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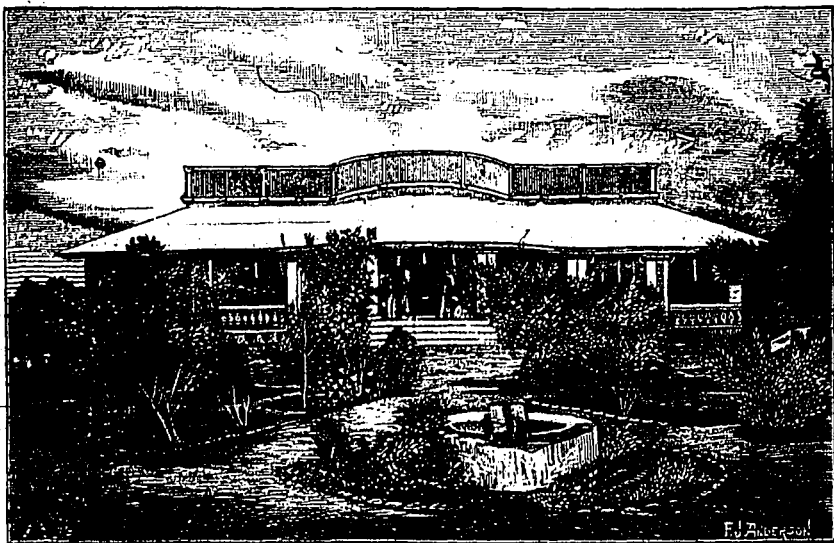
Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. III., No. 6] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 3. [FEB 1881.



The Baptist Mission House at Cocanada. (From a Photograph).

The above cut represents the Mission House, Cocanada. The house is over 60 ft. wide exclusive of verandas. It is about 44 feet deep, excepting in the front centre, where a bow of 8 feet makes it 52 feet.

There are six large rooms, with four dressing and bath rooms attached. The door directly in front, leads into a room 52 ft. long and 22 ft. wide, divided in the centre by a screen about 9 ft. high, and extending from wall to wall when necessary; the front room of these is parlour, the back a dining-room. The level of the floor is raised 3 ft. above the ground, and is reached by five curving masonry steps.

Verandas 10 ft. wide extend all around the house, and at the side they are enclosed to form bath and dressing-rooms. Their sloping roof is supported by double pillars at intervals of 10 or 12 ft.

The roof is a terraced one guarded by a wall 2½ ft. high. It is reached by a flight of steps from the back. The shrubbery in front, part of our garden, includes Oleander, three kinds, Myrtle, Jasmine, a species of Lilac—others whose names are now forgotten. Few of them

are in bloom, as it is the hot season. That circular piece of masonry in front is the curb of a disused old well.

The rooms to the left were occupied by Brother and Sister Currie, till they removed to Tuni, and then by Brother and Sister Craig till they went to Akidu. The rooms to the right were occupied by the McLaurins from 1876 till 1879. From that time till the present by the Tinpanys.

The house with 12 acres of ground, cookhouse, stables, wells, roads, etc., was bought in December, 1875, for Rs. 8,900, (\$4,250.). The building itself cost when new, Rs. 15,000. Negotiations with the native who owned it, were carried on by Brother Ronchett, Deacon of the Cocanada Baptist Church—and those who have read Brethren Currie and Craig's letters about doing business with the natives, will have some idea of the patient labour and toil which Brother Ronchett endured, and the invaluable aid he rendered the Mission and Missionary.

The time of the purchase, the manner of getting it, as well as the price paid for it, all indicate in our mind the special guidance of our Heavenly Father. May His protecting hand be over its inmates for good—now and forever. AMEN.—J. McL.

Our Mission Work in India.

In noticing the names of our missionaries and mission-stations, I have often thought that in them we really have our "a b c" of missions. The friends at home who do not know the names of our mission-stations and missionaries have no excuse in these days, when the LINK presents them to its readers almost every month. As I said above, in them we really have an "a b c."

A stands for Armstrong and Akidu; B stands for Bimlipatam and Bobbili; C stands for Churchill, Currie, Craig, Chicafole and Cocanada. The initials of these southern stations read from south to north, present us with a good motto. Here it is; read it; Akidu, Cočanada, Tunl. Some time ago I saw a statement made by a missionary, to the effect, that although thousands of non-caste people had been converted in Southern India, still Hinduism had scarcely been touched. I fear there are some missionaries whose work is chiefly among caste-people, who have so set their hearts on the conversion of those, that the conversion of a Mala or Madiga is of small account to them. Now to my mind the case stands in a different light altogether. First of all, we may note that Brahminism cannot retain its proud position when the masses of the people learn to disrespect it, and especially when they secure an education which will surely put them on the same footing intellectually with the Brahmins themselves. Ignorant people are content to be slaves; educated people must have freedom.

