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Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

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

The Christian's Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the holy Hebrew land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave.
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein thy Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantium's prelato, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the light divine?

Or is the Christian's fatherland
Where, with crowned head and eroztered hand,
The ghost of empire proudly sits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
O, by those world-embracing walls,
O, in those vast and pictured halls,
O, underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's fatherland?—
He still looks on from land to land—
Is it where German conscience woke,
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shores was heard
The calm Helvetican's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseon throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer land,
Our own, our native fatherland?
Where law and freedom, side by side,
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fire-side nook, the ocean wave.
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,
Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian, no, not even here,
By Christian hearth or church-yard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry;
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame;
Nor o'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star;
Thy fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christ-like faith is keen to seek
What truth or conscience freely speak;

Where Christ-like love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man;
Whore round God's throne his just ones stand:—
There, Christian, is thy fatherland.

—Dean Stanley.

"Beside All Waters."

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Shallow or deep, or narrow or broad! He who giveth the increase is able to guard the seed till it yield in His own good time; it is ours only to sow. Sow beside the stream that flows through the lonely wood: it is very quiet there and no eye but God's may see the labor. How many such places we pass by as scarcely worthy our time and effort. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Sow beside the river widening and bending through hamlet and city. The noise of commerce is loud, there is hurrying to and fro, and little time or place for sowing the precious seed for the Master. "Sow beside all waters," and ~~from~~ from the river's margin shall spring a golden harvest. Sow beside the great ocean. The rocks and seaweed are there, and the rising waters may touch thy feet, but "they shall not overflow thee." The voice that spoke "Peace!" to the sea of Galilee is yet powerful to still the wildest tempest. Along the great sea shore shall be gathered countless sheaves for the Master. Gather beside all waters! What is the promise? "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Belleville, Ont.

I. B.

A Hot Day in India.

For several days the heat has been intense. It culminates to-day at 107° in our coolest room. One seems to live in a hideous nightmare. The early riser finds the sun on the horizon at 5.30 a.m. A light, suffocating mist hangs about the river, upon the groves of dusty palm and mango trees, and almost hides the distant hills. In an hour this has disappeared and the sun is up in his strength. By seven o'clock the early walker begins to feel that he has had enough of it and hurries homeward. Exertion throws him into a profuse perspiration, which becomes worse on entering the house. This is followed by that peculiar condition of the skin called *prickly heat*—a red, tormenting rash with an irritating electrical sensation. Livid with this rash and frantic efforts to ease the irritation, drenched in a perspiration so profuse that it renders frequent change of clothing necessary, the poor sufferer tries to keep cool under the mocking pankahs. As the heat creeps up towards 100° one dries and the body feels parched and fevered. Exertion becomes trying, work intolerable, sleep impossible. The mind becomes op-

pressed as with some indefinable care. The eyes smart and become swollen. The hair crackles under the comb. The whole body seems charged with electricity for which every separate point of the rash is a discharger. The covers of the books upon the tables curl up. The walls of the house become hot. And even the usually cool drinking water goes over to the enemy in a lukewarm way and refuses to slake the thirst.

Out of doors the heat is terrible. As the day drags its fiery length along the air becomes like the breath of a furnace. One can feel it surge up from the heated ground in great flame-like waves. Sometimes he catches himself snuffing to see if his hair has not been singed. Protected by felt helmet and umbrella one forgets the sun's direct rays in the greater fierceness of his reflected one. Walking for any distance is impossible. The head reels. The hands and feet swell. The perspiration runs down even into the shoes through which the swollen feet are blistered.

At such a time but little life is seen out of doors. A few natives clank by on wooden shoes or limp gingerly along with blistered feet. The trees hang dusty and lifeless. The thirsty crows gasp with open bills and half-raised wings under the limp leaves, taking themselves off now and then to the nearest water for a bath. The spiny lizards even sit panting on some shady branch. The great, ungainly water-buffaloes wallow in the tanks—the only creatures, apparently, that enjoy existence in this hot weather.

In the hot streets of the town the vendors of various goods seek the shady edge and nod over their fly-covered wares. The stifling shops close and the sleek merchant goes off to his meal and nap. Even the mangy pariah dog—the wretchedest and least susceptible creature existent—lolls languidly. Sometimes one goes mad and runs a-muck through the town, biting every other dog he can seize, until, exhausted, he drops and is despatched by some human brother Pariah, who, later on in the day, when the fat Brahmin clerks have had their nap, presents the tail at the Municipal Office and draws the munificent sum of two annas (a good day's earnings) as bounty.

The bathing tanks are by no means deserted. A motley crowd is gathered there. Some catch up a hasty mouthful as they plunge in. Others pour koodahs of water upon themselves. Women wet their cloths and placing them about their shoulders walk off reluctant with other koodahs filled upon their heads. Pigs, buffaloes and boys splash or wallow in the thick, pea-green fluid. Even the birds take a dip and cool themselves in the shady banyan near by.

All this time the glare of the sunshine on the bare, parched ground, dusty streets, and white walls is frightful. The eyes ache and smart. The direct outside light is excluded from the house as much as possible. Even with the eyes closed one is sensible of the glare.

