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THE
Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. 8, No. 8.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising" Is. lx. 3 [APR., 1886.



HINDOO MENDICANT.

We know that many will rejoice to hear that Mrs. Freeland and Miss Buchan have returned to Toronto. Mr. Andrew Freeland, though very ill, bore the journey well.

SKETCH OF TELUGU BAPTIST MISSIONS.—We wish to direct the attention of our readers to a sketch of Telugu Baptist Missions by Mr. W. J. McKay, read before the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster Hall, and published in the *Canadian Baptist* and the *Messenger and Visitor*. Those who have copies of either of these papers would do well to cut out the article and preserve it for future reference. We are acquainted with no sketch of Telugu Baptist Missions so comprehensive and compact.

NEWS FROM INDIA.—Our readers will rejoice to learn that Mr. McLaurin feels greatly encouraged about his health, and hopes to be able to remain at his post for at least two years longer. By that time Mr. Stillwell will be thoroughly qualified to take charge of the Seminary and Mr. Auvache will be able to do efficient service. Most of our missionaries attended the great Telugu Jubilee meeting at Nellore. The meeting must have been one of great joy and blessing. Mr. Craig's excellent report of the meeting will be read with much interest. We expect to receive a full account of the women's day in time for our next issue.

TO TREASURERS OF CIRCLES.—At the recent meeting of the Ontario Board it was decided to ask the Treasurers of Circles to relieve the Treasurer of the Board of the labour of sending receipts for money sent to her. For all practical purposes the monthly acknowledgements published in the *LINK* are thought to be sufficient. Hereafter no receipts will be sent unless specially asked for, and we see no reason why any should require them. If acknowledgement of any amount sent should fail to appear in the next issue of the *LINK* a note of enquiry from the person sending will elicit all needful information.

THE MAILING OF THE LINK—We occasionally hear of subscribers who do not receive their copies of the *LINK* regularly. As the mailing is done from the office of publication, from printed mailing lists corrected by us every month, the fault is not the Editor's. Doubtless the mailing clerk sometimes makes mistakes in cutting up the labels and gets a name that belongs to one post-office in the parcel that goes to another. Then, again, postmasters are sometimes careless and misplace such "small fry" as the *LINK*. We shouldn't wonder if husbands and fathers and brothers and sons, who go to the post-office occasionally stow away in recalcitrant pockets the little gospel messenger, and thus impede the spread of missionary information. We shall be glad to be in-

formed of failures to receive the paper, and will send missing numbers when possible.

LOSS AND GAIN.—The Ontario Board suffers a great loss through the resignation of Mrs. H. J. Rose, who for three years has served the Society with fidelity and efficiency in the capacity of Corresponding Secretary. Her removal to California will be universally regretted and the sympathies of all who had an opportunity to know her work, either through personal acquaintance or through correspondence, or through her communications to the *LINK*, will follow her to her new home. The Alexander Street Church, of which she is a member, held a farewell meeting to which members of other Toronto Churches were invited, and addresses were presented on behalf of the Church, the Mission Circle of the Church, and the other Churches, expressive of the high regard in which our sister is held. Accompanying the address by the Church was a present of things beautiful and useful. We have no doubt but that Mrs. Rose will find in far off California abundant work to do for the Master, and we trust that she will continue to be a frequent contributor to the *LINK*.

On the resignation of Mrs. Rose, Miss Jane Buchan was unanimously chosen to succeed her. As manager of the *LINK* she has long been widely known and highly esteemed, and the Board rejoices in her acceptance of the position. Her address is 125 Bloor Street E., Toronto.

COCANADA ZENANA HOME.—At the last annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Missionary Society of Ontario the sum of \$500 (including \$100 from the Eastern Ontario and Quebec Board) was voted as the first installment for a Zenana Home in Cocanada, to cost, when finished, \$1,500. In view of the fact that two new families of missionaries have recently been sent out and are to live in the Cocanada mission house for some time, it seems necessary that the Zenana Home, which will provide accommodation for Miss Frith and her helpers, should be erected without delay. In response to a request from Miss Frith the Ontario Board, at its recent meeting, voted an additional \$800, and the Eastern Ontario and Quebec Board shortly afterwards voted \$200, thus providing for the entire amount necessary. Part of the materials have already been secured, and Mr. Craig will superintend the erection of the building during the hot season, when he can do little touring. The payment of this \$1,000 in addition to the regular work of the Societies has made a heavy draught on their treasuries and it is hoped that extraordinary efforts will be made speedily to replenish them. If every member of these Societies would make even a small additional offering for the Zenana Home this extraordinary draft would hardly be felt. The building once completed our missionaries will be in a better position than ever to prosecute their work.

What Can a Woman Do ?

What can a woman do? oh! stop and think
 Before thine answer be that "there is naught."
 Think of the millions trembling on the brink
 Of sin and woe; y cannot these souls be brought
 Through woman's mighty influence, to own
 The God of gods, not made of wood and stone.

Think of the thousands sunk in deep despair;
 Think of the hundreds daily growing worms.
 And can no woman breathe a feeble prayer,
 Imploing God to raise the dreadful curse
 Of ignorance from off the human mind--
 To heal the broken heart, give sight unto the blind.

Think of Queen Esther in the olden court;
 On her the welfare of a nation hung.
 'Twas she alone the mighty monarch sought;
 And tho' she was from Israel's nation sprung.
 Yet did he listen: granted all her plea
 And will not God do greater far for thee?

Who knoweth but he placed thee where thou art
 For some grand mission, ministry of love
 Not marked in mighty deeds at which men start.
 But ceaseless service for thy God above?
 Perhaps some common act, some daily task,
 Yet even that thy God of thee doth ask.

Then sit not down with idly folded hands,
 But look around and up--thyself forgot.
 Mark the deep misery that sweeps all lands.
 "Too great a work for me," thou say'st: and yet
 Thy God hath called thee, hath a work for thee
 Of great or small, perform it faithfully

ANNA TEMPLE

Home Mission Echo.

Christian Civilization a Present Missionary Trust.

BY REV. EDWARD ANDERSON, OF NORWALK, CONN.

In discussing missions the primary question, of course, is the saving of souls. Other considerations, however, may be appropriately connected with this paramount interest. The advance of the gospel of Jesus Christ has led to the elevation of men under a new civilization that is as certain as is that advance. In India, in China, in the South Sea Islands, among the most cultured and among the most degraded, the positive teachings of Christianity are for the humanizing of people. Wherever Christianity gains footing, the naked are clothed, the unfortunate are cared for, woman is redeemed and given her place, the ignorant are instructed, lands are cultivated, manufactories are established, unknown regions are penetrated and their people brought to the knowledge of the world. Everywhere this is seen and felt as a result of the work of the faithful missionary, and nothing but the Gospel of Jesus has ever accomplished or led toward this most desirable consummation. Since no provision has been made for such a result to come upon the unenlightened save by the efforts of fellow-men as represented in our missionary work,—God working only through His children for the benefit and instruction of His children,—it is evident that Jesus meant that His gospel should be aggressive at the hands of His disciples in all ages. The natural result will be that they will, by right, hold us accountable for having selfishly held back all this knowledge that means culture and prosperity and growth, which we might and by our convictions ought to bestow upon them for their equal benefit. We must not forget that not the heathen peoples

of to-day, but the enlightened nations of the world as they must inevitably be before long, are to judge of this generation who see such wonderful openings for the gospel in the world.