But there is another thing to be considered. Suppose that the Brahmins and Shudras came first, what kind of a time would we have when the Malas and Madigas began to come; First, suppose we have a church of educated Brahmins; after a time some Shudras with their ignorance, and meat-eating habits, etc., wish to enter the church, I mean to become members. It would not be at all strange if the Brahmin converts opposed the reception of the new comers. Again, suppose a church is composed of Shudra converts, and Malas and Madigas come seeking admittance, need we wonder if there is some objection on the part of the Shudras? On the other hand take the case as it is, the first to believe on Christ, and profess their faith in Him by baptism are Malas and Madigas. No matter how coarse the habits of these have been, they are gradually refined and purified by the influence of the Gospel, their persons, their clothing, their houses and their food are all cleaner and neater by reason of the change. They go to school, and gradually vic with the Brahmins themselves in point of education. These changes require some years, but they surely come about. Suppose then that we have a vast company of converts in this happy condition, and the Shudras are moved to profess their faith in Christ. Is it any great condescension for them to mix with people who are quite as clean if not cleaner than themselves, and who are certainly far better educated? Assuredly not. So also with the Brahmins.

I am well aware that God can convert Shudras and Brahmins without waiting till he has called all the Malas and Madigas in, for He has converted a few here and there, but we find that He generally works in conformity with natural law, and hence to my mind there is nothing more certain than that the Telugus will come into His kingdom more or less in accordance with their castes, beginning with the lowest. Hence I maintain that the conversion of thousands among the lower class is having its effect on Hinduism, and is surely opening the way for the coming into the Christian faith of those who now seem untouched.

Furthermore I doubt not that hundreds of Shudras in some districts, are true but weak believers in Christ. Their time is fast coming, and then we shall see what an influence Christianity has already exerted on them. At present however it is sad to see in some villages the different spirit manifested by the Shudras and Malas. The former in their pride reject, what the latter in their low condition receive with joy. "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

I want to say a word about our proposed Theological School. I sometimes wonder where we are going to get men and women of the right stamp to study in such a school, and then two thoughts occur to me. One is that God can and will call people to His work. The other is that men sometimes get their true call while studying in such a school. I know that my call came to me while I was at Rochester. Apart from being a call to preach the Gospel in a foreign land, it was such a call to preach as I had never had before. It seemed to produce as great a change in me as my conversion produced. So when our Telugu Theological School is opened, I expect we shall receive many into it without looking for very high aspirations in them, but firmly believing that they will not leave the school without receiving a baptism from on high.

Oh! for more workmen! the harvest is so great and the labourers are so few.

JOHN CRAIG.

Weeks of Prayer.

BY MRS. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Weeks of prayer are not unknown to the heathen. Every idol has its special season of worship, when, year by year, its devotees meet together to present their offerings and their prayers; and to spend a longer or shorter period in united efforts to propitiate their God and obtain his favour. Here we have an omnipresent Deity, there the God they worship has a local habitation, and while we meet where it pleases us to pray, Hindus must travel far beneath a tropical sun in order to reach the place where the idol dwells,—the only place whence their prayer will be acceptable. Here we meet the Invisible, and offer Him spiritual worship, realizing the presence and power of His Spirit as we draw nigh to Him. There they bring fruits and flowers, rice and oil. they offer the priests money and other gifts, they repeat words which have no meaning to them, and, having done this, they listen to stories of the wicked deeds the idol took delight in, when he lived among men; they watch the music and dancing, and feast at the refreshment stalls, always provided for such occasions. They give themselves up to every species of indulgence and frivolity, and when the time is past they

return to their homes as those who have held high carnival. Heart-worship of the pure and true is unknown to them. Their God is no more than a wicked but powerful man who requires to be flattered by their obeisance and cajoled by their gifts. How wicked his worshippers are, it matters not to him, for he is wicked himself. He only wants their gifts and their adherence as followers. Such is the popular idea of a heathen god, and such, a festival in his honour.

Yet there is a spiritual influence emanating from all such gatherings. Here when God, the pure, is worshipped, the power of His Spirit descends upon the assembly, and even wicked men acknowledge, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." So in these heathen orgies, the worship of the impure, observed, as they are, principally at night, there is an intoxication of evil, a presence and power of Satan manifested, which strengthens everything vicious, and winds round its victims the net of superstition and devotion to the sensual. To those who worship Christ, these idol shrines seem horrible, as the very presence chamber of demons, and reek with the impurities of the worship offered there, while they hold their victims with a terrible fascination.