As the sun declines and evening draws on all eyes anxiously search the horizon for clouds. Only a shower can break this terrible heat and bring relief to the over-taxed system. But no clouds appear. The sun sinks as he has sunk every evening for months—fiery red. The air grows still and stiflingly hot; and the night with its thick breath, broken sleep, and delirious dreams creeps over the land once more and brings the certainty of another terrible day.

J. R. H.

Chicacole, India, July, 1884.

THE Lord's battles will never be fought if every one claims the right of remaining in the reserve.

The Lord's Witnesses.

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. PENNEFATHER.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," Acts 1-8.

Our subject to-day, "The Lord's Witnesses!" brings before us another solemn expression from His own lips, "They shall put my name upon the children of Israel" (Numbers vi. 27), spoken, we may believe, as surely of the blood-bought Church as of the elect nation.

The words seem to imply *ownership* on the one hand, and *representation* on the other, and these thoughts connect themselves very closely with two others; first, GOD can never *share* His property, it must needs be absolute and individual; secondly, the representation must be faithful and unwavering, the same at all times and in all places: the name of the Owner demands a true witness, and involves an evident resemblance.

As we dwell on these thoughts, a question is continually recurring, Why has the witness of the Church, named with the name of the Holy One, marked with the Blood, and sealed with the Spirit, told so little on the world?

We shrink instinctively from the sorrowful reply, but it cannot be evaded. Because that witness has been too often a false one, and *misrepresentation* has dishonoured the Holy Name wherewith she has been named.

We are longing for better things, longing, as we believe the language of many seems to imply, for *consecration* and for *holiness*; but what does this mean?—a manifest consistency between the name and character, a family resemblance which none can mistake. And on this point the world around us has a marvellous power of forming a correct judgment.

Of the inner life of a Christian, the spiritual emotions, the burning love, the high aspirations, the men and women among whom we live know nothing; they are altogether ignorant of our inward communion with the High and the Holy, but they do know that a high and holy name is upon us, and they expect a corresponding sanctity and a likeness to the character of Him who has entrusted that name to our keeping. They ask the question far more frequently than we suppose, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and if the letters are illegible, and the picture blurred and blotted, is it any wonder that they turn away with a feeling of distrust, perhaps of contempt!

Dear friends, it is with the deepest sense of humiliation that we dare to say this to one another; but we *must* face the question, Why is there so little telling power among us? Because, while the world is saying now as it said of old, "These are the people of the Lord, and His name is upon them" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 20), the GOD of holiness is saying still, as He looks upon His many unfaithful witnesses, "I have pity for My holy name." We need not to judge one another, the Spirit of GOD will bear His own witness to every honest heart. Is it worldly conformity, or selfish indulgence, or uncourteousness of manner, or uncharitable fault-finding, that has marred our consistency, and brought reproach upon a name to which all heaven is yielding homage?

There is no lack of work in the present day, busy, active work. Is there ever to be found along with this, such a life of heavenly purity that the men who look at us see Jesus? Is it beyond question that in our homes, in our dress, in our whole demeanour, those around us may detect that which becometh saints?

Numbers are pressing into our inquiry rooms to speak to anxious souls, who profess to carry the King's messages, to speak in the King's name, to be representatives

from the courts of Heaven; might it be said to any of these, as was once said of old, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"

Forgive me if I am speaking strongly, and believe that I speak to myself as strongly as to the youngest worker among us; but "Is there not a cause?" Has not our God revealed Himself in very significant words, when He says, "I am a jealous GOD among you." Jealousy has nothing to do with strangers, nothing to do with those whose love is a matter of indifference—it is the *rightful* sovereign who demands the undivided allegiance of every subject in His realm, it is the faithful bridegroom who admits of no reserve in the affections of the wife to whom he has given his name; and shall not our bridegroom King claim to the uttermost the love and the life which He has purchased at no less a cost than that of His own most precious blood? "Thou shalt be for me, and not for another," seems to be His language to each of us to-day.

But there is another clause in the verse I have asked you to look at, and we must not pass it over. "I will bless them." Who can measure the fulness of that word? The Almighty GOD, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessing, as GOD only can bless, each faithful witness who carries the banner of His cross. The cup of blessing *must* be full, for GOD cannot give scantily; and if He should condescend to put upon us the honour of suffering for His name's sake, because we dare not compromise our testimony, that cup will *overflow* with His wondrous *compensations*. For every loss there will be a gain; for every sneer, a word of tender love; "for every blow a kiss"; for every sacrifice a hundredfold of peace and joy. "Come out from among them and I will receive you"; be separate, and I will be a Father to you; be satisfied to lose the world's favour for the sunshine of My love, and you shall know what I can do for the sons and daughters who loyally bear My name.

There are glories things yet in store—none can say what will be the compensations of eternity; but we do now know a little—GOD grant we may know much more of the reality of the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"; and in proportion as this is experimentally understood, we shall find out the meaning of the words, "Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."—*Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field.*

The Missionary Spirit.