The writer of this paper, though barely fifty-two years of age, can remember back to the days of small things when the business of the American Board was carried on at the small offices in Cornhill, and before the Missionary House in Pemberton Square. He can remember that one of the former Secretaries said to him: "You may live to see the Cannibal Islands under the influence of the gospel, India opened for it, Africa penetrated and explored and brightened by the teachings of Jesus, and even Japan and China the fields of missionary operations." He lived to see it himself! If such strides have been made within this short memory, why may we not believe that our children shall see the gospel preached in all the world—an enlightened world which will then pass its mature judgment upon us?

During our late war the writer was closeted with a distinguished volunteer general of the army who had been "shelved" for cause, and he will never forget the bitter and blasphemous arraignment which that officer made of his father for having denied him the military education which he craved and for which he begged. "Now," said he with terrible bitterness, "I can have part in none of our historic battles that will cause to be distinguished all who are in at the ending of the Rebellion, and where I might have been distinguished I must have disgrace because I was denied the fitting I might have had. It is bitter to me now that I see what it means of loss." This will be the charge brought against us if we neglect the opportunity offered for giving the gospel, which means so much, to the nations who have a right to it as much as have we.

The Church is a lifeboat for the saving of the perishing, and we who are saved must pull on the sweeps that bear it out to those who are sinking in the waters that will engulf them. We are not in that boat to be saved, but to save. If we do not make an effort for them they can call us to account, and that call will be where memory is keen and where it takes in all of possibilities. It is neither Christianity nor humanity—that which congratulates itself on being saved and ignores the perishing. The person drowning in sight of people on shore has a right to expect that they will put forth to the rescue, and would ever hold in abhorrence one who looked on indifferently, even while he was being saved by some one else. Society would look upon such a man in the same way.

It is not necessary for us, in this view of the duty we owe to the heathen world, even to look beyond this present life. We owe civilization to the world of our fellow-men,—our brotherhood under one father,—and one day these brothers of ours will demand of us why we have not given it to them. The great world of needy men who are now ignorant are to wake up some day, and that before very long, to all that is meant by Christian culture, and are to hold us responsible for their lack or for their jardy supply of those essentials to enlightenment which are to the full in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as proved by the condition of all Christian countries, and which are to be found nowhere else, as proved by the condition of all un-Christian countries. That citation to judgment is to be not only before the great God, who has arranged for this method for giving from man to man among the members of His earthly family, but it shall be in presence of that "society" which is the harsh judgment-seat of earth, and which is less kind and more pronounced than is God in the uttering of its words of condemnation.—*Missionary Herald.*

Pitchers and Lamps.

This particular pitcher was old-fashioned, awkward, and ugly enough to gratify any aesthetic taste. If it held a lamp, Mrs. Lander did not know it. She was enraptured when she discovered it in a down town crockery store, and having "purchased it at a bargain," by paying three times what it was worth, carried it home to decorate it and make it more aesthetic and ugly still; for Mrs. Lander was not yet a proficient in ceramic art. But she intended to be, and she had decided that as soon as the pitcher should be completed she would purchase other pieces sufficiently unlike it to make a set.

She was absorbed in her occupation when the door-bell rang, and Bridget's head inserted itself at the partly-open door.

"A lady to see you, ma'am."

"Book-agent, I suppose," sighed Mrs. Lander, laying down her brush reluctantly.

But instead of one of that much abused class, the caller proved to be a bright-eyed, earnest faced lady, with a request that Mrs. Lander would entertain one or more delegates to the woman's missionary convention.

"Perhaps we may have already secured places enough, but it is sure to be a large and enthusiastic meeting, you know."

Mrs. Lander did not know anything about it. She had heard something, to be sure, but it was forgotten as soon as heard. Mrs. Lander never attended missionary meetings. Years before, when she was a young girl, she had gone regularly to the monthly concert in the old church at home, for the very good reason that her parents believed in it and never inquired whether she did or not. If those monthly concerts had been expressly designed to awaken in the ordinary mind a desire not to know anything about missions, they could scarcely have been more successful. They were always held in the afternoon, when the old church looked greyer and grimmer than ever. Most of the people stayed away, and the few who came scattered themselves so widely through the church as to add to its deserted and forlorn appearance. There was no sermon—"a little talk would do well enough for monthly concerts." They always sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which was the only cheerful feature of the occasion. The "heathen" were not individualized, but served and swallowed in one indigestible mass. Then some good brother prayed that the "watchmen on Zion's walls might see eye to eye"—what that might mean Mrs. Lander had not the faintest idea—and that "the islands of the sea might be speedily converted," with no definite conception in his own mind, or that of any one else, what those islands were or where they were located. And then everybody went home, thankful that the dull duty was over for one month more.

In view of these early experiences, a missionary meeting was not an enticing prospect to Mrs. Lander. She did not positively determine that she would never go to them—it is not always comfortable to be too honest, even with one's self—she had only told herself that she was too busy. Fortunately, however, people did not all think alike and there were ladies of more than ordinary intelligence and of high social rank who seemed really interested in such matters. She had noticed that fact with secret wonder, and there was something of the same wonder in her eyes as she surveyed her bright-faced caller. It would be pleasant to oblige these ladies, and, moreover—human motives being usually somewhat mixed—she reflected that her front-chamber was lovely in its new furniture of crimson and grey, and it was a pity not to have some one see it! So she graciously consented to receive a

delegate, and went back to her pottery with a complacent feeling of having fulfilled her missionary duty at last.

On the bright morning following there were three people, at three different points of the compass, who had each an appointed work to do without in the least knowing what it was to be—an old woman with a rusty satchel, a boy with a stone, and a lady with a sick headache. The old woman with the satchel thought she knew her errand perfectly. She had planned, all the time she was knitting stockings and selling eggs to earn the money, for this great event of her life—going up to the woman's missionary convention in the city. Her daughter-in-law thought it "all nonsense for mother to go off alone so among strangers." But the old grey head shook a decided negative. She wanted to hear from those fresh from the field how the King's armies were advancing, and where the royal banner was planted.

"I want the refreshin' to my own soul," she said. "And if David could go up to hear, and to carry a little parched corn, in his day, I guess I can go with my little offering now."

The little boy with the stone had no idea of a mission. He had picked up the stone and put it in his pocket to consort with a broken knife, some rusty nails, three marbles, a bit of chewing gum, a leathern sling and an old padlock. That stone might prove a convenient article if he should come across a dog, a window, or something else that did not need to be hit; and meanwhile, it was just as valuable as the other treasures he had accumulated.

