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# THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. V., No. 8.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2.] APRIL, 1883.

## Bringing Our Sheaves.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The time for toil is past, and night has come,  
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;  
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;  
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,  
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;  
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet  
I kneel down reverently and repeat:  
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless; yet their trifling weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;  
For long I struggled with my helpless fate,  
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew;  
For well I know thy patient love perceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;  
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

## Krupavarti.

Last year, about April, one morning a Christian living in Cocanada, brought to my study a young caste girl about twelve years old. The history I got from her was as follows:—"When she was a little girl her parents died. The debtors of her father seized the property, which was considerable, and made away with it,—she, poor child, was given to the temple harlots, or dancing girls, to train for their profession. She lived among them doing all kinds of house work, and waiting on the older members of the household. Some months before she came here she had gone to spend some time with relatives at Rajahmandry, who were farmers and kept a large number of cattle. She was very hard worked there, and got sore eyes in some way. She returned from Rajahmandry to the dancing women who were her protectors. They shaved her head and did all to cure her eyes they could, but in vain. The disease was very bad and extended to the nose. The good looks of the girl were spoiled, so the dancing women thought. They sent her away and told her to go to the hospital in Cocanada. She was simply turned out to go to ruin. She found her

way down to Cocanada and to the hospital. The first day as she came out of the hospital she was crying, as well she might. Just then this Christian came up and asked her who she was and what was the matter; she told him, and he brought her to me. I did not know what to do about her. The upshot of it was I did not see now that she had come to me that I could send her away to what I knew was sure ruin and perhaps the loss of her sight. We have to teach these Hindoos in many ways, and one important way is to exemplify the mercy and compassion of our Lord Jesus. I did not dare send her with such bad eyes among our school girls, so I called Sarah, the wife of one of my colporteurs, and gave the girl to her care. I attended to her eyes daily, and had the satisfaction to see after a week's time that they would get well. After about ten days Sarah came to me and said the girl was nice and good, and I need have no fear about putting her in with our girls. I did so, and she became another of our girls. She had been in the place about three months when she gave her heart to Jesus. The change was evident. The beginning of December she was baptized along with three more of the school girls and some others. The baptism was a typical one. First came two of our English congregation, then one who had been a Brahman, then some from the non-caste class, then this Sudra girl, then some more from the non-caste class. I took away her old name and gave her the beautiful native name of Krupavarti (the perfume of grace). She has learned fast, and bids fair to become a beautiful, noble woman. I think she is sincerely thankful for what has been done for her. How wonderful are God's ways! Had it not been for her very sore eyes those dancing women would never have sent her away, as she was fine of face and form, and would have suited their profession admirably. A year or two more and she would have entered upon a life of sin from which there is no release. I am glad to have some such girls. There are no relatives to draw them away and get them married just about the time their education is well under way. That young woman, Lukshmi, about whom some of you may remember, is the best scholar now in the station school. Fifteen girls out of the eighteen now in the school are members of the church.

A. V. TIMPANY.

Cocanada, Jan. 17th, 1883.

## Seedsowing.

BY MISS CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

When viewed either temporally or spiritually, there is something peculiarly pleasing in contemplation of harvest.

The rich beauty of broad fields of ripening grain, fills the heart of the beholder with satisfaction. So when any

part of the Lord's vineyard yields many golden sheaves for the heavenly garner, God's servants rejoice with exceeding joy.

These two pictures presuppose a seed-sowing; and the imagination readily paints the hard soil, dotted here and there with labourers. As the toilers in the Master's vineyard bear the burden and heat of the day, some regard them almost with pity, feeling that though a few sheaves may be garnered, they may never participate in the full glow of harvest. The difficulties and magnitude of the work are comprehended best by him who endeavours to sow the good seed of the kingdom; in other words, by him who carries the tidings of redemption to his lost fellowmen; yet he counts not his work a joyless one. He knows that seedtime must precede harvest, and that upon his faithfulness to his trust, depends in a measure, the joy of the reaper. His heart is thrilled with humble thankfulness, that he has been entrusted with the precious seed which contains the germ of eternal life; and that to him has been given the yearning love for the souls of men, which makes the breaking up of the hard soil, and the dropping of the good seed, a work in which he delights. The thought that another's hand may reap, clouds not the sunshine of his pathway. He feels his own weakness, and it is well, for He who said to him "Go," did not wish him to lean upon so frail a thing as his human strength, but upon the everlasting truths of such promises as "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and "My word shall not return unto me void." He sometimes feels that heaven regards his work with a peculiarly tender interest, for the Saviour of the world was rather a seed-sower, than a reaper. He talked face to face with men; He knows the hardness of their hearts, how they cling to the old, how slowly and unwillingly they accept the new. He toiled and suffered, as men can neither toil nor suffer; yet humanly speaking he saw little fruit.