We boast of our missionary spirit; but how few Christians have any real conception of the meaning of the words they so glibly roll from their tongues! It is a solemn fact, that uncouth millions, who have immortal souls as precious as ours, have never heard the only Name under heaven whereby we can be saved. It is a startling fact, that, of every three persons on the surface of the globe, two have never seen a Bible. The missionary spirit burned in the heart of John Williams, when he said, "I cannot stay in a single island. Human souls are perishing all around. It grieves me to the very heart. I must have a ship to send a messenger to other islands, to guide the heathen to heaven." Liegenbalg could say of himself and of his fellow-missionaries, "If the Lord grant us but the conversion of a single soul, our journey shall be abundantly rewarded." Carey made his rude map of the world; and as he pointed his customers to one land after another, and said, "That is pagan," and "That is pagan," the tears would steal down his cheeks. And can he have felt the love of Jesus in the depths of

his own heart, or can he know anything of the value of souls, who hears of Christless millions, and whose life at least says, "What care I? What is all that to me?" Can it be necessary to urge upon the Christian to rescue the perishing? Can we look with complacency on the uncouth millions of the heathen? Is ten cents, or ten dollars, or ten times ten dollars a year, all we owe to Christ, and one billion of souls Christless and hopeless?

The earnest Christian, who has caught the missionary spirit of the Master, will rejoice and be glad over whatever is done to advance the glory of Christ, even though its bearing upon that great end may seem at the time only remote. Jonathan Edwards could say, "If I heard the least hint of anything that happened in any part of the world that appeared to have a favorable aspect on Christ's kingdom, my soul rapidly caught at it, and it would much animate and refresh me." This is the true missionary spirit. And surely there is enough to awaken that spirit in the Christian of to-day, and to animate him with a zeal beyond that of all who have preceded him. How can he fail to rejoice over what the Lord hath wrought?—to rejoice that the Bible has been translated into 250 languages; that in India there are 644 missionaries, besides a large number of native pastors and teachers; that in China that are nearly 300 missionaries, with more than 18,000 communicants; that in Africa the missionary is now on the heels of the explorer and traveller; that there are 200,000 under Christian training, and that on the roll of the Presbyterian congregations of the world there are 250 in South Africa; that, of the South Sea Islands, many of which were, a generation or two ago, cannibal, are now Christian and themselves missionary. How, in the light of these grand accomplishments, can any Christian fail to bless God that the Sun of righteousness has already touched the mountain-tops of all heathen lands, and to breathe an earnest prayer that the blessed light may soon girdle the globe?—*Christian at Work.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Bobbili.

MY DEAR LINK.—This is Saturday evening, almost nine o'clock. Mr. Archibald is writing, and I have been doing the last few things that usually need to be done before Sunday. All is finished now, and although this is a poor time to begin a letter, perhaps it may help one to reach the end more easily before next mail day.

We were over at Mullumpet again last evening, and I saw the old woman I wrote you of recently. Her first remark was, "The Saviour *will not* come and take me away." I talked to her of being patient, and said He would come when it was best, to which she replied, that she wanted to go soon, for when she prayed to Him the others laughed. I told her she must try to talk to them; she said it was no use, they would not believe, and certainly they did not seem the least inclined to listen attentively. After a time a woman came, who seemed a little civil, and asked what we were talking about. When I told her, she wished to know what she must do, and asked how to pray, and what we prayed for. I told them I would pray if they would keep still, and sitting quietly on the verandah beside the old woman I asked God to bless them by leading them to the light. The woman, Tenkamah by name, who had asked me the questions, seemed touched, and said very quietly, "Will you pray for me?" I told the old woman that she must not quarrel with the others when they laughed, to which she said, "Why, who can stop quarrelling?" I asked her "If

a mother was happy when her children quarrelled? She said, "No, she would be angry." Then I said, "We are God's children, and He does not want us to quarrel." Then she said, as only a Telugu can, "Ah la gah," which means, Is that the way, and continued, "Since you told me of the Saviour, I have prayed to Him, and if he does not want me to quarrel, I will not."

I think all of you have heard of Subriedu, the boy whom Mr. Timpany sent to me almost five years ago. All these years he has been growing and improving in every way, and now I really believe he is a young man. You have also heard of Nellie. Mrs. Sanford took her I think almost seven years ago. She has been with me rather more than two years, and was in my school one year before, so I feel pretty well acquainted with them both. She, too, has been growing and improving, and last week they stood up in our sitting-room and were married. Mr. Sanford and Mr. Archibald between them managed to make them understand that hereafter they were to be no longer two but one, and to us who love them, they looked worthy of our love. I wished Mrs. Sanford could see Nellie in her pure white *quaka*, and no jewels except in her ears. I fancy she did not look much like the untrained, untaught little girl of seven years ago. These young people are not yet perfect, as we have good reasons for believing, neither are many others, with whom I am as well acquainted. They have gone to the Seminary, and we hope that Subriedu's last year there will be his best one, and that the future holds lives of usefulness for them both.

The rains began on the 16th of June, and really I pitted you poor Canadians who live over in the ice and snow from four to six months of the year, and never learn to appreciate the rain as we do. It is beautiful to the eyes and makes sweet music to the ear, and its coolness fills us with new ambition and vigor. The weather is not cool enough to do without punkahs yet, but occasionally we say to each other, "Oh, how delightfully cool!"