Here we see around us everywhere the moral elevation that our worship induces, there, everywhere, the degradation that idolatry engenders. Speak as we may of the witness God bears to himself even among the heathen, and the measure of light that every human being enjoys, the fact remains that idolatry is evil, only evil continually. —These social gatherings which are to us a power for good, where our souls are refreshed, and high impulses and holy resolves are born, where, in drawing nigh to a pure and holy God, we catch some inspiration of His purity and power, these very gatherings among the heathen are confessedly the greatest demoralizing influence in the country. Is it not sad to think of this? That their worship is made a curse to them and when they seek good they find unmitigated evil. These, our brethren, and our sisters, led captive by Satan at his will, the sport of evil spirits, going down to chains and everlasting despair, how pathetically they call for our sympathy and prayers. —*Christian Messenger.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—For some time past, the thought that I must write again for the LINK, has been underlying many others. Will some of you kindly tell me what you would like me to say? I am busy, and interested in my work, hence the days pass swiftly. Nevertheless I realize that a certain monotony exists, and when these letters present themselves the question arises, What can I write that will have the desired effect of drawing you nearer to India? We live on month after month with no particular change or variety; so it is well that our happiness does not find its foundation in these things.

During the week I teach, study, attend to finances, write, talk, make an occasional visit to some native house, and look after the sick. For two months this has been a very considerable care. On Wednesday we have our women's prayer meeting at three p. m. On Thursday at five the church prayer meeting. On Sunday I attend one or two preaching services, and teach in the boys' Sunday School in the morning, in the girls' in the afternoon. The latter is quite new, and composed largely of the heathen boys and girls from the town, who attend

the day schools. I wanted to unite the two, but Hindu customs and religion were too strong. I have some difficulty in getting the little girls on Sunday; some of them still persist in refusing to come to Sunday School, so hoping to wear down differences gradually, I am happy in having a few, even though it be alone, and gives an extra service.

The day school teachers always attend the morning meetings, and the majority of them are afterwards in my class. I do not think they come because they love to do so, but because when they were employed by the Mission they were told that this would be expected of them. Telugu does not come to me as I wish, and as I hope it will, yet, in the time we spend together there is some talking done. They appear so thoroughly satisfied with their own religion that there is not room enough in their hearts for en a doubt. Occasionally I have hoped that something of that nature was stirred, for they must doubt the old before they can accept the new; again they draw about them all the paraphernalia of caste and Hinduism, and I feel as if working against the solid rock. Last Sunday our lesson was on the first twelve verses of Mark ii., the power to forgive sins belongs to Christ, and to Him alone, was the point with which we were chiefly occupied. We were all very much interested. They, in a quiet but firm manner defended their own religion. I closed my Bible, remarking, "I am sorry for you." One of the head teachers replied, "Yes, Madam, you are sorry for us, because you think if we die as we now are our sins will be unforgiven." "Yes," I answered. He continued, "Our books teach us that forgiveness of sins depends upon our works, therefore we have no fear." "Have you no doubt respecting the truth of your own books," I asked. After a moment's hesitation, his Telugu answer was equivalent to, "We are without doubt." "Can he speak for you all," was my next question. Another one replied, "Yes, Madam." I gave one a Bible, asking him to read such passages as I marked; he did so, while the others listened attentively, but in my heart was the thought, what is the use. Nevertheless, I believe that they think, and I know that with God nothing is impossible, consequently I am not without hope respecting them. But what is the relation between hope and faith? I do hope, yet fear. I have very little faith. They have heard the Gospel for years, and the word of the Lord cannot return unto Him void. Oh, my friends, I am lost here, in the many thoughts that arise. If they were Christians, this school might be such a blessing to Chicacole. Who among the readers of this letter can pray for them with the faith which brings answered prayer? Cannot two or three agree touching one thing, and ask of Him, who is more willing to give than we are to receive?

Recently our town has been visited by two characters, I scarcely know what to call them in English, but I believe they are returning from Benares, one of the holy cities of the Hindus, whither they had been on a pilgrimage. They professed to be seeking holiness, but it seems sacrilege to use that word in connection with them. I did not see them—my boy did—and his account, which I consider quite trustworthy, is after this wise:—One was attended by thirteen followers; his little clothing consisted of tiger skins. The bottoms of his shoes and the cot on which he rested was set full of brass points, not quite so sharp and rather closer together than the tines of a fork. I cannot believe that these really occasioned him much pain; yet, the natives think so. His hair was about five feet long and his nails three inches. He abjured the use of water, and was very careful in

crossing the river in a boat, that none of that contaminating liquid touched him. The other was also afraid of water, but was trying to secure purity of soul by close proximity to fire. His hair was nearly all burned off, and his body showed evident signs of suffering by that element.

They were visited by crowds of natives, who offered to them various acts of homage and reverence, to which they heaped little or no reply. One of the Christian boys approached very near one of them with his shoes on, and he soon found language enough to bid the boy removed, as the ground was holy.

It is by such acts as these, and by many lesser ones, that this people expect to attain Heaven. I often ask myself, do they really believe it? It almost seems incredible. It is yours and mine to teach them, "not of works, lest any man should boast," and that "Jesus is the way, the truth and the life."

May the new year find us with much increased earnestness of purpose, and hearts so devoted to the Master's cause, that it will be a year of blessing from on high.