He, who at one time cried out in anguish of spirit, "And ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life," surely offers loving sympathy to the patient toiler, who often feels that he is working against walls of solid rock.

Jesus knew that His Kingdom was to be established in the earth. Believes not the seed sower this truth also? Why need he worry himself with the questions when and how? The harvest time is sure, for the purposes of the Allwise must be accomplished; and in this assurance can the servant not be content?

He is to honour his Master by his daily faithfulness, by his constant expectation of blessing, and by his looking hopefully to the future, when the waste places shall blossom as the rose, and when the thorn and briar, which may now wound, shall give place to the fir tree and the myrtle. It is a blessed thing to be a seed-sower; for as surely as greenness and beauty follow the rippling brook, so life and immortality spring up wherever, for the Master's sake, a faithful hand has dropped a faithful seed. With such a motive, one must doubt God's eternal truth before he yields to the discouragements of the way.

Frequently, indeed, do thorns pierce cruelly; hope almost dies in the heart; and the eyes are so dimmed with tears, that they can scarcely see the end of the precious promise. "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." Suppose that its fruition never comes till the pearly gates have closed behind the sower, how dare we deem a life sacrificed or fruitless that has been wholly devoted to this heaven-appointed work? God measures by faithfulness and the hidden motives of the heart, rather than by that which men call success.

Again, the sower of the Gospel seed has the happy consciousness that he is a co-worker with the Holy Spirit. This divine Presence abides with him, removing it may be, insurmountable though unseen difficulties, and by His tender, subduing influences the hearts of men are prepared, not only to receive, but to nourish and cherish the truth.

The work of this invisible agent is sometimes so complete and perfect, that as soon as the message of God's servant falls upon the ear, the soul, which has hitherto been like a fountain sealed, bursts forth into life and joy. And to him who has spoken the life-giving word, there seems to have been little or no seed-sowing, and he is almost surprised at the sudden fruitage. More frequently it occurs that the seeds of truth are at first rejected, and the sower turns away with a heavy heart, forgetting that where he has been refused admittance, the Holy Spirit has also been grieved and wounded.

Could the sower always live in the realization of this Presence and His interest in his work, and feel that he knows no joy or sorrow in which He does not participate, trials and discouragements would scarcely have the power to ripple the surface of his peace. The recompense of the faithful sower does not rest upon the hearer's acceptance or rejection of the truth, for "to him that soweth in righteousness there shall be a sure reward."

As to where and when this seed shall be sown, God's word speaks with sufficient clearness. Away down the ages we hear some of the old prophets saying, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand"; while another exclaims, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." A third utters a warning note, "not to sow among thorns"; and Jesus, to whom God's truth was dear, said to his disciples, "Cast not your pearls before swine." He who committeth his way to the Lord will have respect to the observance of these directions, that there be neither a thin sowing nor a waste of the precious seed.

Only wisdom from on high can guide to a safe judgment in this matter—

"'Tis a joy to bear the seed,  
To go with the store of grain,  
To scatter it here and scatter it there  
And sow and sow again."

But it is an awful thing to handle thoughtlessly the seeds of truth, and to scatter them where they will be trampled ruthlessly in the dust, where neither fruitage nor reward can be justly expected. Of such work may it not be said "Ye have sown much, but bring in little." The sower's task is heavy with responsibilities, which arise mainly from the sinfulness of his own heart; but it is surely the most Godlike work that was ever given to man. All the sowers for eternity and for those who seek the honour and glory of the Master, there awaits a welcome in the eternal home above, from which no sheaf will be missing, and where the servant will participate in the harvest joy of his Lord, whom we are told, "shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."—*A Paper read at the Bob-billi Conference.*

SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.—I want to say most emphatically, that, the more I see of mission work and missionaries, the more thoroughly do I believe in it and them. No statistics can measure the good which has been done in the past by these means; and yet greater things may be done in the future if the Church at home can be made to feel and respond to the necessities of the case.—*Chaplain G. A. Crawford, U.S.N.*

## Gleanings from the Report of the Decennial Conference at Calcutta.

### WORK AMONG ABORIGINAL TRIBES AND THE LOWER CLASSES OF HINDOOS.

Rev. Dr. Phillips, American Baptist Mission, Midnapore, said :

In Bengal the aborigines and the lower classes of Hindoos constitute the bulk of the population. There are three things about these masses that should cheer the missionary : 1. Their accessibility : No natural, physical, social, or governmental obstacles shut the path or break the hope of the ambassador of truth. 2. Their friendliness : Whoever has done village work, going from settlement to settlement, telling Coles, Garos, Santals, Hindoos of their great Redeemer, knows what a welcome these "common people" give the Christian preacher. The glad exclamation of the Santals comes to me, "The friendsabeh has come." And when my Santal friends have brought me a cot to rest upon and fruit and milk to eat, I have seen in their humble, hearty gifts the promise of that higher day when India will care for and cherish her own Christian Church. 3. Their docility. Higher up in the social scale you may find arrogance, pride, even disgust, at the work of the missionary ; but surely not here. His books are sought with avidity, the very poorest cheerfully paying for them, the sweet hymns of the Church in all ages are sung and our Lord's prayer daily and devoutly repeated. I believe there are many homes we know not of, where the Bible is regularly read, and many hearts known to God alone, that hang their every hope of salvation on the atoning merits of Jesus's blood.

In view of a work so inviting, permit me, honoured fathers and brethren, to present a few humble suggestions : 1. Every proved plan of Missionary work should be pressed into service for the masses. Our Lord's message is to the people ; and among the jungle tribes there are women, and children, and sick all in need of the same appliances that are used among larger communities. Also, let us give every jungle tribe the Bible in their own tongue. 2. Much depends upon our methods of work. And as intemperance is the prevailing vice of the masses, aboriginal and Hindoo, the man who wishes to win them must for their sakes, for Christ's sake, be a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks and drugs. 3. Natives should be employed as largely as possible in this work for the masses. I do not mean a paid agency alone, but that supplemented by a strong force of voluntary workers. One thing I insist upon is that we who are their teachers must be their examples also. 4. Converts among the aborigines and lower classes of Hindoos should be encouraged to remain where they are and to retain their former calling. One of the very brightest tokens of our time is that Christian converts are no longer huddled together in mission compounds but are living in their own villages, worshipping Christ where once they adored Krishna. 5. The Bible idea of Church independence should be early inculcated and insisted upon. Many of us know how hard a thing it is to get a Church to understand this that has been fed and fostered and fattened on foreign funds. Our fine pukka edifices, built with mission money and kept in repair at mission cost, may be putting back and keeping back the day of church independence among a people who live in mud huts. 6. More men should be set apart for this work amongst the masses. Every clever man is not needed in Jerusalem. Our reports show that the villages have yielded more plentiful fruit from the seed-sowing of the missionary. Cannot some of the city work, e. g., schools, translation work etc., be carried with profit into the country and conducted as well or better there.

7. More of the time and strength of our missionary force, city and of fustill, should be devoted to itinerating. Millions of these denizens of our jungles and plains live, work and die where they were born. We must follow more fully in His prints who "went through every village preaching and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God." So was Paul's life that of an itinerant preacher. The greatest preachers of the

Church of every age have been the same. I freely admit that there was not in our Lord's time either the call or the conditions for our esteemed and indispensable educational and literary agencies ; but I cannot help remembering that it was this peripatetic ministry that during the first three centuries carried the Gospel to all the lands bordering on the Mediterranean Sea.

