTON, Ont.—*Dear LINK*.—For the encouragement of all Mission workers, I would say that our Foreign Mission Circle met at the beginning of the year, at Timpany's Grove, to form a Home Mission Circle. We had a very enjoyable time, and all felt it good to engage in the Lord's service. It was decided to remain as Mr. Timpany left us, not "divide the living child," but to form the "Home" in connection with our Foreign. It was also decided to give one cent a week for the Home with the hope of getting a larger number to engage in this all-important work. At the meantime, to give us opportunity presents; and trust that very many will give even more than their dollar. Think it not strange if a little selfish interest is felt at the home of our esteemed and lamented missionary, A. V. Timpany; and while we strive to imitate his virtues let us hold with a firm grasp the Gospel Banner that he so long and faithfully swayed over dark India. May God forbid that the cause should ever languish, or that our zeal should in the least be abated. Eleven joined our Home Circle and thirteen our Foreign.

E. E. McCONNELL.

BEACHVILLE.—A mission Circle was formed on June 29th, 1885, by Mrs. E. M. Davidson, composed of four members. We have found it difficult to rouse sympathy for mission work, but the Lord has somewhat blessed our weak efforts, and a deeper interest is now manifested. The Circle now numbers fifteen, and there is prospect of others joining shortly. We hold our meetings on the third Thursday of each month, when we endeavour to stimulate each other in mission work. Our officers are *Pres.*, Mrs. J. Leonard; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. G. Hoggard; *Sec.*, Mrs. A. Colyer; *Treas.*, Mrs. J. A. Andrews. Since our organization we have raised \$11.00 which has been remitted to the Treas. Hoping that these few lines may encourage some other Circle who may find it hard work rowing against the stream.

MRS. J. LEONARD.

YOUNG PEOPLES' DEPARTMENT.

A Mission Band of Long Ago.

Children often ask their aunts or grandmothers to tell them some tale of "the good old times when you were young." Now I am not a grandmother, though my hair is gray, but if some one would only ask, I too have something to relate that happened when I was young. "Long, long ago," I belonged to a band.

"Oh, I thought there were no bands then, that they were something new," you say.

If you did think so, you'll find you are mistaken; but our band had no pretty name like yours, Lily of the Valley, Rose of Sharon, etc., but we were a band all the same. We met once a week, Wednesday afternoons I think. We had prayer and reading of the Bible, but no singing. Nor did we have rules to bind us; we needed none.

Do you ask how many we were? What is the smallest number that you would call a band? I hear some of you answering, We are twenty, forty, fifty. Well, our band—don't laugh, please!—consisted of only three. No. 1 was an elderly lady who held all the offices in our society. She was our president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. No. 2 was a young lady, a teacher. No. 3 was a little girl of eight, myself. I suppose you want to hear what we did at the meetings when we had no article from *Women's Work* or *Children's Work* to read, and no fairs or bazars to work for. Our president, I remember distinctly, made little strawberry emeries; she made them most beautifully too. I think a good deal of our money came from the sale of these. The young lady did various kinds of fancy work, and as for myself, it is so long ago I don't know what my share was, probably so little that it was not worth remembering. One thing I do recall, once my mother said, "If you do not finish one side of this hemstitched handkerchief, you cannot go to the society," as she called it. It was a great deprivation when I could not go, so I worked away diligently at my task and went. How much do you think we raised? \$20 each year for several years. The money was for a little girl named Louisa Park, after our president, in the Odooville school, Ceylon, and sent through an agent of the American Board, who used to visit every year at my father's house, so we never even saw our mite acknowledged in print. You say you don't think \$20 is very much. That sum was of more value then than now; and besides, how much do you give who number so many, twenty, thirty, or forty in each band? If three could contribute twenty dollars, please calculate and see what proportion would you raise.

Miss Park lived to see the little girl she helped to interest in mission work go to Syria, and one of the last times she was able to leave the house, shortly before her death, was to attend her wedding.

