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Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. V., No. 10.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2.] JUNE, 1883.

If we could know!

For the LINK.

If we could know how dear the heart of Christ
Has ever held the lost of ev'ry clime,
How lovingly He wept and sacrificed,
And waits their homeward coming thro' all time—

How cold would seem our bosom's warmest thrill:
How low the aim to which our being strives!
How faint the sacred promptings—almost still!
How weak the strongest effort of our lives!

If we could hear, across dividing seas,
One wail of longing from a darkened soul,
O what a weight of fruitful sympathies
The waves would carry as they backward roll!

If we could know how many souls to-night—
Are near the dark unfathomed depths of woe,
We would not loiter round our sweetest light,
Our hands so listless and our feet so slow.

If we could know how short our mortal day,
How soon to midnight shadow turns the light,
Each moment we would work and watch and pray,
And so be ready for the rest of night.

IDA BAKER.

The Twenty-one Million Widows in India.

According to the late census returns taken by the Government of India, the astounding fact has been discovered that there are in this country no less than *twenty-one million widows*. And it would be well for us at home to know something of the miserable and degraded state in which so many poor women drag out a wretched existence in India.

It is true, that the strong social influence of the Christian religion, brought to bear by missions in India on the British Government in the land, has done away with at least all *open* scenes of *Sutteeism*, or widow-burning; but that has not put an end to the misery of the poor widows, whose condition of life is even worse than death itself; in truth, it is a kind of living death.

When a wife is deprived of a living husband in a Christian family, there are sympathizing friends at hand to do all they can to soothe her sorrow, and to comfort her bleeding heart; and all that human tenderness can do is done to alleviate as much as possible the terrible affliction. But how different the case with the poor afflicted widow in India! As the last embers of life are about to die out, and the sick Hindoo is expected to depart this world, the poor afflicted wife feels as if her own death-knell is about to sound, and that her future life will be to her something worse than death. Instead of having dear friends by her to cheer her sorrowful heart, she is not to be approached by relative or friend, but, instead of this,

can be seen waiting not far off (as we often, in this land, see a flock of vultures waiting to see the last move of a dying animal), a number of women—called in for the purpose—to pounce upon the poor widow, and strip her clean of all her ornaments as soon as the husband's last breath is gone. These wives of barbers (a class kept for this special work) make a perfect rush at the poor widow as soon as the word "*He Ram!*" is uttered in the dying chamber—by which exclamation it is known that death has come. The poor broken-hearted widow sits in a corner far off from all friends, and, if of rich family, she is covered by a silk shawl, which is at once snatched away from her, as well as all her other fineries, and this cruel act is done in the most heartless and ruthless manner. The rings in the ears and the nose are often wrenched off with such haste that the blood flows freely from the broken cartilage. The neck ornament, which is generally a solid band of gold, or silver, or brass, as the case may be, is snatched away with such force as to half choke the poor victim for the time being. Ornaments plaited in the hair are in like manner torn off in haste, and the gold and silver bracelets and anklets are all stripped off one by one. These heartless despoilers often put the widow's arms on the ground, and, if the bracelets will not slip off over the hand, they hammer away on them with stones until the cast metal of which they are made is broken; the barbers' vixens caring but little whether the poor widow's flesh is torn or not, as she is *now* looked upon as a *wretch*, to be insulted and treated with contempt and scorn. And now, mark, this may be the case—and often is—with a poor *young child* of eight or ten years old, who, as yet, does not know what a married life means—though she lives with her husband's mother. When the body is carried away to the funeral pile, the widow is to follow *last of all*, led on by the barbers' wives, who speak insultingly to her all the way as they go. She is to be kept at such a distance from the funeral cortege that her shadow is not to fall on any of the women present, lest that should cause them to become widows too. But from this curse it is said that her tormentors, who are the barbers' wives, are exempted on account of the *religious duty* in which they are then engaged! One of these is to march on in front of the widow to warn all passers-by to keep out of the way of the "accursed thing," lest her ill-fated shadow should happen to fall on them—and the other women drag her along after the funeral procession until they arrive at the river or the pool by the side of which the body is to be consumed. After the body is set on fire the widow is pushed into the water, in which she has to lie until the body of her husband is burnt, and all the party have bathed and washed their clothes and dried them. When all is ready to start for home, the widow is taken out of the water, and led back in her wet clothes, which she is not allowed to change, but they are to dry upon her, and in them she is to work and sleep.

For a whole year after the death of her husband she is only to get one meal a day, and that of the coarsest food served out on green leaves, with a pot of cold water. All day long, rude and insulting remarks are made by all in the house about her; and though they think it too great a disgrace to speak to her, they speak of her. One will say, "The horrid viper!" She has stung her poor husband to death." Another will say, "Miserable wretch! I can't bear her. Why was she born?" A third will say, "How well it would have been if she had died, cursed creature; why was she sent to kill her husband?"

On the eleventh day, the holy priest or Brahman, pays the widow a visit, not to comfort her, but to demand his fee. However great her riches, she is to have no enjoyment whatever. From all the social or national or religious festivities she is strictly excluded. She is to wear but one piece of coarse cloth, night and day the same, and her bed is a piece of straw mat on the bare ground. She is never to laugh, never to sing, never to appear happy, and by all to be treated with shame and contempt all the days of her life.