Rev. Mr. Boggs, American Baptist Mission, Ongole, Madras :

I regret the absence of my senior associate, the Rev. J. E. Clough, who was appointed to address you on the remarkable work of conversion among the Telugus at Ongole. We have 20,000 communicants scattered in about six hundred villages round about Ongole. There were upwards of 9,000 baptized in 1878, and the conversions have continued to take place ever since at the rate of 1500 or 2000 annually. They belong to a low class of Hindoos, above the pariahs and below the sudras. The principle our Mission has followed from the beginning has been evangelization first and education afterwards. We do not believe the Gospel requires a fore-runner, nor that Paul set up secular schools to prepare the people to receive his message of salvation. Our missionaries have always itinerated ; but the great success of our work has been from the labors of native preachers. The preachers are not educated, but they know the Bible and the way of salvation. We take them through a four years' course of thorough Bible study. Only one out of the total number of 120 knows a little English. Many of them were filthy, degraded, worshippers of the roughest idols ; but they have been so transformed by the Spirit of God that I listen to their words with amazement and pleasure, eat in their houses, enjoy their company, and love them as much as any others of my friends. We pay them five rupees a quarter only. The people supply them with grain and clothes. The character of these 20,000 converts is sincere and very simple. They are baptized on the profession of their faith in one invisible God, the Creator and in the Son of God as their Saviour. They confess their determination to abandon idol-worship and to obey the words of Jesus Christ. Most decidedly they are steadfast to this profession. They gain nothing whatever by becoming Christians, and they are often annoyed and even made to suffer loss by the village authorities.

### PREACHING TO THE HEATHEN.

Rev. E. Lewis, London Missionary Society, Bellary, spoke on this subject as follows :

The question is still asked by many Europeans and thoughtful natives of this country. "What is your aim in preaching to the heathen? What do you expect to accomplish?" This question has been answered before. It is not difficult to answer it again. It may be safe to do so. Our aim is one and single—to lead the people to Jesus, that they may become new creatures in Him, live in Him and walk in Him. We seek to gain an influence over them, to win their affections with the one desire that we may lay the foundation of Christ's kingdom in their hearts. The theme of our preaching is not a mere creed, or a system of religious dogmas, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. There are many strong vantage points in the state, circumstances, traditions and hopes of the people where we come face to face, mind to mind, heart to heart with them, and from these points we labour to bring them to Jesus. We have never had much fellowship with any man in whom we did not find some reason for saying to him "Jesus is the Friend and Saviour you need."

I regard it as essential to effective preaching to the heathen that our hearers should have a full opportunity of asking any questions they may desire on what they have heard, that they may fully understand the practical bearing of the truths presented to them.

When the question is asked "What are the results of your preaching, it appears to be taken for granted that we shall hang our heads in sorrow and be silent ; but those who know what has been accomplished will surely thank God and take courage.

I wish to indicate a few of the many results of preaching which I know and which will not appear in any Statistical tables.

There is an ever increasing number who though they have not become Christians are trying to lead a better, a purer life in consequence of what they have heard; who say to their co-religionists "Come let us try to make our lives as pure as that life required by the Christian faith." Many who for some time have been accustomed to hear us, regard us as their best friends, seek our counsel and look to us for comfort when they would not go to their own religious teachers. We find in many places groups of people who regularly attend our services, who appeal to us and say "You know we believe in Jesus, but if we leave our parents, our wives and children, what will become of them?" I may point to several bands of young men who meet together to read the Bible and pray, and to not a few men and women who like Nicodemus come to Jesus by night, hear His word in secret and love Him, though as yet they have not been baptized. In one town in my district, a congregation of twenty persons met together for years to read the Bible without the aid of any Christian Teacher; ten of these have been baptized, and are adorning the doctrine of Christ. When we see such results as these, which are to be found in many of our districts, we shall be unfaithful to our Master if we complain that the preaching of His gospel has failed to lead men to Him.

The Christian Church in India is growing in numbers and strength year by year, but I confess I do not quite understand what is meant by those who affirm that Hinduism is already tottering and ready to fall. I do not believe it. The field before us is ready for plowing and sowing; some parts of the field are white unto the harvest; and we are now reaping fruit; but there are vast tracts we have not yet touched. We must be prepared to labour long, with enthusiasm, love, wisdom; and if we work diligently, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, we shall with God's blessing win souls to Christ and fulfil our commission.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Ferguson, Established Church of Scotland, Calcutta:

She was engaged in Zenana work twenty years ago in this city before her marriage. It rejoiced her to be back again, in God's providence. She stood there more from pride and thankfulness for her missionary ancestry, than anything else. The name of her mother, Mrs. Mullens, was still cherished in the zenanas. In her time they had scarcely anything; now she found zenana work thoroughly organized and in successful operation.

