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THE CANADIAN Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. II., No. 2.]

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

[Oct., 1879.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

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For the LINK.

INDIA.

A cry from a far away country
Is thrilling my soul with pain,
And can ye not hear it, my sisters?
O must it entreat in vain?

It comes from the region of darkness,
From souls that are lost in sin;
And closer and closer is spreading
The mighty Death Angel's wing.

His shadow is dark as the midnight,
Encircling the young and old;
The poisonous breath of his pinion
Is fanning their heart's blood cold.

O hasten, ye ransomed, to carry
To India's darkened shore,
The blood of the crucified Saviour
And sprinkle it o'er each door.

The Angel shall see and pass over,
His shadow shall leave their land,
And souls from that far-away country
Will meet us at God's right hand.

The Bangalore Conference.

There will probably be some notice of the Bangalore Conference in all the other papers of our denomination in Canada, and therefore I need not go into many details in this letter. A General Missionary Conference was held at Allahabad some six or seven years ago; but twenty-one years had elapsed since the last South India Missionary Conference, which was held at Ootacamund. Bangalore was chosen on account of its pleasant climate I suppose. It is more than 3000 feet above sea level, and though rather warm in April and May, becomes delightfully cool after the first rains in June. During the meeting of the Conference there, the weather was all that could be desired.

The Conference opened on Wednesday the 11th June at 10 a.m. with Bishop Sargent of the Church Mission Society in the chair. Papers and discussions on the various methods of evangelistic work among the people, and on the recent large accessions to the Christian church in India occupied the whole of that day. On the next day, Thursday, the subject of "Educated Hindus," their attitude towards their own religion and towards Christianity, and the best means of reaching them, was discussed. "Higher Education as a Christianizing agency" was the question that occupied the latter half of Thursday. On Friday some points in regard to "Middle and Lower Class Education" were pre-

sented in two papers, after which there was a discussion on the subject.

The programme for Friday afternoon would have awakened the most interest among the members of the Circles, if any of them had been present. The subject was "Female Education" and this was divided into two parts; (1) "Day Schools for different classes: Their progress and present condition," and (2) "Zenana Teaching: Its extent and value; how best conducted. Is local agency sufficiently utilized?" Two papers were read on each of these sub-divisions, those on "Day Schools" being written and read by a native preacher in the Free Church Mission at Madras and a missionary of the C. M. S. in Tinnevely who has been engaged along with his wife in this work of Female Education for some years. The native brother gave some account of the progress of the work in Madras in connection with the Free Church Mission. He stated that last year there were 1071 pupils, paying Rs. 2175 in fees. Mr. Lash, the C. M. S. missionary mentioned above, gave a very interesting account of his own efforts, chiefly in connection I believe with a Training Institution which exists in Tinnevely. He spoke of the great usefulness of the girls when educated, and sent out to the villages as teachers. During the course of the training if they find any girl who gives no promise of usefulness they send her home. Some one asked who took care of the girls when they went to villages to teach. Mr. Lash replied that as a rule their own husbands took care of them. In some few cases an old grandmother or some other aged female relative was sent along. He considered the girls' schools conducted by these young women one of the best means for bringing the Gospel before the caste people of the villages. He related one instance where great opposition had to be encountered at first. It so happened that an idol procession passed along the street where the house he had hired was situated, and the caste people were so annoyed at the idea of a Christian school being started in the place, that the house was burnt down. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in renting a mere shed, which he promised to rebuild in case it should be burnt down like the house. There the teacher was left, and in a short time by her kindness, and the spirit of love she manifested, she soon succeeded in inducing many of the caste people to send their girls to the school.

The papers on "Zenana Teaching," were from the pens of lady missionaries, but were read by gentlemen. One was by Miss Blandford of Trevandrum in Travencore. In giving a general account of Zenana work in that state, she spoke particularly of the interest that some of the ladies of the royal family of Travencore take in the work and in the Bible itself.

On Saturday some papers were read on "Sunday Schools and Bible Classes," and an interesting discussion followed. Some of the chief questions that occupied the remaining days of the Conference were in regard to the native churches and native ministers. The meeting was considered a great success.

Cocanada, 4th July, 1879.

JOHN CRAIG.

"India asks, 'Who is Christ?'"

NOTES OF LECTURE OR ADDRESS BY BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, DELIVERED AT CALCUTTA.

(Extracted from FRIEND OF INDIA, dated April 25th, 1879.)

