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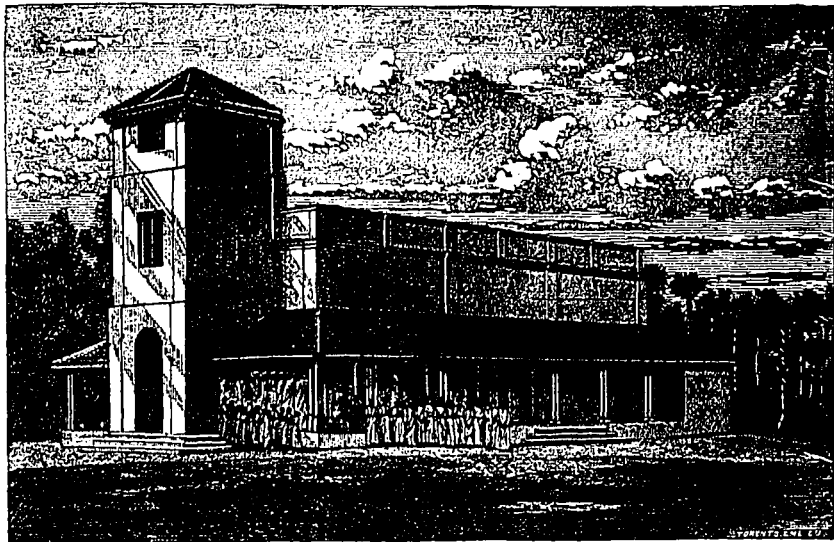
# Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. V., No. 1.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—[1. lx. 2.] SEPT., 1882



THE CHAPEL SCHOOL-HOUSE, COCANADA.

"Oh, take me Nearer to Him."

"The mother of the faintly lost her reason some time ago. It is sad to see her, but most wonderfully she remembers what she learnt of Ladhana about the Lord Jesus, and is so longing for Him, who says to me, 'Please show me the Lord Jesus. He will cure my heart, sing of Him.' I did so, and she listened thoughtfully, and then said, 'Oh, take me nearer to Him, the very nearest you can, I am so ill.' Letter from Miss C. Thiede, India."

TAKE me nearer to your Jesus;  
 Scarce I know of whom I speak;  
 But my life is very weary,  
 And my heart is very weak,  
 And you say that He can help me,  
 That the Christ of woman-kind  
 Will not spurn my simple pleading,  
 He my sorrow will not scorn.

Take me nearer if you love Him,  
 To His throne, you know the way;  
 Let your stronger faith support me,  
 Teach my lips the words to say,  
 Help, oh! help me find His presence,  
 For my feet in darkness grope,  
 I may die and never find Him,  
 Christ my last, my only hope!

Take me nearer to the Healer!  
 For my soul is sick with sin,  
 And I need the strong Life Giver,  
 Who can make me new within,  
 And I need the tender Shepherd,  
 Who will lift me to His breast,  
 And content my longing spirit  
 With His love, and home, and rest.

Take me nearer, ever nearer!  
 For I faint beneath the weight  
 Of the burdened life I carry,  
 And I dread to meet the fate,  
 Which must come, or soon or later,  
 With its swift and stealthy tread,  
 To enshroud my soul in darkness  
 With the cold and silent dead.

Take me nearer to your Jesus!  
 And the blessing yours shall be  
 Of a soul that near to perish  
 From the captor is set free;  
 And another star in glory  
 So shall shine to Jesus' praise,  
 And another heart shall love Him  
 Through the bright eternal days.

G. V. H.

### Our Woodcut.

The Chapel inside is 60 feet long by 22 feet wide, and is 17 feet from floor to ceiling. The veranda is 9 feet wide. It is seen that a part of the veranda is taken in by a wall. This is a room for stores connected with the school work, etc. There is another room like it on the opposite corner. The wall which you see, past the corner of the Chapel, is the southern wall of the compound. Along here runs the great road by which the greater portion of the foot and passenger traffic of Cocanada passes. To the left of the picture, in the shadow of the trees, is the Baptistery. The foundations are deep and wide. Of lime there was used 3375 bushels, and nearly twice that of sand. The wood-work, not counting in the shingles of the veranda, took 11 tons of teak (50 cubic feet to a ton). A good many may be interested in these few items, hence I mention them.

Almost north, about 16 rods, and facing the group of school-girls, is the Mission House. North-west about as far are the girl's quarters. Fronting the Chapel, at an angle to it, and about two rods distant, is the road running through the Compound up to the Mission House. We have many times during the year seen the Chapel very well filled with hearers

A. V. TIMPANY.

### Parting Words from Miss Frith.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—The time has arrived for me to say *Farewell* to my dear mother, sisters and brothers, to many dear relatives and friends, and to you, my sisters, who have helped so nobly by your means, that you may give the Light to those of our sex who still sit in the darkness of heathenism. I expected to meet many of you during the summer and autumn, and to have become personally acquainted; but God, who ordereth our steps, has not granted this wish. This is God's work, and what He does we know is for the best.

