

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. VI., No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—*Is. lx. 2.* [JAN., 1884.]

The Test.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

A Question for the New Year

Thus saith the Master: "Lovest thou me?"
More than the wealth I have given to thee?
More than the mountains of silver and gold,
Than houses and lands, and the flocks of the fold,
Then reach out thy hand, and dispense far abroad
For the welfare of man and the glory of God.

Thus saith the Master: "Lovest thou me?"
More than the leisure so pleasing to thee?
More than thy joyance in sight and in sound,
Than varied delights which are scattered around?
Then work in my vineyard, at home and abroad,
For the welfare of man and the glory of God.

Thus saith the Master: "Lovest thou me?"
More than the kindred so precious to thee?
More than thy father and mother so dear?
Or brethren, or children, or wife the most near?
Couldst leave them for me, who withheld not my blood?
For the welfare of man and the glory of God?

Thus saith the Master: "Lovest thou me?"
Resigning thyself as a sacrifice free?
Still patient in sickness, and steadfast in woe;
And serving by waiting, if God wills it so?
Thy springs all in me, when earth's fountains are dry,
Foretastes of fruition that waits in the sky.

Oh, yes, Lord! I love thee. Thou seest my heart
Andndest thine image, all fair as thou art.
Friend, brother, Redeemer? The man and the God,
Who once this poor earth in thy poverty trod!
I will follow thy footprints along the rough road,
Till the feet of the pilgrim shall reach thine abode.

M. A. W. Cooke in American Messenger.

A Word from the General Secretary to the Women's Mission Circles.

(For the Missionary Link.)

It does not require any extraordinary exercise of memory to recall the time when the Mission Circles began to be organized, and when some *wise and cautious* brethren shook their heads at this *innovation*, and said what they could to "nip it in the bud." Was not this new movement a division of our forces? Had it not a disintegrating tendency? Ought not all the funds to be collected by one agency, and go into one treasury? What right had the women, *as women*, to be moving in this matter? Was it not a violation of the great and sacred truth, "They shall be no more twain, but one flesh"? etc. etc. I need not prolong this string of objections. A few, at

least, of the good sisters will remember how they fought this battle on many a — I was going to say, bloody field; but there was no blood spilt. Well, it turned out to be the old story:

"If she will she will, and you may depend on't,
And if she wont she wont, and there's an end on't."

The women triumphed, the circles lived and flourished and multiplied, and the cautious brethren were doomed to see their worst fears *not* realized. If I were to confess that at that time I sympathized a little with the cautious brethren, it would only be saying that I am wiser now than I was then. To begin to object to Women's Mission Circles *now* would be about as sensible as if one rail of a railway track should begin to find fault with the other and to tell it to get out of the way. If it did get out of the way the trains would have rather a poor time of it. And it has come to this that our Telugu Mission would find it rather trying to make headway were it not for the generous assistance of the Women's Mission Circles of these provinces. Since I was elected to the office of General Secretary, and have had to think a little about *ways and means*, I have been in a position to appreciate all this.

And now what about the work for 1884? I mean the work of the Circles in raising money. Last year the splendid sum of \$3000. was contributed from this source. The question is, can it be made \$3,500 or \$4,000 this year? Cannot enough new Circles be organized, and enough new members added to those already existing to accomplish this? Cannot some missionary lectures, and missionary evenings of music, papers, readings, addresses, etc., *with good collections added*, be given to help swell the funds. Sometimes after a society has existed a few years there comes a lull in its interest and work and effort. Let there be no lull in any Circle. Your help was never more needed than it is for this year 1884. *Your mode of collecting money is one which the hard times can not affect much.* The hard times do affect Sunday collections, and the gifts of individuals.

Shall it be \$4000 for 1884?

"Forward! be our watchword."

J. W. A. STEWART.

TELOGU Christians are taught "that every convert must be a missionary and every family a missionary society."

According to your Ability.

"Every man according to his ability," is the Christian rule of giving and of working. It is not very faithfully obeyed. There are many persons who have great ability, yet do but little work; who have ample leisure yet give but little time; who have large possessions yet make small contributions. This is an evil that we have all seen under the sun. And there is another that is like unto it. There are a great many people who have some ability but who do *nothing*; who have not much but who give *no* time to the Lord's work; who have a little money but who put *none* at all into His treasury. Those who have a little and give nothing violate the Christian law just as truly as do those who have much and give a little. There are a great many persons, young and old, in all our churches, whose means and opportunities are limited; from whom not much ought to be expected; but they are able to do something and they do nothing. They are transgressors of the Christian law. They ought to repent and do works meet for repentance.

The Unfinished Building.

A LESSON FOR WORKERS.

One Sunday afternoon, when most of my Sunday work was over, I was sitting still, feeling sad and cast down. Turning over in my mind the *whys* and *wh* *refores* of God's dealings with me, especially some trials which had lately befallen me in connection with my service, and which seemed to be anything but for the glory of God, my heart sank lower and lower. Have we not all at times such feelings? Have not those of us seeking to work for the Lord our seasons of sadness, when in the depths of our hearts the words arise, "All these things are against me;" or (what is often more bitter to us), "All these things are against the work we love so much."