There is one other thing which you good people cannot appreciate, and that is getting a box from home. You do not know the anxious waiting, its arrival, its being brought into the house and the nails drawn out; the unfolding of the packages with trembling fingers; the ridiculous and pathetic remarks, the joy of gifts from old and new friends, the surprise of receiving such undeserved kindness; none of these things you know, while we can explain from experience every identical one of them. All are fresh in our memories, for we received a first-class box only a few weeks ago. I go about from room to room and lay a hand tenderly on one article after another, and say, "This came from home!"

But, my dear LINK, it is almost ten o'clock, and I did not think that I would get to the end of this letter so soon, and I must not be telling you all the secrets, for we are going to write to many other friends. We hope that the knowledge that they have given us, in our far-away Bobbili home, a great amount of pleasure, and that the coming of the box has seemed to bring them all nearer, will satisfy them till they hear from us individually.

We want one other gift—your prayers, frequent, earnest, and beseeching; not only for the work, but for us who must take the story of the Cross to the people about us. We feel the responsibility, our own weakness, and know well from where our strength must come.

CARRIE H. ARCHIBALD.

BOBBILI, July 12th, 1884.

DR.-C. C. BITTING says: "The Baptist church that does not work beyond itself will die." It ought to.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario, will be held on Thursday, the 9th of October, in the Talbot Street Church, London. There will be a prayer meeting at 10.30. Morning session will commence at 11 o'clock; afternoon session at 2.30. A social gathering will be held in the evening.

Delegates will please send their names before the 1st of October, to Mrs. A. O. Jeffrey, Talbot Street, London, in order that arrangements can be made for billeting them during their stay.

Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk Railway for the issue of return tickets for *one fare and one-third* from Belleville and all points west of it, good for all the branches. Delegates will please send their full names and addresses, for railway certificates, to me, not later than the 4th of October.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Recording Secretary.

99 Pembroke St., Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TRACTS.

The missionaries who attended the conference at Cocanada in January last were photographed in a group. Copies of the picture, mounted, are for sale at 50 cents each. I have also two good views of the mission premises at Akidu. One shows all the buildings, the other shows the Mission House alone on a large scale. These can be supplied at the same price, 50 cents each. A good picture of the Samulcotta Seminary building is also for sale.

I have a supply of the tract "Aunt Mehitable's Account of the Annual Meeting." These are sold at one cent each, postage included, when five copies or more are taken.

Please send all orders for photographs and tracts to me at Port Hope, Ontario. Postage stamps will be received for small amounts.

JOHN CRAIG.

MRS. CHURCHILL, of Bobbili, India, will, it is expected be present and give addresses at the coming meetings in Montreal and London. Mr. Churchill will accompany her.

MRS. CURRIE, of Tuni, who is residing for the present at Wolfville, N. S., was compelled by family cares to decline the invitation of the Ontario Board to the London meeting.

THE ADDRESS of the Corresponding Secretary of the Ontario Society is Mrs. H. J. Rose, 11 Gerrard St. West, Toronto.

BOSTON, ONT.—At our last Circle meeting, a resolution was passed, that we write at least once a year to the LINK, as we thought if such a course were pursued by each Circle it would add greatly to the encouragement and interest of our Society. We were organized August 4th, 1883, Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Powley, Brantford, kindly assisting at our organization, having twelve members at first. Since that time we have raised and sent to Mrs. Elliott, our Treasurer, \$119, besides \$14, the proceeds of a parlour concert for the North-West Mission. At our organization we all felt that the sum of our ignorance of mission fields was vastly more than our knowledge, so we resolved to expend \$2 for a year's subscription to the

"Gospel in all Lands"; also, we sent to Miss A. L. Stephens, 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for a supply of Missionary Literature, which we paid for by private subscription; this formed a nucleus of a small circulating library, and has been the means of benefiting those belonging to the Circle and a number of families outside. Seventeen copies of the LINK are taken, and twenty-six copies of the "Little Missionary" by the children of the Mission Band. In looking back over the year, we can see that we have been enabled to accomplish something, but at no time was it done without steady and persistent work; and we would say to any Circle that feels discouraged, the best remedy is to do something, make an extra effort, have an open meeting, a lecture, concert, or something that will arouse all your energies, and you will be surprised at the interest created, both in your own hearts and in your neighbors for the work you love. MEMBER.

ST. MARYS, ONT.—The ladies of the Baptist Church here have met and organized a Circle. Most of the members of the church take the LINK, which is a great help to us. Our *President* is Mrs. McLaurin; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Schofield; *Secretary*, Mrs. Harriet Mitchell; *Collectors*, Miss Humphries and Miss Barrett. H. M.

ORILLIA, ONT.—Through the instrumentality of Mrs. Holmes, a Circle was organized here on the 26th of July. *President*, Mrs. R. Holmes; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Taylor; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Mrs. A. Kean.