And what does all this lead to? Generally speaking, to one of two sad, sad results. Either the poor degraded creature, driven to desperation, life becoming a burden too heavy to bear, takes a dose of poison, or a plunge into a deep well, to end all misery on earth; or else (as is more often the case), as re-marriage is impossible, and she has but the dark prospect of the life of a slave at home, she plunges into a course of licentiousness and sensuality, from which she can never have the least chance of recovery or reformation! And now, in the face of all this misery—which the *twenty-one millions* of the widows in India are all more or less subjected to—will not the tender hearts of our Christian ladies in England more than ever feel for the humiliation, the disgrace, and the horrid misery to which so many of their sisters are exposed in this dark land of cruelty, and the abomination of idolatrous customs, which can only be swept away by the glorious light of the Gospel of the grace of God?

What wonder that an intelligent Hindoo widow, who could commit her thoughts to paper, wrote at the end of her account of the misery of a widowed life—

"The only difference for us since *Suttee* was abolished, is that we then died *quickly*, if cruelly, while now we die miserably all our lives long, in lingering pain and deadly despair."

May the voice of a Hindoo widow, from a far-off heathen land, arouse the heart-felt sympathy of thousands in Christian lands to their oppressed sisters, and lead them to the more abundant support of all branches of Zenana missions, is the hope of the writer.—THOMAS EVANS, Monghyr.—*The Baptist Missionary Herald*.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

FROM OUR ZENANA WORKER.

DEAR LINK,—I feel that I must write and tell you about my class of Brahman boys. Perhaps I should not call them boys as they are all above fifteen years of age, and some of them twenty-five. Most of them are married. Poor fellows, we feel like saying, to be married so young. But their parents have this ceremony performed when they are too young to know what it means. Just now I hear the noise of a wedding procession on the street; a noise they consider very fine music, which probably costs

them a good many rupees, but not very entertaining to us, particularly when kept up all night.

There are in Cocanada a great many young men who speak English very nicely. Some have passed high examinations in the English language. Among these I felt God had given me a work to do which would be the means of much good in more ways than one, and would not in any way interfere with my progress in learning the language. First, I thought that by having a class for these caste young men, who can read and speak English, every Sunday morning, I might help to scatter the precious seed of the Kingdom, which would, in time, no doubt, yield fruit in spite of the many hindrances; and oh I can assure you the hindrances are many, particularly with the Brahmans, for they are so proud and pharisaical; but God has the power to break the proud heart and in Him we hope and look for this result." A second motive was a view to my future work as a Zenana missionary. I had been wondering ever since I landed in India what plan to adopt to become acquainted with the men so that I might gain their good will and get their permission to visit their wives and families. We all felt this was very important, and believe now that God has opened up one way, which is the class already mentioned. A month ago I asked my *munshi*, who is a Brahman, if he thought any would be willing to attend a class on Sunday morning if I opened one. He seemed much pleased with the idea, which was quite encouraging to me, and kindly offered his services, in the way of making it known, even offered to write a notice and put it up in the public school, but I preferred a quieter way to begin with, as I did not feel very brave. The next Sunday morning, March 25th, eight young men, *munshi* with the rest, sat down in our mission house parlor, and after the singing of two hymns, lead by Miss Cowling who also played on the organ, and prayer, I read the 1st of Matthew and talked to them of Him who was born in Bethlehem, the Saviour and Redeemer of sinners. The next Sunday eleven came, the third Sunday thirty-two, and last Sunday, which was the fourth time for the class to meet, thirty-seven were present. The class reads now, which I did not ask them to do the first two Sundays. Some bring Bibles which look as if they had been used at home, and a number of Bibles have been purchased for the use of the class.

Two weeks ago *munshi* asked permission for two of the young men to be allowed to sit on chairs apart from the rest of the class. I consented, but asked why they should sit away from the rest. He said there had been a death in their family and they were considered unclean. At the closing of the class they had to stand back so that not even a thread of their garments could touch the others. I was glad they came to the class in spite of their uncleanness, and let us hope, dear sisters, that they may all be convinced of the unclean state of their hearts, and will go and wash in the fountain that flowed from Calvary.

Last Sunday some were absent attending a funeral or our class would probably have numbered forty.

To-morrow morning we expect Mr. Timpany home. He has been visiting a village about 18 miles from Cocanada for a few days. We expect Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin also, and wish the other missionaries were going to be present at the opening of the long looked for home boxes which arrived on Tuesday. Some of us feel like children in anticipation of what is coming on the morrow. Now, may God's rich and abundant blessing be given to you all, and may the interest both in Home and Foreign work deepen and widen still more and more, until many shall be seen flocking to the Lord.

Cocanada, April, 19th, 1883.

M. J. FRITH.

Akidu.

[The following letter, written last November, to the members of the Wianipeg Circle, has been sent to us for publication.]

DEAR SISTERS.—Your kind gift of \$20 was duly received and a post-card was sent at once in acknowledgment of the same. In almost every department of the work I find myself hampered for lack of money, so that I soon decided what to do with your donation.