Perhaps often, too, we feel that our trial is harder to bear and less likely to bring blessing than any other. Dear fellow laborers, we know that these are unbelieving thoughts, we are ashamed of them at the time they arise, but they do come; and, alas, we often give them entertainment. Thank God the One with whom we have to do is very pitiful; He knoweth our frame. We may argue with ourselves, we may repeat over and over again all that we *know* is true, as to the Lord's ways and thoughts being so much higher than ours; as to the *end* being so sure and so perfect, that when we see it, we shall wonder how we ever doubted that He was ever leading us by the *right* way; but I believe there are times of sore trial and discouragement, when only the Lord Himself, speaking to our souls, can put to flight the army of subtle foes that seek to disturb our peace, and hinder our effectual service for the Master. He knows exactly the trial; He knows how much physical weakness and overtaxing may tend to increase it. He knows, too, when the trial He has sent is so real and deep and bitter that *only* He can help, and when the word "comfort" seems mockery except when spoken by His own blessed lips.

This Sunday afternoon the lesson came in a very simple way; but the comfort from it was so deep, that I knew He had given it, and I longed to pass it on to some dear ones, tried and cast down, weary and ready to faint.

Just outside the room in which I was sitting, a new building was going up; it was to add to the size and comfort of our house, and we had been looking forward to the pleasure and convenience it would be when completed. But for days we had been suffering much discomfort from builders and carpenters; we had to move

out of several of our rooms, and the dusty and upset state of every thing was very trying.

Then the building itself, how unsightly it looked that Sunday in its unfinished condition—scaffolding, pieces of boards, flooring half finished, met the eye, and, instead of a pleasant room, nothing but bricks and planks and broken pieces of wood were lying about. Was *this* the increased comfort we were to have?—less room than ever! any amount of dust and disorder; an ugly half built wall; a room without doors or roof! Nay this was indeed the present view of things; but how silly, how short-sighted, to say because of this discomfort, "We will give up the building altogether; instead of increased comfort there is less comfort than ever." And yet, dear friends, how often we think such thoughts of God's building, in which He says we are workers together with Him.

Only just before I had been feeling, "Could I have known of this trial, had I been able to foresee this hindrance, I would not have undertaken this branch of work." But what a flood of light and comfort came into my soul when I thought, "Why this is only my *present* view of things; when I see the whole, how perfect and beautiful it will be! These days of perplexity and weariness and difficulty are necessary, or the great work God has in view would never be brought to perfection." Then the thought arose, "But the things that try me most just now are things that seem directly to hinder the work I love so well." Is it so? Was the pulling down of the old wall, and the clearing away of the rubbish before beginning the strong firm walls of the new rooms, a hindrance to the building? Was it needful? And so our God in His infinite wisdom, which we are so unable to comprehend, often seems to allow hindrances, the pulling down of our dearly-loved plans, the rooting-up of our most-cherished wishes, which at first appear to undo all we have been trying to do for his cause. For what? Not to disappoint us in the end, but that He may give us a more glorious and blessed and perfect fulfilment of our desire to do His will; a granting of what we have asked for above all we could ask or think.

The way of the Lord is *perfect*. Oh! how imperfect, how poor, how unfinished would the work be were it left to our planning, to our doing, even with our hearts really warm and true to our Master. Let us rest ourselves on his strong guiding hand, and even as it will be *all* praise soon, let us now by His grace seek in everything to give thanks, and being of "good courage," He will "strengthen our hearts."

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bad may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

W. F. W.

in "Woman's work in the Great Harvest Field"

The Indian Village.

HINDUS live in villages and only in villages. We should as soon expect to find the cells of the honey-bee scattered singly here and there, as to find Hindu dwellings isolated and scattered throughout the country, as is the custom in other lands. A farmer will go to and from his fields for miles, but in the village he must and will live. The reason generally given for their objection to living in isolated places is, that they are afraid of robbers; but India is not more given to this kind of outlaws than other countries, and there must be some other reasons for this universal custom, the strongest of which probably is the custom itself.

The ordinary Hindu village consists of two distinct sections, which may be separated by only a wide street or by a number of fields. The larger and better section is regarded as the village proper, including Brahmans, Sudras, Mahomedans and others of equal caste grade. In the smaller and poorer section live the Pariahs and other out-caste and non-caste people. Formerly the inhabitants of this despised section were not allowed to enter the streets of the village proper, but latterly caste distinctions are by no means so strictly observed.

APPEARANCE.