My long-cherished desire that I might go with God's message of love to the perishing souls of India, has been granted, so that now, instead of mourning, I have come to rejoice that God has called me to this work. So I gladly go, with the assurance in my heart that when I have taken a last look of the dear ones left behind, of home and of country, that the promise Jesus made, "Lo, I am with you always," will be abundantly fulfilled. I expect to have trials and discouragements there as I have experienced in *Home Mission* work, only of a different character; but God's grace, He has promised, will be sufficient. I know you will remember me in prayer, that I may be as marvelously helped by our blessed Lord to acquire the language, to endure the heat, and to accomplish the work you are sending me to do, as I have been in everything since I placed myself in the hands of the Board last autumn. I have needed nothing but what has been provided; my purse has been like the widow's barrel of meal and cruise of oil.

Last evening, after prayer meeting the pastor, the deacons and their wives, and a number of friends, members of the Morrisburg church, came to my sister's home, where I have been making a farewell visit, and to my surprise the pastor, in behalf of the church, read a beautiful address, while one of the deacon's wives, Mrs. Bur, presented me with an envelope, which contained a sum of money. May God reward them and many others who have so nobly come to my help with words of cheer and encouragement as well as their generous gifts.

May God's abundant blessing rest upon us in this new sphere of labor we are undertaking for Him, and may we be used in gathering many precious sheaves for the Master, is the earnest prayer of your missionary,

M. J. FRITH.

MORRISBURG, Aug. 16th, 1882.

### The Samulcotta Seminary and our Sabbath Schools.

The establishment of this seminary inaugurates a new era in the history of our mission to the Telugus. As most of our readers are aware, the work intended to be accomplished by it is of the highest importance, viz., the teaching and training of native students for the ministry. It is a matter of congratulation as well as of devout thankfulness to God, that so much preparatory work has been done and that the present condition of things is such as to render the establishment of such a school not only desirable but absolutely imperative. In God's good providence many conversions have been made; the work is extending on every hand; our missionaries are unable to meet all its requirements; a band of earnest, consecrated, well-equipped native workers is needed. How is this extra expenditure to be met? We know that our General Society is already sufficiently taxed, and that increased liberality on the part of our churches is needed to enable the Society to meet already existing obligations. An excellent, reliable, and, it seems to us, thoroughly feasible plan to accomplish this has been already proposed by Rev. Mr. McLaurin, that is, that the Sabbath Schools should undertake it. An annual expenditure of \$2,100 is all that is asked for. This will cover all expenses including the salary of the missionary or principal. In the *Baptist* of June 22nd, Mr. McLaurin tells us that last year he wrote to over one hundred and thirty schools, asking for contributions to Foreign Missions, without naming any definite object, and that he received favorable replies from about fifty, which he thought encouraging. He then calculates the possible income from S. Schools, and suggests that the Mission Bands now in existence could work in with the Sunday schools of which they are a part. We must remember that this list does not include all our schools—only two of the Quebec schools are mentioned. There must be others which would gladly share in this work if it were only brought before them. It is just at this point, we think, that our help as women would be invaluable. We would like, through the columns of our little paper, to make a strong, earnest appeal, that shall make itself heard throughout all our churches, to our sisters to take this matter up. If one, or two in each school were really interested we are persuaded that it could be done. Let them call a special meeting of the teachers, to take the subject into consideration, as soon as possible, and let the result be made known for the encouragement of others.

There will, doubtless, be some opposition; the old prejudice against giving to the heathen when there is "so much to do at home," or when "our church is in debt," will probably in some instances be revived; but let us not be discouraged. We hear a good deal in these days about the reflex influence of foreign missions; we heartily believe in it, and who shall say what a blessing may not descend upon our schools and upon our own hearts if we take up this work faithfully. Let us regard it as something special which the Lord has given us to do, and then we dare not refuse to obey

E. M. R.

## Mission Bands.

A Mission Band, as many of our readers know, is a Foreign Missionary Circle composed of children.

Children, like their elders, are happier for having something to do. It is a rare thing to find them doing nothing; their minds and hands are all the time full of some kind of work, which they call play. One of the first duties of parents, elder sisters and brothers, then, is to guide the activities of the young. Children like to feel they are of use, and will work very zealously to prove their usefulness. This natural tendency is healthful and judicious. Parents and friends will do well to guide and cultivate instead of repress it. Their sympathies, too, are quick and active, and they are easily induced to work to alleviate the miseries of the needy and suffering. They may not always work from the best of motives, they may be, like some of their elders sometimes, a little too fond of looking for praise and honor; but this motive in itself is not a bad one, and if they are working in the right direction is that not one step nearer the Throne?

Parents are, as a rule, too lax in regard to the amusement of their children. If their girls or boys are not troubling them by making too much noise, by going too far away from home, by reading forbidden books, they are left pretty much to their own devices for amusement.