One thing we must not lose sight of—our connection with the home churches which send us out. We require faith, self-denial, and other graces, to come out and work; but do we always remember the self-denial of those at home, by whose gifts we are enabled to come? Last winter, when holding a meeting in a country parish in Scotland, she was deeply affected by the women crowding around her, asking: "What can we do to help? How can we assist?" To those who asked, in some instances, a sixpence meant a great deal.

She felt convinced it would be a help to think more of our obligations and responsibilities to those who send us out. In the hurry and perplexities of our work, let us not overlook our home sympathizers.

We can reach our zenana women best through the affections. The other day she visited a house for the first time after 18 years' absence. After the Bible lesson was given, two women came forward, asking: "What good is all our learning? What good is anything now that the son of the house is taken from us?" This afforded a favorable opportunity of speaking of Jesus. Our influence is to be a personal one. In quietness and confidence shall be our strength. It was after the seraph had touched the prophet's lips that he said, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" If our lips are touched with the heavenly fire, and our hearts filled with love, we shall have great success.

Miss Joseph, Baptist Mission, Benares:

The point to which I desire to call your attention is the necessity of having Widows' Schools in connection with zenana work. I have been engaged for 15 years in zenana work, and from the very first I have seen the great, the pressing necessity for these schools. Zenana women who have husbands and

children, when converted, find it almost impossible to come out of their homes to be baptized; but the case of a widow, especially if childless, is less difficult. But what is to be done with them when they do come out? Many have said to me: "We believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; we wish to be baptized; but what after that? We have no means; where shall we live? How shall we be supported?" To these natural questions, we have no definite answer to give. We are quite at a loss to know what to do with such cases. I appeal to this conference for advice. If Christians will not provide homes for such women, their fate is miserable indeed. The case ought to be represented to Zenana Mission Societies, and they ought to be brought to see the need of immediately opening Widows' Schools. One case of peculiar hardship has caused me so much anxiety and distress, that I have resolved never to bring out another woman, unless there is a home available for her. It is Scriptural to help widows: it was done in the apostolic age. The schools could include Christian widows, as well as new converts, who might be trained as superior teachers. Zenana women sometimes dislike native Christian teachers, because they are inferior women who often do more harm than good. There are many most efficient native Christian teachers who command unqualified respect, who are well educated and refined. If theological classes are deemed necessary to train men for mission work, how much more do we need training institutions for women? There are a few such, but nothing like the number we ought to have. Let us acknowledge the necessity of such schools, and set about opening them as soon as possible.

Mrs. G. Kerry, Baptist Mission, Calcutta:

Was glad to say that in connection with her mission they have a Widows' School. There were not many pupils, only three at present, but they are prepared, and will be glad to take more. Two of these women are too old to make much progress in instruction. The third is a very interesting case. She has come over from Hinduism lately. Our Christian women found her in the hospital, and took her to their home. She was taught domestic duties, etc., and after careful instruction, became a real and hopeful Christian. She feared that, were inducements held out to widows to come out, more will come out than wish to be Christians. She was a representative of the old system of teaching—our Christian schools for children of Christians. She strongly advocated the better teaching of our Christians, the more careful education and training of those rising up among our native people. From their ranks are to come the teachers of the future. So we should try to make them efficient. Good teachers are our great want here in Calcutta. In her school she had the happiness of seeing a great number truly converted as she believed. Let us have more earnest prayer that those who are endeavoring to strike at the heart of heathenism may have more power.