Hindu villages are all made after the same pattern. Though rarely well shaded, almost every village has in and around it a number of palms, bangans, maryosas or other trees and when viewed from a distance, it presents a beautiful and inviting appearance. This is emphatically one of the scenes where distance lends enchantment to the view. The beauty vanishes in direct proportion as we come nearer, until dust, dirt, and stinking odors make us eager to retrace our steps or to pass quickly by. No sanitary regulations disturb the serenity or tax the pockets of the village fathers. No garbage wagons disturb the early slumbers of housekeepers, and even the farmers are too stupid or too listless to utilize the refuse of the streets in fertilizing their fields.

The houses are of one story, mud walls, and thatch or tile roof. The latter is an extravagance which only the comparatively rich can afford. By way of decoration, the front walls of the houses are sometimes painted in vertical stripes about a foot wide, red alternating with white. More commonly, however, utility takes precedence of ornament, and the front of the house is covered with cakes of cow manure, stuck there for drying in the sun, so as to become fit for fuel.

But little attempt is made at cultivating shade-trees or flowers. The small space surrounding the house is occupied as cattle-stalls and granaries.

The village tank, a large reservoir, not far away, for watering cattle, washing clothing, and irrigating fields, the village well, which only those of the higher castes are allowed to approach, "the bazaar" or marketplace, where the few commodities required by the frugal residents are sold, a few stray donkeys grazing on the commons, a scraggy forlorn pony, which for some mysterious reason is hobbled, an occasional mangy starving Pariah dog, and numberless dusky youngsters in nature's garb, all enter into the picture of an ordinary Hindu village.

GOVERNMENT.

The village rules and regulations are unique and interesting. In former days and for thousands of years in succession, the village administration of India was a marvel of peaceful working and quiet stability. Every detail was regulated by custom which had come to be law, every individual had his place, knew it and kept it.

The present government being more vigilant over the rights of individuals, and having no hesitancy in interfering with established usage where improvement is called for, the influence of officials has been considerably lessened, and the even tenor of the old Indian village system has been somewhat disturbed.

Under the latest orders the village officials have been made salaried officers, receiving their pay direct from government. It was thought this arrangement would inspire them with more fear of the higher authorities and have a tendency to check oppression and bribery. It has probably some advantages, but it cannot be denied that

the repeated interference on the part of government has to some extent destroyed the influence of the local officials and the peaceful administration of former days, when the Headman's word was final law, and the clerk's bribery more public but less oppressive.

The old village system had much more community of goods and servants, and much stronger cohesiveness than we should have expected to find compatible with the rigid caste distinctions of the people. The officers were these, and to a great extent they are still the same.

1. The *Munsig* or Headman, who has limited magisterial authority by law, and much more by custom. He is held responsible for the general good behaviour of the whole village, must report delinquents to the police or magistrate, is expected to furnish supplies to travellers and government officials, and give information concerning the assessment and collection of taxes. We have observed that he is generally the largest man in the village, his house the best, and his family the most influential. He is usually one of the farmers and can seldom either read or write.

2. The *Kurnam* or clerk. This officer is nearly always in the hands of Brahmans, the reason for this being that formerly they were the only class able to read and write. The village clerk has an important post, and though his nominal pay is small, rupees, houses and lands gravitate towards him in a remarkable manner. His position subjects him to many temptations to bribery and oppression, while his moral character is usually such as to afford him little resting power. His chief business is to collect the revenue and pay it over to the government. He is also the private secretary of everybody in the village who needs one. He has to write all the letters, complaints and petitions of the villagers. For this he receives fees and presents, but what is of more value to him, he knows everybody's secrets and is a witness whom it is worth while to buy.

3. The *Motari* is an official of inferior rank. His business is to assist the Munsig and the Kurnam in carrying out their orders. His position carries with it some dignity, a small salary, and a few perquisites.

4. The *Vettymen* are the lowest village servants. They run hither and thither at the bidding of the other officials, act as scavengers when necessary, show the way to passing travellers, and make themselves generally useful to the village in a menial capacity.

5. The *Watchman* is a functionary of considerable importance, though since the introduction of the modern police system his glory has somewhat departed. The watchman was formerly the guardian of boundaries public and private; he was the chief of police, and was expected to know all suspicious characters, and in case of theft find the stolen property, or trace the thief to the boundary of his township.

Then there is the money-changer, who supplies the villagers with coins, large or small, as may be required, and lends them small sums of money at a high rate of interest; the goldsmith, who keeps the jewels in repair and makes new ones when required, is ready to prepare a *tali* or marriage badge whenever a wedding comes off, and turning his hand also to coarser work, supplies brass vessels for household use; the carpenter, the potter, the shoemaker and the washerman, who are all indispensable and are considered in a manner village servants. The same is true of the barber, who combines with his tonorial profession that of a surgeon. He is supposed, moreover, to be a sort of intelligence office, ready to retail all the news of the village, whether good or bad, general or personal.

Another group of servants whom for dignity and importance we ought to have mentioned earlier, are the priests for performing religious ceremonies, the school-master for instructing a few favored youths, the astrologer for prescribing auspicious times, the physician for watching over the health of the community, and the genealogist, who is the standard authority on family trees.