Now, dear children, you have heard my story, I wonder how many of you in the years to come will have something to tell about your band. If our small number sent one worker abroad, how many (this is another question in proportion) of your large circles should then have their names enrolled as missionaries in Africa, China, Japan or Syria? How many?

COCANADA, Dec. 1st, 1885.

My Dear Boys and Girls.

What do you think? One of my bearers, Goveiah has become the happy father of two bright looking little baby boys to-day. His face is covered with smiles; he

"Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet!"

probably preached well this afternoon, people generally do when they are happy, if they are inclined to preach at all. I feel glad too now, I think, although I did not at first; but you know we are told to rejoice with them that do rejoice, so I will, and have faith enough to hope that it will be all right with the dear little baby boys, although their father only gets five rupees, or two dollars a month, and has two little boys and a little girl besides these little new comers to provide for, and their mother is not the most thrifty housekeeper in India, so you understand why I did not feel very glad at first. I was caring for the things of the morrow when we are told to let the morrow care for itself. Goveriah is my only Christian bearer now, the other has gone to the seminary in Sumulcotta. He was very faithful in talking to the people outside of the homes while I was inside with the women, and Goveriah is following his example and seldom loses an opportunity. He has been given permission to go to school a while every morning to learn to read. I am going to ask those of you who love Jesus to pray for him and for my three heathen bearers. They are also very nice men, but they need new hearts; and four good, earnest Christian men could do a great deal of good work in the street with the men, women and children whom they would get to listen to them.

We had a good time to-day, we usually have; but one visit we made this afternoon seemed to be specially interesting to me. Shreherama and Punama are the names of the two women we went to see first. They belong to the dancing caste; no Hindoo women dance but those belonging to the one caste, and they, as a rule, are not supposed to associate with respectable people of other castes; but I am sure no one would suppose that these two nice looking women belonged to such a caste if they were not told. They have not only got good, noble looking faces, but are clean and neat and very refined and lady-like in their manners. Shreherama is about thirty years old and has some nice looking children; she reads very well and is learning to sing; and we trust is learning to know something of the true God. When she reads the Bible she seems to understand it so easily and can explain what she reads to others. Punama is younger, perhaps about twenty-three, has a very fair skin and is pretty; she is also bright and learns quickly; and like her friend Shreherama, understands all she reads and hears. She seems to understand why Christ died and told me she believed in Him; but I fear she has not yielded herself wholly to Him. A great many here tell us they believe in Jesus, when they mean that they believe he is the true God, so it is necessary to be very careful to show them the difference between a real, living faith in the Lord Jesus and the intellectual belief that too many are satisfied with. We hope that both of these dear women may soon receive Christ into their hearts and become his children.

Shreherama has a little daughter about eight years old, whose name is Pracashamina which means shining or bright. She is reading the "Peep of Day," a little book no doubt some of you have read. She is a dear little girl and is learning to read and sing very quickly; she, her mother and Punama sang a hymn for me to-day and two when I visited them a week ago. Ma Lukshmi, our Bible woman, teaches them one hour every morning.

To-day when I was there a number of women and children came from other houses in the neighbourhood; among them was an old woman, who had come once before and had heard a little which made her wish to know more, without thinking that there would be anything in what she heard for herself. I told her that Jesus

Christ, who was the only true God, loved her and He was waiting to save her and forgive her sins, and then she would go to Him after death. First she would not listen and thought it too absurd altogether, that this great salvation was intended for such a poor old woman as she considers herself to be. "No, no," she kept on saying, "It is not for me, why I cannot read, I do not know anything, I am only a poor, ignorant old woman, no one cares for me, I am kicked and knocked about that is all the happiness I have. Oh, no, no, it is only for you great people, that is all." Punama and I prevailed on her at last with a good deal of difficulty to listen and give herself time to think of what we were saying; we read several passages from the New Testament to her; one John viii. 16. "God so loved the world," etc., we also read for part of our lesson a part of the xlv. of Isaiah, to which she listened very attentively and told me while I was reading and talking to them about the folly and sin of making idols and worshipping them, that she had often fallen down before them and said, "Oh swamy, swamy, swamy, (swamy means God), but it did no good, I was not any happier afterwards." I told her God was very much displeased when He saw those whom He had created for His glory worshipping idols; and He said that those who did so would be ashamed and they had neither knowledge nor understanding. She listened very attentively so did also the rest of the women, and when I was through with my visit in that house she followed me to the next and told the woman there that I told her that this great salvation was for her. I am anxious to see her again and hope I shall find her ready to take Christ and come out and confess Him. Now my letter is quite long enough for this time.

