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Missionary Link.

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CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. II., No. 11.]

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 3.

[JULY, 1880

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Mrs. Armstrong Coming Home.

The Christian Visitor of June 23rd, publishes the following extract of a letter, dated May 4th, from Mrs. Sanford of Bimlipatam :

"Ere this reaches you, you probably will have heard of Mrs. Armstrong's return home. A letter came to us the other day saying that Kate has been very ill, and that Mrs. Armstrong is very weak. So they have decided to leave for America this week. Mr. Armstrong will accompany them as far as Madras. We expect them here on Saturday next, and the day following they are to embark."

The Gospel Call.

"Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." LUKE xiv. 23.

"CALL them in,"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wanderers from the fold ; Peace and pardon freely offer ; Can you weigh their worth with gold ? "Call them in,"—the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of sin ; Bid them come and rest in Jesus ; He is waiting ; "Call them in." "Call them in,"—the few, the Gentile, Bid the stranger to the feast ; "Call them in,"—the rich, the noble, From the highest to the least. "Call them in,"—the broken-hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ; Speak Love's message, low and tender— 'Twas for sinners Jesus came. See I the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will begin ; Can you leave them lost and lonely ? Christ is coming : "Call them in."

Open thy Mouth Wide, and I Will Fill it.—Ps. 81-10.

A PRAYER MEETING ADDRESS BY GEORGE MÜLLER.

This word should be continually present to our hearts. We all have our necessities of one kind or another, and every child of God has many things about which he has need to speak to God. And our gracious God speaks here to each one of His children. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it,"—now ask much at my hands, look for much from me, bring great requests before me, I am God and not man ; it is the very joy and delight of my heart to give abundantly. If we were privileged to go to a great person for anything, we should not ask for two-pence half-penny, nor two shillings only, but much more ; it would be an insult to ask for so little. And if we were allowed freely to make our request before the sovereign, we

should be ashamed, or ought to be, to make only trifling requests. But the mighty ones of earth are as nothing compared with Jehovah ; and if we would give joy to the heart of God, we must ask great things at his hands, and expect great things from Him. This is taught us in the figurative expression, "Open thy mouth wide," and the promise is "I will fill it." Let any one act according to the exhortation, and most assuredly God will fulfil the promise. Let us look about, and see when in any measure we have been able to act according to this word, whether God was not as good as His word ; and let us remember that if He has not yet gratified our requests, it does not follow that He will not. Let us only wait still on Him expectingly, perseveringly, for the glory of God, in the name of Jesus, and we shall see how He will fulfil this word,—"I will fill it."—How touching are those words in the same Psalm, where God says :

"Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways ! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto Him ; but their time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them also with the first of the wheat ; and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."

It is the very joy and delight of the heart of God to do us good ; and we are here taught that God is willing to give us everything really good for us.

Caste.

Some few weeks since, Rev. J. McLaurin lectured in the Alexander St. Church, Toronto, on "Intellectual and Social Life among the Hindus." We are indebted to the Christian Helper for the following phonographic report of that portion of the lecture in which he spoke of the Missionary's greatest foe, "Caste ; what it is ; its influence and the difficulty of dealing with it."

THE LECTURER'S DESCRIPTION.

The intelligent people, the Hindus, are naturally social. They are a cheerful, chatty, gossiping, gay kind of people. They are fond of sociability, and yet there is no country in the whole world where there is less of it. What is the reason ? There is just one thing that cuts at the very root of all social life in India, and that is *caste*. What is caste ? It cannot be defined. Is it religious ? Perhaps, if you asked all the missionaries in India, you could not get two men to agree about what it was ; or if you asked all the civil officials, it would be the same way. It is religious, and it is not religious. Is it a social distinction ? It is a social distinction, and it is not a social distinction. Is it a tribunal distinction, as some affirm ? It is and it is not. Caste is a hydra-headed thing, an offspring of the great enemy of souls, and his most successful effort to stem all progress, and interfere with all advancement in every shape and form.

There are supposed to be four original castes. They say that Brahma, the great creator, one day thought he would create man, and he breathed one caste out from his head, and they became the head of creation—the Brahmin caste. Then he

created another out of his arms and chest, and they were the soldiers and the kings—the ruling class of the world. Another came out of his body, which was to be the body of the nation or the country—they were the merchant class and many other castes and classes of sub-castes and classes among them. Last of all he created the Shudrahs by rubbing his feet in the dust of the earth and stirring them up out of that—and they are supposed to be the lowest dregs of creation. But there are dregs below the dregs after that, because the Pariahs are not counted in this. But this, after all, is only a superficial distinction ; for there are now ten different castes among the Brahmins themselves, and over eighty different castes of Shudrahs, not to mention others.