In the appropriations for the current year, mention was made of a seminary at Samulcotta, also of a salary for the missionary who was to take charge of the seminary; but no money was voted for the support of the students who would attend the school. Hence those of us who have sent students have to provide for their support until the end of this year. When your gift came, I decided to use it for this object. The school was opened at the beginning of October, and I sent five young men, (two of whom are married) so the party consists of seven. Both the young women are studying with their husbands. I am going to tell you about these seven students of mine, so that you may know who are receiving the benefit of your donation.

1. North-west of Akidu, about 30 miles distant, lies a village called Yellamilly. It is about two miles north of the canal, running from the Godavary river to Ellore. I have just been to see it. This morning I preached in the Mala quarter for some time, and then prayed with our *one* Christian there—a woman. I believe she is a bright light in the midst of gross darkness. Her husband is a heathen priest. After she became a Christian, she had a hard time at first. Her name is Lydia. In April, 1881, a young man from this village came to me at Akidu and was baptized. His name is Adiyya (pronounced Adeeya, with the accent on the "a"). In some way or other he soon learned to read a little, and since then has been asking me to send him to Cocanada to school. At last his wish has been granted and he has gone to Samulcotta. None of his relatives have believed as yet. He is one of those who have obtained a copy of the New Testament as a reward for learning by heart the Sermon on the Mount.

2. About sixteen miles north of Akidu is Nindrakol, where we have a number of Christians. Among them is a young man called Peter, who was a member when I took charge of the field. Last January, after one of the sessions of our Telugu Association, he was married to a girl called Bungaramma (Gold or Golden). She belonged to Ganapavaran, a village on the Akidu canal, twelve miles from Akidu. She had studied in the Cocanada boarding school for a year. Both she and her husband obtained New Testaments as prizes in the way mentioned above.

The above are from villages north of Akidu. The remaining four from villages south of Akidu.

3. Twelve miles south-west of Akidu lies Asaram. A young man who studied some in the village school there, showed considerable desire to work for Christ, so I have sent him to the Seminary. His name is Satyanandamu. This name is composed of two words, meaning "truth" and "joy." I suppose the idea is "rejoicing in the truth."

4. The remaining three belong to Gunnanapudy, our most important village. They have been teaching in other villages for some time. One of them, Samuel, seems to be a very nice young man. I think he will make a good worker after a few years' study at Samulcotta. What education he has obtained at the village school in Gunnanapudy.

5. The remaining two are husband and wife, Philemon and Ruth. Both studied at Cocanada for two or three years, I think, so they have returned to their old teachers, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin. They have a baby, that interferes with its mother's studies, I am told. However, such things can't be helped. When the baby grows up, perhaps she will become a worker herself.

The Seminary vacation is to begin about the middle of April and end about the middle of July. The students will spend the time in preaching and teaching, just as Woodstock and Prairie College students do, if they intend to become ministers. We do not expect all our students to become preachers. Some will teach village schools.

It is a great joy to us all to know that our Seminary is really begun. Its influence for good on this people among whom we are working cannot be calculated. In the course of a very few years, I expect to have twenty or thirty fairly well educated preachers, where at present I have only five or six poorly educated men.

I wish you much success and joy in your share of the work.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CRAIG.

Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK.—Somebody has said that "startling, striking news from the mission field is what our people most enjoy." As in the ordinary acceptation of those terms, they can so rarely be applied to the events of my monotonous life, I am almost afraid at times to attempt a letter for the LINK.

Right here, comes the English mail. If you wish to know what an event that is, witness how quickly I drop my pen.

Later: I have read and enjoyed my share of the good things, which came from the postman's bag. Have laid Mr. Sanford's in on his study table: wish he could have them now; but he must wait till a coolie goes to him on the field, where he is preaching the gospel.

Suppose I send you an extract from a letter received from him:—"There is a good deal of encouragement in the work. Many of the village people readily admit the truth of what we say. They confess that their idols are vain; but how to worship God or serve Christ, they do not know. The most apparent hindrance is their indifference and little sense of danger. The Roman Catholic priest lives not very far west of this. The people speak of him as *Sazamy*. He pays those who join one rupee each when sprinkled. Besides this, each receives some daily allowance of a few pice, the children as well. This is one way of doing the business." He closes by saying, "I want to see the work prosper. Pray for us; we need to be filled with the Spirit."

We do pray for those who speak or teach, and for those who hear. And, my dear friends, if there is one message above another, that I desire God to impress upon your hearts, it is this: *Pray for us*.

The missionaries need your prayers. Sometimes when I go into the town to talk to the women, the dense darkness of mind and soul, which confronts me, seems like a weight upon me. It makes me sick at heart. I rarely go among high caste women; would not meet such awful ignorance if I did (though there would be quite sufficient). I feel that my work lies with these other women. The thought often arises, Can this darkness ever be dispersed? Can the "True Light" ever shine here? I know I should not feel this way, for the Lord Jehovah reigns, and the earth is to be filled with the knowledge of His glory.