WANSTEAD P.O., ONT.—A Circle in connection with the Calvary Church was formed on the 14th September. *President*, E. Park; *Vice-President*, Mrs. Hayward; *Secretary*, Jennie Hayward; *Treasurer*, M. J. Brenton.

MORRISBURG.—A sister writes: "We enjoy the contents of your welcome little paper very much, and often read extracts in our Mission Circle. I am glad to tell you our interest in mission work is increasing, and though few in numbers we are trying to do our best to help on the good work."

WEST WINCHESTER.—A meeting was held at West Winchester, June 27th, in the Baptist church, for the purpose of organizing a Woman's Foreign Mission Circle. There were seven or eight present who joined, others sent in their names since. The present membership is fourteen. The officers appointed were:—Mrs. Howland, *President*; Mrs. Wm. Christy and Mrs. Wyatt, *Vice-Presidents*; Emma Frith, *Secretary*; Miss M. Hillyard, *Treasurer*. We hold our meetings the first Monday in each month. E. FRITH, Sec.

Maritime Provinces.

PINE GROVE MISSION CIRCLE.

Altho' so long silent, we have not ceased to appreciate our little paper. While words of encouragement from sister workers animate our spirits, we, in turn, would cast in our mite. Our monthly meetings were for a time discontinued. During the past summer a successful effort has been made to reorganize, altho' we have still to encounter the old difficulty,—so very few attend.

A number of sisters in an adjoining section, of this church, have been stirred with missionary zeal, and purpose, at an early date, to form a branch Circle.

Our foreign work is not confined to the older ones alone. The "Eastern Light" Mission Band is doing good work among the young people. This Band struggled into existence about four years ago, at that time

assuming the support of a little Telugu girl, "Terichis," one who was taken by Mrs. Armstrong, at the time of the famine. Since Mrs. A.'s return to America, she has been under the care of Miss Hammond, now Mrs. Archibald, first, at Chicacole, now at Bobbili. Eighteen dollars yearly have been raised for this purpose. This autumn, a missionary concert was given. Some recitations were taken from the LINK, principally from Sister Belle's corner. One was quite effective—six characters were dressed in the costume of the nation they represented. I wish some of our sisters would furnish suitable concert exercises occasionally. Valuable assistance could be given in this way. It may not be ours to go to the regions beyond with the "old, old story," but Jesus has provided work for us without leaving happy homes, and bidding adieu to our loved ones, and what we do let us do with our might.

MIDDLETON, N.S., Sept., 1884.

Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness.

Mrs. Grattan Guinness has, from its beginning, been the *Secretary* of the Congo Mission, lately handed over to the American Baptist Union. Besides this she has co-operated with her husband in founding and sustaining the East London Training Institute for missionaries, which has now more than three hundred representatives labouring in different parts of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Guinness came a short time ago to Boston to complete the arrangements of transferring their mission on the Congo. A meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, gave them an opportunity to speak to the people about the mission.

Mr. Guinness gave a graphic account of Mr. Stanley's journey across the Continent from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo. In this great journey of seven thousand miles, occupying three years, Mr. Stanley did not meet one Christian, not one person who had even heard of the name of Jesus. The condition of the people in all this vast region was summed up in these words, "Bloodshed, bloodshed, bloodshed." From the head of Stanley Pool to the mouth of the Congo, a distance of five thousand miles on the main river and its branches, there is a country having more inhabitants than the United States, but the people are destitute of the knowledge of God and the way of life.—*Christian Visitor*.

Good News from Russia.

BY REV. A. RAUSCHENBUSH, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

While we read in the political papers so many startling accounts of the doings of Nihilists and other anarchists in Russia, it will be cheering and comforting to our readers to learn that at the same time a deep religious movement is pervading all classes of Russian society. Only thirty years ago the Bible could be freely circulated only in the ecclesiastical language of Russia; viz., the old Slavonian language, which is not understood any longer by the common people. During the last twenty years, however, the numerous colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society are permitted freely to put the Bible into the hands of the people in their vernacular Russian. The people buy the Good Book gladly, and study it eagerly. Many who could not read, even if advanced in years, learn to read, that they may make the word of God their own.

It will not be surprising to our readers, that, in consequence of their study of the Bible, not a few persons have been led to embrace Baptist views. Several influences from without have assisted in promoting this ten-

dency. At the end of the last century numerous colonies of Mennonites (who, as is well known, with us reject infant baptism) emigrated from Prussia to Southern Russia, having received ample privileges from several Russian emperors. They prospered in wealth, and greatly increased in numbers; so that, in spite of a numerous emigration to the United States in the last years, they still number some fifty thousand. They live mainly north of the Black Sea, in colonies, that is, in villages of their own, where they retain their native German tongue, and where they are permitted religious and political self-government according to their own peculiar views.

In the beginning of the present century another class of Protestant immigrants arrived in Southern Russia from Württemberg and other parts of South Germany. Many so-called Pietists, having studied the Apocalypse according to Bengel's teaching, believed in the speedy coming of the reign of Antichrist, and hoped to find a place of refuge in South Russia under the benevolent sceptre of Alexander I. Though disappointed in some of their expectations, they acted as a leaven upon the rest of the population about them, for they continued their custom of meeting together for conference and prayer. These conferences were called "*Stunden*" (hours of prayer). Of late many native Russians have attended these *Stunden*, have taken up the custom, and hence are called "*Stundists*" (attendants of prayer-meetings). All *Stundists* rejected the worship of images prevalent in the Greek Church, thus became offensive to the clergy of that church, and were considered as having separated from it.