All these are considered village functionaries, living and laboring for the good of the community, and ready at any time to receive a present from any one in recognition of their public services.

The village *Punchyat*, or "Council of Five," is an institution worthy of notice. It consists of a committee—either permanent or temporary—of five of the chief men of the village to decide cases of a moral nature, and especially those relating to the violation of caste rules. They fix punishments of fines and penances, and the offenders have no alternative but to acquiesce. Should the action of the council be disregarded in such cases, the moral suasion which follows is of a very serious kind. The offender is deprived of caste privileges. No one is allowed to give him work, water, food, or fire, nor is any one allowed to converse with him until he repents. The same orders are at once communicated to his caste-fellows in other villages, and whoever disregards them becomes a partner in his crime. It is a punishment which few have the courage to face, and the decision of the *punchyat* is therefore generally implicitly obeyed. Such a council is also sometimes called to report in connection with the Munsif on cases of sudden death, robbery, etc.

Elphinston in his History of India, pays the following eulogium to the Hindu village system:

"The village communities are little republics, having nearly everything they can want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down; revolution succeeds to revolution; Hindu Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village community remains the same. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves; a hostile army passes through the country; the village communities collect their cattle within their walls and let the enemy pass unprovoked. If plunder and devastation be directed against themselves, and the force employed be irresistible, they flee to friendly villages at a distance; but when the storm has passed over they return and resume their occupations. If a country remain for a series of years the scene of continual pillage and warfare, so that the villages cannot be inhabited, the scattered villagers nevertheless return whenever the power of peaceable possession revives. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation will return. The sons will take the places of the fathers; the same site for the village, the same positions for the houses, the same lands will be re-occupied by the descendants of those who were driven out when the village was depopulated. The union of the village community, each one forming a little state in itself, has I conceive, contributed more than any other cause to the preservation of the people of India through all the revolutions and changes which they have suffered and is in a high degree conducive to their happiness and to the enjoyment of a great portion of freedom and independence."—From *"Everyday Life in India,"* by Rev. A. D. Rowe, M.A.

There is a past which has gone forever, but there is a future which is still our own.—F. W. Robertson.

The cry of distress lays hold of our Lord's omnipotence.

Parting with a Loved Preacher for the Samulcotta School.

Rev. G. N. Thomssen, of the A. B. M. Union, writes: After a refreshing sleep we arose early on Sunday morning to make preparations for a preaching-service. A tent was pitched in a grove of trees near the bungalow, and by rolling up its sides we had a spacious chapel. Mats were laid on the ground for the people to sit on, while three chairs were brought for our use. About 7:30 o'clock a large number of Christians from Addunky and other villages and some heathen had gathered to listen to the preaching of the word of God.

Preaching to the Telugus is quite different from preaching to an assembly of people in Europe or America. First of all, the confidence of the people is to be gained. They are very shy; and as Mr. Maplesden and I are strangers to them they keep at a distance: but by going up to them, and talking pleasantly with them, and letting them feel that there is a tie that binds our hearts in mutual love, we soon overcome this feeling of strangeness. The smile of Christ's love on a Christian's face will steal its way into any man's heart!

Now we are ready to begin. The people have taken their seats on the mats, the head men of the Christians sit on one side of us, Philip, the native pastor, and his wife, with the school-children, on the other. One of the strange yet inspiring hymns to Jesus is sung by the people, and Mr. Clough prays. We have all been lifted up, and have been brought nearer to God. Philip reads the 12th chapter of Romans; and Mr. Clough gives an exposition of it in his happy, characteristic manner, and no one can forget the grand lessons taught by the Apostle Paul in this chapter. Another hymn, and then Mr. Clough rises to preach. His text is John iii. 3: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God!" Christ's doctrine of the new birth was expounded, and the Brahmanical doctrine of the transmigration of the soul contrasted with it; and the people were shown that Christ's teaching is light, the Brahmans' darkness. Jesus gives joy; theirs gives pain. How dreary and dark must that system be that tells men if they be meritorious, give alms, etc., they may hope to be born again, perhaps in a cow,—to live again in some animal! Is it to be wondered at that such a system should degrade man?

After the sermon a short business meeting was called. Philip and his lovely wife Sarah had been four years in Addunky; Philip preaching the gospel to the people, and Sarah teaching the village-school. They were entwined in the affections of the Christians in and around Addunky; but the day had come when their connection was to be severed. Philip had received a call from the Rev. J. McLaurin, of the Canadian Baptist Mission, to come to Samulcotta, and assist him in preparing young men for the gospel ministry in the northern part of the Telugu country. After much prayer it was decided to go; but the people declared this could not be. We reasoned with them, and tried to persuade them what evidently seemed to be God's will; but they said,—

"No! we cannot give them leave to go! Since Philip and Sarah are among us our women do not quarrel and fight, the men have given up their evil habits, our children are learning to read, and can sing. Are we to be left alone?"

On being told that another man would come if they were constant in prayer they said,—

"We do not want any other man; we want Philip and Sarah, his wife!"