Pray that our faith fail not; that we may be enabled to take hold of the promises of God, lay them humbly before Him, and ask Him to fulfil them towards us.

Last evening, while talking to some poor people, one man said, "If we worship your God, will he give us rice?" I said "Yes, because if you worship Him, you will do as He says." Then he asked, "What must we do?" I stated several things that must, or must not, be done; but told the man that God said one particular thing about this rice question, they were always talking about, viz., "If a man does not work, neither shall he eat." Two or three others said, "We have strength, and of course we must work." Again, a woman asked, "If we do as you teach, can the *Savony* on the hill hurt us?" They fear that the idol in the temple will send illness upon them, destroy their flocks or injure them in some way.

We have quite a large day school here, in which I spend two hours every morning, mainly engaged in teaching Bible lessons. Three nice girls came in to-day, and one of them is as bright and smart as I could wish. Gathering in girls and securing regularity of attendance is up-hill work, and there are not yet half as many girls in the school as I want. I have one class in sewing, and am about forming another. The pupils in this second class are beginners. So they will come with dirty hands and tangled hair; will hold the needles every way but the right way; knot the thread and twist it about the cotton. But they are learning to sing, and a woman said to me last evening, "Nunisummah sings a hymn after the work is done at night."

Can Christian hymns fail to have other than a good influence?

We are very anxious that the Lord should come near to us in blessing, and, my dear friends, I believe the blessing will be given, as soon as we get within its reach.

In looking over this letter, I see that I have called my life monotonous. Be all that as it may, I am very, very glad and thankful that I am strong enough to work, and that God has work in this country for me to do. It is a privilege that I would exchange for no other, until He bids.

CARRIE HAMMOND.

March 2nd, 1883.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

The President of one of our Circles requests that special prayer be made to God on behalf of our sisters who are working in India, namely: The wives of the missionaries; Miss Frith; and the native helpers; that strength and wisdom may be granted them, and that an abundant blessing may crown their work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The first annual meeting of the *Brant Associational Society*, in connection with the Woman's Foreign Mission Work, will be held in St. George, Ont., on Friday, June the 8th.

The afternoon session will be in the Methodist church, and commence at 3 o'clock.

A public meeting will be held in the evening, in the Baptist church.

ANNA MOYLE, *Associ'n Sec.*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—The attention of the treasurers of the Ontario Circles is called to the change in the name and address of the treasurer of the Central Board. They will in future remit to MRS. W. H. ELLIOTT, 267 *Sherbourne Street*, Toronto.

A CORRECTION.—By a typographical error in the figures of the quarterly report of the treasurer of the Ont. Society, as given in last month's LINK, the amount "Spent at Home" was made to be \$96, instead of 96 cents.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—The secretary writes that the Circle is increasing rapidly in numbers, and that they hope to do much for the Master's cause.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.—A Woman's Mission Circle has been recently organized.

MORRISBURG, ONT.—A few of the ladies of the church met at the Pastor's house on April 26th, and organized a Women's Foreign Mission Circle in connection with the Eastern Society. The present membership is seven, and it is hoped others will soon join in this work.

THE REV. JOHN CRAIG has generously given a copy of Miss Havergal's book, "Kept for the Master's use," to each of the Circles in the Eastern Society.

HAMILTON, ONT.—*Dear Link*,—You have not heard from the Hamilton Circle for some time and perhaps a few remarks about our condition will not prove uninteresting. We meet regularly, and these gatherings are increasing in interest. Many of us look forward with sincere pleasure to this assembling of ourselves together to talk of ways and means of furthering missions. Interesting original papers have been read at our recent meetings, and others have expressed their willingness to do what they can in this direction. Our collectors do their work thoroughly, and as they go from house to house they are heartily welcomed by many who consider it a blessed privilege to give to such a cause. We held a public meeting on Thursday, April 26th, which was pleasant and profitable. Those present enjoyed it thoroughly. Papers were read by members of the Circle and a soul-stirring address was given by our pastor, Rev. J. W. A. Stewart. He looks upon our circle as a means of blessing to the church. Would that other pastors would see as he does regarding such work. Perhaps this cheering information from our young circle will encourage some other church to make a beginning in this great and glorious work.

LIZZIE MOORE, Sec.

WYOMING, ONT.—As our church membership does not exceed fifty, we cannot have a very large Circle. It is two years last month since it was organized with a membership of eleven. At the end of the first year our number had increased to eighteen; our funds in hand for that year amounting to \$20.00. The second year we had only thirteen members to begin with, which number, before the close of the year, increased to sixteen, with \$26.00 in hand. The reason for falling off in numbers for the second year was, that several of our members removed to other places. Third year, beginning April last, we started with eighteen members, and already number twenty. We feel that our Saviour did not hesitate to send a woman to tell his followers that he had risen

from the dead, and shall we stand idly by, while multitudes are perishing, who have never heard that Jesus gave his life to redeem them and now lives that He may prepare a place for them? The interest in the work is steadily increasing, and we hope that others of our lady members who have not assisted in this work, will in time see fit to do so. When we consider the blessings which we enjoy through the gospel of Christ, we feel that all we do and give is nothing in comparison with what we receive. We hope that but a very few, if any, of the Circles can be classed among "the extinct."