When in later years Baptists from Germany begun to labor in Russia, they found a field well prepared for them by the spreading influence of the Mennonites and *Stundists*. Many of both classes were baptized, and Baptist churches were organized. Though the German Baptist ministers avoided proselyting native Russians, from fear of persecutions on the part of the clergy and the government, yet on a few occasions, when great numbers of Germans were baptized, some Russians, not known as such to the baptizing ministers, obtained baptism from them. These proceeded immediately to baptize other native Russians, and native Russian churches were thus formed. For some time many of their members, men and women, were cast into prison, and in other ways suffered severely for their faith. Of late, however, the magistrates have granted full toleration. Especially at Kiew and its vicinity their number has greatly increased.

A singular incident will show how this leaven is working. Along the Volga River about two hundred large German colonies are settled, amid a still larger number of Russian villages. In one of them, Yakowka, near Saratow, by order of the authorities, a public debate between the Russian priests on the one side, and the *Stundists* and Baptists on the other hand, was instituted for the purpose of eliciting from the latter a clear statement of their belief. A Baptist, who was appointed their spokesman, read a large number of passages from the Bible directed against image-worship and other superstitions of the Greek Church. When his opponents attempted to refute him from the authority of the church, the government officers who were present declared that all arguments must be taken from the Bible. This the priests were unable to do; and the debate, to which a large concourse of people had assembled, ended in a signal victory for the *Stundists* and Baptists.

We close by communicating the fact that the well-known Count Pashkoff, who has for many years held meetings in his palace and many other places in and

about St. Petersburg, last summer received baptism from the celebrated George Muller, of Bristol. It is to be regretted that he does not make common cause with the Baptists. Yet much good will be done by his employing many preachers, who are engaged in evangelistic work. Some of these are Baptist.

As no other Protestant denomination has at present any influence with the Russian people, there is a golden opportunity for the Baptists; and, if they seize it, our denomination will have a great future in Russia.—*Miss. Magazine*.

A Day's Work in India.

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

I very much wish to advocate a mode of work I saw most successfully carried out in one of the missions I visited. Perhaps, if I simply relate what I saw in a day's outing with a missionary lady, it will best explain what I mean. My friend is the widow of a missionary, and a thorough, hearty, energetic missionary herself.

We started at eleven in the forenoon for a good long round. After driving a considerable way into the native town, through busy bazaars and hot, odoriferous streets, we got into lanes so narrow and tortuous that we had to leave our ghari and walk; but with pith helmets and white umbrellas we did not mind the sun much, though he blazed over our heads with noontide fierceness. We speedily got into a thick network of houses, crowded together without the slightest order in their construction or arrangement—some large, some small, some high, some low, but all dilapidated and tumble-down, and most unattractive. One or two had crumbled into ruins, and an unsightly mass of bricks, clambered over by jungle and nettles, lay at one angle; at another were some low, ruinous bullock-sheds.

"This is my parish," said my friend, "and I am so fond of my women." It was easy to see that this was true. She was an enthusiast of a missionary. She has thirty houses here which she constantly visits. "Look there," she said, and looking up I saw a small iron-barred casement high in the wall, against which one or two faces were pressed, eagerly looking out. "They are watching for me," she said, with a happy voice, and so they were. We entered the house, climbed up a steep ladder-like stair, and stood in a narrow slip of a room, where there were nine neatly-dressed women of all ages waiting for their expected visitor. They did not know that I was coming, but received me with the utmost courtesy and kindness. As usual, there was not a scrap of furniture except the inevitable cot, a low wooden platform at one end, used for sleeping on at night and sitting on by day. The room was beautifully clean, however, and nicely matted.

"Where is So-and-so?" asked my friend, naming one who was not present. Some excuses were made; but she was resolute. She never begins her reading until all the women in the house have assembled. So presently a cross-looking old dame appeared, and sat on the door-sill sulkily, though I noticed that before the reading had proceeded very far, her interest was aroused in spite of herself. There is often some difficulty in gaining the elder women, but never the younger.

My friend's method is simply to read. She never gives a lesson, nor does she let any of her audience read to her. She selects a portion of the Bible, generally a parable or miracle, or short narrative, which she reads aloud. She then explains it simply, and encourages the women to talk about it and ask questions; and often

their questions are most intelligent and thoughtful. They are not allowed to speak while she reads; and they are not inclined to do so, their attention is too much fixed on the reading. She next repeats a hymn—she does not sing; and finally reads a tract containing a story. She also leaves one for their perusal until her next visit, when it is returned and they get another. In some houses she reads only the Bible and a hymn. She is often asked to repeat the hymn, and also to read some Bible story which they had enjoyed before. Her work is to "sow the incorruptible seed of the Word;" and this she does simply and from house to house. The women delight in her visits, with few exceptions; their interest and eager pleasure, especially in the Bible reading, were manifest in every house we visited, and the questions they asked, and the conversation which always followed, generally about God and sin and salvation, were profoundly interesting. Her sphere of labour is only limited by her strength. She is out every day from eleven to five or six; and the houses which would eagerly open to such instruction might be multiplied indefinitely. She has an excellent knowledge of the language, and her manner is so bright and cheery that she wins their hearts and gains their confidence.