The lady with the headache was in dire dismay, because she thought her mission ended when the headache began. She was one of the prime movers and directors of the convention. Head and hands had been busy with it for weeks. And now on this important day, when she particularly desired to be at her post to assign strangers who came unannounced to the places held in reserve, this distracting pain kept her a prisoner at home. It must get better! She could not be sick, she declared. But it was one of those persevering, unreasonable, not-to-be-argued-out-of-the-matter headaches that all nervous women know, and of course it was victorious. The hot head sank helplessly on its pillow at last, and with an odd little compromise between a groan and a laugh, the lady gave up the contest.

It is of no use. The world did exist after a fashion before I came into it, so I suppose it may be possible for it to move on for one day longer even if I am kept out of it. I must accept your offer, Bob. Go and do your best."

Bob was a young gentleman with the kindest heart, the best intentions and the least tact imaginable. He was home on a college vacation, and had offered to take his mother's place for the day, and fulfill its duties to the best of his ability. Very fine ability, too, Mr. Bob privately considered it, though he did not discover much room for its exercise in a position like this. In his secret heart he wondered why his mother and the other ladies should make so much fuss over so very simple a matter.

"Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Bob, looking at a new arrival and then at his list, "Here's a delegate that wants a place, and here's a place that will take a delegate. Put them together and it's a fit." And he fitted them without once perceiving, in his masculine obtuseness, that the place was gilt-edged and the delegate was not.

That was the way in which it happened that the old woman with the antiquated bonnet, the coarse shawl and

the rusty satchel suddenly appeared at Mrs. Lander's. To say that that lady was surprised at the apparition would but very feebly express her sentiments. Her opinion of things that fitted differed materially from Mr. Bob's; and when she had ushered that bonnet, shawl and black alpaca dress into her gray and crimson guest-chamber, she closed the door upon the contrast, and said "Well!" in a tone that suggested three exclamation points at the least.

As for the old lady, she was innocently and heartily delighted. She laid aside her wraps, brushed the dust from her despised bonnet, carefully folded the much criticised shawl, and then looked about her with a contented smile on her wrinkled, kindly face.

"I do believe this convention is going to be a little bit of a heaven to me clear through," she said, softly. "To think of my being in a room like this? I wonder if David and Billy know?"

Whatever were Mrs. Lander's views of missionary meetings, decorative art, or the wisdom of entertaining committees, she was a lady, and having received her guest, she accorded her due courtesy. So, when dinner was announced, the well-preserved alpaca, brightened by a fresh collar, was not made to seem out of place at the elegant table, and the old lady ate and chatted in happy unconsciousness of self and enjoyment of her surroundings.

"Yes, I think it does us good to get away from home once in a while, out of our own little corner, and see what the rest of the Father's children are doing, don't you? I'd like to have been here in time for the morning meeting, but I started long before five o'clock as 'twas. They had a real good one, didn't they?"

"I did not go," answered Mrs. Lander, and then as the eyes fastened upon her looked such unfeigned surprise that any one already in the city should miss such an opportunity, she hastens to add the statement she always made to herself, "I had not time."

The kindly eyes wandered around the pleasant room in quick appreciation of its many demands.

"I s'pose it does keep you pretty busy," she assented, with a faint undertone of regret in her voice.

But who with a soul for art likes to be considered merely a housekeeper? Mrs. Lander did not, and as soon as they were in the cosy, back-parlor she pointed out the pitcher, on its little stand by the window, waiting a few finishing touches.

"That is my work," she said.

Then indeed the old eyes brightened into gladness, for their owner thought she understood it all. Was she not in a Christian home, where all gifts were consecrated? Were not the hearts around her in full sympathy with the great cause of missions? Why else would she be here? That bit of work touched a quickly responsive chord, and her tongue was loosened at once.

"And that's what you do? Ain't it pretty? I expect now you can make a great deal that way, and ain't it a blessed thing to do? Of course you could give a good deal without doing any such work, but it makes all the more. It's good to think how many's a working—one in one way, and another in another—all for the same thing. When I get back home again, and am drying apples and sewing carpet-rags, and counting how many shillings it'll bring, I'll be glad to think about your pretty work that'll earn dollars, and how the dollars and shillings'll all go to build up the same kingdom. I'd like to tell you how it come to me."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lander uncertainly, and she could say nothing more. There was a queer feeling at

her heart as if a searching eye had been suddenly turned upon it, and an authoritative voice demanding, "How much owest thou my Lord?" had found her bankrupt.

"There was no one left but my husband and Billy and me," said the old woman. "All the children married and gone, you see. Billy was my grandson, and we did set a store by him, me and his grandpa both. We lived in the country, a little place on the edge of the prairie, and we thought we had hard times—we thought we had. We got to thinking too much about our own wants, and what we couldn't have, and working just for ourselves, you see. We wanted to do for Billy, and give him good schoolin'. He was as chirk and bright a little fellow as ever was, and good to. But coats and shoes and books do cost a good deal, even if you don't get 'em extra fine, and so Billy says to me one vacation: 'Grandma, I've found something I can do up at the station, and they'll pay for it, too. That'll help.' 'Twas the railroad station he meant, right at the edge of the village near us. He started off the next morning, brave as you please, with his little dinner-basket in his hand. I can see him yet! But it was only three days before he was brought home all white and crushed—one leg cut off by the cars.

"That was trouble! But Billy bore it like a hero. He'd say, 'Cheer up, grandma; there's lots of things a boy with one leg can do.' Them was long days, though, in that lonesome little house, and I don't know how we would have got along if it hadn't been for the reading. There was the Bible and a pile of papers that had been sent us—"Missionary Herald" and such. That was how it begun, for the more we read in the Bible the more we see how precious it was, and the more we read in the papers the more we see how hard it was for them that didn't have it. That was the first time the heathen ever seemed like folks to me, and the missionaries like our next-door neighbors. Well, we grew interested, we did, and one day Billy says to me, 'Anyhow, one boot can go to the other boys now.' I didn't know what he meant, but he said he couldn't wear but one boot at a time any more, and the price of the other could go to help some of the poor folks in Indy or China, or out west.

"That was how we begun to lay up a little to send away, and the more we worked and saved, the more we cared. It's surprisin' how much you get to think of any one when once you begin to do for 'em. Sometimes I most think the Lord Jesus couldn't love us so if He hadn't done so much for us. Well, Billy got up again, and went round on crutches, but some way he never seemed to get strong. He couldn't do the things he planned, and by and by the fever took him. His life just burned away then. He'd laid still a good while one day—it was one winter afternoon, with the sun shining bright into the room—and we thought he didn't know us and wouldn't ever speak again. But all at once his eyes opened wide and bright, and says he, 'Grandma, the other boy can have both boots now.' And he never said any more, but I knew what he meant.

"So husband and me, we agreed that what we'd have done and spent for Billy, we'd give to the 'other boys,' as he called 'em, and it sort of comforted us; we called it sending the money to Billy. When there'd come a call from Indy I'd say: 'Can we spare the boy a coat?' and when we'd hear of hard times on the frontier, David would say: 'I reckon we must manage a pair of boots for the boy.' 'Twas our way of puttin' it, you see.