Mrs. Major Tucker, of the Salvation Army:

I had not thought of speaking, but when asked to do so I could not refuse. I have been watching this zenana work a long time; when my husband was in the civil service and we went about through the villages, I often gathered the women by the hundreds and spoke to them of Christ. And I have often noticed these earnest zenana missionaries. In the Punjab I have seen my aunt, Miss Tucker, [A. L. O. E.] gather together women and children for religious instruction, and my heart has been in the work. Looking upon these poor heathen women, and slightly changing the words, I have often said—

Shall I whose heart is lighted  
With wisdom from on high  
Shall I to these benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

The other day a native gentleman said to me, "These missionary ladies are so good and doing such a grand work;" and I want to say to these sisters here to-day, you are doing a grand work. The men are planting the strong guns, the rifled cannon, and directing these against the citadel; you are undermining the walls. The word preached in the zenana is not

powerless. Many a time in the Punjab have I seen small boys crowd in among the women and girls, and sit at the feet of the zenana missionary, looking up into her face as if she were an angel. Men sometimes object to women preaching. Let me remind you of the words of the Master, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven the same is my brother and sister and mother." As for my own experience, once I was not willing to speak for Christ: I said "O God, don't use me." I said many bitter things: but at last it came to me as a duty and I have taken up the work. Let God fill your heart and shew you these women, and you'll follow God. Look at Deborah. The children of Israel had done evil and the Lord had sold them into the hand of Jabin, King of Canaan: this man had nine hundred chariots of iron and oppressed the Israelites. God told Deborah to do a certain work: did she refuse? No. The men were fainthearted: Barak the king was timid: But Deborah said "Up!" Sisera was slain, and while his mother and her ladies were looking forth from the palace windows and anticipating the spoils he would certainly bring, Deborah was singing a song of victory. She had followed God and He had not left her: at His command the clouds dropped water and the subterranean fires of earth were kindled; and God gave the victory to a woman. Deborah, I think was a *Majoresis* in the army.

Jael, the wife of Heber, took the hammer and slew her foe. If God puts the hammer into my hand I'll not let a single enemy of God go. God uses the *weak* things very often. Before our marriage my husband and I agreed that if God should call either of us to work, the other should not stand in the way. When Major Tucker joined the Salvation Army it seemed hard at first, but God came to my heart and took out a great deal of worldliness and selfishness, and then I was ready for work: He put great joy into my heart.—*Indian Witness.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

#### THE TELUGU ASSOCIATION.

From various sources, most cheering news comes of the Association of native Christians which convened at Cocanada on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of January. Mrs. Timpany says: "Our own Telugu Association was the finest meeting ever held in this Mission, indeed, I think I may say, north of Ongole. We are *growing*! Do you realize it? There were between three and four hundred Christian Telugus at this Association, and many of them fine specimens of Christianity! All our missionaries were here. Mr. and Mrs. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin and Mr. Craig." Mrs. Currie also writes:—"I have felt my heart stirred and refreshed in witnessing the gathering together of so many Telugu Christians, in attending the meetings, etc. The chapel-schoolhouse was crowded for three days with Telugus. We all feel like working harder than ever (if that were possible) and praying the Lord of the harvest to send the blessing of the Holy Spirit that more of the slain may live."

#### MISS FRITH.

Our lady missionary is working earnestly and with a will at the language, is loved by all, and is bright and happy. Her studies were interrupted for a few days by attendance at the Conference of Canadian Missionaries at Bobbili and the Telugu Association, but she was again hard at work.

#### REV. A. V. TIMPANY.

In order that prayer may be made on his behalf, we publish the following from a private note from our

devoted brother:—"I was very sick the latter part of October—came to death's door; but, thank God, I came up again. I found it hard to die. Oh, this work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. I found how dear it was to me. I have hope now that the fever will gradually wear away. The middle of December I went with Mrs. Timpany and Mr. Craig north to Calcutta and thence to Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow and Benares, and back to Calcutta for the great Mission Conference, in which I had a part. The trip did me good; but in Calcutta I caught a severe cold by sleeping in a damp room, and on my way down on the steamer had fever again for a day or two. I dared not go to Bobbili to our Canadian Conference, but came straight home. I have not been sick since I came home, and have been putting in to the work here."

### Tuni.

Mrs. Currie writing from Cocanada, says of the work at her own station:—"The day before we left Tuni two Sudras, from Chundrooti, were baptized upon a profession of faith in Christ. They are now experiencing the truth of the words that "they who would live in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." May the Lord help them to stand firm.

You will be glad to know that we have secured two more Bible women. Their names are Chinmama and Martha. Hannahma will be unable to do much for a while. Jane, who lost her baby some months ago, has resumed work to some extent. Another year's hard fight with heathenism has commenced. If only all our workers and ourselves can be kept from hinderances—but the Lord knows what is best."