Now, a Mission Band, such an one as they have in Port Hope, is an excellent way of amusing and educating children; it teaches them to think of and help others. The following is an extract from a letter from Mrs. Craig, of Port Hope:

"Last winter our Mission Band was started. The meetings are held once a month, on Saturday afternoon. They are very interesting, and carried on with apparently little trouble. Miss Jackson is president; the other officials are quite young people. Mrs. McDiarmid, our minister's wife, attends to the programme and gives a short lesson on the geography and customs of India. With the exception of this, the time is altogether taken up with readings, recitations and singing by the children. They like to attend the meetings; they seem to think they are their own, and enter into the exercises with the enthusiasm of youth. One Saturday it rained so hard Miss Jackson and Mrs. McDiarmid did not go; they thought, of course, not any of the children would be out on such a day. There were *thirty* there, and a delegation of six little girls waited upon Mrs. McDiarmid, for her to attend. They contribute what they like; they generally give five cents. There is a treasurer for the girls and one for the boys. What each one gives is marked down. The collection nearly always amounts to over \$2.00.

"Now, might not the hearts of some young friends be stirred to start Mission Bands in places where they do not already exist? In towns and villages where there is no Mission Circle there may be two or three young people so fired with a love to Christ that they are longing to use their talents for Him, who could gather the children together, have interesting meetings for them, and at the same time instruct them about the dark places of the earth and their need of the Gospel."

## How Much do you Owe?

Write it, then, on every bond you accumulate, on every profit you acquire,—“That I may have to give to him that needeth.” Write it on your daily earnings and on your weekly pay,—“That I may have to give to him that

needeth.” Write it on your investments and on your income, the great amount or the little amount,—“That I may have to give to him that needeth.” Write it on your safes and on your ledgers, on your workman's tools, on your seamstress's spools and needle-case,—“That I may have to give to him that needeth.” Here is the end of toil and labor. Make self the end, and you will kill yourself spiritually, as certainly as one would kill himself by closing the pores of the skin to prevent evaporation.

And then sacredly pledge yourself in a solemn bargain to God what you will do, if he shall enable you. I do not approve of pledges generally; but here is one where you will have every pressure and every reminder brought to bear on you to keep it. Human nature cannot be trusted to carry out its generous impulses. If I should succeed in winding any one up to the determination to do generous things, you would run down again before next Sunday, unless your resolution is fastened by a ratchet. That is what a solemn promise to pay, made to God, amounts to,—a ratchet to hold one up to the pitch which we have brought him to at the beginning of the year. Talk as much as we please about leaving every one to give according to his religious impulses, experience has proved how little men will give on that plan. Human nature is given to cheating the Lord. If it were not so he would never have asked that startling question, “What, will a man rob God?” and then answered with the charge, “But ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings.”

I believe in dealing with the Lord on systematic principles. What if you should say to your grocer or your market-man, “Please don't put me down on your books. I do not like to pledge myself to pay my bills; I like to do it voluntarily.” He would probably advise you to trade somewhere else, then. But I believe you are just as much bound to pay your debts to God as to man. And the church that keeps His treasury has a right, as a faithful steward, to ask your name on her account-books; then, if in the absence of the steward, or by detention from church, you fail to make your offering, she may send the Lord's bill to you for payment. And now, how much do you owe? REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

## Christ's Legacy to Us.

A paper with the above heading was read by a young lady at a Girl's Missionary Meeting, when she knew that indifference was felt towards the cause because the meetings were not supposed to be sufficiently “interesting.” The thought deserves consideration by our sisters every where.

When a dear friend leaves this world and sends us a parting message, is it not treasured most affectionately, and any directions contained in it most carefully complied with? Indeed it is. And if we feel thus bound by a last message of an earthly friend, how must we be affected by the farewell words of Christ, our dear Master: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.” This is our legacy—definite work to do for His sake. Girls, have you not often said, “Oh, if I could only do something for Christ? My opportunities are small, but I would love to work if I only knew what to do?” Here is just the work you can do. “Foreign mission work at home?” Yes; our part of the work is *the duty of upholding* those who are sent abroad over the world. Our part may not be as close to the letter of the command as that of directly working with the unchristianized nations, but is it not truly after its spirit? Yes girls, this is a duty, and we should feel it moreover a pleasure to be thus allowed to aid in carrying on the cause.

Amusement is not the chief aim and end of mission bands, but rather the interesting of the younger members of Christ's Church in the work of giving the Gospel to the world. A work so Christlike, a work so dear to Christ himself, should it not engage our best efforts? Should it be uninteresting, dull, prosy, to meet once a month to hear what Christ's ambassadors are accomplishing, and to pray for their success? Should our worldly pleasures press us down so that our hearts cannot give a joyous rebound at news of blessings bestowed? Think of those who are relieving us from active duty on the field, weary, often nearly disheartened. Is it kind, is it right, to leave them unsupported by even a thought of prayer? Is this work of missions to be brought down to the level of an "entertainment," and to be given up if there is not something sensational about it? It is so little that we can do; and shall we cast it aside because it is so little? Attending a monthly meeting where you meet only with friends, and enjoy the privileges of Christians—is that too much "mission work" to do?