"But after three or four years David went, too. When I see that was a coming I thought I'd nothin' to live for, and I said there'd be nobody left. 'Yes there

will,' says David, 'there'll be everybody—all the brothers and sisters we've been working for so long. Do all you can for them, wife, and never you fear but I'll know you helped 'em when I see 'em coming home one by one. I think I must know that even in heaven,' says he. So I've done what I could, and it's kept me up many a time. Brothers and sisters, and the Lord's brothers and sisters, too—every one that learns to 'do the will of the Father'—he says so I couldn't do nice things like you, but I've raised chickens and braided mats and sewed carpet-rags. Coming up to this meeting seems most like a little bit of heaven to me. I do hope David and Billy know."

The rough, brown hands dropped idly on the old alpaca dress, but they did not look coarse and ugly to Mrs. Lander. A moment's silence fell over the room; and then up the street came that appointed boy with his pre-destined stone, aimed it at the Maltese cat sitting comfortably in the open window, and, missing her, crushed that precious pitcher to atoms. The boy ran, and there was a startled cry from the two ladies, but the tears in Mrs. Lander's eyes, as she gathered up the fragments, were not altogether due to the accident.

"Never mind, dear. The Lord can bring good out of it somehow," said the old voice, soothingly, and Mrs. Lander answered softly.

"I think He will. I am going to the meeting with you this afternoon."

It is needless to state that the meeting that afternoon was not like the old monthly concerts. There were eager young hearts, on the eve of departure for foreign fields, who said: "Call it no sacrifice. We go joyfully." There were grey haired veterans, home on furlough, who told of battles past. And as she listened to it all, catching from this height a glimpse of the grand army of workers marshaling from every village, town and hamlet, and reaching from the darkest corners of earth up to the gates of the dear Home City, Mrs. Lander forgot that this was a missionary meeting, and that she didn't like missionary meetings, and that she didn't believe in women speaking in public, but finding herself on her feet, told the story of her pitcher, and pledged herself to the cause.

"Now, if that ain't just like Gideon's army!" exclaimed the old woman from her corner. "She had a lamp all the time, but it couldn't shine till it was out of the pitcher."

"Even so," answered the clear voice of the leader. "All over this fair land of ours, hidden in pictures of selfishness, of indolence, of fashion and of pleasure are the lights that should be shining brightly for the Master, and carrying good cheer to the ends of the earth. Oh sisters of mine, let us pray for the breaking of the pitchers." *A leaflet by Kate W. Hamilton*

"Somebody Else."

I am more and more struck with the duties and responsibilities thrown upon "Somebody Else." If she assumes them all, she must be awfully overworked. Is she more executive, more willing? Has she more leisure, more intelligence, more influence than others? She must be very obliging to undertake what others by good rights should have done themselves. She must be very conscientious to take up duties refused or neglected by those who are afraid of exertion, and have no self-denial. She must be very generous to stand in the lot and place of all shirkers, or piteous, to minister when nobody else will.

Oh, the good gifted, generous Somebody Else, who

can do much better than we can when God and opportunity are calling for our services!

Is it from modesty, from self-distrust, from a feeling sense of incapacity or ignorance, that so many wish to excuse themselves and secure her services, when Christian work is appealing to them for help, for their help and influence? This putting or even asking to put it on Somebody Else cannot be humility; for humility gets *divine* help, and goes forward. It cannot be incapacity, for they were quite ready to fly in your face at any such imputation. Is it not selfishness?—for selfishness is very apt in self-disparagement when 'loth to quit its ease. Is it not spiritual idleness,—content with looking on, and nothing more?

Looking on is a pleasant exercise, but we must be doers of the Word, as well as spectators of the work. But suppose Somebody Else cannot be found—what then?—*Missionary Outlook*.

...

Giving, and Giving up. or, the Test of Love.

"He certainly is a most generous man. He has just given five thousand pounds to the work of foreign missions. It's one of the most munificent gifts we have ever received."

"Not quite so," was the answer. "I know at least one more generous giver."

"Really? Well, I was looking through the reports of the last few years, and I saw nothing like that sum on the donation list."

"No; the gift to which I allude has not appeared in print, and will be known by very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me, with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary-work in a far-away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God to such service, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back?' said the old man. 'I had prayed all my life: "Thy kingdom come;" "Send forth laborers into Thy harvest;" and with all the pain of parting with my boy, in the certainty I should never see him again on earth, there is a deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake."

I said to myself, on overhearing this conversation, surely here is a true test of love—not giving only, but *giving up*. For though love cannot exist without giving, there may be large giving without love; but we can hardly doubt that it is love alone which for another's sake gives up what is held dear.—*Missionary Outlook*.

A Lesson in Giving.

And now an Indian woman gives a lesson worthy of imitation. "The annual collection for Home Missions will now be taken," said the missionary, and the members of the little Indian church, with the dignified moderation peculiar to their race, took from various hiding-places upon their persons the bits of silver sacredly saved for this purpose, and deposited them in the missionary hat. The amount, all told, was small; but the Master knew that every offering represented something sacrificed for His sake. After the benediction, the missionary and his wife stood, as usual, by the door until each man and woman of their little flock had received the cordial handshake and good-bye, and gone their various ways, accompanied by the church-going dogs and babies. Then they turned back to count the home-missionary money, and tie it up

safely in the good man's pocket-handkerchief, preparatory to taking it home. Suddenly Mr. Silverheels stood before them, and said: 'My woman felt pretty bad to-day because she's sick, and couldn't get here to put her money in the hat: but she sent it by me, and wants it to go with the rest.' A few days after the 'Home Missionary Sabbath,' Mrs. Silverheels herself called at the mission house. In her hand she held a deerskin Indian purse, fresh and new, filled with silver. 'This is my plan,' said she to the missionary's wife: 'I live seven miles from the church, and cannot come when the roads are too bad and the bridges gone. I feel disappointed when I do not have a chance to put my money in the hat. You always go to church. You will carry my purse every time, and if the hat is passed when I am away, you put in my money; and when the purse is empty I will fill it up again. I shall feel bappy all the time to know my money never gets left out of God's work.'

THE WORK ABROAD

The Telugu Mission Jubilee.

Four years ago we began to talk about a jubilee celebration, and now it is a thing of the past. After our conference at Cocanada we left on the 25th January for Nellore. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr and Mrs. Craig, Miss Gray, Miss Frith, and Mr. Currie. The ladies occupied the *Canadian*, and the gentlemen the *T. S. Shenston*. At meal-times we made exchanges. We reached Kottapatam, eight miles from Ongole, on Sunday morning, January 31st, and spent the day at that station. Our canal journey ended on Wednesday, the 3rd Feb. at 3 p.m., and we were soon travelling over a smooth road to Nellore, where we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Downie and Miss Wayte.