The Telugu mind is peculiarly excitable; and the people were working themselves up to a great pitch of excitement, so the subject was dropped, and after prayer by Philip and several other brethren the meeting was dismissed.

We returned to the bungalow, and there received many callers, both Christian and heathen. We had pleasant conversations with five, and the time flew very fast. After dinner, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we re-assembled with the Christians at the tent for a devotional meeting. Several of the brethren prayed, and some short addresses were also made. Then the subject of the morning was again taken up for discussion; and we were both amused and instructed by the speeches of different men trying to prove to Philip and to us that it would not be God's will for him to leave them, and take up the work of teaching.

One good old brother—one of the *peddelu*, or headmen of the palem—arose, and addressing Mr. Clough, said—“*Ajah* (sir), can a tree be transplanted after growing in one place for four years, and having its roots firmly fixed in the soil? If you transplant, it will certainly die! How can Philip leave us after having been planted among us for four years? He will certainly be ruined.”

“*Doragaru* (master),” said another, “what do you think of a gentleman who takes a man from his work who has gone into the jungle, cut down the trees, prepared the ground, ploughed and sowed it, and the seed is springing up, and gives promise of a very fine crop? Philip and his wife have done such work here, and they must stay and reap the fruit of their labors!”

A number of similar speeches were made; but the one answer Mr. Clough had for all of them was, “Ichchethi, durekethi!” i. e., “The fact of your giving will be fact of your receiving!” But the people would not give in; they grew more clamorous.

“It is not God's will, it is your will! *Mi chittam, mi chittam*, your will! your will!” was heard on every side.

Mr. Clough arose and said, “Who am I that I should set my will over against God's will? Brethren, you know that God could strike me down; and I fear to do anything against His holy will. I did not persuade Philip and Sarah to go, nor is it my will that they should go; but I told them to pray over this matter, and, if they felt God was calling them, then, and not before, they were to go; and, if they felt man was calling them, to stay here. Is not this what I said, Philip?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Philip, “that was your advice. We feel God is calling us; and, as the Apostle Paul did not fear to go to distant lands to preach the gospel of Christ crucified, neither will I fear to go!”

By this time the people were considerably quieted; but still they were as yet not wholly convinced that it was their duty to send Philip and Sarah, and to pray for their success.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

AN INGATHERING.

(From the Canadian Baptist.

Dear Sir,—Some of the readers of your pages may remember a letter which appeared some months ago as to the way our mission work has been started about forty miles from here through a trader, Gundum Kondiah.

Well, the middle of last month I got ready my tents and called carts for a trip into the region of Gokaram, etc.

It seemed as if I were to be hindered, for the rain came down for two or three days heavily. It looked very much as if the great north-east monsoon had come in good earnest; still there was a doubt. I took advantage of the doubt and toured for *fifteen days*. There were a good many showers but the monsoon did not come upon us till we were on our way home, twenty miles from Cocanada. The two nights I was travelling home it rained as if the windows of heaven were opened.

I had a grand good time in Kondiah's region and *fourteen* were baptized. Among these were Kondiah's brother, his wife and his young wife put away when he became a Christian, and other members of his household. Two from the Malas came and were baptized. One, an old man has long been called by the name *Yasu Dasu* (Slave of Christ)—the other, a young man, who says he has loved Christ for *five* years. The day after his baptism his wife left him, but he was able to induce her to return to him.

When in Gokaram some Koyas Hill Men came to me asking for teaching. I went to several of their villages and talked to them. They are very much like the Karens of Burmah when the gospel first came to them. From Gokaram we went away to Elashnaram to the eastward thirty miles. Up to this time in all that region there had been no Christians. We travelled the most of two nights to reach the place. The second night a wide treacherous river took us two hours to cross. It was half-past four Sabbath morning before I got the tent pitched and, worn out, threw myself on my cot for an hour. On Monday evening, 20th October, I baptized just at dark in *Lingamparty*, *eighteen* men and women. I have never had anything like this on my Cocanada field before. The head man of the village of nearly two hundred houses, his wife, son, daughter and sister were among the number. There were others to come and they wanted me to stay another day. I could not do so, and the same night we turned homeward.

A. V. TIMPANY.

November 2nd, 1883

OUR ZENANA WORKER TO THE TOR. SEC. OF ONTARIO.

My dear Mrs. Rose, * * * This, I think, is the day of your Annual Meeting, is it not? May the Master whose presence, I trust, will be manifest in your midst give you much wisdom and direct you in making many and efficient plans for the carrying on of His work here. We will need a small sum of money for our Zenana work, and were I sending now instead of two months ago for my appropriations for the next year, I would ask for more than \$50. The work is apparently crowding itself upon me much sooner than I expected, and my dear sister, I shall need very much wisdom which I am daily—and I know many of you at home are also—asking God to give me in order that it may be done successfully.