The tired missionary, far away from her loving friends, unable to speak to the foreign-tongued girls and women around her, or else, with the language learned, endeavoring to impress words of living truth upon hearts of stone, unsuccessful or with success, so that strength is unequal to the labor required; working till she lays down life itself, and takes her rest in a lonely grave,—she says to us, "Girls, help us, encourage us by your works and prayers." Is this too much to ask? Are you unable to bear this great burden?

And the blessed Master, who knows all hearts, looks down and says

"I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for Me?"

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Tuni.

Tuesday morning I left Tuni and came to this place, Pentarotta to spend a few days wintering in the neighborhood. Pentarotta is situated on the coast, about six miles from our station, and was once a port of shipment, but owing to dishonesty on the part of certain native shippers, the place acquired a bad reputation, and fell into disuse as a port. It is now several years since any ships have anchored in its roads, and the customs-office has been abolished, with no probability of being reopened. The deserted signal-staff stands as a silent monument of the former commercial importance of the place, and a large store-house, now no longer needed for storing grain, affords a convenient shelter to the writer and others who may have occasion to sojourn here. "Honesty is the best policy," says the proverb, and surely the history of this place furnishes a striking proof of its truth. But for the want of integrity mentioned above, the town would probably have retained its shipping business, and a large portion of the exportable grain which now goes to Cocanada or Vizagapatam for shipment, would still be passing through Pentarotta, affording its inhabitants the legitimate profits of a considerable foreign trade.

Not long after arriving here yesterday I found that a number of high-caste natives had taken possession of the verandah, and were indulging in no small amount of loud talk and merriment. On inquiry we learned that as an eclipse of the sun was to occur during the day they had come to celebrate the occasion by religiously bathing in the sea. About 11 o'clock they went to the beach

for a preliminary bath, and returned to wait until the commencement of the eclipse. Meanwhile, during some conversation with them, in reply to the inquiry as to what advantage they expected to derive from their sea-bathing, one said that it was necessary for the sake of their business that they should attend to this ceremony. If they neglected it their neighbors would not patronize them, and they would suffer loss in consequence. Other replies were to the effect, that bathing in the sea during an eclipse, would secure to them the "second birth," that it was an act of worship, and a means of acquiring merit. Of course the opportunity was improved of telling them that while their bathing might be a good thing for the body, it would afford them no spiritual benefit; that there was One, and One only, who could cleanse them from sin, and to Him they must look. But alas! the old, old story which we prize so highly, is not welcome news to the average high-caste native, and there is but little encouragement to tell it to them. They usually show by their looks and movements, if not by their words, that they do not care to hear it. And, as might have been expected in this case, having come miles to perform a heathen ceremony, they were not interested in a story, one object of which was to destroy heathenism, with all other works of the devil.

Well, the eclipse came off, or rather came on in due time, and during its progress, about one o'clock p.m., our Hindu friends repaired to the beach again in large number, and completed their bathing rites for the day. The eclipse was but partial in this latitude, making no appreciable difference in the light and heat. The line of total obscuration was many degrees to the north.

The difference between the climate of this place and that of Tuni is something remarkable. It would scarcely seem credible in the case of two localities only six miles apart, and on the same level. But "seeing," or in this case *feeling*, "is believing." At Tuni, it is necessary to keep the punkahs moving night and day, to live in any sort of comfort at this season, while here, without any punkahs, the weather is quite comfortable and even pleasant. The refreshing sea-breeze keeps the temperature down within moderate limits, and one almost forgets that we are now in the midst of the hot season. The other members of the mission family must (D.V.) be brought over next week to spend a few days in this bracing atmosphere. An abundance of fresh air and fresh fish, the sight of the foaming surf tumbling on the beach, and the continuous roar of the sea will afford a pleasant change.

On Sunday last three candidates were baptized at Tuni, one of whom, a lad about twelve years, was the son of Hannah, our Bible-woman at Durmasagram. Two others asked for baptism at the same time, but we thought it best they should wait until they obtain clearer knowledge of the truth. In four or five different villages there are persons who have declared their faith in Christ, and their intention to be baptized, but have thus far been hindered from coming to receive the ordinance. I hope most of these will unite with us sooner or later. A good work seems to be going on in various sections where we have travelled of late, but we must have patience, though the desired results may not appear so soon, or in such abundance as we may wish.

G. F. CURRIE.

Pentarotta, May 18th, 1882.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Through the columns of the LINK I wish to acknowledge the receipt of a portion of the contents of certain

boxes which have recently been sent to their missionaries in India, by thoughtful friends in Montreal and Abbott's Corners. The articles received are all highly acceptable. We greatly appreciate these gifts, both on their own account, and more especially as reminders of the kindness of which they are the expression. The donors will please accept our best thanks and kindest wishes.

G. F. CURRIE.

Tuni, June 12, 1882.

## Akidu.

### OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL.

By Mr. McLaurin.