Yours sincerely,

M. J. FRITH.

Achhru, The Boy Schoolmaster.

On several previous occasions we have told our young readers what English ladies are doing for the women and girls of India in the Zenana missions. I am sure you will be equally pleased to know what has been done by a Hindu boy who was taught by one of these ladies. Miss Greenfield is one of the missionaries of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and is stationed at Ludhiana, in that part of the Indian Empire known as the Panjab. This lady had persuaded some of the converted Hindu women to bring their children to church with them, instead of letting them play outside.

Among these was a woman named Dharmo, who was anxious to work for Christ, and she brought her little boy Achhru. "Poor little object, it was the beginning of the cold weather, and he came perfectly naked, with the exception of a strip of cloth round his loins, and sometimes a cotton sheet over his shoulders. He looked so weak and delicate as to move the heart of a kind friend then staying with us, who often gave Dharmo pice to buy milk for the lad."

Dharmo, the mother, had still a great amount of heathen superstition in her heart, and she was afraid to let the boy learn to read, because she said if he became learned he would die. But when she found that the other children learned without any fatal result, she yielded. He only had two lessons a week, but he was so quick and intelligent that in a year he could read and write quite nicely, and was soon able to read the Testament in the written language of the Panjab (Gurmukhi). It would seem that he was filled with the true missionary spirit. No sooner had he amassed a little knowledge for himself, than he was moved with the desire to impart it to others.

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

He taught his own mother with such effect that she has taken two prizes for writing, and can spell out a simple book very nicely. But this was not all. Without saying a word about his plans to anybody, he started a class of three girls and a boy, and every Friday brought them to Miss Greenfield that she might examine them, and test their progress during the previous week. It was found that poor little Achru had a real gift for teaching, and that his class went on increasing week by week. So Miss Greenfield engaged him as a teacher, and agreed to pay him two annas (about 3d) a month for every boy he might teach, and four annas for every girl.

Beginning in January, 1882, Achru's four pupils had increased to a class of thirty-six, and now there are over forty, which is as many as the room will hold. Four of his earlier pupils have now become teachers, and three have schools of their own, the fourth, a girl, being employed as a mistress in Achru's school. Miss Greenfield says, "In this way the children teach each other. We merely examine once a week, set them copies, and give a Bible lesson, and we have found no work more pleasant during the last three years than these weekly examinations."

Perhaps you would like to know how these children are taught? They "begin their education by learning both to read and write the alphabet: thirty-five letters, which are arranged in sets of five. The first writing lessons are given on the ground, over which a little fine sand or wood-ash is spread; the letter traced with the finger and then rubbed out with the palm of the hand, until the form is accurately learnt. From the alphabet board they are promoted to a spelling-book, and get a *takhti* or writing-board of their own. This board is washed and rubbed over with a kind of fuller's earth. When quite dry, the letters are formed on it with a blunt-pointed reed, and when the copy is finished the board can be again washed perfectly clean—the ink coming off with the fuller's-earth. Panjabi spelling is rather difficult to learn, but once acquired, you cannot mistake the sound of a word, as the letters never vary in pronunciation.

"To spell a simple word, ASO, for example, they have to make quite a long speech. Are mūn ā kanna sasse nūn so hora ('To A put an accent and to S add O'). But the children learn it very rapidly."