The jubilee meetings began on Friday the 5th inst., at 7.30 a.m., and were very interesting throughout. The first half hour of each day was devoted to a prayer-meeting. The first day of the feast included a welcome from Mr. Downie, and extracts from letters written by Mr. Day, the first missionary. These were read by his daughter, now at work in Madras. Mr. Boggs read the obituary notices, in which he made kindly reference to the work of all, who once toiled among the Telugus, but are now at rest in the Lord. At the evening session Mr. Downie read part of a historical sketch of the American Mission; Miss Rauschenbusch, of Ongole, read an original poem which also presented the history of the Missions, including ours; and the collector of the Nellore District, J. Grose, Esq., made an excellent speech.

On the second day the subject of evangelistic work was taken up, and interesting papers were read by Dr. Clough, Dr. Williams, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Waterbury. Methods in Evangelistic Work, The Native Ministry, The Native Church, Sunday-Schools, and Self-Support in Missions, were the titles of the respective papers. Mr. McLaurin read a paper on Bible Work. Sunday was a good day, but too full of meetings. First came Sunday-School at 8 a.m. Then English service, at which Mr. Boggs preached from the text "He shall not fail nor be discouraged until He hath set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law." In the afternoon a Telugu service began at 3 o'clock. I preached from the text "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that

believeth," etc. After the sermon eleven candidates were received and baptized; and then the Lord's Supper was observed. In the evening another English service was held, and Mr. Archibald preached from the text, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

On Monday educational work was discussed. Papers were read by Mr. Morgan on "Our Relations to the Children of Christians and Adherents"; by Mr. Craig on "Village Schools"; by Mr. Burdett on "Station Schools," and by Mr. Manley on "Higher Education." Mr. Campbell read a paper on "Music in Missions" by Mr. Newhall.

Tuesday was the great day of the feast of our sisters; the subject being "Woman's Work." Many interesting papers were read, but as I am sure you will want a somewhat full account of them, I must postpone it till some other time. On Wednesday various questions were discussed and the jubilee celebration came to a close.

There were present in all thirty-three missionaries, including wives. Every one missed Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, who were compelled to leave India two months ago on account of Mrs. Jewett's illness. Greetings were sent to them by a telegram to Malta. Dr. Jewett had been appointed chairman for the first day. The chair was left empty, but ornamented with garlands of flowers.

JOHN CRAIG.

Nellore, India, 12th Feb., 1886.

Notes on Tour.

Hindus regard with peculiar reverence the mounds of the white ant. These ants are no respecters of what Mr. George calls 'natural rights'. They often build their cones of red earth in the houses of the people—a process much facilitated by the mud walls and floors and the cool, moist shade, which these dwellings afford. The superstitious householder regards this as a special token of the divine favor; or, if he be a more intelligent man than his neighbors (that is, more crafty) he plays upon their superstitious ignorance by announcing that God has specially favored him; that they are at liberty to come and see the sign of the divine favor for themselves; and that if any of them doubt the anthill to be the abode of a god, they are at liberty to test the truth of the matter. This is usually done as follows. The people grind saffron with water and place the paste near or on the anthill. If in a short time the saffron paste turns blood red, a god is undoubtedly there; if it does not, they accept the proof as positive evidence to the contrary. But the queer part of the business is that the saffron paste invariably does turn into what appears to be a mass of fresh blood. The householder, of course, having announced that God has specially favored him, has his reputation for truthfulness and ordinary honesty to sustain. He accordingly takes measures to have the saffron turn red and thus support his assertion. This result secured by mixing a little lime with the saffron while the expectant people stand without. The paste at once turns red; and the happy deviser of the trick becomes celebrated for miles around as the possessor of a house upon which the deity has set the indubitable seal of his presence.

Amma varu is one of the numerous demon goddesses worshipped by the lower caste and on caste people. These are called *sektis* or powers (*Amma Varu* is termed the *Maha sektis* or supreme power) and correspond as nearly as I can ascertain to the powers of darkness of which Paul speaks. The *capa* or *margosa* tree is held sacred to the *haha sektis* and near every village such a tree is to be

found with its roots or a number of small stones or wooden images (of the rudest kind) at its roots, daubed over with rouge and saffron applied by the poor people as *puja* to propitiate the *sekti*. *Amma Varu* is the village goddess pre-eminently in this part of the country—due probably to the fact that to her are ascribed all deadly diseases such as cholera and small-pox (the later being, in fact, commonly called *Amma Varu's* disease) with which the country is always more or less afflicted. *Amma Varu* is to the poor ignorant people the personification of all that is fiendish and terrible. She is always ready to plague or kill; and their one object in making offerings to her (which they do frequently) is to appease her wrath. They live in the most abject and degrading fear of her. This is the demon *Kali* to whom it was formerly thought necessary to offer human sacrifices. Even now it is with blood only (not human blood, thank God) that she is satisfied. When a fowl is offered to her it is esteemed more meritorious to kill it by biting the neck through with the teeth than by cutting it with a knife. This is done by the person whom the demon is supposed to possess or afflict. He loosens his hair, smears his body with saffron, puts on a lower cloth only, and kills the fowl while performing a half-wild dance. The idea is that the demon in the person of the man or woman slays the victim.

For a felon on the finger the Telugus use the *tonda* or chameleon. A live one is caught, cut open and tied on the affected finger, where it is allowed to remain until the finger heals—a process which it does not hasten. To one in whom the olfactory sense is more acute than in the oily-skinned low-caste Telugu the remedy might seem worse than the disease.

On Saturday while speaking Telugu I was twice mistaken for a native—once by a blind man in day light, and once in the dark by a man who had his sight. I consider this some ground for encouragement.

The state of the country just now is not enviable. Indian famines are said to recur at intervals of eleven years. Next year will be the regular time for the commencement of another famine; and present appearances are very much in its favor in this district. The south west monsoon was much lighter than usual, while the north east (the latter rain) was delayed so long that it did little or no good. This district is wholly dependent upon rivers and tanks for its water supply. If no rain falls, these fail. The country about me presents a most lamentable appearance. Where last year a plentiful harvest was ripening in the mellow sunshine, nothing is now to be seen but immense stretches of stunted paddy, burnt brown, and without a single head of grain, or at the best likely to return only the seed sown. Some few acres of the lowest lying ground only give indications of a crop. So deficient has been the rain that in this *talug* alone the cultivated ground is some 8,000 acres less than last year. What, you ask, will the people do? Trust to the mercy of the collector to have their land tax abated, raise what they can in the way of dry crops, and go on short rations until the next plentiful harvest. But the failure of one crop does not necessarily mean short rations for all. The *ryot* who farms a piece of land of any size is able to lay by during a succession of plentiful harvests enough to tide over any ordinary scarcity comfortably. Scarcity of rice and consequent high prices fall heaviest on those who live from hand to mouth by day's work. Rice is now Rs. 60 per *garse*—the ordinary price Rs 40. This means insufficient food for the masses. At such times this class seldom eat rice. Their common food is a bluish colored thin porridge called *ambali*, which they eat at least twice a day. It really does not taste bad;

but eaten as the poorer natives eat it, with the hand and from a black earthen dish, it does not look appetizing. This year late rains have fallen, and if the *ryots* had any enterprise they might get a second crop of paddy. But they never attempt it, at least not in this part of the country. When the crop fails they have of course little or nothing to do, crowds of men, lean, hungry, and idle, may be seen in every village street. When asked why they do not work and dig wells instead of lazing their time away, they reply that it never occurred to them, or that they haven't the capital, or that it's too hard work—which last reason is, probably the true one in nine cases out of ten. The Telugus have a peculiar habit of calling a person by the article he is carrying. Thus a woman with a basket on her head is, 'Ho! you of the basket!' A coolie with a *kavadi* is 'Ho! you of the *kavadi*!' and so on. Sometimes the mere name of the article is deemed sufficient. A person driving a cow would be called thus, —'Hallo! cow.'