The 4th of June was Sunday. It was Communion Sabbath at Akidu. It was Brother Craig's birthday, and it was the day appointed for the opening of the new chapel. At Brother Craig's earnest solicitation Mrs. McLaurin and I were there. We left Cocanada on the Mission Boat on May 31st. Crossing the Godavery we encountered a small cyclone, which drove the "Canadian" ashore, in spite of two anchors. We had some fears of the result for a while, but the well-built boat stood the strain well, and we escaped unhurt. Saturday morning we came in sight of Akidu. While yet a mile away we could see the convenient Mission House, the neat chapel and various out-houses on what used to be a waste and barren plain. Three short years and what a change! There is the station, and there is the Missionary. The tangible answer to many prayers offered up in the lonely days of long ago, when one lone Missionary tried to spread himself over 4,500 square miles of territory, and to preach the Gospel on what is now *three fields*. The language of one heart was "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." A warm welcome awaited us. Saturday was busy and hot, Sunday busier and hotter. The Missionaries had much to talk about, and the preachers and teachers came flocking in, bringing their *sheaves* with them. It was good to see them. First was Peter, tried and true, a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; Isaac too, whom we first knew as a lad in our school, now broadening out into a man; Joseph, and David, and Philennon, with their wives, doing good service for the Master. All these, except Peter, both men and women, are the fruits of our boarding-school in Cocanada. We were glad to see them all looking happy and full of work. Peter preached in the forenoon from the first few verses of the 13th of first Corinthians. At two p.m. the collection boxes from the different districts were received and their contents noted in a book kept for the purpose. In this department the people are developing rapidly. Worthy son of a noble father, no one knows better than Brother Craig how to succeed in this. After the collection I preached from Hag. ii, 9, after which we all sat down "to show the Lord's death till He come," and as a fitting close to a blessed day—just as the sun was sinking in the West—twelve obedient disciples sank in symbolic death with their Lord, and we trust rose again to real life with Him here on earth,—bowed their heads beneath the yielding wave and beneath the easy yoke of King Jesus' re-ruins from darkness to light. May God bless them. It was a good day—a glad day; a day to strengthen faith and inspire hope; a day in which sower and reaper could rejoice together. When I compare the state of things eight years ago with what it is now, both at home and abroad, I can only say "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy Name."

For want of water on the canals we did not leave Akidu till the 8th, and for the same reason we did not reach Cocanada till the following Monday. We found all well preparing for their trip to Udiagiri.

Cocanada, June 20th, 1882.

### APRIL TOURING.

A few weeks ago I sent the LINK an account of part of a tour I made in April. The last place I mentioned was Nindrakol, where I spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of April. Monday night the tent was taken down and carried to a village six miles west of Nindrakol. The name of the village is Malikmohammedpuram. In April, 1881, eighteen persons came from there, and were baptized here by me. I had never seen the village, so I remained there four days, that is, till Friday evening. From there I visited three other villages, in one of which, called Poorla, there are two or three Christians. In Malikmohammedpuram four were baptized, two of whom were related to each other as grandmother and granddaughter. Both the old woman and the young girl gave evidence of a genuine faith. In that village I met a very intelligent, well-disposed Mala, but the obstacle in his way lies in the fact that he has two wives, and does not like the idea of giving up one of them.

On Friday evening I left for Ganapavaram, a village on the canal that passes Akidu, but twelve miles from here. On the way I spoke for a little while to some Malas at a village where we stopped for a few minutes. About nine o'clock we stopped at another village, where I gave medicine to a number of people and talked for a long time. My palankeen was set down in a field a short distance from the Malapilly. My bearers lay down on the ground to sleep, and about 11 o'clock I put some bed clothes on the top of my palankeen, lay down and tried to sleep, but succeeded only partially. About 1.30 a.m. I put the bed clothes back again inside the palankeen, and roused my bearers. We reached Ganapavaram about 7 o'clock Saturday morning. My tent was not brought till 11. About 2 p.m. I left the native house I was in and took possession of the tent. A few miles east of Ganapavaram is Ardhavaram, which I had not seen for some time. Some one told us there was a good path, so I concluded to go that evening, of course by palankeen. We started about 5 o'clock. The bearers found the path anything but good, and near the village we wished to reach we found a wide canal, the water in which was deep enough to make it difficult to cross with a palankeen, so I was carried over on a small camp-chair. By the time we reached the Malapilly it was quite dark. First the Christians there were assembled and we had worship. I also inquired about each member individually. One or two had to be excluded. Afterwards we preached in the street for quite a time. When we reached the tent it was midnight—quite a day's work from 5 till 12. Sunday was spent at Ganapavaram. On Monday morning we started very early for Artamurn, four miles from here; there I spent Monday and had worship with the Christians. In the evening I preached to the caste-people who are shepherds. I told them how the angel appeared to the shepherds when Christ was born.

That evening I came on to Akidu, glad to be home again as the weather was becoming hot. Did I mention in my last letter that I woke up one night and found a buffalo cow and calf standing beside my bed in the tent? The buffalo is a domestic animal here.

Some months ago, in speaking of the Malapilly, where thirty-three were baptized at one time, I mentioned that it was large, containing 200 adults. Peter expects to baptize ten or fifteen there soon. There is no water at present.