C. A. HAMMOND.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing one of our sick ones has gone, we trust, to the better land.

Mrs. Armstrong will know to whom I refer, when I say that Booboo, the old woman at the hospital, died on Saturday last. We buried her on Sabbath morning. Some friends here whom she served for many years, were very kind to her, and also relieved me of a great deal of care. They knew her far better than I, and think she was a believer in the Lord Jesus for years. Mr. Armstrong baptized her into the membership of this church shortly before his return to Canada. C. A. H.

Bobbili.

MISSION LIFE AND WORK.—OUR NEIGHBOURS.

In one way and another, I have been trying for the last year to get permission to visit the Bellama caste women who live across the way from the Mission compound. These people are our nearest neighbours, and yet, a few weeks ago I had not succeeded in seeing any of the women. They are *Gosha*, and are not allowed to be seen outside and the men would rather no one should visit them in their homes. Between us and them is a garden, as it is called here, but we should call it a badly cared for grove of fruit trees, and the women sometimes come out into this when no men are to be seen. One Sunday as I was teaching my class on the veranda I saw a few women come out and listen to our singing; as the evening came on, the children and I went out and sat down on the wall over the drain on the side of the road to sing, and wait for their papa to return from town. While singing, I saw an old lady come out and listen, so thought I would walk over under the trees and see if she would speak to me or run away. She was a nice looking motherly old lady and seemed very willing to talk, so I told her how long I had been wanting to go over and see her caste people, and how often one of their men had promised to come and take me, but had always disappointed me. She said, "Come in now," and I can assure you I was very much pleased and accepted her invitation. She took me into the enclosure between her own and her married daughter's house and asked me to sit down on the veranda; then a number of women came flocking in to see me, but all kept at a very respectable distance from me. As they all seemed pleased, and it was getting dusk I asked if I might come the next afternoon and talk

to them. They said, "Come," and I took leave. As the old lady escorted me to the gate, she asked me not to tell *Dora* (my husband) I had been there, or he might not let me come again. I was very happy to assure her that he was perfectly willing that I should come and that I had no occasion to keep anything secret from him.

The next day I took a Bible picture and my hymn book and went over early. A great number of these women had come together, as well as many of other castes, and children; so I told them I would come one afternoon a week, and I only wanted the *Gosha* women, that there was too great a crowd and too much noise, and I could see the others elsewhere. They were quite taken with the picture and listened well till I began talking about God, when there was a little stir and one woman looking frightened said "Whose God?" Soon the old lady's big son came home, and then some left and they all looked disquieted. He walked back and forwards at a distance from me, out on the street and in again, quarrelling with some one, scolding very loud and looking very much like a wild beast. I saw the spell was broken and soon concluded my work for that day. Then I called this young man to come nearer me and in a friendly way asked him some questions about his work, etc., till he too seemed quite friendly;—the next day a boy brought a large fruit saying he sent it.

When I went again the following week, they took me on to another woman's veranda saying, some women there wanted to see me, but had young children whom they could not leave. There too, I had a good time telling the story of salvation, commenced with a picture and an anecdote to get their attention. After I was done, one woman showed me some of her work. I was quite surprised to find they could sew so nicely, but whenever I leaned over to see the work any one held in her hands, she would move it and herself a little farther away. There was some fancy work on the jackets, and I wanted to see how it was done; as I was looking at it closely, a woman at last threw me one and said I might touch it, but as I was coming away I saw my ayah holding out her hand with this in it and some one pouring water on it; she then washed it and hung it in the sun; when dry it would be purified from my touch, and they might take it again without being defiled.

As I was leaving, they asked me to go and see one of their women who was sick with fever. I asked several times if she wished to see me, for they said she was lying on her cot inside the house, and I very much doubted that I would be allowed to go in. They assured me that she wanted to see me and sent a little girl to show me the way. It was quite a long distance down the street, and as I came to the shed which stands out by the street and turned to go into the enclosure where the house stands, the man of the house, sitting there with some dozen others, said I could not go in; that his wife was sick in bed and could not see me. So I stopped and chatted with him and another intelligent man of his caste for a while, and as I told them I knew the one way, the only way, of getting to Heaven, he asked me to sit down and tell it to them. The veranda was too high for me to sit down on, but I leaned against it and we had a long, earnest talk; the others listened and a crowd gathered in from the street.

Returning home, a little girl was sent to call me into the house of one of the women who had heard me talk, and whose son was very ill. The poor young man crawled out on to the veranda to see me and tell of his sickness, which was of long standing and probably incurable. They all looked and talked as if they believed I could

cure him. As I had not so much faith in my power over disease I thought it best not to undertake the case, especially as he was taking native medicine again, after having been treated with English for some months without any improvement, as he thought. But I had something better for him—healing for his soul, if he would only follow my directions. I took him a little book, a few days later, which explained the way this healing was to be obtained much better than I could, and he promised to read it.