J. R. HUTCHINSON.

THE WORK AT HOME.

To the Circles of Western Ontario.

My dear Sisters.—Once more I address you through the LINK, but the words that must now be said are parting words—words of farewell. Necessity compels me to resign the office of Secretary into other hands. In the good providence of God, our home has been transferred to one of the far Western States. It is gratifying to know that our Society is in such a prosperous condition. The report of last year showed marked success, both numerically and financially, while it also betokened a more wide-spread interest in the cause of Missions. We have among us many earnest, active and enthusiastic workers; would that there were more such; for our aim must be to push on, to persevere, until we gain the ear, and reach the heart of every Baptist woman in Ontario. It is sad to think of the number that still remain indifferent to the fact that the gospel has been entrusted to them, and that it is at their peril it is withheld from those who are in darkness. Many of you will rejoice to hear that Miss Buchan, who conducted the financial business of the LINK for nearly nine years, and who is therefore well known to most of the Circles, has consented to take the Secretaryship. We may therefore look forward confidently to the future. Be faithful, be diligent, remembering that it is God's work, and if we do our part, we may safely leave all results with Him.

Very faithfully yours,

C. E. ROSE.

Union Meeting in Toronto.

The Union Meeting of Mission Circles in Toronto was held in Jarvis Street Church, on the afternoon and evening of the 18th, Mrs. Castle presiding. Programme as follows:—A paper on "Home Missions," by Mrs. Newman; a paper by Mrs. Wardell, on "Consecration"; a very interesting reading by Miss Lobb, on "What the Heathen teach us"; Mrs. Hubbard read a poem. Mrs. Castle stated that the chief feature of the programme would be an address from Mrs. H. J. Rose, our corresponding Secretary, who has served the Society so faithfully for three years, and who is now about to leave for a new home in California. Mrs. Rose's address was partly a fare-

well, and it contained a good deal of information as to our work, etc. The last exercise of the afternoon consisted in the opening of envelopes containing *special* donations to Home Missions, and in reading the accompanying texts of Scripture. The donations, all from ladies of Toronto, amounted to \$126. This is very encouraging and will be a great help to our Women's Home Mission Society in its pressing need. Two hours of social intercourse followed, during which time the gentlemen came and tea was served.

The evening meeting consisted of addresses by Rev. D. A. McGregor, on "Home Missions;" and Dr. Rand on "Foreign Missions." Appropriate selections of music formed a part of both afternoon and evening programmes. We in Toronto feel great benefit from these union meetings. They are inspiring and helpful in many ways.

Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board was held in the parlor of the First Baptist Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, March 16th. A special meeting had been called the month previous, to consider a request received from Mrs. Castle by the President to co-operate with the Western Society in providing the necessary funds to complete the Zenana House. There being no Funds which our Society could devote to that purpose, it was decided to write to the Circles and see what they could contribute. This had been done and the reading of the letters received in reply was exceedingly interesting. Most of the Circles are small, two out of the thirty are in mission churches, but the reply to this appeal was prompt and liberal. All the writers expressed a deep interest in the mission and a desire to do all that was possible to make Miss Frith comfortable. Pledges for one hundred and sixty dollars have been received, and as some of the Circles have not yet been heard from, it was decided to vote two hundred dollars for the Zenana House. The Treasurer was instructed to send this amount with the one hundred dollars promised for the same object at our annual meeting. As soon as sufficient money is received the one hundred and twenty-five dollars for Miss Frith's salary, and seventy-dollars for the Tunj scholars, will be forwarded to Mr. Shenston. A letter was received from Mrs. Gates inviting us to send delegates to the annual meeting, to be held at New Haven. We regret that none of the ladies will be able to accept the invitation

A. MUIR, *Cor. Sec.*

DEAR LINK:—The Women's Missionary Circle of the First Baptist Church in Brantford has requested me to write, that you may know what we are doing for missions.

We meet monthly; the average attendance is fifteen; the meetings are interesting and everyone seems to enjoy them. The first hour is devoted to discussing our mission work; after all business is transacted a short prayer meeting of half an hour is held. The President is always in her place for the first hour; the after meeting is conducted, in turn, by the different members of the Circle. The Circle has pledged itself to contribute \$200 this year to Missions, \$100 to Foreign Missions, \$100 to Home. The money is raised, this year, by a new system. Every woman, who is a member of the Church, is supplied by the Treasurer of the Circle with a small envelope for each month in the year; the first Sunday in the month

these are put on the collection plate at the regular service. Each gives as much as she feels disposed. The Treasurer says the plan answers fully as well as the old method of collectors going from house to house. The new way is decidedly the more convenient and pleasant one. These contributions are supplemented by entertainments, which are arranged by the younger members of the Circle. The last social was a success, and all present seemed to enjoy it. Quite a novel feature was "Information on India." One of the young ladies, with Mr. Shenston's assistance, prepared twenty questions and answers on India, and our Mission work there. These papers were distributed, one person read the question, and another replied with the corresponding answer. In this simple manner quite an amount of useful knowledge was gained, concerning our Mission work in India. The young ladies take an active part in the missionary work, and the older members of the Circle are praying most earnestly, for the Lord to single out some one to be His light-bearer in the foreign field. Mrs. Harris (senior) has made herself a life member of the Home Missionary Society, for which we are grateful. We hope that many will follow her example. The Pastor is an honorary member of the Circle.

We are much pleased with our Bible woman, Ellen. She works in conjunction with Miss Frith. She has written us once, and we hope to hear from her again. The letter was written in English, and, although somewhat disconnected, was wonderfully well expressed. She gave us an account of her own life, and said how much she enjoyed being the bearer of the good tidings to her benighted sisters. Ellen spoke of the difficulty she had in overcoming caste prejudice, but she said when she had gained access to the homes of the natives, they heard the truth gladly.

We are purposing to support another Bible woman, and have written Mr. Sullwell to recommend a bright, promising pupil, in one of the schools to be trained for the work. We earnestly desire your prayers, that we may prosper, and that having put our hand to the plough, we may not look back.

On behalf of the Missionary Circle

ELIZABETH CAREY,

Brantford, March 18th, 1886.