I look over this great town with its thousands of perishing souls and wonder how it is to be divided up, so that we may give the *Light* to as great a number of people as possible. We shall need to have quite a number of native workers and one or two Eurasian ladies. There is a young lady belonging to one of the best Eurasian families in this town preparing for zenana work. She will be ready to begin the first of the year, and if the ladies think it well to engage her I will do so. * * She seems to be one whom the Lord has chosen for our work, and I have given her some reason to hope that she will be engaged, but avoided doing so as long as possible, and

not until she came to see me and asked what she was to do. I had been praying about it and only a few days before had received a post-office order for \$50 from the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Circle, which when cashed brought 128 rupees. Then I had also received your letter and one from Mrs. Freeland, saying the \$60 I had written about had been left in my hands by the ladies of the Board, to be used in whatever way I thought best. So I have \$110 already in hand, besides nearly enough of the money left of my travelling expenses to pay my munshi another year. Will you please thank the ladies for me for the \$60?

There are many patiently waiting for me to visit them when I have mastered the language. It is very slow work, and some patience is needed I can assure you, particularly when the work is so pressing.

Last Sunday morning a man of the Sudra caste came to Mr. Timpany and asked him if I would go up to his house and teach his daughters and niece English and fancy work. I was engaged with my class at the time, so Mr. Timpany told him to come on Monday morning. He came and we talked the matter over. I told him that I would go if he would allow Jesus to go too. I said, "My only motive in going to the zenana will be to teach and make known the religion of Jesus. That is my calling, and that is my work, and that is the reason I left my home and came to India." He said he was willing for me to teach his women about the Saviour, but I would have to begin very gently, for they were very ignorant and worshipped idols. He told me to bring it in with my work. He also said they were very untidy, and did not know how to keep their houses clean, and asked me to give them lessons in that as well. He urged me to go and make a beginning, and said there were many more who would be willing to have me go to their houses after a time. He took me home with him and introduced me to his wife and children and others, and I arranged to go three times a week.

Mr. Timpany thinks this is a grand opening as this man has one of the highest positions in government in Cocanada, and is one of the most influential men, and while this is the case there may be many who will follow his example, and want the zenana missionary to visit their homes too.

Thank you for the copy of the memorial which you sent to the Queen. I need not tell you how glad I was that you were doing so, for we who are in India see what an awful sin child-marriage is.

My Sunday morning class is still very interesting and brings me plenty of work. One of my young men I think has trusted in Jesus. Others are seeking Him. I had some benches made out of my parking boxes for them. I had benches brought from the church before.

* * *
M. J. FRITH.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

THE DIALOGUE FOR MISSION BANDS.

May I take advantage of the *Link* to write to those who have been sending for my Dialogue? It is so difficult for me to write, owing to ill health, that I would be glad to make one letter do for many. The interest of the Dialogue is much increased by being recited in character, and as the costume is inexpensive it can be easily obtained. A judicious use of pins can supply the lack of

skill in arranging it. The dress consists of a red cotton jacket with sleeves above the elbow, and a piece of cream coloured mull muslin, or white cotton about five yards in length. The width of the cotton forms the length of the skirt, and in putting it on start at the right side and working towards the left pleat the waist line to allow for sufficient fullness; wind two or three times round the body and bringing it loosely under the right arm throw the end over the left shoulder covering that arm to the wrist.

The Telugu translation of the hymn was kindly written by Mrs. Armstrong, and will be found easy to sing to the familiar tune, as it contains the same number of syllables in each line as our hymn.

If those sending for the dialogue, who intend to have it recited, will kindly state so, I will send three copies instead of one.

Montreal, Dec. 9, 1883.

A. MUIR.

THE RECORDING SECRETARY of the Ontario Women's Society has recently changed her name. It is now Mrs. J. Denovan, Jr., instead of Miss Dexter, as formerly. Her address is the same, No. 10, Carlton St., Toronto.

OLIVET MISSION CIRCLE, MONTREAL.

The annual Christmas entertainment was given by the young people of the Mission Circle, Friday, December 14th, and was very successful. The school and refreshment rooms were tastefully decorated. In addition to the fancy table, there was a good collection of curiosities on view, and a magic lantern exhibition. The programme consisted of "Christmas Carols," by the Sunday School Choir. A reading by Mr. Upham, entitled, "A Zenana Bazaar," and a Dialogue "A Telugu Girl's Story" Lukshmi, the Telugu girl, was personated by Miss Ella McKergon, whose rendering of the character was excellent. She wore a native dress sent from India, kindly furnished by Mrs. Paine. The probable receipts of the entertainment will be \$160.

HULL, QUE.—Our Circle in Hull held an entertainment on Friday evening, December 14th. The programme consisting of recitations, readings, solos, addresses and a missionary dialogue was very successfully carried out. "Sister Belle" was present and gave one of her earnest, inspiring addresses or "talks," as she calls them. We used Miss Muir's dialogue entitled "The Telugus." It is full of information and always takes well. Although few in number in Hull we have good meetings and we trust we have some enthusiasm in this work. We had a plate at the door, for offerings, and received \$20.71.