Thus did the LORD open the way into those houses for me, which I had tried so long in vain to enter, and I always get a welcome now.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

November 10th, 1880.

Akidu.

In a private letter, dated December 10th, Mr. Craig states that he had just returned from a tour on the Colair field, during which thirty-two persons were baptized. Peter, his best native preacher, was to be ordained soon.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

BOARD MEETING.

The first quarterly meeting of the Central Board of the W. F. M. S. of Ontario was held in the usual place on Friday January 14th, 1881.

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting of the society at Woodstock, in response to a cordial invitation extended by the circle in that place.

The question of the circulation of Missionary literature by the Board, was discussed informally, and the interest manifested by the individual members indicated that some action will soon be taken in the matter.

E. DEXTER, *Rec. Sec.*

TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT.

Receipts.

To Amount in Bank, October 23rd, 1880.....	\$ 623 26
" Cash in hand.....	4 50
" Received since.....	152 23
" Interest.....	4 60
	\$784 59

Disbursements.

By Girl's School, Cocanada.....	\$ 225 00
" Amelia.....	25 00
" Bible woman.....	50 00
" Village Schools.....	50 00
" Books, tracts, etc.....	50 00
" Tuml School.....	50 00
" Akidu Village Schools.....	150 00
" Total sent to India <i>per</i> T. D. Craig, Esq.....	\$ 600 00
" Expense account.....	2 38
" Cash in Bank, January 14th, 1881.....	182 21
	\$784 59

JESSIE M. LLOYD, *Treas.*

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.—We learn that the meetings of the Mission Circle increase in interest, and considering the size of the congregation the membership is all that can be desired.

Nova Scotia.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE W. M. A. S. OF THE NORTH BAPTIST CHURCH, HALIFAX.

* * * We offer thanksgiving to God for the safe return and restoration to health of our Sister Armstrong. We also esteem it a great privilege to have her among us, her words of encouragement should be a great stimulus in our work, and as we learn more of the condition and needs of our heathen sisters we will be more concerned that they should be made partakers of the great salvation. We consider our mission has sustained a *great loss* by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong severing their connection with our Board, and we hope and pray that some course may be adopted whereby the obstacles which have rendered such a step necessary, may speedily be removed, that our brother and sister may again unite with us, and resume their labour on the Chicacole field. Some say that the present outlook of our Mission is a very discouraging one—that we see but little fruit for the time and money expended on our field. *Results are with God.* It is ours to pray earnestly, labour faithfully and wait patiently. "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and has wonderfully tried the faith of His children in all ages of the world. Those do not always serve him best, who reap the golden grain—there must be hard toiling in the burning sun ere the seed is sown, and long weary days of watering and watching, ere any sign of life is apparent—yet "*sure will the harvest be.*" Let us wait patiently and persistently upon the Lord: It is His cause in which we are engaged—more dear to His heart than to ours—Surely we can trust Him and not be afraid. Miss Hammond calls especially upon us for our united prayers and words of sympathy, when Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong decided to return home, she bravely took the sole charge of their station. The position must be one of great responsibility and loneliness.

As a Society we have reason to bless God and take courage, the number of deeply interested ones is greater than ever before. Our meetings have been regularly sustained during the year—and all who engaged in them feel that they have been greatly profited. It is an hour well spent and yields a tenfold blessing. We have this year had seven new members; one of our number God has called away; one has been constituted a life member. We remit to the Central Board the sum of \$82 56. Our Mission Band called "Willing Workers," has been in successful operation for a year. It numbers now about one hundred. The meetings are exceedingly interesting; our object is twofold, *first* to interest and instruct the children in missionary work, making them feel that it is something in which they are personally concerned. *Secondly*, to raise money for the support of schools and native preachers among the heathen. Mrs. Armstrong told us of three young men who are attending the mission school at Chicacole, who have been converted, and who are very anxious to pursue the study of the Bible, that they may become native preachers. One of these our Band has undertaken to support. His name is David; he is now going to Cocanada to study theology under the instruction of Mr. Timpany. Here we have a definite object for which to labour—to educate this young man and fit him to proclaim the Gospel to his perishing fellow-countrymen.

The MISSIONARY LINK has proved a great blessing to our Society, and has created an interest among those who previously knew and cared little about missions.

We have over fifty subscribers. The great necessity just now seems to be, for more labourers. The W. M. A. S. have but one young lady when they might support three. Is there no one who has been made partaker of the heavenly gift, and all her life long has been drinking from the pure fountain of life, who will carry to our thirsting sisters in the east, the living water of which Christ says, "If any man drink he will never thirst again?" Surely having the water of life, we are guilty in need if we refuse to slake the thirst of those who are ready to perish.

Halifax, Jan. 20th, 1881.

S. J. MANNING, *Secretary.*

Missionary Literature.