Cor. Sec.

A UNION meeting of the Mission Bands in Toronto on the 12th March, was a great success. The programme which consisted entirely of exercises by the children was well selected and well carried out. A number of the recitations were from the LINK. A map exercise on the Telugu Mission, prepared by the Band Sec. Mrs. Daddon, and given by one of the girls, comprised one chief feature of the programme. We give this exercise for the benefit of other Bands and Circles. A dialogue by eight girls in costume, representing Chinese, American, Indian, Japanese, Negro, Hindoo, and Eskimo, was also much appreciated. After the exercise there was a sale of fancy and domestic articles made by the children and their friends, from which a considerable sum was realized.

DEAR LINK. In reading your last number my attention was called to the sweet little Charlie made in order to give his dollar to Missions. And it led me to ask, Am I making any sacrifice to give to the cause I love so dearly? Do we not all give out of our abundance? How seldom we practice any self-denial to give the Gospel to the Heathen. When we look around and see the opportunities there are before us, is there any sacrifice too great for us to make? God has opened

another door in Upper Burma and has thrust in upon us four or five million people, and methinks I hear Him saying! What are you going to do with them? Are you going to sit at ease in Zion while they perish? Ah, let us answer this question by making some sacrifice, and give an extra dollar this year, and say with David, neither will I offer unto the Lord my God that which cost me nothing. E. W.

[We fully sympathize with our sister in her desire, that the Baptists of Canada should have a part in the evangelization of Upper Burma; but it would require a very large increase in the income of our Societies to justify the starting of a new mission. Let all of us do this year all we can, and make the income so large that the General Boards and the Women's Boards of the Dominion, shall feel that the time has come for launching a new enterprise. Ed.]

New Circles.

RICHMOND, YAR. CO., N.S.—Woman's Aid Society, formed in Oct. by Mrs. Eaton of Ohio, N.S. A reading society also, under the direction of the Aid. Pres., Mrs. Thomas Philips. Sec., Mrs. Cynthia Crosby.

GEORGETOWN—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was formed at Georgetown, in March, by Mrs. MacVicar, of Toronto.

CLAREMONT.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was formed at Claremont in March, by Mrs. Dadson, of Toronto.

CAMPBELLFORD.—A Foreign Circle in connection with the Home Circle already existing.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Boy's Band.

Want to hear about our Missionary Society, did you say?

Well, to begin with, its members are all boys. It originated in the remark of a dear faithful minister's wife who, off on the summer vacation, still carried her parish on her heart. At a social tea she said, "Our girls are trained in missionary work; but, oh! what is going to become of our boys?"

We had never thought of it before, but looking about our own little village—lo! it was just so there—Ladies' Auxiliary, Young Ladies' Society, Children's Mission Circle—they were for all ages, but only one sex. Our boys, from whom must come the men to lead in every missionary field; our boys, whom we expect to carry the Gospel into the jungles of Africa and to the savages of the South Seas, opening the way where ladies may follow, they were neglected. We treated them as if their hearts did not begin to grow till they went to college, then they had a Missionary Band. So our L. A. H. Society is for boys.

"Lend a hand," that is our motto. Our object, "to do with our might what our hands find to do." And these are written upon one side of a correspondence card, for each member; upon the other, the constitution of the society. Each member has also an unpretending little badge of ribbon, and a pasteboard bank. At every monthly meeting the contents of these banks are given to "General Fund." You don't exactly think that title, "General," appropriate for the money-holder of a missionary society, do you? but it sounds stirring, and suits the

boys. The "General" is a big iron bank. He unlocks his door only when there is to be an expenditure.

Last summer we had a "jam." I wish you could have seen the energy of those boys in the preparation. No matter how backs ached, they picked every strawberry themselves; no matter how attractive the sound of the ball-batting on the lawn, they hulled them all; and later, when the currants were ripe, no sun was hot enough to prevent their gathering them. Friends, of course, helped about the stewing; but what's that? Don't friends help fill out the fancy table at the girls' fairs? And they cut and baste the work that little fingers are said to do? Beside, did you never hear a lady say that she considered her jam as good as made when the fruit was ready? The crab-apple jelly was cooked, strained and all, by one of our oldest—he is ten; mother was in the kitchen and made suggestions, but he did the work.

They sold everything, and cleared \$24; and they could have sold twice as much if the fourteen little hands could have made it. How do we conduct our meeting? O, yes! I was going to tell you. We open with a familiar song; then a few words of prayer, so short that the boys cannot grow restless, so simple that they cannot fail to understand. Then business matters are presented. We vote on all questions that arise. If a present is to be carried to a sick child, we appoint a committee for it, and at the next meeting said committee report. Often there is something interesting to tell them, or we read of work some one else is doing. Everything is very informal and social; the boys talk, and so do we. "We," includes three—two young ladies and one older one.

It was at one of our meetings that the jellies were protected with nicely cut circles of tissue, and covers clasped on, and labels pasted. At another, placards were made to hang in the sales-room, by cutting large letters from old posters and arranging fancifully on sheets of drawing-paper. A few dashes of paint added, made them quite artistic.

Our meetings are always short, and we always close with refreshments; a cookie, some fruit, or a glass of lemonade, not enough to raise objections on the part of careful mammas, but just a little support for the home walk.

Just what we are doing now, I am not going to tell you, for it is not done yet, and we never count things till they are finished; but we are having just as spirited times as ever, and don't know how a rut looks.—S. C. S. in *Woman's Work*.

A Map Exercise on our Telugu Mission Field.

In the year 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Timpany left home and friends and sailed away 11,000 miles to India to become missionaries among the Telugus, whose country lies on the eastern coast of Hindustan, in the Madras Presidency on the Bay of Bengal. It extends from Madras on the south to about 225 miles north of Cocanada. Its 17,000,000 inhabitants are rather a superior race physically and intellectually to the other inhabitants of the Indian peninsula, but they are degraded by superstition and idol worship, their gods are innumerable. Besides worshiping idols made by their own hands, they worship animals, their ancestors, in short anything and everything, except the true God. But the greatest obstacle against which the missionaries have to contend is the system of caste.

At the time of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany's departure the

Canadian Baptists had no organized Foreign Missionary Society, they therefore went out under the auspices of the American B. F. M. S. They first settled at Nellore, where they remained one year and nine months, they then removed to Ramapatam fifty miles north of Nellore, where they remained six years, and where Mr. Timpany founded the school, which has since become the largest Theological Seminary in the world. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin had, two years later, followed them to India, and had been laboring at Ongole, and in 1873, an independent Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was organized, taking Cocanada as its chief station, it being the most important place, and appointing Mr. McLaurin missionary there. Three months later he removed to Cocanada, and was soon followed by the Timpanys.