The teacher at Commalamudy has lost his wife. His name is Reuben; his wife's, Martha. She was in the girls' school at Cocanada for two or three years, I think, and last year she and her husband were with Mr. Timpany for about six weeks, studying in some classes that he taught for a few weeks. This is the first death among the graduates from the girls' school.

Peter baptized his own little girl some time ago. On the 7th of this month I baptized eleven, one of them being a son of John the preacher. Five of those baptized were from a village I visited when out in April. They seemed to be very much in earnest. There were no Christians in that village before these came. The place is called Lingampadu. It is about twenty miles to the north-west from here.

Akidu, India, 20th May, 1882.

JOHN CRAIG.

### Samulcotta.

Do all the readers of the LINK know where Samulcotta is, and why we are here? It is about nine miles north-west of Cocanada, and we are here to establish a Theological Training School. The old Mess House is being rebuilt, and is approaching completion. We are looking forward with some eagerness to the time when we shall be domiciled in it, because we do not relish our present mode of life. Hindoo ideas of work, and honor, and honesty make it necessary that I should be on the ground. So we come out here every Tuesday morning and return on Saturday night, spending the Sabbath in Cocanada. While here, we occupy a bungalow owned by the Pittapore Rajah, but only live in a kind of pic-nic style. We had hoped to have had the house covered in before the June rains set in; but, alas, the supplies ran short, and the working staff had to be reduced. Now, here are the rains, and the roof is not half on.

But, like most things in this country, though slowly, the end will come. The house will be finished, the students will come, and the school begin. Things move so slowly that we are often impatient. So many mistakes are made by the builder—so many things are done at the wrong time and must be done over again—no foresight and no plan—all haphazard and guess work. The Missionary must be carpenter, mason, blacksmith and architect all in one—else there will be much loss. Still, maybe the work is as good as the pay. My head carpenter gets \$5.00 a month; the head mason \$4.86; and the head boss of all gets about \$4.00. Masons and carpenters get 15c. per day each; while able-bodied Coolies (men), get 7½c.; while women and boys get just the half of the latter. Are you amazed that they can exist on that? Let us see—a hardworking man eats one seer of rice a day, it costs two cents. Add one cent for some kind of relish, and you have three cents for one man's food per day. Suppose a family to consist of five persons, father, mother, and three children, two boys and a younger sister, between the ages of twelve and six years respectively. The father will earn 7½ cents, and the mother and son the same, while the second son may get one cent per day running errands, etc. Their total income will be sixteen cents per day, if they have work all the time, which is seldom the case, or if they are inclined to work steadily, which is *more seldom the case*. Now for expendi-

ture. The family will eat, in flush times, four seers of rice a day, costing two cents a seer—eight cents—add three cents for condiments, and we have for food eleven cents, put down 1½ cents for tobacco and cully (whiskey) for the family, and we have a total of 12½ cents for food, etc. This would leave 3½ cents for clothing and house repairs, which would be ample, especially as the two younger ones would wear no clothing, and the elder next to nothing. This estimate refers to the common Coolie, and, of course, the higher class fare better in proportion to their better pay. The poor Hindoo, like the Digger Indian of the West, fares sumptuously while food is to be had, and draws up his waist-belt and lies down to sleep when food is scarce and dear. They have wonderful powers of adaptation.

JOHN McLAURIN.

MR. HUTCHINSON, of Chicacole, says:—The Theological School at Samulcotta is expected to open in a few months. I know nothing as yet about the proposed course of study, except that it is to be much like that in vogue at Ramapatam. Such a school is, undoubtedly, a necessity—a present and growing necessity—even in our own mission. The present native preachers are good men and have in their day and way done a good work; but not one of them has sufficient education to get beyond the mere requirements of the Gospel. I am safe in saying that none of the men on this field can give a half-hour sermon on a given text and stick to any one leading thought or argument. I attribute it not to lack of zeal, but to lack of training, and I tell you that the day is coming when that sort of thing will not do in this field, where a new phase of the Gospel work—that which is now dawning upon us—will demand men and thought adapted to it and capable of declaring the whole counsel of God; where the growing flocks will require shepherds who can lead them "in green pastures and beside still waters." Such men a properly equipped Theological School alone can produce.

### To our Subscribers.

Will those of our readers whose subscriptions expired with the close of the volume kindly remember that with the present issue we enter upon our fifth year? Quite a number of renewals have already come in. We shall expect many more during September. Our terms are only twenty five cents a year, *paid in advance*.

### THE WORK AT HOME.

#### Ontario and Quebec.

THE ZENANA WORKER OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

Arrangements have been made for Miss Frith to accompany a party of missionaries whom the A. B. M. Union are sending to their Telugu field this autumn. All being well they expect to sail from New York on Saturday, the 2nd of September.

To many of the sisters who expected to see our new missionary at the Brantford meeting this early departure will be a great disappointment. But it was found to be necessary that she should either go with this party or wait for another year.

## SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

Earnest prayer is requested for Miss Frith, that the blessing of God may be upon her and the presence of the Master with her, and that she may be very useful in His service.

For the General Society, that God will open the hearts of His servants to supply all the money required for His own work, and that they may again close the year free from debt.

## WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOR. MISS. SOC., CONVENTION EAST.

The annual meeting will be held in Montreal Thursday, October 12th. All the Circles connected with the Society are requested to send delegates and to prepare reports. Arrangements will be made for entertaining visitors, and delegates are requested to send their names and addresses to the Corresponding Secretary a week before the meeting. It is especially desirable that there should be a full representation from the different churches this year.

The Treasurer will close her books on the 9th October. The local treasurers will please see that their amounts are forwarded by that time.

A. MUIR, Cor. Sec.

MONTREAL, 1395 St. Catherine St.

## TO THE CIRCLES OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY.

The sixth annual meeting of the Ontario Women's Foreign Missionary Society will be held in the First Church, Brantford, on Friday, October 14th.

Morning session commences at 11 o'clock, afternoon session at 2.30 o'clock. A public meeting will be held in the evening.

Arrangements will be made with the railways to issue tickets at reduced rates. Delegates will please send full names and addresses for railway certificates to the Corresponding Secretary before the 9th of October.

J. DENVER, Cor. Sec.

10 Carlton street, Toronto

## CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S NOTICE.

Will the Secretaries of the Missionary Circles please send in their annual reports, without fail, not later than the end of September? And will those Circles which are to be represented by delegates at the annual meeting kindly appoint them as soon as possible, and let me know that they have done so?

E. B. WELLS, Cor. Sec.

117 Bloor Street, east, Toronto

## TREASURER'S NOTICE.

I desire to call the attention of Mission Circles, Mission Bands, and all readers of the LINK, to the fact that another missionary year is drawing to a close. Our annual meeting will be held on the 13th of October, and the Treasurer's books will be closed on the 5th of that month. It is, therefore, necessary that all moneys intended to be acknowledged in this year's accounts shall be in my hands before the 5th of October.

I would also remind our friends of the increased need for our earnest, loving and united labours, prayers and offerings in this branch of Mission work. All are aware that we have now a lady missionary whom we are sending as our representative to carry the glad Gospel news to the women of India. From this moment our real must never flag, but daily increase.

Who among us can think of God's goodness in raising up one so qualified for the work as we believe Miss Frith

to be, without feeling our hearts glow with the desire to do all in our power to help and encourage her? Although our Father has not willed that we should turn our backs on home and all its tender ties, although He does not call us to leave our loved native land for the scorching suns and burning sands of India, He yet calls upon all—even those who are surrounded by home cares and trials—to give a portion of their time and means to be used for Him in this great work for the women of India. He gives us opportunities and we are answerable to Him for our use of them.

Shall we not all, old and young, determine to do something regularly and systematically to promote this good work, even if it involves large sacrifices on our part? Who would not be willing to make some sacrifice for Jesus' sake and share in the honors of those who are co-workers with the Master?

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

DELHI, ONT. A meeting was held at Delhi, June 25th, in the Baptist Church, for the purpose of organizing a Woman's Foreign Missionary Circle. There were sixteen sisters present, all of whom joined and three others sent in their names. The officers appointed were, Mrs. E. C. Gillespie, President; Mrs. R. Crysler, Vice-President; Emma Ward, Secretary; Mrs. J. Church, Treasurer. We have our meetings the second Wednesday in each month. The 12th of July we had a meeting when four new members were added, making a membership of twenty-three in all.

E. W. Sec.

SPARTA, ONT. A Mission Band has been formed in connection with the Sparta Circle.

## Maritime Provinces.

## ANOTHER APPOINTMENT.

The friends of Foreign Missions will be glad to learn that Rev. F. C. Archibald has been accepted as a Missionary to the Telugus by our Board. He is a noble man and goes to a promising harvest field. *Christian Visitor*

## Prince Edward Island, W. M. Aid Societies.

The Central Board of Women's Missionary Aid Societies of Prince Edward Island held its Annual meeting at North River, July 3rd. Representatives from all the Societies were present.

The meeting was opened with devotional exercises by the President, Mrs. E. N. Archibald; after which reports from each of the Societies were read, some of which seem very active and earnest, and all seem determined to press forward in their special work for the spread of the Master's kingdom. East Point has constituted Mrs. D. Robertson a life member.

We listened to very earnest and eloquent addresses from S. Selden Esq., and Rev. J. A. Gordon, a delegation appointed by the Association at our request, which did much to cheer and enliven our meeting, and we trust that their stirring remarks may stimulate us to greater effort and sacrifice for that Master, who for our sakes sacrificed his own self.

Receipts for the year ending July 1882.—East Point, \$29; Cavendish, \$31; Bedeque, \$19; North River, \$23.50; Tryon, \$38.50. On behalf of the Board.

ADA J. HOOPER, Secretary.

BEDEQUE, July 31st, 1882.



### Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, Many hundred years ago a missionary felt that God wanted him to leave his home and go and tell people about Jesus. He loved the Saviour who had saved him, and was ready to leave friends, riches, his own country, and everything he loved, to walk from city to city telling the old, old story to those who had never heard it. At last he reached a great city in a heathen land, famous for its splendid buildings, poetry, learning and works of art. But the missionary's heart was sad in the midst of all this beauty, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry, full of idols. Let me tell you about some of them, to show the silly fables these men who thought themselves so wise believed. They thought a great many gods lived in the sky, others in the sea, others under the earth, or in the woods and streams. The greatest god was called Jupiter, and people thought he was angry when thunder and lightning came. Every four years great races and games were held in his honor. Apollo was the son of Jupiter. He was supposed to drive the sun around the earth every day, by means of four horses harnessed to it. He was also the god of music, poetry, medicine, and the fine arts. Mars was the god of war, Mercury of thieves, Bacchus of drunkards, Vulcan of blacksmiths, Venus the goddess of beauty, Cupid was her son, and used to shoot people with his bow and arrow. Neptune was the god of the sea, and used to drive over the waves with a great shell for his chariot, and horses with fishes' tails. Many other gods, just as strange and foolish were worshipped by this mistaken people. Beautiful temples were built in their honor, containing marble images of these idols. This city was also noted for wise men. One believed that when people died, their souls went into the bodies of animals or birds. Another thought the world such a wretched place that he never looked at any one without weeping. At last he went to a cave in the mountains, lived on roots and herbs, and was as sad as he could wish. Another believed that the fewer enjoyments a man had, the happier he would be, so he went about barefoot, carrying a bag, a jug, and staff. At last he got a great tub and lived in it day and night. Many people who lived in this city spent their whole time in hearing or telling something new. No wonder the good missionary felt sad to see this beautiful city in such a state. He went about day after day in the streets, in the markets, everywhere talking about Jesus and against their idols. At last these foolish-wise men caught him, and said, "What does this babbling say? He seems to be setting up strange gods." So they took him to their chief court and asked him what he meant. His answer was one of the greatest sermons ever preached upon earth. I can only give you a little of it, to show how brave he was to tell the truth before this mocking people whose hearts were set on their idols. "Ye men of this city, I see you are all too superstitious. Among the gods that ye worship I saw an altar with 'To the unknown god' written upon it. Let me tell you who He is. God made the world and all in it. He is Lord of Heaven and earth, and does not dwell in temples made with men's hands. You cannot worship Him with gifts as if He needed anything, for He gives us our life, our breath, and everything we have. This God wants you all to repent, to seek and find Him, for He is not far from any one of us. In Him we live and move and have our being. If then we are made by this God, why do you worship gold,

or silver, or stone made by men? God has seen your ignorance, and sent me to tell you the truth, and to tell you all to repent. He has chosen a day when all the world shall be judged by Jesus, His chosen one, and has proved this to us by raising Jesus from the dead." These are not exactly the words, but their meaning. Some who heard this sermon laughed and mocked; others said, "We will come and hear you preach another day," but a few men and women believed his words and turned from their idols to love and serve the living God. So Paul, the greatest of earth's missionaries, left the city of Athens, and went to tell other people of Jesus.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

### To the Boys and Girls who Read the "Link."

I am sure you all read the piece in the LINK, about the box of fruit sent to Mr. Timpany and others, from the friends here, and I think we are all glad to know that they are enjoying such a nice treat in that sultry land, away from all friends. But we must remember that that fruit will only last this year; then they will require to have more sent. Now, I want to ask each one of you who can do so, to dry one rearpuff of fruit or corn, and put it in a muslin bag, and put your name on it, to be sent in a box next fall to India. Some one who intends sending will be kind enough to direct, through the LINK, from what place. Now, don't say "That is too little to give." You all know that cents make dollars, pints make quarts, and quarts make bushels. Try it young friends, and see if you will not be well repaid. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of my disciples, ye did it unto me."

Whitevale, Ont.

E. E. MCCONNELL.

MISS BELBY, a medical worker in the Zenanas, has been invited by Queen Victoria to lay before her the particulars of Zenana work in India—a subject in which her Majesty has recently taken a great deal of interest.

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

*A. Acknowledgments for July, and up to August 10th, 1882.*

Belleville Mission Circle, \$2.15; Belleville, special for Miss Frith, \$10; St. George Mission Circle, \$7; Alexander Street Mission Circle, \$13.58; Woodstock, \$12.35; Woodstock Mission Band, \$7.05; Jarvis Street Mission Circle, \$9.35; Yorkville Mission Circle, \$13.05; Georgetown, \$6.75; Cheltenham Mission Circle, \$5; Brantford (East Ward Mission Circle), \$6.50; Thorold Mission Circle, \$3; St. Catharines (Missionary Guild), \$5; Hamilton Mission Circle, \$40.53; Miss Sadie Sherwood, Rosedale, \$1; Mrs. J. Mann, Bridgenorth (for Miss Frith), \$5. Total, \$147.01.

JESSE M. LEVY, Treas.

222 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

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