By Missionary Literature we understand all articles or papers, magazines or books devoted exclusively to the study of missions throughout the world. It would also include all biographies of missionaries. The Christian world after a sleep of centuries seems to be gradually awakening to the responsibility resting upon it, of sending the Gospel to the heathen. One by one the barriers have been removed, which in many lands have hitherto prevented God's servants from proclaiming the glad news of salvation to a lost and ruined world. China and Africa afford us striking illustrations of this.

As a consequence the interest in mission work, and the desire for information about it, are everywhere becoming more general. A question which some few years ago was never heard, is now frequently asked. Where shall we get suitable reading for the missionary prayer meeting or for the Circle? We shall try to answer this inquiry. While prominence should be given to the mission in which we as Canadian Baptists are particularly interested, and to the work of our own denomination throughout the world, we should not confine ourselves exclusively to these, for we must remember that the heathen world is not made up of Telugus, and that the Baptist denomination is only one among the many who are engaged in the work of Christian evangelization. A few good missionary periodicals should be taken in every church. We give the names and prices of a few of these, out of many that might be selected.

The *Illustrated Missionary News* published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E. C., price 75 cents a year, is an excellent non-sectarian paper containing news from all parts of the world. The *Gospel in All Lands* is the name of a comparatively new magazine, the first number having been published exactly one year ago. This is also non-sectarian as is implied by the name. It is much larger and more complete in every way than the first mentioned. The price is \$2.50 per year, to ministers and theological students \$2.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance, and should be sent by registered letters, or by checks on New York, or Post Office orders payable to Eugene R. Smith, 64 Bible House, New York. Each number contains at least a dozen illustrations. The plan seems to be to take up one special subject each month for review and illustration, but as well as this, it contains several excellent papers and much general information. The following is an outline of the *Illustrated Articles*, and *History of Mis-*

mission Work for the year: January, the American Indians; February, Roman Catholics of Europe; March, Africans (both in this country and in Africa); April, Roman Catholics of Europe; May, Chinese; June, Oriental Churches; July, The Japanese; August, The Jews; September, The Races of India; October, The Mahomedans; November, The Malays; and in the December number will be given an account of Unoccupied Mission Fields. *Africa*, is the name of another new magazine, devoted exclusively to missions in that country; it is an English publication, costing 75 cents per year. Then there is the *Missionary Herald*, the organ of the English Baptist Missionary Society, published by Yates & Alexander, 21 Holborn Street, London, at a cost of 50 cents per year. *China's Millions*, edited by J. Hudson Taylor, costs 60 cents, describes the work only of the China Inland Mission. Canada Agent, T. E. Grafton, Montreal. Coming nearer home we have the numerous publications of the A. B. M. Union. Among which we rank first the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, published monthly, price \$1.10 per year. New books, such as "Our Gold Mine" by Mrs. Chaplin, "Missionary Sketches" by Dr. S. F. Smith, "My Child-life in Burmah" by Miss Bixby, "The Vintons and the Karens" by Mrs. Luther, daughter of Dr. Vinton; this book deals with the plain facts of missionary labour and sacrifice, while at the same time it incidentally furnishes much information concerning that wonderful people the Karens, among whom the Vintons laboured. The "Biography of Dr. Binney," and many others which may be obtained by writing to the agent, W. G. Corthell, Mission Rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston.

In addition to these, the Women's Missionary Society of the West are publishing what they call, an educational series for the use of Circles; they are printed in the shape of tracts or leaflets at one cent each. Seventeen of these have already been issued on India; they are written by Mrs. H. M. Robert, and enter into a full description of the country, its climate, soil, productions, races, languages, divisions as to religion, its secular, and lastly its missionary history. It is the intention of this Society also to publish biographical sketches at about five cents a copy, of the life and labour of the lady missionaries.

We have recently read with much pleasure one of the latter, "The Life of Mrs. Mary Wood Newhall." It is the history of an only and well beloved child, who obeyed her Saviour's call to work for Him in a heathen land. She was known and loved by our brother and sister Timpany, for she was stationed at Ramapatam, where they laboured previous to their departure for Canada in 1876. She died in a little more than two years after her arrival in India. After undergoing much toil, both in the study of the language and in teaching and much suffering, for she went through the worst scenes of the famine, just as humanly speaking, she had fitted herself for what was to be her chosen life-work, her life was suddenly ended.

These series may be obtained by writing to the treasurer of the Society, Mrs. F. A. Smith, 71 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

The desirability of each Circle devoting a portion of the money raised by it, to purchase suitable information on missionary topics is well worthy of consideration. If by that means the twofold object is attained of ensuring profitable meetings and gaining instruction, it would be money well spent. Then all carefully prepared original papers might be made common property, if the writers would take the trouble to send them to the editor of the LINK, who would willingly publish the titles of any in her possession from month to month, and forward them on appli-

cation. There is one thing more that would add materially to the interest both of the Circles and of the Missionary prayer-meeting. We refer to a good missionary map. The advertisement of such an one lies before us. New map of India, Burmah, China and Japan—size five by six feet. On cloth, \$1.50; on fine map paper 75 cents; sent postage pre-paid at these prices. Address, W. G. Cortwell, Mission Rooms, Boston. Contains the stations of the Canada Board.