Dec. 18th, 1883.

IDA WHITCOMB, Sec.

Our Mission Bands.

THE "BUSY BEES" OF GUELPH, ONT.—*Dear Link*,—We have much pleasure in forwarding to you the first remittance from our Mission Band. As soon as we organized, we began to work to make articles to sell at an entertainment to be given before Christmas. As our Band was formed on the 10th of November, it did not give us much time, but the ladies of the church very kindly sent articles for our table. Our entertainment took place last evening, and the basement was filled. We took \$11.00 by collection, and \$29.00 by the table, making \$40.00 which you will find enclosed. A good pro-

gramme of inission pieces was given by the "Busy Bees." We have all felt it a great pleasure to do this and hope the interest in our work will increase.

Alice Evans, Sec. Treas.

"WILLING WORKERS" - F WINDSOR, N.S. - An entertainment, consisting of recitations and singing, was recently given by this Band, an account of whose method of working appeared in last month's *Link*. It was very successful and added \$9 to the funds

HALIFAX, NORTH CHURCH MISSION BAND. We thought perhaps some of your readers might be interested in hearing how our Mission Band is progressing. We are just three years old. Our Band is not unjustly called "Willing Workers." The first year we had one hundred members and raised \$70. We support a young man from Chicacole who is attending the Seminary at Samulcotta, and who spent his vacation in preaching and teaching among the natives. Various means are taken to raise the money. At one time part of the hour for meeting was devoted to making fancy and useful articles. While some sang, recited or read, the listeners were busy with their fingers. Then we had an entertainment in the church, and sold our articles during the intermission and after the exercises closed. At another time we made an autograph quilt. The blocks were sewed at the meetings of the Band, then the names written upon them charging ten cents each. The quilt was afterwards presented to the President. During the summer our meetings are discontinued, owing to so many leaving the city. We have commenced again, had 60 present at the first meeting. A short time ago our President gave us a parlor entertainment. It was pronounced a great success in every way. We are always interested in hearing from other Mission Bands, as to their success and how their meetings are conducted, for where children are concerned there must be constant change and variety to keep up the interest. One thing, however good, soon fails to create enthusiasm. I hope the time will soon come when in connection with our *Link* (which is invaluable as it is, we may have a department exclusively devoted to Mission Bands or a separate paper such as the *Little Helpers*. We take this paper and have been using the exercises given there, but feel how much more interested the children would be, if these were concerning our own missionaries and their respective fields of labor. I hope that very many Bands may be organized during the coming year, and that not one Circle will rest satisfied until they have one; for the good results cannot be estimated. It is certainly like good seed sown upon good ground. - "Sure will the harvest be"

S. J. MANNING.

December 10, 1883.

India's Women.

ONE OF THE most interesting characters in India just now is Ramabia, a gifted and highly educated young Brahmin widow, who has undertaken the difficult task of creating a public sentiment against the social customs which bind down Indian women. She has already achieved a great deal. Her lectures in Bombay have created a wide interest, not only from the novelty of a woman assuming such a position, but from her scholarly and forcible manner of placing her views before the public. She is spoken of as on the "border line of Christianity," and her influence in certain directions can scarcely be overrated, although it is hardly likely that the object

she has at heart will be accomplished during her lifetime. She is a remarkably gifted linguist, and her knowledge of Sanskrit inspires the learned Hindoos with respect. Her lectures are attended as largely by men as by women.

WIDOW MARRIAGE

Mrs. Jewett writes: - From time to time in our paper, the *Madras Times*, appears a cheering note from Rajahmundry, a large Telugu town north of Nellore. The Western Society has done so well in sending a memorial to the Queen, I feel that I want to send you, as its secretary, the following from the *Times* of August 15: -

ANOTHER WIDOW MARRIAGE AT RAJAHMUNDRY.

A Komati virgin widow marriage was celebrated last night under the auspices of the Local Widow Marriage Association. This is the ninth widow marriage and second Visya marriage. The bridegroom is thirty years, and the bride sixteen. * * * *

I should say the Komati and Visya mentioned in the article are very high caste. God seems to be stirring up the minds of great numbers of his servants just now, in reference to the wonderful things he is preparing to do for the millions of India's women. Their "great wrongs" are constantly being suffered before our eyes. When my school of eighty caste girls was closed for vacation it was well known that the brightest and best of them could not return, because she was twelve years old. During the last few weeks, she had attended both day and Sunday-school by stealth only, whenever her father was absent from home. Like many others in the school she has no doubt been married several years. They do not call it betrothal, as I used to think they did. Dear little Pariah girls are taken out similarly, if their parents are not Christians, and married to heathen men against their will.