What is the effect of caste upon social intercourse and social life ? What social-intercourse can you have with a man who will neither eat nor drink with you ?—a man to whom your touch is pollution ? A man who will not come within many yards of you ?—a man who will never cross your threshold ?—a man who will not marry any one connected with you, no matter what your position may be, and who will not give any of his in marriage to you ?

Socially, there is less social relationship between the different castes in India than there is between each of them and the brutes that gather around their doors. Take, for instance, a Brahmin—a "twice-born man" as he calls himself. He does not know a single letter. He is unable to read a word. He is as poor as he possibly can be—does not own a single rupee. He is all that is execrable ; he is everything that is disgusting and repulsive—scrofulous with diseases of every kind. Place beside him a Pariah. He may be rolling in wealth ; he may be respectable ; he may be cleanly ; he may be well educated ; he may be everything that you would call respectable—pleasant in his manners and in his exterior. And yet that Brahmin, vile and outcast as he is in reality, would consider the touch of that man pollution, and he would go home and bathe himself and cleanse himself from the touch of that pollution. Such is caste. Some time ago a missionary was passing along from one station to another, and came to one of those houses built for the accommodation of travellers, called "bungalows," where there are a number of servants kept. One of the servants was cooking his rice by the roadside, and this European—this educated man—this cleanly man we will suppose he was—passed along, and his shadow, forsooth, fell over the boiling pot of the caste man. Immediately his rice became good for nothing, and he took the pot and smashed it into a thousand atoms. He would not touch the food because the shadow of a European, forsooth, fell over his boiling pot !

A missionary friend of the speaker's was passing a station of this kind, and he sent his servant to get some fire, and nobody would give him any, and he came back saying : "Master, what can I do ? Nobody will give me fire ; I can't get fire for master." "O, yes," said the missionary, "there are some folks cooking over there." So the missionary went off. He said : "Let me have some fire." The cook replied that he could not give

him any, as it would pollute him. The missionary therefore stooped down and took hold of a little firebrand under the pot, and as he was taking it up with one end, the other end touched the man's pocket. "Oh," he said, "there! My dinner is gone!" And it was gone; he would not touch it; it was polluted by the touch of the end of the firebrand.

The way in which they drink water will give an idea of their scrupulousness. Water is a sacred thing in India, and a man who will not give a drop of water when another is calling for it, is "accursed of the gods"—that is what they say. This is what they do: if a poor Pariah comes along and asks for water, he sits down and holds his hands up against his mouth, and the man pours the water out of his own dish into the spread-out hands, and it runs down the Pariah's throat.

The speaker told of a writer in one of the villages—a Brahmin—whom he employed, and who, after he had finished the writing, threw it down on the ground. When told that was not a nice thing to do, and asked to pick it up and hand it properly, he replied: "Oh, I can't touch it if you touch the other side!"

Often a Brahmin will not enter the house after coming from the mart, or from intercourse with his fellows. He will go home and call his wife out of the house, and she will come out with a cloth and throw it to him. He will go away off to the tank, half a mile perhaps, and there he will bathe and wash himself, and clothe himself with the cloth his wife gave him, and then he will wash his clothes and throw them out to dry, and will wait till they have dried—all this for fear he has been polluted in his business relations with his fellow-men.

Another thing: gentlemen and ladies of the same caste do not associate. If you were a Brahmin in India, you would never see the face of your neighbor's wife, or your daughter-in-law, or your cousin, or your aunt. Where the rules of caste are thoroughly observed, you would not see your own sister-in-law. You would see your own wife and daughters, and that is just about all that you would see. Even when relatives go visiting, the gentlemen congregate together in a little corner, and they sit down and chat there; and the ladies go into the zenana inside, and they sit down and engage in their dreary gossip, there in their very, very contracted and very poor world. They have their little chat about their little babies, and their little dresses, and what else they talked about he really did not know.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

MRS. TIMPANY wrote on the 1st of April:—
"I am glad to say that Mr. Timpany's fever has left him, which is a great comfort, before the intense heat comes on. For several days the mercury has been up to 97° and 98° in the shade. This is very warm for March; what it may be in another month we dread to think. About the end of June we hope to get off for a couple of months to Udignie, a pleasant hill on our old-field. We expect the Craigs to go with us. One main object in going is to give Mr. Timpany a little quiet time to spend on the revision of the Telugu New Testament, as he and Dr. Jewett hope to complete that work this year."