I am not a Christian; none of the numerous sects into which the Church of Christ is divided would allow my creed to be identified with its own. I have not been nurtured on a Christian lap, nor have I been brought up under Christian teachers. The country in which I dwell is not a Christian home. I am deficient in Biblical knowledge, nor am I skilled in exegesis. Yet must I speak of Christ. My love of Christ constrains me to speak of Him. If any other apology were needed, I would invite your attention to India's earnest and impassioned solicitations. Most eagerly and most earnestly she asks—"Who is Christ?"

For is not a new and aggressive civilisation; winning its way day after day, and year after year, into the very heart and soul of the people? Are not Christian ideas and institutions taking their root on all sides in the soil of India? Has not a Christian Government taken possession of its cities, its provinces, its villages: with its hills and plains, its rivers and seas, its homes and hearths, its teeming millions of men and women and children? Yes! the advancing surges of a mighty revolution are encompassing the land, and, in the name of Christ, strange innovations and reforms are penetrating the very core of India's heart. Well may our fatherland sincerely, earnestly ask, "Who is this Christ?"

Who rules India? What power is that that sways the destinies of India at the present moment? You are mistaken if you think that it is Lord Lytton in the cabinet, or the military genius of Sir Frederick Haines in the field, that rules India. It is not politics, it is not diplomacy, that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet, nor the fiery cannon, that influences us. . . . Armies never conquered the heart of the nation. No! If you wish to secure the attachment and allegiance of India, it must be by exercising spiritual and moral influence. And such, indeed, has been the case in India. You cannot deny that our hearts have been touched, conquered, and subjugated by a superior power. That power is Christ! Christ rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent us a tremendous moral force in the life and character of that mighty prophet to conquer and hold this vast empire. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem—India; and Christ shall have it.

India is unconsciously imbibing this new civilisation, succumbing to its irresistible influence. It is not the British army, I say again, that deserves honour for holding India. If to any army appertains that honour, that army is the army of Christian missionaries, headed by their invincible Captain, Jesus Christ. Their devotion, their self-abnegation, their philanthropy, their love of God, their attachment and allegiance to the truth, all these have found, and will continue to find, a deep place in the gratitude of our countrymen. It is

needless for me to bestow eulogium upon such tried friends and benefactors of our country. They have brought unto us Christ. They have given unto us the high code of Christian ethics, and their teaching and example have secretly influenced and won thousands of non-Christian Hindus. Let England know that, thanks to the noble band of Christ's ambassadors sent by her, she has already succeeded in planting His banner in the heart of the nation. God's blessing and India's gratitude will, therefore, ever belong to men such as these—men of character, of truth—men who in many instances have been found ready to sacrifice even their lives for the sake of bearing witness unto the truth.

England has sent unto us, after all, a western Christ. This is, indeed, to be regretted. Our countrymen find that in this Christ sent by England, there is something that is not quite congenial to the native mind, not quite acceptable to the genius of the nation. It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about Him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in Him.

Recall to your minds, gentlemen, the true Asiatic Christ, divested of all Western appendages, carrying on the work of redemption among His own people. Behold He cometh to us in loose, flowing garments. His dress and features are altogether Oriental, a perfect Asiatic in everything. Watch His movements and you will find genuine Orientalism in all His habits and manners. His up-rising and down-sitting, His going forth and His coming in, His preaching and ministry, aye, His very language and style and tone. Indeed, while reading the Gospels we cannot but feel that we are quite at home when we are with Jesus, and that Jesus is altogether one of us. He is our Christ. Surely Jesus is our Jesus.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

Mr. Timpany says, in a letter to Rev. W. H. Porter, of Brantford, dated June 21st:

"I had a premonition of the blessing coming to you after I heard of what you did for the heathen last year. I said then it would be a wonder if the Lord did not visit you in His saving mercy.

I know right well if we get the means to do our work here, that His hand will be made bare in the salvation of many of this people; God will himself sanctify the house we are building for service and teaching. His blessing is in the bricks and mortar, and the prayers of many of our Christian women at home are upon it, from foundation to roof, as an anointing oil.

The Conference just closed at Bangalore was perhaps unsurpassed by anything yet held, of the kind, in the Christian church. There was no misgiving, there was no gloom. The blood-stained banner of the cross waves now over at least 75,000 heathen converts in South India, that little more than a year ago were amongst those against us. The work goes on. The idols fall as the god before the ark of Jehovah. The shout of victory waxes louder and louder, even now the islands join their voice, and ere long one anthem shall swell and roll over the earth, drowning the opposition cries of infidel and atheist, of moslem and pagan. It will soon be a month since I left Cocanada—wife and little Mary are there, two children in Canada, and I am here, and over all the God of Love. We spent a week at revision before the Conference assembled. We did what we could during its sessions—a few chapters—and are steadily working at it since. It will be six weeks before I get back to Cocanada, if present plans are carried out.