E. PARK.

May 8th, 1883.

THE WHITEVALE, Ont., Circle have constituted Mrs. H. A. McConnell a life member of the Society.

WESTOVER, ONT.—The first meeting of this new Circle was held on the 8th of May. A number of sisters took part in the proceedings, which were very interesting.

HOW THE USEFULNESS OF THE "LINK" MAY BE INCREASED.—A lady in Nova Scotia, when sending a subscription for our paper, adds:—"This sister is a poor woman, residing in a remote district where she seldom hears the gospel, but has become interested in Missions and the heathen, from reading a stray number or two of the LINK, which I sent to one of her neighbors. This is another proof of the importance of disseminating missionary intelligence. No doubt the circulation of the LINK would be greatly increased, if sisters, after reading their own copies, would send them to out-of-the-way places; and thus a knowledge of the world's needs would come to many Christian hearts, leading them to pray more intelligently, "Thy kingdom come"; and in many cases, too, out of their own deep poverty, to give the mite, that God would bless to the saving of souls."

Canning, April 5th, 1883.

To the Canadian Boys and Girls who are Interested in the Telugus.

If it were possible to gather all such into one place, I wonder how many it would make. More than any one building would hold, I hope, for since our Sunday-schools have begun to send money to Samulcotta a great many boys and girls must have learnt to care for the Telugus. I do not suppose that what I have to say will be read by very many of the children who are already giving to the Telugus, only those whose mothers or friends will take the trouble to tell them of it.

For some months a letter has been lying in my writing desk, and every time my eye fell upon it I thought, "What am I to do with the precious dollar that is folded inside?" The letter is from a lady whom I visited last summer, and recalls the face of a dear little girl that sat beside me when I was talking to the ladies present about our Foreign Mission, and who listened most eagerly to every word as if it were the most interesting story. I thought, as I looked at the sweet young face, that here was one that God was training to be a great worker in the Mission, either in Canada or India; but He had other plans for Nettie, and has called her home to Him in Heaven. Let me open the letter and read you what is written on the black-edged paper:—

"A short time after you were visiting us I took very sick. Our children had diphtheria, and on the 18th of October our dear little Nettie died. She joined

our Circle at the first meeting, and there was not a member who seemed to have a deeper interest in the meetings than she had. When she died she had paid up to the end of this year, and had this precious dollar laid away for next year. She had gathered it so carefully, laying by every five cents she could get, until she had this dollar. She was seven years and nearly nine months old when she was called away, and our Lord only knows how we miss our fair-haired darling. Yet we know that God makes no mistakes, and that He has done what is best for Nettie."

Do you wonder that I did not like to send that dollar to our Treasurer as if it were any ordinary dollar? I felt that, gathered as it had been by hands that are still forever here, it ought to do some special work, but I could not tell what. The other day, as I saw a letter from Mr. Craig, in India, lying beside this one, it suddenly flashed across my mind, "Now I know what I will do with Nettie's dollar." In this letter Mr. Craig tells of three little girls he has taken into his school at Akidu, to teach them to be good useful women. One of them is a little girl who cannot read, but who has heard about Jesus and given her heart to Him. She had been baptized in a canal a week before Mr. Craig wrote. I wish he had told us her name, but I will write and ask him to do so, and to tell us all he knows about her. I wonder if any of you have guessed what this little girl can possibly have to do with Nettie's dollar. Oh, it has a good deal, for I think it would be so nice if a number of other children would add a little to Nettie's gift until we get enough to pay for this little Telugu girl being taught for one year. It will take twenty-five dollars; but if a great many will send ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents, it can easily be done; and we will send it to India and call it the "Children's Offering," or "Nettie's Offering," or any other name that would be better. Nettie cannot save any more money in order that the Telugus may be taught about Jesus. She has probably met Gabriel and Josiah Burder, and other Telugus who are in Heaven, and I am sure she has told them that when she was on earth she loved their people and prayed for them. Although she cannot work for them here, others can, and this little story of her love will, I hope, make some other children wish to help as she did.

Those of you who wish to give toward the support of this little girl in India had better send the money to my address, *Miss Muir, 1395 St. Catherine St., Montreal*; and if you send me your addresses, I will write and let you know I received it. As you may not like to send silver in a letter, I would just as soon have the value in Canada postage stamps. As soon as I receive the twenty-five dollars I will let you know through THE LINK. I have one donation already to add to Nettie's dollar. Three little children called, Tom, Fred and Daisy, had a sale in their own house one day, and gave me what they got to send to the Telugus. So that is a beginning. Even children can be such a help in spreading the gospel, and our Lord Jesus Christ loves to have them do something.

When you hear the beautiful Bible stories and especially that most beautiful one about Jesus coming to earth as a little child, do you not sometimes wish that all the children in the world might hear it also? But so many have never heard of the Bible and they cannot hear unless some one goes to them to tell them. We hope that this little girl Mr. Craig has taken to teach may learn so much about Jesus, that in a few years she may be able to go into many Telugu homes, and tell the children there the beautiful story of Jesus and His love. Let us help her to do so.