Bimlipatam.

LETTER TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The three months that have passed since my last letter, have brought to you the long sunny April days. The warm sunshine has loosened the icy grasp of Winter and the brooks do not "Steal by lawns and grassy plots," but they dash along with a wildness and music all their own, as if rejoicing in their freedom. Everything around you betokens awakening life: there are bursting buds and tiny blades of grass. Ere this reaches you the bud will be lost in the leaf, and the green sward will be here and there dotted with the sweet-scented May flower and the blue-eyed violet. I will live long in India ere I forget the beautiful spring weather of my native land.

To our eyes Nature presents a very different picture. A real brook that will "Rattle over stony ways in little sharps and trebles," is something I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing in India. The ground is dry and parched by the heat, which has been increasing for weeks, and which is now making itself felt indeed. Vegetation offers to our attention no particular beauty or interest.

Then let us look a little higher. Is there aught in the teeming human life about us to attract? Ah, yes, therein is the secret. Its very unattractiveness has drawn us hither. This rough exterior hides something precious—a jewel yet unchiselled, unpolished; but the Master will lay His hand upon it, and beneath His touch it will assume new form, and daily become more beautiful, till it finds its perfect setting in His crown, who is worthy to receive glory and honour and power. You and I believe that "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose"; and in the light of these words is not Bimlipatam a desert? Yes, a desert arid and dry, whose soil is so thickly encrusted with idolatry, caste and superstition, that the good seed can scarcely find any depth of earth. Yet, in this dark place, the light from the Cross is to shine with sufficient radiance, to verify the words of the prophet.

Is it your privilege and mine to assist in dropping these little seeds, over which the Master watches so carefully, and which are ultimately to produce so abundantly? Ah, my friends, do not put many of your privileges before that of doing a little, to give the Gospel to the heathen. I am here, sustained by the prayers and gifts of my sisters of the Maritime Provinces, and daily in my school, and very frequently in the homes of the children, am doing what I can to this end. The obstacles in the way of my school have been neither few nor small, but for the last two months the clouds have been slightly lifted. The attendance has increased, and there seems to be a growing interest among the pupils; the desire to please and excel which is springing up is very encouraging. I think my friends at home must be praying.

Here comes the thought, that in a short time things may appear in a very different light. My sisters, I am ashamed of my want of faith in God. I am afraid to think that my school has seen its darkest days. Do not think that, at present, the way knows no obstacles; you know that some things are improved by comparison. Some of the children come very irregularly; one of them, a little Tamil girl, bright, smart and a real little mischief; unlike many others, she dresses well, and her hair is so lavishly oiled, that it is generally smooth and glossy, and frequently adorned with white flowers. Her mother sends her to school, but she likes to play by the wayside, so gets in late or does not come at all. The other day her mother came and brought her, and after some conversation she said to me, "If you will beat her she will come better." I put my hand on her little black head, saying, "I do not like to whip Yellameh." "Well," said the mother, "I put chillies (red peppers) in her eyes, and will do so again if she is not a better girl." Think of it, gentle, loving mothers! could you put that burning stuff in the eyes of your little ones? Do not these women and children need Gospel teaching? I go with the children to their homes, and try to talk to the mothers; and in the little I can do, is a pleasure, that must be experienced to be understood. The children are learning much that the women never heard, and I often talk to them through the little ones. Some of them can sing quite well, which is very pleasing to the elder people. I visited one woman last week, and since she has sent for me two or three times; but there are so many houses where I must go; I spend a large part of the day in study, and can only start out when the sun is sinking towards the west; however, I hope to go again before Saturday night.

Our Telugu prayer meeting for women, which is only two months old, is doing very well. When it devolves upon me to lead it, I can do so, but as you may imagine, in my explanations and prayers there are many mistakes and great lack of fluency.

Pray for me in faith.

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Bimlipatam, April 17, 1880.

Chicacole.