The Baptism of a Brahmin Priest in the River Jumna.

The Rev. Daniel Jones of Agra, of the English Society, writes the following interesting account:—

"The heat having come upon us so suddenly this year, we could not travel by day, so we left Agra at nine o'clock in the evening. I was accompanied by four native brethren. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we made it vocal by singing 'Bhajans' on the way. Our conveyances were native springless things called 'ekkas,' no place to lie or stand, and a most uncomfortable way of sitting, with our legs half doubled under us. But our hearts were glad and we rather enjoyed our rough ride. We reached Bisama village about one o'clock in the morning, and then, wrapping myself up, I lay down in the veranda of the Government school, and being tired, soon fell asleep. Was up again early, took a little to eat, and then assembled our little company. By this time we had with us dear old Thakur Das, from Chitaura, the oldest and I might add, the noblest of all our native brethren. What a grand old man he is! The sun is just up, and we march towards the river. Everything around us looks charming. All is so still, being so early; the fields are ripening for the sickle. We feel that the words have really a double meaning. There before us is the River Jumna. As we draw near to the water's edge we see some who are trying to wash their sins away. Our little band is now drawn near together; an interesting group. There is Thakur Das, who has borne the burden and heat of the day, and he has borne a great deal. Then next is Hari Ram, who at one time was the village pandit at Bisama. A fine stalwart man; he also has suffered a great deal for Christ. Then comes Mandhar Das, who was at one time a 'Beragi,' a religious mendicant. He is one of our native preachers, and is able to preach well to the numerous villagers. But the object of greatest interest to-day is Ram Ratu. He it is who is about to be baptized; one who has spent all his life hitherto in the worship of Mahader, gone on long pilgrimages, and at last settled down near the village of Bisama as a Sadhu, or 'holy man,' where he had a small shrine to Mahader, where many 'simple ones' came to worship the god, and give gifts to the 'priest.' He was very much revered as a priest, and received much in the way of gifts. The respect paid him by the rich and poor was very marked and very real, so his office was quite a lucrative one. But all this he gave up for Jesus, and this has had a great effect upon the people who formerly knew him. The service commenced. We sang, read, prayed, and preached before an audience of some fifty or sixty natives, who all listened very attentively. Then spoke Thakur Das with very wonderful power. I then asked Ram Ratu to tell the people why he had changed his religion. In doing so he appealed to the people as knowing him, and told them that it was not for food, or clothes, or money that he had left them, but because he had found the 'real truth.' Hari Ram then spoke a few appropriate words, and then I called the attention of the people by standing apart and

showing them that I did not touch Ram Ratu, that I had nothing to do with making him a Christian, that this was God's work; that it was all false what people said, that, when a man was being baptized, the Padri Sahib spat in his mouth and gave him to drink intoxicating liquors, and made him eat beef or pork. 'There is nothing of this, you see,' I said; and then Hari Ram led him down into the river. I shall never forget the sight; it was not what I had seen in boyhood in picture: only, but here it was a living reality. Lord multiply such sights by tens of thousands! In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit he was buried with Christ in baptism, and as he rose—we sincerely believe to newness of life—we sang the victory of King Jesus, and the place rang with the chorus. We spent a little while at the house of Hari Ram. His wife and aged sister are still Hindus, and a great grief it is to them that Hari Ram is a Christian. We did all we could to show them also the love of Jesus. At nine o'clock we start again. We soon reach the place where Ram Ratu lived as a Hindu ascetic and priest. There is the little shrine. A week ago the rude idol lay at a distance on the ground; he had thrown it away, and it could not replace itself until another 'Sadhu' came to do so. There on the other side is a little well, which our brother Ram Ratu digged with his own hands. No more use for him now, because he has found Him who is the Giver of 'living water.' We reach home about twelve o'clock noon.

Woman's Mission.

Woman fell from her first estate, and has ever since borne the chastisement of Him who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance; yet, who in mercy has promised, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Before the dawning of the Christian era, we find Woman spoken of as occupying a high position; gifted with prophetic vision; a Mother in Israel. We come down to the Crucifixion. We there find her lingering at the foot of the Cross; not, however, with her hands embrewed in the Saviour's blood—we have no proof that her fingers were ever pricked or interwoven with the plating of thorns, that pierced the Saviour's brow. It becomes her sad office to prepare sweet spices wherewith to embalm the body of her Lord. But lo! to her sorrow, this labour of love is denied, and she cries in her anguish, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Soon her mourning is turned to joy. The loving voice of Jesus dispels her fears as He says, "Mary." How familiar the call! But the heavenly message does not end here. The Lord says, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Why a woman was thus made the happy bearer of the glad tidings of a risen Saviour we know not, unless, indeed, that this record should be handed down through the vista of time as a memorial and as a pattern for others to follow. Happy is she who can take up the strain and bear it onward.