AMELIA MUIR.

May 19th, 1883.

A Glimpse of Women's Mission Work Sixty Years Ago.

When I returned home from our last meeting, going into my mother's room, I said, "Mother, the ladies of the missionary society wish me to prepare something to read at the next meeting. I am sure they know much more about missions than I do. I felt like refusing, but as Mrs. Langdon proposed me I did not like to do so, and after I spoke the thought flashed across my mind, why not ask my mother how they carried on mission work when she was young? Will you not tell me what you did to help the missionaries?"

For a few moments she was quiet, and a shadow of sadness passed over her face. I was almost sorry I asked, for she had been very ill, and I knew she was looking back through a vista of fifty years, with its lights and shadows, to her girlhood's home. Then brightening, she said, "Yes, indeed, I will. It seems but yesterday since we gathered in Colonel Totten's parlor to organize our society. I left New York when I was fifteen years old and went to live in the city of B., then a mere village. The First Presbyterian Church was a small wooden building

"At that time the civilized world was becoming aroused in the cause of missions, and 'Preach the gospel to every creature' was heard from all our Christian pulpits. In our own land, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Judson had bid farewell to home and friends. After waiting long months, we heard that the Newells were not allowed to remain where they had intended to make their home, but had been obliged to remove to an island near the mainland, and also of the persecutions of the Judsons, and we remembered the words of our Lord: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' The work of our society was in making outfits for missionaries, home and foreign."

I said, "Most of the ladies of our society are interested in all departments of the work, and would like, I think, to hear what you did. I suppose the missionaries required a great amount of work done for them?"

"Yes; their journeys were often long, and a large quantity of clothing was needed. To obtain funds for material the society sewed for the families of many of its members. Sewing-machines were unknown, and in those days people were expected to sew nicely. Many a shoulder must have passed over the older members as a fine linen garment was handed to a group of laughing girls, and often a quiet afternoon was spent in picking out their stitches. Of course the girls never knew how much trouble they made, but Mrs. Totten called this home mission work.

"At last our first outfit was ready to be packed; it was for a young missionary and his wife, who were going to India. What a busy afternoon we had as we put garment after garment into the box, and many a little article was added for the toilet—articles of use and beauty that would gladden the young wife's heart in that distant land. Because she had chosen to leave home and friends to work for the Master, that was surely no reason why she should give up everything that makes life beautiful.

"When the packing was finished and we stood around the box, all were silent for a moment; then Mrs. Butler, our president, said, 'Let us ask God's blessing.' It was the first public prayer that had been offered in our society, and amid profound silence the timid woman asked

God to bless those who would wear those garments, and to bless our efforts. Her voice often faltered, some of the words we did not hear, but He, who knew what a struggle it was for her to kneel at His feet in public, heard it all and did bless us.

"As our society grew in number we took under our care two children in the Cattaraugus mission, naming one of them Joseph Hanford for our minister, the other Anna Hanford for his wife, who came to us a bride; she stayed a few months, then God took her, leaving us very sad and his home very desolate.

"The society of B. was composed chiefly of families coming from New York. of New England origin (as was my mother), and, like their Puritan ancestors, they were firm of purpose; having once put their hands to the plough, there was no turning back."

"I suppose," I said, "your father and brothers would scarcely have thought you capable of organizing a society and managing it in all its details as women do now?"

"I do not know what they thought; but woman was always the power behind the throne, and I am glad to have lived to see the day when a gifted woman can speak to other women in public without being condemned, as she would have been less than fifty years ago. But she must be careful not to abuse her power. Step by step she is going higher, and as long as the gentleness and modesty of her home life characterize her public life, all will be well.

"I can better illustrate how the seed sown in our little society took root by telling of an incident that took place in the life of one of those merry girls who attended our meetings.

"Madge Marvin was full of life, making sunshine out of everything. Madge was to be married to a young army officer. Ah! well I remember Madge as she stood under the chandelier, with its soft wax lights, surrounded by beautiful women and a brilliant array of officers in full dress. Madge's heart was light, and as she passed a group of friends, in which were some of the ladies of our society, she said, 'There is a mission station near the fort; I'll watch them for you,' then added with a laugh, 'Perhaps, if it is very lonely, I may get converted myself.' Words lightly spoken, but how prophetic!

"She left us, and by and by we heard of her, and from her, how she carried her brightness into that lonely place, enjoying everything, seemingly as happy as ever. A year passed, a little child was given her, beautiful, and the darling of all. One morning, in midwinter, word came to the mission station that Lieutenant Dayton's baby was dying. They went to his house, and there, over the cradle was Madge trying to awaken her darling, who was asleep in death. Then the missionaries that Madge proposed to watch, were watching her. For a time her life hung by a thread, and at last, as the blossoms came out, she grew better and returned home. Shortly after she united with the church, and when she returned to the West she went to work nobly. She treated the Indians like men and women, and they learned to love her, and in the poetic language of their race named her the 'Weeping Willow,' after seeing her bending over her baby's grave. But Madge did not give her life to sadness; her brightness came back, and when we met her in after years we saw a new beauty in her face—the beauty of holiness. Many letters our society received from her, telling of her work and thanking us for clothing and books sent."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

Via Dolorosa.