LETTER FROM MRS. ARMSTRONG TO THE SECRETARY OF THE CENTRAL BOARD OF THE W. M. A. SOCIETY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

MANY THANKS for the appropriation for my little boarders. Seventy-five dollars will do much for them. I should have acknowledged this before if I could have found the time. We are having much to encourage us in our work here. God has very graciously given us some tokens of His favour; and we hope for yet more. All this morning I have been busy in my

husband's absence, in planning a small chapel-school-house here for a village where they have lately begun to worship. Several are looking towards the Saviour of the world, and two have already been baptized.

A few days since two wealthy Brahmins sent two friends of theirs to enquire about our religion, and more particularly what way of living could be provided for them and their families if they embrace Christianity; for if they came among us they would not be allowed anything, and they would be entirely dependent on what they could earn. So everywhere there are signs of a hidden life now peeping through conventionalities, a smouldering fire that cannot longer be hid. "This is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes." The enemy, too, is unusually busy sowing seeds of dissension among us, and exciting our friends of the London mission to an active jealousy of us which is not always friendly. But the Master is over all, and we trust by using what wisdom He gives us, that His help will overcome all hindrances to the advancement of His kingdom.

Caste is the most eradicable error we have to meet, it is so steeped into the people that even grace can scarcely eradicate the stain. The flavour of the old fruitage penetrating and marring the new wine. Most of our troubles among the people arise from some form of the feeling, "I am holier than thou," not considered spiritually, but physically. Their idea is that the body is pure in proportion to the purity of the food, and for a less pure body to touch them, or even more offensive, to touch their food, is unbearable. This has no connection at all with cleanliness, to which they are quite indifferent, but is wholly an ideal thing, a device of Satan for effectually destroying the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Armstrong has been away a fortnight on a tour among the villages, I think he will return this week. The heat is growing fearfully intense, and I am afraid if he stays out much longer, he may suffer seriously from it.—He has baptized two since he left home, which makes six since the first of March.

Our school grows more and more interesting. Many of the boys are enquiring the way of life. How the parents will treat the movement does not yet appear. They care little what they believe, so long as they do not break caste by eating with strangers; when they take that step as some of them now wish to do, I expect there will be a great social storm here. Two boys have asked for baptism and have asked their parents' permission to be baptized. Their parents are willing to have Divine worship in their houses, willing to hear the Bible and pray, willing to forsake their idols in which they have no faith, but not willing to break caste, by eating with us, nor willing to allow their children to do so; that is the one stumbling-block none of them can pass without an extraordinary exercise of faith. But He who pities our fears when He knows they are groundless, will, I trust, pity and help them. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth we are but dust."

Chicacole, April 10, 1880.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Important Notice.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS will please notice the change in the address of their papers.

The names and residences are on a printed label, with the date to which the papers have been paid.

This change, which has become absolutely necessary, will involve a large additional expense, but so well has the LINK hitherto been sustained that the managers believe the time has now come when it can be afforded.

Subscribers are also reminded that our terms are, cash in advance; and if the subscriptions are not renewed within three months after they expire, the papers will be stopped.

All the profits are given to Foreign Missions.

Ontario and Quebec.

THE MISSION BOAT PAID FOR.

The members of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Western Ontario and Manitoba, will, we are sure, be glad to learn that the entire amount of \$500, required to pay for the Mission boat, has been collected and forwarded to India. The last instalment of \$50 was sent the first week in June, with the second half-year's remittance of \$350 for the Girls' School, Amelia, and the Bible woman at Cocanada, and the school work at Tunni.

Owing, under God, to the faithfulness and energy of the Circles in supplying the Central Board with funds, all their obligations for the current financial

year have been fully and promptly met. Since the October meetings, Mr. T. D. Craig, Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Society, has received from them and remitted to India, \$1,200; \$700 being for the school work, etc., and \$500 for the boat.

While deeply grateful for the efficiency and zeal with which the action of the Central Board has hitherto been sustained, we would earnestly entreat our sisters not to rest content with what has been done,—to press forward—to “attemp great things for God, and to expect great things from God.” What has been accomplished is but the beginning—but the preparation for what lies before us. Year by year, if God bless the work—and we are asking and expecting Him to bless it—it must increase. The schools will not only be more largely attended, but their number will be increased. Girls and women now under training will become fitted for work as Bible women, and teachers, and it is to the Women's Societies the missionaries must look for the means to pay their salaries. We believe, however, that as the work grows the necessary money will be supplied. God will bless His people at home with a more liberal spirit—not with more money, perhaps, but with a fuller consideration of themselves and all they possess, to His service.