### Bimlipatam.

At the opening of the New Year, Miss Hammond removed from Chicacole to Bimlipatam, carrying with her the boarding girls, and re-entering upon the work at the latter station which was broken up when she was called away early in 1880 to take charge of the Chicacole station. Many circumstances have combined to make this change necessary, one of which was the lack of accommodation for the girls at the latter station, while at Bimlipatam they can find all they need to satisfy the demands of health and comfort. Miss Hammond, who was not at all strong last summer, is now in excellent health.

### Chicacole.

The buildings on the compound at Chicacole entered upon the New Year in all the glory of a fresh coat of whitewash, presenting an outward appearance of purity to which they had long been a stranger. The mission work was moving onward in a very encouraging way. The school was prospering. The colporteurs and Bagavan Bayrah were out touring monthly. Suthenah, who had finally decided that he could not and would not perform touring work, left the service on January 1st.

Gorahute, the Teckally teacher was pursuing his quiet but successful course. As the result of his labors two more had been baptized and four or five others were awaiting a visit from the missionary before making a public profession.

A village of Saurah tribe of about one thousand inhabitants have asked for a school, and an effort will probably

be made to supply them. One of the young men recently baptized belongs to this place.

The young man James, who has been in charge of the school at Akalatampora for some time past is succeeding with his work, and being under the direction of the Veteran Bagawan Bayrah, may be expected to produce some rich results before a great while.

### Bobbili.

Rev. J. C. Archibald, the newly appointed missionary, arrived at Madras on the 27th of December, after a very rough and stormy passage. Throughout the long voyage he was able to devote considerable time to the study of Telugu under the efficient guiding of Rev. Mr. Newhall. On January 16th he wrote as follows to the editor of the *Christian Messenger*:—"The Conference is just over. Much solid work has been done. Many subjects of vital importance to the successful working of the mission were taken up and earnestly and ably discussed. All seem to be of one opinion in reference to the desirability of having one Theological Seminary for both missions (Ontario and Maritime Provinces). I am settled down ready for work."

Mrs. Churchill with her infant and the little daughter who was so severely burnt some months ago, were expected to return from Chicacole as soon as her strength would permit.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec.

TORONTO.—A very pleasant union meeting of all the Toronto circles was held in the lecture room of Alexander Street Church on the afternoon of the first Friday in March, Mrs. H. J. Rose, presiding. Representatives from every circle gave an account of the condition of the work in their different localities, and while the majority regretted that the monthly meetings were not more numerously attended, still the contributions were on the whole very satisfactory. Several interesting selections were read, and the time for parting came all too quickly.

FONT HILL, ONT.—We are glad to learn that Mrs. J. J. Baker has been instrumental in organizing a circle in connection with the church at Font hill.

### Maritime Provinces.

FREEMONT, LONG ISLAND, N.S.—On the evening of Feb. 6th, a public meeting was held in the Baptist Church at this place, under the auspices of the W. M. A. Society. Though a cold night the large house was well filled, and all felt repaid for being there.

WESTON, N.S.—A very successful sale and entertainment was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 21st, by the members of the "Star of Hope" Mission Band. The proceeds amounted to \$40. Since the organization of our Band in Oct. 1881 we have raised \$110 for the support of a boy in Miss Hammond's school, \$30 of this was raised by an autograph quilt. We are much encouraged and very glad to add our mite to assist in the great work of saving souls.

UNIE R. SANFORD, Sec.

March 1st, 1883.

UPPER NEWPORT, HANTS CO., N.S.—As a W. M. A. Society we are trying to hold on our way by sending in our yearly mite. The faithful ones see more and more the need of the Word of Life being sent to those that sit in darkness. A member of the Mission Band, the only and much loved daughter of L. and S. Dimock, has been taken to join the redeemed above. The monthly visits of the *Link* are much valued. S. D.