IT MUST NOT BE SUPPOSED that the women of India are generally unhappy; that they regard themselves as slaves; that they long for independence; that they protest against seclusion; that they hanker after knowledge. They are too feeble minded and apathetic to be conscious of degradation, too wedded to ancient customs to repine under absence of freedom or want of education. They esteem it an honor to war on their husbands. The necessity for privacy, and the undesirability of a woman's learning letters, are ideas so intimately mingled with their earliest feelings, so interwoven with the whole texture of their moral being, that, they have become cherished customs with the women themselves. They are more than customs; they are sacred religious obligations. So far from submitting to these restrictions from compulsion, no respectable woman would, as a rule, show herself in public, or allow herself to be taught reading and writing, or any feminine accomplishment, even if permission were accorded her. She has no conception of any benefit to be derived from a knowledge of letters, except for the promotion of female intrigue; and she would prefer to be accused of murder than of learning to dance, sing or play on any musical instrument. She loves ornaments, but she regards ignorance as her truest decoration. She considers herself disgraced by sterility of body, but glories in sterility of mind. Education, music and dancing are supposed to go together, and are to her badges of a life of infamy. When a sister is observed imitating a brother's first childish attempts at penmanship, she is peremptorily ordered to desist, and that, too, by the women of the household. - Prof. M. Williams.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The LINK for December had good news in it for us. Three new Mission Bands formed since the meeting of the Women's Convention in October. Seventy-three boys and girls are the members in these new Bands. We gladly welcome these little workers to our ranks, and pray that God will bless them as they try to be a blessing to others. On Friday night I attended a missionary meeting in the City of Hull, where the boys and girls gave the best things on the programme. Their missionary dialogues and recitations were said in such an earnest, wide-awake manner, as if the hearts as well as the heads had learned the lesson. That is the secret of a good meeting—having our hearts in it. I am sure you were all glad to read the letter of our missionary, Mr. Craig, about the fine large building just opened in Akidu for a girls' school. \$15 will keep a girl in this school for one year; and oh, how much good it will do her! We will all pray for the school at Akidu as well as for the others in which we are interested. The more we pray, the easier we will find it to give, even if the giving means a doing without something we wish for ourselves. Here is a recitation about that—

A thoughtful child was seen one day
Turn from her toys and her careless play,
With a questioning glance of sad surprise,
And a far away look in her dark brown eyes.
For something so strange she had heard them say
Those ladies while talking that summer day;
They thought she had come for a fond caress,
Nor dreamed that their meaning the child could guess.

She listened, while shadows came down apace,
Then crept to her playthings, with earnest face;
And there in the twilight she told it all
To one little hearer—her best-loved doll.
"Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea,
Are millions who never can Christians be
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
And how they may go to His home above

"And I heard mother say that to lands afar,
A packet is going—'The Morning Star.'
To carry the Gospel, I believe she said,
If people to *giving* are only led.
Now I have ten cents that I meant for you
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,
But perhaps it would help them out this ship,
We'll give it," she said, with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer,
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,
And lovingly stroking the curly head
She heard these words so softly said,—
"Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
And some time will help them, I hope, again,
I know *you* will bless them, dear Lord—Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep;
But the head on the pillow turned once more,
And a puzzled expression the child-face wore
"I want to know, mamma, what word I hear—
The meaning of *sacrifice*—that's the word."
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,
Your sacrifice, dear, was the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar
The wonderful light of the "Morning Star."

Then into her soul did the Saviour shine
To beckon her on to the life Divine;
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
And she kept her desire of greatest worth
To send the Gospel to all on the earth.

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
She remembered the lesson learned that day
In the happy hours of her childish play.
The cents to dollars had now increased;
The blessing of giving had never ceased;
And her sacrifice often took shape anew
In another form of the ribbon blue.

This poem has filled our corner, so the rest of the things I wanted to say must wait for another month. May we all learn for ourselves the meaning of this word "sacrifice," when giving our money to foreign missions.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

God's Promises to Cheerful Givers.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."—*Prov. iii. 9, 10.*

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure you mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—*Luke vi. 38*

"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—*Prov. xix. 17.*

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—*2 Cor. ix. 6.*

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from November 29th, to December 26, 1883.

Guelph, M. C., \$25 (to make Mrs. Thompson a life member, proceeds of a reading given by Miss Hart); Sarnia Township, M. C., \$12 (proceeds of social \$8, fees \$4); Jarvis st. \$19.65; St. George, M. C. \$8.80, (quilt) \$5.80; Cheltenham, M. C., \$3; Belleville, M. C., \$10.84, (quilt) \$17; 1st. Lobo, M. C., \$11; London, Talbot st. M. C., \$18.87; M. B., \$5.22, (quilt) \$6; Guelph, M. B. \$40; M. K. C. \$2 (per W. Craig, Port Hope); Miss Payne, Montreal, \$7.75. Total, \$192.93.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications to be sent to Mrs. M. Freetland, Box 8, Yorkville, Ont. Orders and remittances to be sent to Miss J. Huchan, Box 3, Yorkville, Ont. Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

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

Discouragement is not a fruit of humility, but of pride.
—*Fenelon.*