We must remember that as a Society we have other work to do besides collecting money—important and necessary though that be. One of our objects, as set forth in the constitution, is to “obtain and diffuse Mission information among the churches.” Let us then seek, by all the means in our power, to interest and arouse every man and woman, youth and maiden, boy and girl, in our churches, to a sense of their individual duty and responsibility in regard to fulfilling the last command of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, “GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE”: remembering that it is to those who are thus engaged the gracious promise is given, “LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN TO THE END OF THE WORLD.”

TO THE CIRCLES OF THE EASTERN SOCIETY.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Women's Eastern Board was held in the parlor of the First Baptist church Montreal, on June 8th. The treasurer reported that one hundred and fifty dollars would have to be received before the end of September, in order to complete our payments on the chapel, Co-canada. I gladly take this opportunity through the LINK to lay this matter before the Circles composing our Society, and urge upon them the necessity for some extra effort being made to enable us to meet our engagements. When we promised to send the one thousand dollars, we hoped that sufficient would have been received before this to have completed our last payment in June. It will be a very serious disappointment, and source of anxiety if we have to begin another year with any amount, no matter how small, owing on the chapel. However, we trust that such will not be the case, but that each Circle will make an effort this summer to collect as much as possible and send it to the treasurer in September. The receipts so far have been about four hundred dollars, very much below the amount received this time last year. We feel sure that our sisters need only to be told of the position of our funds and our unfulfilled promise, in order to incite them to fresh effort in this bright and happy field which God has so graciously opened to us.

A. MUIR, Cor. Sec.

1395 St. Catherine st., Montreal.

OTTAWA.—Mrs. J. B. Halkett says, in a private note, dated June 17th:—

“Last night we had a rousing Circle meeting in connection with the annual meeting of the Ottawa Association. Our large basement was crowded. Mrs. Cameron read an address of welcome to the delegates. Mrs. Dr. Bentley, of Montreal, responded earnestly. Our dear missionary, Mr. McLaurin, then delivered one of his eloquent addresses on the women of India, urging us to new zeal in this work. By request, I then spoke for a few minutes on organizing Mission Bands and interesting the children in this work. As fruit, I have been requested to meet our own Sunday School next Sunday and organize them into a Mission Band. The interest deepens in our Circle. At its last meeting each member promised to try and bring at least one new member at our next meeting. So the work goes on among us, and our hearts rejoice and give God the glory.”

MONTREAL.—The members of the Olivet circle have made Mrs. Wm. Muir and Mrs. T. O. Phillips life members of the Society.

TORONTO.—At the last meeting of the Women's Mission Circle at Alexander-street Church, Mrs. H. J. Rose was constituted a life member by the payment of \$25. This amount was raised by means of a patch-work quilt—the names of contributors being written in indelible ink on the patches, the price set upon each patch being ten cents.

YORKVILLE, ONT.—Miss Jennie G. Buchan has collected, by her missionary quilt, the second sum of \$25, and at the June circle meeting Mrs. Freeland was made a life member of the Society.

Nova Scotia.

CENTRAL ONSLOW, N.S.—A Woman's Missionary Aid Society was organized at Central Onslow in 1874, and continued some time in a healthful condition. But gradually the interest declined. Some of the most active members moved to other places, and others to the home above. The regular meetings were neglected, and the interest in missions abated, although some continued their yearly contributions.

After the meetings of the Convention in Truro, we decided to resume work. We desire to contribute what we can with the many others who are interested in our Foreign Mission.

At the first of the year we received a letter from our esteemed sister, Mrs. Armstrong, which greatly cheered us, and we look forward to the time when we may see her again in our midst. We want all our missionaries to know that they are remembered in our monthly meetings for prayer, and we always read their communications from time to time from the *Missionary Link*.

In one section of the church we hope to organize a Boys' and Girls' Foreign Mission Band. There is a little girl in that community who is deeply interested in the heathen children, and puts one cent every week in the missionary box to send some Bibles to them. We hope others will follow her example.

May, 1880.

San Salvador Congo Mission.