While we were engaged in the first house, with its pleasant group of nice, intelligent women, a message came from another house in the lane, begging for a visit. When we went into the street we found a boy waiting, who conducted us through a labyrinth of dirty passages up a narrow, winding, turret-like stair to a gloomy apartment in a huge, tumble-down old house. It was the most melancholy Zenana I had ever seen, and this is saying a good deal. The room was immense, with small barred windows, an earthen floor with a scrap of matting, and dirty, dingy, yellow-washed walls. There was not a single article of furniture in it of any kind, unless a small wheel could be called such, off which a woman was reeling some cotton, and a sieve full of grain which another was winnowing. Some naked children were playing about, and ran behind their mothers for fear of us, while they sat on their heels with their chins in their hands gossiping. Only two women out of sixteen in the room were doing anything but talking in loud, harsh voices. They were much too scantily clad, and they looked so idle, so helpless, so uncivilized and unpromising that I stood and gazed at them dismayed. Not so my friend. "Here is a field for me," she said, blithely, as if any seeming difficulty would only be a fresh attraction. The field was virgin soil, and wild enough. No Zenana teacher had been here; but it only needed a loving hand to till and cultivate it in order to produce the harvest she was already reaping elsewhere.

So with hundreds and hundreds more such dreary homes. All they want is only the loving hand to sow with patience and faith, with weeping it may be, and unwearyed pains, and the reaping-time of joy would surely come.

Economy in Work for the Master.

From the *Helping Hand*.

With thought and consideration on the part of Christian workers and givers, might there not be a great deal of time and strength saved that could be put to wiser and more satisfactory uses? The methods of collecting in our societies, and for the various objects that appeal to the sympathy and seek the gift of those whose aid is desired, will often bear not a little criticism.

Our Society offers the privilege of forwarding its great

and blessed work. It asks two cents a week, or one dollar a year, as the membership fee. (If we pay by the dollar, let us not forget to add the four cents, or, for good measure, the nickel, else some poor washerwomen, who lay theirs by from week to week, will secure a larger investment than we.) The members in some of its auxiliaries hand or send to their treasurers their offerings at some time convenient to themselves. Their dollar, given at once, may have been laid by in weekly, monthly, or quarterly instalments, or even by pennies consecrated to their joyfully remembered pledge. Other auxiliaries obtain their contributions through collectors, who make their gatherings monthly or quarterly. In many instances, the dollar, twenty-five cents of which is given every three months, could, with no inconvenience, be given entire, and, with thought on the part of the donor, handed or sent to the collector, thus saving the trouble of going for it. Do any inquire, is it not the business of the collector to come for it? We answer, because she has had sufficient interest in the cause to consent to gather the offerings is no reason why needless work should be put upon her in the accomplishment of the object.

Let us quote the average experience of collectors. We will say one has twenty names on her list. Out of the twenty, five give their dollar in full; only two hand it of their own accord; several of the remaining number occasionally think to bring their quarterly dues to meeting; all the others are called upon at their homes, and sometimes more than once.

If we accept the privilege of giving for missions, should we do it in such a way as to oblige any one to spend her time in getting possession of our offerings? Did you ever know of a collector who did not prefer to receive contributions rather than to go and ask for them? Did you ever know one who did not prefer making calls, without the accompanying errand of begging? It may be a pious necessity in cases of new and unknown objects; but the instances in connection with organized societies should be rare, and each one calls for apology on the part of the forgetful or neglectful donor.

Let the golden rule influence to reformation in this matter. If we have failed hitherto to bring our practice to its test, and if our practice has been defective for lack of consideration, let us recall the exhortation, "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." The Bible direction concerning giving will also assist to emphasize these thoughts. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." What more simple way than the voluntary one? What way could be more pleasing to the Master, more satisfactory to ourselves, and more welcome to all concerned?

FRUGALITAS.

Our Responsibility.

The *Christian Messenger* says:—"When the solemn fact is considered as stated by Rev. Geo. Churchill that there are now more than a million of people within reach of the three stations our missionaries occupy, who are dependant on them for the giving of the gospel of the grace of God, and who have no other living voice to convey to them the Word of Life, it may be felt that we are charged with a momentous work. Not only so, but when it is remembered that the rising race are to be taught to read the sacred Scriptures, and so prepared for the permanent occupying of the land in the future generations the importance of the work is vastly increased."