"After reading two simple books, they get *Bible Stories for Children*, by Miss Wauton, and then they can manage one of the Gospels, usually Mark first. Meanwhile the writing goes on, their own names and their neighbours, and then copying verses of Scripture, which they also learn by heart. They begin arithmetic soon, learning multiplication tables up to sixteen times sixteen, and fractional tables as well. It is exceedingly important for the farmer's children to get this elementary knowledge of arithmetic, because this is just the class of people that are so shamefully oppressed by the money-lenders. A poor man borrows ten rupees, and, as he thinks, repays the loan by instalments, paying heavy interest too. The pretended receipts prove worthless, and the money-lender claims to have lent him a hundred rupees. In vain the poor fellow protests, perhaps even goes to law; his ignorance makes him an easy prey, and once in the clutches of the money-lender, he may lose the whole of his property. No wonder, therefore, that our schools are disliked by the Mahajans, who make their profits out of the Zamindars' ignorance."

But Achru has not been satisfied with his day-school experiences; he continues to bring his boys into the village (a distance of five miles) each Sunday in order that they may attend the Sunday-school. And so he works on,

and sets many others to work, and who can measure the extent of the good thus done by this Hindu boy? E. S. —*The Illustrated Missionary News.*

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Of Ontario; Pres. Mrs. A. Castle, 401 Sherbourne street, Toronto; Sec. Mrs. H. J. Rose, 11 Gerrard street west, Toronto; Treas. Mrs. Jessie I. Elliott, 367 Sherbourne street; Mrs. J. E. Dadson, 128 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Of Quebec Province; Pres. Mrs. T. J. Cluxton, 461 Upper St. Urbane street, Montreal; Sec. Miss Muir, 1460 St. Catherine's street, Montreal; Treas. Mrs. M. A. Smith, 2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

Lower Provinces; Pres. Mrs. M. W. Williams, Wolfville, N. S.; Sec. Mrs. John March, St. John, N. B.; Treas. Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie street, Halifax, N. S.

Port, \$5; Osnabruk, \$14; St Andrews, \$11; Baruston, \$15; Olivet (Montreal), \$13. Total, \$58.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Paisley, M. C., \$7; Miss Good \$2 (towards the support of a Bible woman in India); Alexander St., M. C., \$10.40; Bloor St., M. C., \$20.20; Collingwood, M. C., \$7.00; Port Perry, M. C., \$4; Bathshoro, M. B., \$1.92; Brantford, 1st Church, M. C., \$25 (for the support of a Bible woman); Bank interest, \$25 11; Balance of collection at Union meeting Toronto, \$4; Belleville, M. B., \$3.40; Addie Jones, Mission Box 280; Mrs. G. Parsons \$1; "An old Friend," Kelso, Scotland, \$2; College St., M., \$2; (In aid of 12 B. Lydia.) St. Catharines, M. C., \$10; Part of collection at annual meeting, \$10; Danfield, M. C., \$11; College St., M. C., \$8.20; Wingham, M. B., \$25 (half yearly payment for the support of Chinama and a boy in Mr. McLaurin's school); Goble's Corners, M. C., \$23.03, Paris, M. C., \$11, Paris M. B., \$3.11, Brantford, East Ward, M. C., \$4, Innerkip, M. C., \$1.45, St. George, M. C., \$2, Jerseyville, M. C., \$3, Westover, M. B., \$1 (Brant Association per Mrs. J. G. Goble); Cheltenham, M. C., \$4; Guelph, M. C., \$25 (To make Mrs. Wm. Piskard a life member); Whitley, M. B., \$8.50 (Second half yearly payment for student No. 10); Lewis St. M. C., \$9.50. Total, \$283.10.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

207 Sherbourne Street Toronto.

W. B. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Nov. 28th to Jan. 21st.

Ottawa, \$30; Brockville, \$8; Perth, \$5; a friend, \$5; Montreal, (First Baptist Church,) \$25.95. Total, \$73.95.

Address— M. A. SMITH, Treas.

Mrs. FRANK B. SMITH,

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. M. A. Newmas, 114 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of the paper.

Dudley & Burns, Printers, 11 Colborne St., Toronto.