In a recent letter from Mr. Comber he gives a bird's eye-view of the first six months' work at the San Salvador Congo Mission. He says:—

“Although far less is accomplished than we should like, and we ourselves often feel impatient, yet we and all the friends of the Congo Mission need to remember that six months is a short period in the history of any Mission. To have settled down (we think in firm and undisturbed possession), to have built extensive, fairly comfortable, though but temporary, premises, and half-finished the work of building a large stone house; to have attached to ourselves many warm friends, including the King of Congo; to have commenced a school, and taken some of our scholars to page 14 of ‘Mavor's Spelling Book’; to have held a well-attended service (average attendance 150) for the last four months, and been able to explain clearly God's truth, besides every evening having Bible-reading and prayers in Portuguese for those who understand that language, with good opportunities of pressing home the truth to the hearts of those who attend; to have collated about a thousand words of a hitherto unwritten language; to have made a journey to Makuta in the face of very great difficulties, two journeys to Mussuca, a visit to our friends at Palaballa, and the lower cataracts of the Congo, and to have in near contemplation a journey to Zombo (en route for Stanley Pool);—all this means work done, and the blessing of a gracious and faithful God upon the work of the Congo Mission. We can certainly ‘thank God, and take courage,’ while we humbly and earnestly, as we think of unfaithfulness, carelessness, and indulgence on our part, pray for grace and strength and a memory quick to remind us of His love and our duty, so that we may be more faithful and earnest in our important work. Don Pedro V., King of Congo, has ‘England on the brain’ very severely. Sent yesterday for thirteen copies of ‘Mavor,’ so that his wives might learn English; talks of having his photograph taken to send to Queen Victoria; is concocting a letter to send to her Majesty; cannot be persuaded to abandon the idea of sending his son to visit her, thinking she would be graciously pleased to load him with presents (although the king could not afford the passage to England by steamer). No chief ever visits him without getting a good present of cloth. He is not niggardly or selfish, has given us a bullock and several pigs and goats, and seems to delight in securing friendship by means of presents. It is my habit, when not too tired, and school duties fall upon one of my brethren, to go and spend an hour on the Sunday afternoon with the King. We have most interesting conversations, any other subject than religion being

vetted. Last Sunday I talked to him on the subject of prayer.”

THE ENGLISH BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY has called forth a most enthusiastic response to the appeals of the Secretary, Mr. Baynes. The amounts received during the few weeks previous to the annual meeting would be marvellous if they were not manifestly in answer to prayer. A fear was entertained that the income would fall short, instead of which it is in excess. The gross receipts for all purposes being £50,351,—last year it was £46,092,—showing therefore an increase of £4,259. This society has a very strong hold on the confidence and affection of the churches.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—Dr. W. S. McKenzie says:—“The past year has been one of marked success, both in procuring the means for sustaining the work, and in the results which, under the blessing of God, have been reached by the labourers on the fields abroad. The treasury of the Union, reports for the year ending with March, 1880, a total of receipts amounting to \$314,860.88, which is \$9,150 in excess of the donations of the most fruitful year in the history of this work, and \$30,748.90 in excess of the donations of last year. The year which closed with last March carried a debt contracted the year before, of nearly \$23,000; but besides meeting the appropriations for the year, there was a large reduction of that debt, bringing it down to \$6,623.14. Of the amount received by the Union last year, the sum of \$30,479.78 was contributed by the Karen churches of the one district of Bassein in Burmah, and was expended in the erection of buildings for the Normal and Industrial Institute. This is a marvel of liberality in giving, by a poor people just emerging from the ignorance and degradation of heathenism. These Karens in that same district of Bassein are now engaged in raising an endowment of \$25,000 for the support of the School, which they have so amply provided with buildings. The sum is nearly raised already. Think of this! Those impoverished Karens, in a single district of Burmah, raising, in about one year and a half, over \$55,000 for their educational work!”

THE RECEIPTS from all sources of the Woman's Society in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union, have been \$46,178 32, and increase of \$4,705 55, over the receipts of last year. The expenditures have been \$44,767 35, which is \$3,355 90 more than last year; and the balance in the treasury is \$172 10.

Mite Boxes.

Some of our circles and secretaries make good use of mite-boxes in their work, especially in the smaller and poorer churches, and among children. They are used in various ways. Sometimes a single one is owned by the Band, and the pennies dropped in at each meeting. Sometimes each individual has a box at home, and they are all brought and opened at the annual meeting of the Society. In some homes the mite-box has always a prominent place on the centre table or the mantel; in others it is brought out for the Sunday-morning offerings.