Bimlipatam.

The Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Maritime Provinces writes as follows, to the *Christian Visitor*:—It is with great sorrow that I am obliged to announce the death of Bro. Kroothi Basso Mahanty, of the Jeypore District, India, who died of fever 17th July last. He was formerly in the employ of government, and resigned his position and salary at considerable sacrifice in order to give his time and talents to preaching the gospel to his Oryan country-

men. He was under the superintendence of Rev. R. Sanford, of Bimlipatam, and had received his support principally from Mrs. C. C. Scott, of Truro, N.S. We have no full particulars of the manner of his death, and shall await with interest further intelligence from Bro. Sanford.

W. P. EVERETT.

Tuni.

Letter from Mrs. Currie.

We have just returned from our visit to the Nilgiris, from the enjoyment of pure, fresh, cold air (sometimes too cold for us Indians) with the thermometer ranging from 58° to 70° and a fire in the room, to a temperature of from 80° to 95°, and as our house is still without either veranda or punkas, I feel the change a good deal. It convinces me that it could not have been otherwise than well for us to have escaped the last hot season, although it was with much regret that we left our station so soon again.

Now, we are glad to have resumed work, with the added comforts of a good roof, plenty of light and good air, with a room in which our little church can daily assemble for the worship of God. As yet we have no place for a school other than the room adjoining the cook room, where the teacher I am hoping to have must live. After the veranda is built we must appropriate one corner for the school.

The three little girls whom I took last February as boarders were well cared for in Mrs. Timpany's school, during my absence. Two of them are orphan sisters and came to me very ignorant, and completely destitute. To rescue them from beggary and soul-ruin, I took them in. As I have been unable to obtain competent assistance, they have been a great care. Still I can hardly say that I am sorry to have listened to the voice of mercy on their behalf. It is not the usual custom of our mission to educate heathen children, but this was a special case, and I depend a great deal upon the prayers of those who have assumed their support. Already they are to some extent acquainted with the way of salvation, but their hearts are still untouched. In teaching any, old or young, we cannot but realise our inability of ourselves to accomplish anything for the Master. "Paul may plant," etc., "but God alone can give the increase." Will not all the readers of the LINK pray fervently that the work done at this station may not be in vain, and for the workers, that their faith may not fail?

One of the members of our little band of Christians has been suddenly removed from our midst by death. Last Sabbath morning, in good health, she attended the service with us, and united in singing the hymns. At 3 a.m. on Monday she was stricken with cholera, and died in 24 hours. When I last saw her on Monday at 2 p.m., she was unable to speak audibly, but towards the end she rallied and asked for prayers—said that Jesus was taking her to be near him and she was happy and ready to go. After giving the members of her family good counsel, she sent "good-bye" to us—prayed for her daughter who was with her, then closed her eyes and slept in Jesus. As is so necessary in this country, and especially in the case of victims of that fearful disease, her remains were interred about three hours after her spirit had flown to join the company of the blessed in the home "beyond the river." Elizabeth had been a Christian for several years, consistent, quiet and gentle. Although she could not read, her memory was stored with Scripture texts, and she delighted in singing the "songs of Zion," with many of which she was familiar. A widow for many years, she had seen much sorrow; three of her children were in one day drowned during a cyclone, and she lost several others by death.

I must congratulate you on the success attained by the MISSIONARY LINK. I hope that it may soon be more widely circulated, and that, through its agency, many may hear of and pray for the conversion of the Telugus.

Tuni, July 29th.

M. A. CURRIE.

Bobbili.

Letter from Mrs. Churchill.

We like our new station very much indeed, and trust the Lord has much work for us to do here, and many sheaves to gather into His granary. Our compound is very near the town, and a great number of the higher castes, as well as many of the lower, come to visit us and see the arrangement of things in an Englishman's house. (All English speaking people, except Eurasians, are called Englishmen or Europeans here.) They will look on with a great deal of interest to see how we do everything, and even our eating seems to be as entertaining to them as a menagerie

would be to us. They will stand in the door and watch every motion we make, and then make their own comments. We are sometimes amused and sometimes half-annoyed; but we think it well for them to get acquainted and feel at home with us. Their curiosity gives us many a good opportunity of telling them of some other things, of much more importance, of which they have never heard. A number of the higher caste women have come to see me since I came here—a thing they never did in Bimli, and I have also had the pleasure of visiting them in their own homes. Some have asked me particularly for my friendship, which I was very glad to promise, and friendship or love in a much higher sense than they can yet understand or appreciate. The Brahmin women here seem to go about more freely than I have ever seen them in any other place.