This hymn was written by a native of India. Some of these people, after learning to love Christ, went to a missionary, and asked for hymns which they could *feel in their hearts* more than they did our English hymns. So the missionary sent out word that all who could write hymns should do so. One hundred were sent in, and this is one of them.

VIA DOLOROSA.

Whither with that crushing load,
Over Salem's dismal road,
All Thy body suffering so,
O my God, where dost thou go?

CHORUS.

Whither, Jesus, goest thou?
Son of God, what dost thou
On this city's dolorous way,
With that Cross? O Sufferer, say!

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,
Dost Thou of Thine own accord
Bear that cross? or did Thy foes
'Gainst Thy will that load impose?—CHOR.

Patient Sufferer, how can I
See Thee faint and fall and die,
Press'd, and pull'd, and crush'd, and ground
By that cross upon Thee bound?—CHOR.

Weary arm and staggering limb,
Visage marr'd, eyes growing dim,
Tongue all parch'd, and faint at heart,
Bruised and sore in every part.—CHOR.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go
On that cross in shame and woe
Malefactors either side—
To be nailed and crucified?—CHOR.

The Rope of Three Strands.

When our Society was just born, Andrew Fuller represented heathenism as a deep, and dark, and dismal pit, and asked the question, "Who will go down into the pit?" Carey looked up with a happy smile, and said, "Brother, I will, if you will hold the rope." Now, we want you to hold on to the rope; that is not enough, we want you to have some more ropes, with men at the end of every one of them, a woman, too, at the end of some of them; and we want you to see that the rope you have is a strong one, made of three strands, well twisted together. We want heartfelt sympathy for the heathen as the first strand—such sympathy as Christ our Master felt when he came into this lower world and placed his heart alongside of ours, all throbbing with loving sympathy for us in our misery and woe. We want you to feel Christ-like sympathy in your hearts in a larger measure. Then we want your earnest prayers for the second strand in the rope. We want your sympathy to find expression in earnest believing prayer. "Why, we do pray for Missions." Yes, but I think you do not pray often enough for Missions. We want you to pray every day for them at the throne of grace. Then there is another strand we cannot get along without. We want a great deal more money. Now, if you take those three strands and twist them well together, depend upon it they will be strong enough to do the work, but not otherwise. It is no use to say, "We feel the sympathy and give utterance to that sympathy," unless we put something on God's altar. I have thought

that we get down on our knees sometimes and say, "O Lord, bless the missionaries, bless the mission, give it success, Lord!" and if the Lord were to speak in an audible voice, He would say, "Asking me to bless!—what shall I bless? Put something on My altar and I will bless it; I never bless nothing; I always want something to bless." Now, we have put something there, but the question is, have we put enough of it there—have we placed enough on God's altar to make us feel it, or have we given just what we can spare? That is no sacrifice. God wants us to give until it pinches us, and when He sees we have made some sacrifice for Him and His work, and have laid much on the altar, God then hears us cry to Him for a blessing, and "He will command the blessing, even life for evermore."—*Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, at Exeter Hall*

A Missionary Match-Box.

Mary Pruyn, of the Women's Union Missionary Society, gives the following account of how three little girls collected six shillings for foreign Missions:—

"Two little sisters determined they would form a society, and at once tried to persuade others to join them. Only one little Catholic girl consented, and for four weeks those three dear children met each Saturday, read a portion of the Bible, sang some of their sweet hymns, offered the Lord's prayer, and then put their little offerings of money saved, begged, or earned by the most persistent efforts, into a little *match-box*. The teacher, who had been let into the secret, then proposed that once a month they should bring the contents of the box to me, and having told me of the plan, a time was appointed for them to come. I waited a long time, and at last the teacher appeared, bringing me two shillings and sixpence, and saying it had just come to her with a message that little Nellie, the Catholic girl was suddenly taken very ill, and the others would not come without her. That night little Nelly died, and her missionary work was done on earth, but we know that she learned some precious lessons through this little society, for when persuaded to give her money to the priest, she said, 'Perhaps he would not send it to the heathen.' 'Do you think the priest would tell a lie?' said her companion; and she replied, 'He *don't* tell the truth, for he says he can forgive sins, and I know only Jesus Christ can do that.'

"I cannot tell all the results of this beautiful undertaking, but the two little sisters are still keeping their 'society,' and have added to the first sum three shillings and sixpence, and surely it will be said of them, 'They have done what they could.' Will the dear Lord say that of you?"

WORKING AND WAITING.—These exercises should never be separated. Either is useless without the other. Both united are invincible, and inevitably triumphant. He who waits without working is simply a man yielding to sloth and despair. He who works without waiting is fitful in his strivings, and misses results by impatience. He who works steadily and waits patiently may have a long journey before him, but at its close he will find its reward.

BEAR with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love:—*Fenelon*.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—It made me very glad during the past month to see a column in the *Baptist*, headed, "For Mission Bands." The editor also promises such a column every month from one of our best missionary workers.