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Many of you have studied about the island Madagascar. It is about 300 miles east of Africa, across the Mozambique Channel. At this time about 2,500,000 people are living there. I have just been reading the history of its missionary work, and it made me thank God from my heart. Nowhere has such rapid growth been seen, so much fruit for so little labor. Newman Hall, one of the great London ministers, in a sermon he preached in Ottawa yesterday, said that "the truest missionary to bring others to Jesus was a faithful consistent Christian life." It seems to me that the wonderful success in Madagascar was largely due to the faithful lives of those who had given up their idols for Christ. A sea captain once asked a Madagascar chief what led him to become a Christian, if it was some book he had read, or some sermon preached? "No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beats his wife and children. Now the thief no steal; drunken Tom, he be sober; big chief very kind to all. Every heathen man gets something inside of him to make him different, so I became a Christian to have it inside me to keep me from being bad." It reminded me of the little Irish boy in the ragged school who was asked what holiness was, and answered, "Please, your reverence, it is to be clean inside." Many hundreds of the Madagascar Christians were killed in such a cruel manner because they would not deny Christ. At one time eighteen persons were strung upon poles and carried through the streets with their mouths stuffed with rags, so they could not speak of Jesus to the watching people. Four of these were burned alive, the others thrown over the edge of a rock 300 feet high. The last was a young woman named Ranivo. They entreated her to worship idols just once to save her life. But she answered, "No! I am Christ's. Throw me over!" Even her persecutors were astonished, and so her life was spared by them. Many Christians were made to drink a poisonous cup called the "tangena," to test the truth of their religion, and thus died for Christ. War was declared against all the Christians, and one month given them "to recant" or forsake Christ. One missionary at this time preached a sermon from this text, "Save, Lord, we perish!" Many Christians spent whole nights in prayer. When you get older you will be glad to read the whole history of the work in that island. To-night, I read of a mother and her daughter there who had become Christians. They were poor people and lived chiefly on rice. The father, a heathen still, tried in every way to hinder their new life. One of his favorite ways was to try and make them break the Sabbath by buying rice on that day. He would often throw away all the rice in the house late on Saturday night, or buy some more early Sunday morning, and mix with their rice. They never complained, but patiently fasted until Monday rather than do what they felt to be breaking God's command. At last God touched the hard heart, the heathen father gave up his old life to be one with his wife and child, in serving the living God.

Dear Boys and Girls, are our lives thus preaching for the Saviour we love? Do our every day actions tell of a clean heart inside? Are our friends learning to love Jesus because His love has changed our lives? If not, we may learn a lesson from the faithful Christians of Madagascar.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

Off Again to the Foreign Field.

The *Visitor* says:—"The Rev. W. F. Armstrong, Mrs. Armstrong, and Miss Stark of New York, under appointment for Burmah, sailed from Halifax in the *Nova Scotian* on Monday, the 8th, for Maulmain. Mr. Armstrong goes to take charge of the English Baptist church in the city and to labor among the Telugus. The church pays into the Union's funds an amount equal to one half of Mr. Armstrong's salary. The population of Maulmain is about 95,000, twenty thousand of these are Telugus. Rangoon has a population of 1,500,000. Fifty thousand of this city also are Telugus. This is clear evidence of the English character of this people. They are an enterprising race and are fast pushing themselves in among the less enterprising people of the east. Some who have gone to Burmah were converted and members of Baptist churches before they left their homes in the West. The Baptists of these provinces can rest assured that many of the Telugus converted in connection with the labors of their missionaries will spread abroad and do work in other fields. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have left their oldest child in Halifax with kind friends, and take their two younger children with them."

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Aug. 26th to Sept. 25th, inclusive.

Villa Nova M. C., \$12.00; Cheltenham M. C., \$3.00; Boston M. C., \$55.00 (for support of student at Samulcotta Seminary; also to make Mrs. L. C. Barber and Miss H. Haviland life members); Uxbridge M. C., \$19.40 (of this \$12.75 from Mission Quilt); St. George M. C., \$3.25; Mount Brydges M. C., \$2.00; Plympton Township M. C., \$12.00; Mrs. Albert Cohoon, \$25.00 (for support of Lukshimi); Timpany's Grove M. C., \$7.00; St. Thomas M. C., \$25.00; London, Talbot St. M. C., \$61.00; London, Talbot St. M. B., \$4.15 (of this \$21.05 are the proceeds of a lecture by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, and \$12.00 by a member of the Circle for the support of a girl in Mr. Timpany's school. Of the Mission Band \$1.81 is from the Autograph Quilt, and the total goes to the support of Jaipal Dass); Paris M. C., \$28.00; Paris M. B., \$7.42; Peterboro M. C., \$7.80; Gobles M. C., \$4.00; Wyoming M. C., \$13.00; Jarvis St., Toronto, M. C., \$43.23; Total \$332.25.

Mrs. W. H. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST.

Receipts from July 9th to September 23rd, 1884.

Newboro, \$1.00; Perth, \$7.00; West Winchester, \$3.00; St. Andrews, \$9.00; Ottawa, \$20.00; Osgoode, \$38.60; Montreal F. B. C. Mission Band, \$4.56; Inverness, \$14.00; Roxburgh, \$5.00; Kemptville, \$10.00; Dominionville, \$22.00; For Samulcotta, Ormond, \$17.00; West Winchester, \$17.00; Ottawa Gleaners' Band, \$17.00; Total, \$185.16.

M. A. SMITH, Treas.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

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