A number of Brahmin boys and young men come every Sunday afternoon, and we instruct them in the Bible; when they came at first we hardly dared hope they would continue to come so long; but still they come, and the seed is being sown.

Our great need is Christian helpers—earnest workers, to help us in this great seed-sowing, for this must be done before we can look for any harvest. And the whole people are stepped in sin and heathenism. O how much work there is to do, and how few to do it; if we had to depend for success upon our own wisdom or strength, we should give up in despair. But we work for a grand Master, whose is the power and the wisdom, and all He requires of us, is just to be faithful and do the work He sends us, with the strength He gives us to perform it, and leave all the rest with Him.

Perhaps it might interest you to hear of our first visit to the villages, to speak of the great salvation. One Sabbath evening, after our classes were dismissed, we took our dinners hastily, and walked out about a mile to the village in which the men lived who had given Mr. C. the most trouble in his building operations. He said they were the hardest people around, and he would commence with them, so as to render good for evil.

As we entered the village, the place was very filthy, and we had to pick our steps. We went on till we found a log, on which we sat down. Soon a number gathered around us, mostly young people. I remembered the words of a Telugu hymn—it was too dark to read—and commenced singing, Mr. C. joining in the chorus, and by the time we had sung it through, we had quite a congregation squatting down on the ground all around us. I was glad to see their thoughtfulness in one particular, leaving a little open space just in front of me, "to let breath come in," as they said. Then we had a nice quiet talk with them, one man replying and asking questions, and the rest listening attentively, till we thought it was time to return home. By making enquiries, we found one young man who could read, so we gave him three tracts, he promising to read them to the rest. Many of them followed us out of the village, and then "took leave," and we came home humbled with the feeling of how little we could do, but happy that we had attempted even that little for Christ.

I have had a singing class on Wednesday afternoons, to teach the young men who come on Sundays, our hymns and tunes. Several sing very nicely and easily catch the tune from me: to one of these I lent a hymn book, but he brought it back in a few days, saying he had sung a couple of the hymns at home, and his father told him if he heard him sing one again, he would beat him; so it was no use to keep the book, but he would still continue to come and sing here.

In trying to get pupils for my caste girls' school here, a Brahmin told me of a very rich Teluga caste woman, who had great influence in her street, and who, if I went to see her, would send me many pupils; so a day was appointed, the visit made, and the children promised. Then I asked her to come and visit me, which she said she would do if I sent my carriage for her. I told her I would go for her on a certain day, which I did, and it was a sight to see how richly that woman was dressed. Her native dress was some kind of thin, gauze-like silk, with gold-colored satin spots in it, and under and through this, on almost every part, were silver, gold and jewels, sparkling and shining.

On her toes and ankles I don't know how many silver bands and bangles making a lively jingle every time she stepped; around her waist a wide gold band with little golden "bells," as they call them, hanging thickly from it; on every finger gold rings and precious stones; bracelets, I don't know how many, on her wrists and above her elbows; and the number and variety of gold chains and ornaments hanging from her neck to her waist, was more than you can imagine. Then from her nose and ears were rings

and pendants, as many as could be stuck in, and her hair glittered with gold, jewels and precious stones. She was a pleasant intelligent looking woman, and was quite a magnificent sight to look at. That day I suppose I brought home in my carriage value that would pay for the mission house that is so much needed here, and all the other improvements, that if we had them would make this compound a pleasant comfortable home for us missionaries. But ah! within and controlling all was something far more precious, vastly more precious, than all that earthly dross, and that was the one feeling I had in taking her to my house, asking the Lord how I could be the means of getting the light of the gospel into that dark but inestimably precious soul, so as to save it from eternal ruin. She was very much pleased with her visit, and seemingly as tickled as a child with her ride, calling out to the men and women as they stood in the doors of their houses to see us pass, that I had come to her house and brought her, laughing or smiling all the time. I had little chance of talking to her that day as I wished, for a number of her people ran all the way beside or behind the carriage, talking and shouting as they ran, and then came crowding in at the door when we sat down in my room, examining and talking about everything they saw. But we have promised to be good friends to each other, so I hope to have many opportunities of teaching her the good news; if the Lord opens her heart to receive my instruction.