This field had been brought to the notice of our Missionaries by Thomas Gabriel, a native, who had been converted through the reading of a tract, and had since been preaching the Gospel in that region. Cocanada is an important town of 30,000 inhabitants. It contains within the compound the missionaries' dwelling house, the girls' boarding school and the native chapel, and they expect soon to erect a matron's house, and also a home for our Zenana workers, both of which are much needed. In the missionaries' house there at present reside, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell and Miss Frith, the latter being the only one present who was there last year, Mrs. Timpany having returned to Canada soon after Mr. Timpany's death occurred. In the girls' boarding school there are between 50 and 60 young girls, and Ella an old faithful native servant. Mrs. Craig at present has charge of the girls. Jonathan Burder is pastor of the native chapel. Miss Frith you know is our Zenana worker, she has three assistants, Mrs. DeBeau and her sister Miss Charlotte Gibson, who reside in the town with their mother, and Ellen the Bible woman, who also resides in the town with her family. In another part of the town is the English church, of which Mr. Stillwell at present has charge, and the same building is used for the English free school, of which Miss Folsom is teacher. She is supported partly by government, and partly by contributions, the former paying about half her salary. She also has two assistants. Our next station is Samulcotta, 12 miles north-west of Cocanada, where is the Theological Seminary, presided over by Mr. McLaurin, and containing about 60 students, most of whom are supported by the Mission Bands. The next station is Tuni, 40 miles north of Cocanada, where Mr. and Mrs. Currie labor. Although Mrs. Currie and her family are at present in Canada, they have native assistants.

Akidu, 80 miles south-west of Cocanada, is Mr. Craig's field, although he at present resides in Cocanada, the better to oversee the two fields, also to afford Mrs. Craig greater facilities in acquiring the language. This field has 16 native preachers, 22 teachers and one Bible woman. Each of these larger stations has several smaller stations which the missionaries frequently visit, and which are looked after by the native assistants. In the December, 1884, number of the LINK you will find a "Map of our Mission Fields" and a short account of some of the native preachers and their work, by Mr. Craig. We must not forget to mention the Mission boats, which are so necessary for the Missionaries in touring along the numerous canals which intersect the country. The boat *Canadian* belongs to the Cocanada field, and was built with the money raised by the Ladies' Circles some years ago. The *Shenston* belongs to the Akidu field. In a very interesting letter recently received from one of our ladies, she says:—"It requires much greater

self-denial to labor in some parts of India than others; for instance, in Cocanada it is comparatively easy where they have the comforts and social privileges of civilization, but in such fields as Tuni and Akidu nothing but love for the work, and being able to engage in it would make life there endurable. No matter how ill a person might be it would be impossible to obtain the services of a physician or food suitable for the invalid or a reliable servant to wait upon them; they are twenty-five miles distant from an English speaking person, and are surrounded by the most ignorant and deceitful type of natives, who live in dirty mud villages with nothing but the most squalid wretchedness. Under such circumstances the missionaries feel themselves starving socially, intellectually and (though it ought not to be) too frequently spiritually." Should they not have our prayers and sympathy?

Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else, said Phil. "I give something every Sunday; don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it amounts to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard from a missionary some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other: of down-trodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land, "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the "dark continent," and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organisation?"

"Certainly you may. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see.—bananas, twenty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; baseball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six—"

"Oh, stop, Uncle George; that isn't in it! That's when I was visiting at Cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear, and went on—"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spendings than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page; "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving, and I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list, and thought, with his newly-awakened feelings, of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account-book, she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart-wheel—but that's got to stop, sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*Indian Witness.*

Another Mission Band of long ago.

While reading the February number of your valuable paper, an account of a Mission Band of long ago reminded me of one that existed 60 years ago in New Brunswick, which was called the Woman's Mite Society. They held monthly prayer meetings at private houses, collecting at each meeting. My mother was a member, and I went with her. The meeting was at a neighbour's house. I was only six years of age, yet impressions were made on my mind that have not been erased. Our only missionary paper then was the *Missionary Magazine*, when Dr. Judson and wife with others were enduring such trials and persecutions. I cannot tell you about the officers of this society, or the amount raised, but they were remitted annually to the American Board of Foreign Missions. In a few years this society gave place to a Foreign Missionary Society for old and young. This society held monthly prayer-meetings, and collections were sent yearly to the above named board; other societies were in operation for the home and foreign field. And when the Woman's Mission Aid Societies, established by Miss Norris and the young peoples Mission Bands came in existence, a new light dawned on the work. I am rejoiced as I read of the young people, the hope of our land, working so earnestly and sending so many

dollars to mission funds. May they remember when Jesus was here on earth he took the children in his arms and blessed them; and he is the same loving Jesus now, ever willing to bless their labours of love for the poor dark heathen children.

May we hope that many of the young people who are working so nobly in this work of raising money to send the word of life abroad, may be prepared ere long to go forth as teachers, to take the places of those who will have finished their work with joy and gone to wear the crown.

S. G. B.

Sackville, N. B.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Feb. 24th, to March 24th, inclusive.

College St. M.C., \$9.10; Dovercourt Road M.C., \$14; Gravenhurst S. School, \$1; Alexander St. M.C., \$19.75; St. Catharines M.B., \$9, towards the support of "Bupathl-jean"; Bailieboro' M.C., \$7; Orillia M.C., \$5; Bal. from sale of Leaflets, \$7.41; Beamsville M.B., \$20; Parliament St. M.C., \$6; Ailsa Craig M.C., \$11; Woodstock M.C., \$25, to make Mrs. A. V. Timpany a life member; Belfountain M.C., \$7.25; Campbellford M.B., \$8.14, for Samulcotta Girls' Boarding School; Walkerton M.C., \$7.50; Beverley St. M.B., \$3.32; Beverley St. M.C., \$7.85; Collego St. M.C., \$7.85; Forest M.C., \$3; London (Adelaide St.) M.C., \$11; First Lobo M.C., \$10; Mount Bridges M.C., \$2; Parkhill M.C., \$2; London (Talbot St.) M.C., \$23.45; St. Thomas M.B., \$25, for support and education of Bellema Thomas; Aylmer M.B., \$11.43, towards the support of Mangan Samuel; Springfield M.C., \$3.64; Thedford M.C., \$3.50; Mrs. McMaster, Brampton, \$5. Total, \$2286.09.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

NOTE.—The Treasurer has been instructed by the Central Board that hereafter remittances shall be acknowledged monthly in the *LINK* and *Canadian Baptist*, and not by personal receipt as heretofore.

W. B. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Jan. 21st to March 26th.

Montreal F.B., \$9.84; Olivet, \$53.82; Fallowfield, \$3; Abbott's Corners, \$5; St. Andrews, \$8; Coruwall, \$5; Brockville, \$8; Morrisburg, \$9; Osgoode, \$10; Ottawa, \$30; Tayside, \$8; Thurso, \$9. Total, \$161.66.

Special for Zenana House.

Olivet, \$30; Bebo Plain, \$1; Brockville, \$10; West Winchester, \$12; South Gowar, \$10; Morrisburg, \$3.50; Inverness, \$2; Dominionville, \$13; Thurso, \$10; Cumberland, \$7.50. Total, \$108.

M. A. SMITH, Treas.

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