The fragrance from the alabaster box is not lost. Its perfume is being wafted from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and will continue until the "heathen shall be given to the Lord for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." Oh, that there were more Marths and fewer Marthas, cumbered with so many earthly cares, robbing their souls of the Bread of Life, and withholding more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty. May activity in our work be calmed by sacred trust in the Master, until faith shall be swallowed up by sight.

Calton, Ont.

E. E. MCCONNELL.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the little folks who read this paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—The Christmas holidays have come and gone since my last "Corner" was written. I suppose your kind friends have given you many beautiful presents. My best present came twelve days before Christmas; God gave me a dear little baby boy, and while I am writing he is lying on my knee and smiling to me. Don't you think he was a nice present?

But you boys and girls will have been giving gifts as well as receiving them. I wonder if any of you remembered the poor heathen this Christmas. Did you send any money to far-off India to help the good missionaries in their work for Jesus? They have gone away from their homes and friends; Christmas must be a lonely time for them. How it would cheer their hearts to know that the boys and girls of Canada had remembered them by sending a present of money to their mission work! We have often talked about giving, and earning what we give for the heathen. But if we only talk or read about it, our share in the giving will be small. I have told you stories about dear little children who were willing to give, so they soon found ways to earn the money. But I am sorry that all do not feel so. Once a little girl named Katie had an aunt who was a missionary. She had spent many years in India among the heathen, and had come home to Canada for a rest. Her poor health did not keep her silent; however, and she told her friends here so much about the great work and the need of money, that many of them gave more that year than ever before. Little Katie loved to hear Auntie tell stories about the dark-faced children whom she had taught so lovingly of Jesus and the way to heaven. She wanted to send something to help in the work, but was not willing to give up any of her treasures. At last she said, "I can help the missionaries, Auntie, for I can send one of my kittens to eat up their rats." Auntie smiled, but to see how much in earnest her little niece was, asked which one she would send. Katie quickly answered, "Not Grey-back, I can't spare her; she is the nicest kitten that ever was. But we will send old White-nose, for we can spare her just as well as not!"

Ah, boys and girls, how many of you have been like Katie? Have your gifts to the mission work only been what you "could spare just as well as not?" Or have you given money that you really wanted to buy something for yourselves with? Once more let me remind you, that the amount we give is not the chief thing. The reason why we give it is far more important. Let us remember that God spared not His own Son, but gave Him to die for us, that we might be saved. Then we shall be willing to help in this great work of saving the heathen, by denying ourselves for Christ's sake. Our gifts will be dear and precious to us, and not only the things we can spare as well as not. Other people may not know the sacrifice we are making, but Jesus will know all about it.

May He fill our hearts so full of His love, that giving for His sake will be easy.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

A Friend Indeed.

(For the Link).

All earthly friends, however dear,
Find much to chill their ardor here;
Subject to change, they drop and die,—
Terrestrial joys, illusive, fly.

There is a friend, a friend indeed,
Supplies my every want and need;
He's present still, by day, by night,
To shield me with His love and might.

There is a friend shares all my grief,
And still supplies and brings relief;
He, love and sympathy imparts,
To bind the bruised and broken hearts.

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
He'll guide my footsteps to the end;
Though oft this friend I fail to see,
His loving eye still watcheth me.

There is a friend, so faithful, true,
His promises I'll keep in view,
And bind them closer to my heart,
That joys supreme may ne'er depart.

There is a friend exalted high,
Who turns to earth a brother's eye;
And gives the weakest child of grace
The strength to run the Christian race.

There is a friend that pleads my cause,
He knows my wants—He made the laws,
The Son of Man, the Son of God,—
Who pleads His righteousness and blood.

There is a friend, whose love I trace,
And hope to meet with, face to face;
His glorious likeness then I'll bear,—
A crown of life for ever wear.

This faithful, loving, royal friend
Bestows rich blessings to the end;
All sin o'ercome,—the last foe slain,
With Christ, the Lord, I then shall reign.

Orangeville, Ont., Dec., 1880.

J. W. S.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Received from December 24th, to January 24th, 1881.

Jarvis Street, \$11 30; Georgetown, \$3 00; Belleville, \$3 28; Thorndorf, \$3 00; College Street, \$3 75; Alexander Street, \$7 40; Alexander Street Mission Band, \$4 14; (per Miss K. M. Fisher,) Mrs. Wilson, Brussels, 75c.—Total, \$36 62.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

Four persons have offered to take up the Mission work in the field left vacant by the death of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of the Gaboon, Africa.

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