Please change the address of our station in the Link to "Bobbili." That is the latest spelling of the word and the proper one, I believe, though the post office stamp still has it the old way.

M. F. CHURCHILL.
Bobbili, July 23rd.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

AN APPEAL.—A STATEMENT.—A COMMAND.

In the Baptist of Sept. 12th, Rev. J. L. Campbell says:—

"The time has now come which has been specially set apart by the denomination, for contributions for Foreign Missions. From now till the meeting of the Convention, (15th Oct.), let every friend of F. M. be at work. We need \$3,000 to close this fiscal year without a deficit. With a hearty united effort, this amount can easily be realized. Let every church, from Quebec to Winnipeg, promptly respond. No matter how small the contribution, let subscriptions be at once taken up, and the amount forwarded to the Treasurer, T. Dixon Craig, Esq., 51 Front St. Toronto. Baptists of Canada! let us prove ourselves worthy of the precious trust which God has committed to us."

Mr. McLaurin, in a letter published in the first number of this paper, said:—

"Oh, we need preachers and teachers so much. People at home talk about the scarcity of Baptist ministers, and complain that the laborers are so few. But let me tell you, one or two facts about the Telugus on our field. There are a million more Telugus on the "Canadian Baptist Mission" field, than there are Canadians from the Pacific coast of British Columbia to the iron bound bays of Nova Scotia, while we have no more missionaries here than there are Baptist ministers in Toronto."

Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, commands:—
"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."

He also says, "If a man love Me, he will keep my words."

Toronto.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Convention West, will be held, (D.V.), in the Sunday School hall of the Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, on Friday the 10th of October. Arrangements have been made to make this an unusually interesting meeting. To allow ample time, there will be two sessions, one in the morning, commencing at 11 o'clock, and one in the afternoon, at 2.30.

A luncheon will be provided for the convenience of delegates and members of Circles attending both the morning and afternoon meetings.

There will be a public social gathering in the evening, at which Dr. Castle will preside, and Mr. McLaurin is expected to deliver an address.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—All moneys intended to be acknowledged in the current year's account, must be in my hands not later than the 8th of October, as the books will be closed on that date.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer.

LIFE MEMBER.—The name of Mrs. George Hill, of the First Church, Brantford, has been added to the list of life members of the W. B. F. M. Society, of Western Ontario.

BARNSTON, QUE.—THE CHILDREN AT WORK.—The children in connection with the Baptist Church and Sunday School, Barnston, P. Q., formed a Missionary Band a year ago, called the Busy Bees. They met frequently to sew; first they made two small quilts, and sent by Mrs. Timpany to India. After that they made some useful and fancy articles for sale, and now, at the close of the year, they have had their sale, and have much pleasure in sending to Miss Green, the Treasurer, the sum of \$15.50, in aid of the W. B. F. M. S., \$1.50 of which was collected by a little boy seven years old, who had a mission box, in which he put part of his savings, and invited friends who came to the house to contribute. The success he met with, we hope, will stimulate many others to do likewise.

J. G. MARSH, Secretary.

THE MEMBERS of the Foreign Missionary Circle, at Barnston, have sent \$25 to the Board at Montreal, to make Mrs. Joshua Parker a life member of the Society.

THURSO, QUE.—The Cor. Sec. of the Montreal Board informs us that Miss Hamilton, of the Ottawa Circle, visited Thurso lately, and aided the sisters there in the organization of a Circle.

Maritime Provinces.

WOMEN'S MISSION AID SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the W. M. A. Society was held in the Normal School House Truro on the 23rd of August. Mrs. Parsons, President of the Central Board of N. S., occupied the chair. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn beginning:

"I need thee every hour."

After reading the Scripture, prayer was offered by Mrs. Crawley, returned missionary. In the absence of Mrs. Selden, Sec. of the Central Board, Miss H. M. Layton, Sec. of the local Society, acted as Secretary.

A letter of welcome was read by the Sec. of the Central Board of N. B., from Mrs. Churchill of Bobbili, a native of Truro, which was exceedingly interesting and gladdening to all hearts. A resolution was passed asking the editors of the Visitor and Messenger to publish it in their papers.

The regular annual reports were then read—N. S. report by Miss Layton; P. E. I., by Mrs. McDonald; N. B., by Mrs. John March. These reports were very encouraging, showing that much interest was manifested throughout the Provinces in many Societies. \$1,689 has been raised during the year, with an outlay of something over \$1,700. These reports were regularly received and adopted.