One pastor's wife found the ladies of the church unwilling to form a circle thinking themselves unable to give two cents every week. Nothing discouraged, the good lady went about collecting all the collar-boxes she could find. She made the necessary hole in the top, and pasted a strip of paper around the edge of the cover, and thus had a supply of tasteful mite-boxes, which she presented to every lady and child who would accept one, requesting them to deposit a penny whenever it was possible. The most of those who tried the experiment were surprised at their success, and, mentioning it to their friends, the demand for collar-boxes became so great that they were obliged to send to a neighboring village for a supply.

Another lady tells of presenting one to a young girl who thought it would be impossible to give a dollar a year. As the box was opened at the end of three successive years, it was found each time to contain more than the required hundred cents,—once, more than twice that amount. “Many a little makes a muckle” is a proverb which applies to the littles of many mite-boxes.—*Helping Hand*.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Perhaps you would like me to tell you about a school in India for women. Some missionaries from the States had gone to a new village; they tried to get the heathen men and women to come to their tent for a prayer meeting, and to hear about Jesus. About a dozen men came but no women. These men were much surprised to see the missionary let his wife pass into the tent before he did. They said to themselves, "what does this mean? does he not know? is she not a woman?" (For these heathen men look upon their wives as they do on their dogs, and treat them worse.) The missionary told them he loved his wife and wanted to honor her, and that if their wives would come and be taught they would be better women. One man said, "we will bring them next time we come." So a few women came in looking very sulky. The husbands said, "we gave them your message and they laughed at it, then we took our sticks and whipped them soundly till they came with us." But these poor women soon learned to love the missionary's kind wife. She commenced a little school for them; the mothers brought their babies and little children; one woman would watch these while the rest learned to read and work. They had to learn many things not needed in our schools. The first thing was to be neat and tidy about their persons. Sometimes the black-board would contain such sentences as these, "Susan came to-day with a hole in her dress," or "Jane did not comb her hair this morning," and the woman who was meant would sit all day seeing these words on the board before her. In such ways they were taught to be neat. These hints were needed even after they had learned to read and write. It must have been very hard for gentle, refined ladies from our country to spend years of their lives among such dirty, unclean people. One missionary told me once that nothing but the love of Jesus, and the longing in her heart to teach people about Him could have made her endure their first year in India. A little story will help you peep into one of these heathen homes.

Mr. Wheeler, a missionary, was once travelling through some of India's villages. At night, hungry and tired, he stopped at the door of one of their huts asking for food. The woman hastened to bring the best she had. First, she brought a piece of hard bread two months old (for bread is often kept for four or five months in India.) She laid this bread upon the unswept ground floor, then bringing some river water she poured it over the bread, and wrapped it in a handkerchief, then in an old quilt which, unwashed, had probably been used ten years or more. This she called steaming the bread. A bowl of sour butter-milk was placed beside it on the floor, but the hungry missionary saw two or three fleas moving about in it. He could not eat this supper, but talked kindly to the woman and asked her to come to his tent to be taught by his wife. Now, that same woman can set a table and cook her food as neatly as many a well-trained house-keeper in our own land. This is a part of the work done by our missionaries for the women and children of heathen countries.

Just as this letter was ready to post, a friend told me of one more Mission Band. It was organized three weeks ago in Thurso, Quebec, and the little folks meet every week, paying one cent at each meeting. They have commenced piecing a missionary quilt. Who will organize the next Band?

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis street, Ottawa.

The Duties of a Hindu Wife.

No lady in India sits at the head of her own table; no stranger can share her presence in hospitality; her healing word or hand cannot be extended to the sick or to the whole. Woman's gentle, blessed ministries have no exercise in

India. Her services are all selfishly reserved for him whom she is taught to regard as lord and master and on whom she waits in a state of abject submission and obedience that has no parallel in any other system in this world.

The "compound" is the woman's world in India. In it she lives, and seldom leaves it till she is carried out a corpse. Ever while she inhabits it, she has "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy;" and tain would her husband draw these bonds tighter when he is obliged to trust her in his absence. Thus saith the Shaster: "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor hear music, nor shall sit at the window, nor shall behold anything choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and shall remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in the mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

The Shaster renders her duty very definitely, as follows: "When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks she must be quiet and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave everything else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other God on earth but her husband. The most excellent of all works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her God; she must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