Do you know why this made me glad? It shows that our Mission Bands are becoming so useful, that those who love the heathen, and want to see them all saved, feel that the boys and girls have chosen a good way to be workers in this great cause. So, friends of missions, old and young, want to help them to be more useful. My friends who see the *Canadian Baptist* every week, must be on the lookout for the "Mission Band" column. I intend this month to give you four little stories, showing some of the fruit of Foreign Missions, that we may all "thank God and take courage" for the cause we love.

One evening, at sunset, a missionary reached a village in his little boat, where he thought no missionary had ever been. The report soon spread that a foreign teacher had come, and crowds gathered around him on the shore, listening while he spoke of the True God. At last a young man said, "Teacher, have you the book of Acts?" Much surprised, the teacher answered that he had. "Have you the Gospel of John?" "Yes," said the missionary, "but when did you hear of these books?" The young man answered, "Long ago, my grandfather received them from Missionary Judson, but they were lost in a big fire. He is very anxious to get them again." Then he asked the teacher to come home with him. The old man was perfectly blind. He put out his hands to feel the stranger. The missionary found that the whole family had listened to these books, and learned to love the truth they taught. The old man said, "Teacher, the eyes of my body are dark, but the eyes of my mind are wide open."

A New Zealander thus speaks, "I was walking in another road. I bore another likeness. When the missionary showed us a new road, I paid no attention. But seeing others of my people changed, made me stop and think. I saw my sins before me, about four thousand. They were like a great army, coming up to kill me. They fought hard and gave me great pain. I then resolved to leave my old road for Christ's way. In this I found relief. The Spirit, the Comforter, came to my heart, bringing love, joy and peace. I now serve Christ. Sometimes I sin, and it seems as if my outside man is wrong then, but the *inside man loves Christ*."

Mr. Carey told of a young Brahman he met in India, —Reading a tract made him anxious about his soul. Over and over again he came to the mission house, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" At last the great love of Jesus conquered his proud heart. He renounced his idols for the Living God, and worked earnestly to lead others to do the same. At last the cholera came to his home. He became very sick, and knew he was dying. In the midst of his sufferings he turned to a young Christian brother and said, "Sing!" "What shall I sing?" "Sing of salvation through Jesus Christ, all through Jesus Christ!" and then he passed away to join in the New Song.

A missionary in the South Sea Islands translates for us the words of "Tuahine." "You know I am wicked man. Shame covers my face and holds me back. To-day I break through my fears. I want to know is there

room in Heaven for me. I heard you preach last night, but would not believe. To-day I work at my fence. Tired and dirty, I sat down to rest. These thoughts come: all this great garden mine here, but death for my soul. What use all this land if I die forever! I told my wife. She felt so, too. We left our home to come where the Word of God lives. Tell us about Jesus." Before many days, both this man and his wife were rejoicing believers in our Lord.

These are only a few of thousands of similar stories. From the East and West, from North and South, our Lord is making up His jewels. Our pennies have helped to bring out from the darkness of heathenism some who are now "His Loved and His Own."

Is not this worth working for? Oh, how can we be idle when there is so much to be done! But we cannot work for others with our whole hearts unless we have first taken "Christ the Way" ourselves. Are we all numbered among the Lord's jewels, ready to shine for Him in the dark places of Earth? If not, why not how take Christ at His word—"believe and live!" May the Spirit help you to decide aright without delay, lest these, who were heathen, come into the kingdom of God, and you be left out.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

THE EXCHANGE DRAWER.

"Reasons why we should make the monthly meetings interesting, with some hints as to the best means of doing so," *Mrs. H. J. Rose*; "Why we work," *Mrs. J. J. Baker*; "A day in Cocanada Mission House," *Mrs. McLaurin*; "Woman's work in Missions," *Mrs. A. V. Timpany*; "The condition of women in India," the late *Mrs. J. Coultis*; "Sketch of the W. M. A. Societies of the Lower Provinces," *Mrs. W. H. Forter*; "Christian Activity," *Miss J. M. Lloyd*; "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," *A Member of the Winnipeg Circle*; "China and her Missions," *Mrs. H. K. Graftley*; "Dawn of Day in the South Seas," *Mrs. C. Alloway*; "Missionary Colonization, as Illustrated by the Hermaunberg Mission," *Miss Muir*; "Our Part of the Work," *Miss J. McArthur*; "How I obtained a school-house site in Dondepuđa," *J. Craig*; "Madagascar," *Miss Mosley*.

FOR MISSION BANDS.—"The Telugu and their Country," *Katie McLaurin*; "A Missionary Colloquy," *Mrs. Fitch*; "Two Telugu Girls," *Mrs. J. McLaurin*.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from April 25th to May 28th, 1883.

Port Hope, \$20; Jarvis Street, \$11.60; Woodstock, \$10; Sarnia, \$26; St. Thomas, \$21; Brantford (First B. C.), \$25; St. Catharines, \$13; Mrs. Peter McIntosh, Breadalbane, for Samulcotta, \$5—also her two little sons, \$1.—Total, \$132.60.

The Treasurer's address, after the 1st of June, will be
Mrs. W. H. ELLIOTT,
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