A number of reports from local Societies were read, which were highly appreciated.

The following resolution was then moved by Mrs. Williams of Iowa:

Resolved, That we recognize the MISSIONARY LINK as a valuable assistant for the prosecution of our work; and in order to still further increase its efficiency we recommend that a committee, consisting of the Secretaries of the Central Boards, be appointed to take into consideration the appointing of an editor or editors for the Maritime Provinces.

This was seconded, and spoken upon by the mover and Rev. Mr. McLaurin, and passed unanimously.

The question of supporting orphans in missionary families was fully discussed, and the general expression was decidedly against it; however, no decided action was taken, other than that it should be left in the hands of the Central Boards to decide, and a resolution to that effect was passed.

A request from the F. M. Board was then read, "That the sum of \$500 for building a school-house at Bobbili, also \$1,000 for aiding in building the mission house there, be granted." After a full discussion, a resolution to comply with the request of the F. M. Board was passed without a dissenting voice.

Interesting addresses were given by Rev. Mr. McLaurin and Mrs. Crawley, returned missionaries, and others.

The time having now arrived for adjournment, a collection was taken up, and although nearly three

hours had been profitably and pleasantly spent, all felt that another hour was needed to complete the work as we would have wished.

M. E. MARCH,
Secretary of the N. B. Central Board.

To Our Subscribers.

During the past month a goodly number of renewal subscriptions have come in.

We beg to remind those of our readers who took the paper from its commencement, and from whom we have not yet heard, that subscriptions for the second year are now due.

Promptness in remitting on the part of each one will be greatly appreciated.

We have no means of adding to our subscription-list except by the kindness of our old friends.

Will you send us a few new names with your own subscription?

Kind Words.

We offer no apology for publishing, in full, the following letter, addressed to one of the editors of the LINK. It was refreshing "as cold waters to a thirsty soul"

DEAR SISTER,—We, as a Society, have become so much interested in the MISSIONARY LINK, that we desire in some way to make known our appreciation, and thank you and all in connection with the paper, for your untiring efforts during the past year, to interest and instruct your readers.

A large number of our members have subscribed for the MISSIONARY LINK, and it has given universal satisfaction. With increased knowledge, there has been a corresponding interest, and we feel assured the influence of your little paper will deepen and widen, until every member of our Women's Aid Societies will not only feel it their duty, but a great privilege, to become subscribers.

We know you must have undertaken the enterprise with fear and trembling, and labored during the past year amid many discouragements, but the Master, whose name you bear, and for whom you labor, will crown your efforts with abundant success.

With an increased number of subscribers, and feeling assured that your efforts are doing a great deal of good, we hope the opening year may prove one of great blessing and encouragement.

Be assured you have our prayers and sympathies. Enclosed you will find the resolution passed at our last missionary meeting.

S. J. MANNING, Sec. of W. A. S., for
North Bap. Church, Halifax.
Sep. 9th, 1879.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, the MISSIONARY LINK has brought to us during the past year, valuable missionary intelligence, which could have been obtained from no other source, And whereas, it has brought us into more direct relations with the Women's Missionary Aid Societies, of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, as well as all the Missionaries in Cocanada;

Wherefore resolved, that the MISSIONARY LINK justly deserves the patronage of the members of our Society, and its editors the sympathy and co-operation of all lovers of Christ, and workers in His vineyard.

MORE KIND WORDS.—One of the most active workers in the Montreal Society writes: I cannot tell you how highly I think of the LINK, and the great advantage it has been to us, in keeping up the interest in our Missionary Societies. It is, indeed, a link between us and the missionaries, as well as between the members of the different circles. What we want to make every woman in our churches interested in mission work, is only to inform them about our mission field, and this the LINK is doing. I speak of it wherever I go, and instead of being at all anxious about its future, I think you have every reason to expect a much larger list of subscribers this year than last.

TWO PICTURES.

A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LADIES' MISSION CIRCLE OF THE THAMES STREET, BAPTIST CHURCH, INGERSOLL.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

It is morning on the hills of the Orient. The broad sun has lifted his face above the distant mountains; and a flood of glory falls upon the rich valleys and the blooming plains. Flowers of rare beauty lift their many-colored petals to the light,

birds of wondrous plumage sport amid the rich foliage of the jungles, or sing among the branches of the trees.