She waits upon her lord, who is "her God, her guru, and her religion," as the Shaster phrases it: she lulls him to rest by the soft shampooing of his feet, and is at once his slave and stewardess. Yet she may not walk by his side, even in the marriage procession; she may not even call him by his name nor directly address him; nor can a friend so far notice her existence as to enquire for her welfare, for the *Sacotala* lays it down as a rule of social life that "it is against good manners to inquire concerning the wife of another man. The face of any man save her husband and father, and her own and husband's brothers, she must never see, at the risk of compromising her character. So inveterate is the prejudice occasioned by their education that many of the women of India have sacrificed their lives sooner than violate the rule. The writer heard of a case which sadly illustrates this. In the detachment which Major Broadfoot had to take from Lodiana to Cabul in 1841 there were wives of many native officers, and the Major in the performance of his troublesome duty, had them each provided for their long journey with a howdah fixed on a camel's back. During the march one of these came to the ground suddenly, and there was a general halt, for the native lady had got entangled in the frame-work and had swung around beneath. An English officer seeing her danger, sprang from his horse to rescue her; but his action was arrested by the other ladies, who saw his intention as well as the lady's peril, and from behind their curtains cried out that he must not approach her, as he could not save her unless by touching her person and lifting the veil that enveloped her. The astonished officer would have done it, nevertheless, had it not been that the poor lady herself implored him not to approach her—she would rather risk death. Her struggle to escape was in vain; the terrified and unwieldy beast actually trampled her to death before their eyes!

Look into the home where we left the young bride and see her as she begins the duties for which she has been trained. She rises to prepare her husband's food, and when all is ready and

laid out upon the mat—for they ignore such aids as chairs and tables, knives or forks, and take their meals with the hand, sitting on the floor—she then announces to her lord that his meal is ready. He enters and sits down and finds all duly prepared by her care. Why does she still stand? Why not sit down too, and share with her husband the good things which she has made ready? She dares not. He would not allow it—the law of her religion forbids it. She must stand and wait upon him. He "eats his morsel alone" truly. No wife in India can legally dine with her husband unless she becomes a Christian.

The weather is warm and a fan is needed, or a fly-flapper is required, for he considers he cannot use his curvy stained fingers to drive the flies away or cool himself; so the duty in either case devolves upon the wife. The fan is made of a fragrant grass called *khus-khus*; a basin of water is at her feet, and she dips the fan into it occasionally, shaking off the heavy drops, and cools her lord and master, who enjoys, as he eats, the fragrant evaporation. Or the mosquitoes may be troublesome, and provision is made also for this. The tail of the *yak*, or snow-cow of Thibet, white and bushy, inserted into an ornamental shaft, is ready at hand, and with it the lady whisks around him, and saves him from the slightest inconvenience.

The duty is patiently performed, and when he has fully satisfied himself, she removes what remains to another apartment, for her religion not only forbids her eating with him, but also prohibits her eating, even what he may leave, "in the same room where he dines"—and then, and not till then, can she and her children eat their food.—From "The land of the Veda," by Rev. Wm. Butler, D. D.

The Bible has been translated into two hundred and twenty-six languages and dialects, and printed in nearly four hundred versions. Many of these languages were first put into writing by missionaries.

On the tombstone of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, the renowned Chinese missionary, is the following characteristic epitaph:—"I have sinned; I have repented; I have trusted; I have loved; I sleep; I shall rise, and (through the grace of Christ, though unworthy) I shall reign."

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF WEST. ONT.

Receipts from May 25th, to June 22nd, 1880.

Uxbridge Circle, \$6; Cheltenham, \$3; Yorkville, \$12.18; Toronto, Jarvis st., \$19.30; Alexander st., \$13.40; total, \$53.88.

Special Amounts.

Proceeds of "Mission quilt," Yorkville, to make Mrs. Freeland a life member, \$25; proceeds of "Mission quilt," Alexander st., to make Mrs. H. J. Rose a life member, \$25; Mrs. L. C. Barber, Boston, \$1; Mrs. L. M. Shaver, Westover, \$2; Queen st. Baptist church, Toronto, \$6; total, \$59. Total receipts, \$112.88.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley st., Toronto.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST

Receipts for Quarter Ending June 30th.

Thurso, \$11.00; Olivet Circle, \$72.38; Perth, \$32.00; Ormond, \$32.50; First Church Society, \$7.35; Abbott's Corners, \$7.00; total, \$162.23.

NANNIE E. GREEN, Treas.

101 Mackay st., Montreal.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sanford, A. M., Bimlipatam.
" George Churchill, Bobbili.
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicacole.
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaurin, at home.
" John Craig, Akidu.
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.
" A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.