The tiger has crept away to the thicket, and hid himself from view; and man walks forth securely in the light of day. Man, did I say? alas, and is it so! those half-clad savages, with their stupid, meaningless faces, the flush of intemperance burning their swarthy cheeks, and its fires glaring in their bloodshot eyes—are these men?

You have seen filth, it may be, among civilized nations, but nothing like this; idleness, it may be, but nothing like that of the besotted Karen. Speak to him. Ignorance such as you have never before dreamt of meets you in the answers of the poor heathen—no letters, no books, no God; and yet, dimly floating in that dark mind, not yet buried and utterly lost in the rubbish of a brutalized intellect, is the idea of a God—once His God.

Long, long ago—so he dreams—this God, or unknown being, whatever He might be, gave a precious Book to his poor earth-children, and with it the promise of a Deliverer, who, riding on a white elephant, shall yet come to save. Sometime, from the remote west, shall come a white stranger, of rare beauty and wondrous wisdom, who will restore that lost book, that precious book, to the poor Karen. For ages he has waited, and yet the hope dies not. The white stranger will come; he will teach true words, he will tell of the Deliverer.

Another morning—it is a Sabbath morning in Christian lands—rides gloriously up the mountains of Favo. Again the early sunshine rests like a mantle of beauty upon the rich valleys and on the winding streams. The white clouds float dreamily away before the sun as he rides proudly up the heavens, and scatters far and wide his rejoicing beams.

Again the bird dresses his rich plumage amid the cool branches of the trees; again the notes of woodland melody float out upon the fresh air; the tiger has again crept away to his covert, and man is once more abroad in the light of day.

But what is this? Yonder, on a green eminence, I see erected a substantial building. Around its doors are gathered eager faces, and towards it, with quiet serene countenances, move numbers of those same Karens. They are cleanly in their attire to-day; the traces of intemperance have disappeared from their swarthy cheeks, its fires have faded out of their dark, thoughtful eyes, the step is firm and the bearing is manly.

Woman, too, is there; not the crushed, stupid, cringing creature we saw before, but woman with calm, earnest face and hopeful glance; and at her side her little ones. They enter the house, and in a few moments are seated in the attitude of listeners.

A Karen, with the manner and bearing of a Christian minister in our own land, steps forward, opens a book, and reads. *A Karen reads, in his own language, that Book, the Book of Heaven, the long lost Book, restored at last by the white stranger from beyond the Western waters!* Can it be? A language, a book, a religion, a Sabbath, a God! Hark! what NAME is that which floats in music upon the air of this Sabbath morn? It is the name of Jesus; and at that name knees are bent, and eyes are raised in reverential worship. He is the Deliverer, the Promised, the hoped for! "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man!"

And now the board is spread; and we hear the voice of the Karen preacher pronouncing those hallowed words—"As oft as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me!" and we know by this simple utterance that we are in the midst of a Christian church, a congregation of worshipping believers.

My sisters, these are no fancy sketches. Fifty years ago, or a little more, my first picture was the only one the Christian's eye could contemplate in the wide region of the Karen. To-day, scores of such scenes as my second sketch presents may be seen there! Will you, shall I, help to spread abroad the name of Jesus? Shall we labor and pray, and sacrifice, and toil—or rather shall we

not do so—in view of what God has wrought, in view of what He will yet do in the fulfilment of His promise, and in answer to the prayers of His people?

A few years ago, a returned missionary from the Karens, Mrs. Vinton, who for years had toiled among them, after a brief stay in America, travelling, lecturing, pleading for the perishing ones in that heathen land, visited our Institute in Woodstock, just previous to her return to her former field of labour, and talked to us about this interesting people. She told us of their long-cherished faith that teachers would come from the West, bringing back to them the Book that ages and ages ago had been theirs—the Book that would tell them of a Deliverer who would sometime come to them; and lift them up out of their degradation, and that, while to many of the Karens this beautiful, long-cherished dream had become a blessed reality; while many hundreds of them were then rejoicing in Jesus as their own living, loving Saviour and Deliverer; thousands were still stretching their hands beseechingly towards us, and still sending to us, over the intervening continents and oceans, the same old cry for the bread of life.

I remember well how our hearts were touched by the simple appeals of that grey-haired, widowed missionary, who, having already spent weary years of toil and privation among the heathen, was about to return to them in all the freshness of her sanctified zeal for God, there to finish her toil, and thence to ascend to her reward.

How much that visit did towards turning the tide of missionary effort of our young churches in Canada towards India, and of rousing and impelling our young men and women forward towards those heathen lands, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that that woman's hearty appeal and heroic example lie far back in that chain of hallowed influences which produced the results in our own special mission-work over which we to-day rejoice, and which we to-night are met to encourage and advance.

Permit me, in conclusion, to read you a little poem written at that time, under the strong impression her words produced; and while it pertains to another people than our own Telugus, yet the whole force and pathos of the appeal comes as truly from them to-day, as it did fourteen years ago from the Karens of Burmah.

THE CRY OF THE KARENS.

A voice from the distant East—
A voice from a far-off shore—
A voice from the perishing tribes of Earth
Has wandered the blue seas o'er!
It comes with a lingering cry,
With a wail of anguish and pain—
"O brothers, our brothers—
Do we look for you yet in vain?"

"We are weary, we droop, we cry—
We grope in the deepening gloom;—
We look above with despairing eye—
We drop in the opening tomb!
Our children stretch their hands,
And call o'er the waters blue,
Vainly and long from our darkened lands—
Alas, how long, to you!"

"Brothers, do ye not keep
Our law of the olden time,
For which, through ages of woe, we weep
In darkness, and guilt, and crime?
There are sails from your beautiful West
Dotting our waters blue,
And the feet of strangers our shores have pressed,
But they came not, alas, from you!"

"We know there's a God above,
We know there's a land of rest,
But there's naught that whispers of pard'ning love
To our spirits by guilt oppressed.
We call to the Earth below,
To the calm, unanswering Heaven,
But no voice replies to our cry of woe
To tell us of sins forgiven."

"And yet we look and wait
With sorrowing hearts and sore,
If, haply, we may behold, though late,
Your sails from the Western shore;
Oh, come with that precious word
We lost in the far-off years,
And tell us the voice of our cry is heard,
And God has beheld our tears!"

Millions.

It is easy for the peasant to look up at the orbs of heaven, but he has a very imperfect apprehension of their multitude; while the astronomer, with all the aids of science, revels in the knowledge of worlds that utterly defy by their number his power of apprehension. And so it is when we speak of millions. Talk about the four millions of people that inhabit London! Do you know how long it would take for those four millions of people to pass before you? If you could take your position at any given spot, and if they could pass you at the rate of sixty a minute, it would take you well-nigh a fortnight, twenty-four hours per diem, for a single million of people to pass you. If it were possible that the inhabitants of China should pass any one of us, or all of us in review, thirteen years would be required for the marvellous procession to pass by, even at the rate of sixty persons every minute. The millions of China! Oh! how hard it is to affect great multitudes of people!—*China's Millions.*

A Halfpenny a Day.

One million of persons contributing *one half-penny a day*, would raise daily a mission fund of £2,000. In one year this would amount to nearly £750,000. At a salary of £100 a year, this would keep in the field 7,500 missionaries. Or two millions of Christians contributing *one half-penny a day*, would keep in the field 15,000 missionaries.

This system adapts itself to the poor, and gives to all and every one alike opportunity of glorifying God with their substance. It asks not for rich nor great gifts. Could the yoke of Christ be made more easy, or his burden more light, than this system makes it? Who through the day would feel himself the poorer for the want of the halfpenny which in the morning he dropped into the mission-box?

One halfpenny a day would preach the Gospel to every creature. Shall it not be given?—*Missionary Herald.*

"In all Christian enterprise, we should work as if there was nothing to depend on but our own arm; and yet we should pray as if our own arm had no strength at all. There must not be effort without prayer. It is the casting ourselves on the Lord and then going forward which is the best way to work."

AN EXCELLENT PATTERN is set by the Baptist converts at Bassein in Burmah. They have concluded to raise a sum of money for the endowment of their Academy, equal to an average of twenty rupees (ten dollars) a member.

Fiji ISLANDERS.—Only forty years ago Fiji Islanders feasted on human flesh. Now no less than forty thousand children attend Sunday school, and thousands of people are earnest Christians.

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST, ONT.

Receipts from Aug. 27th to Sept. 24th.

Yorkville Circle, \$14.75; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$14.40; Paris, \$12.00; Paris Children's Auxiliary, \$2.55; Timpany's Grove, \$5.00; Uzbridge, \$5.00; Cheltenham, \$3.00. Total \$56.70.

Specials.

From a number of friends, for the purchase of the "Gold Chain," and to make the donor a life member, \$25; Mrs. John McConnel, Timpany's Grove, \$2. Total receipts, \$83.70.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,
232 Carlton Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sandford, 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, Cocanada.
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.
" A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.