### Mission Circles.

The Mission Circle is an organized agency in the Church for doing a certain work. In the effort to educate, the whole mission field and mission history should be included, and the entire church would be profited by joining in this study. While woman's intelligent interest is fast gaining ground, it should pervade the family, the Sunday School and the Church. We have observed with deep regret that, in some communities, the foreign mission work has been delegated to the women,—that the responsibility, the labor of collecting and most of the giving has been done by them, and this whole department of Christian activity has come to be counted only as *women's work*. While we are sure our sisters are not doing all they can, nor all they ought, we cannot fail to see a grave error and a threatening danger in this growing tendency. The church, as a church, should come to the front, work systematically and give conscientiously and regularly for missions, while the women in addition to their work in this way,—give for woman's work in heathen lands. Never allow either one to be a substitute for the other. Never allow the entire contribution of your church to go to women's work, and never neglect the interests of this Society, which is supplied very largely from the small gifts which represent some self-denial, some personal want unmet.—*Work, Workers and Wants, for 1882-3.*

THE Rev. Mr. THOMSON of the Telugu mission writes: "that a Brahmin employed as a teacher in the Ongole High School was poisoned by his fellow caste-men because he consented to teach in a Christian school, although not a Christian himself." Several attempts have been made by the Brahmins to poison Dr. Clough; and he has recently received a warning from them to send away a Eurasian preacher who is doing effective work in preaching the gospel to the heathen. If he is not sent away the Brahmins threaten to poison him as they did the teacher.

### Caste in India.

How caste brutalises may be gath red from the relation of the following incident of recent occurrence in India. The anecdote, communicated in a private letter, will serve to portray in a vivid manner to English people the practical results of caste in an empire under their sway. It ought to dissipate the idle folly which is talked about mere gradations of rank and social distinctions. As one simple fact like this may serve as an antidote to many confusing arguments leading away from the true issue, we present it to the consideration of our readers:—"I was on my way home early enough; but, as I passed through the little native village which lies between the Cutcherry and my house, I was attracted by some one groaning as in great pain. The groans came from some object under a tree, and on going up I found they proceeded from a woman. I asked her what was the

matter, and she gasped out that she had been lying there ill for five days, with no one to look after her, and nothing to eat. She was a low-caste woman, and I had great trouble in getting bearers to convey her to the dispensary. No one in the village would do it for money, and there was no one of so low a caste. I did not like to force them, so I had to tramp off to the distillery, where I found people of her village and her caste—two men and two women—and got her taken off to the dispensary. Poor woman, her frame, as she was lifted on the cot, was little better, if at all, than some of the worst I ever met in the famine days. It was very providential my going that way at all. Usually I come home on my tricycle, but this morning the chuprassy had forgotten to bring it, and I took the short cut home through the village. She reached the dispensary alive, but I fear she will never leave it alive. I knew that unless I saw her started she would never get there. It was a sad sight of how selfish and cruelly indifferent man can be. The poor creature had lain there, as the man admitted, for four days and four nights. Because she was a low-caste woman, no one stirred to help her, but went on with their ordinary avocations, without one atom of curiosity as to when she would die.

Caste cancels the great law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and substitutes for it the command, "Thou shalt love thy fellow caste-man and none other."

## The Swinging Festival in India.

BY MRS. A. J. MARSHALL.

During a short stay at Metrapore we learned that this festival would take place only two miles away, so we decided to witness it. It is held in the service of, and at the behest of, Mohadeb, one of the very vilest of Hindu deities. It has been suppressed by government in all territories under its direct control, but here and there, where a petty rajah reigns, it is still observed. Those who are to swing are selected by their villagers. They all gather where a brahman presides over the worship of an image of Mohadeb. Flowers are placed on the top of the image, and as one falls down, it is a sign that the worshippers must swing, or take some other part in the festival.

Those who are to swing are prepared for it by having a portion of the muscle below the shoulder blade taken up and a hole pierced with a hot iron, into which hooks will be subsequently inserted. Others have holes pierced in the flesh on the sides, to allow of ropes being passed through, while others fix in the places thus burned the pointed ends of a couple of instruments similar somewhat to fire shovels, which are crossed and fastened at the crossing by a string that passes around the neck. Fire is made on the shovel-like ends, and with this fire flaring up into their faces, they dance about in a most hideous fashion. The week following the burning of the holes in the flesh is spent in begging, fasting, and worshipping, until the last great day, when the swinging actually takes place.

Starting about 4 p.m., we walked through a long stretch of low jungle until we had passed all signs of villages, and came to an open, rocky place near the foot of a range of hills. Here was erected a heavy post some twenty feet high, at the top of which was a cross bar so arranged as to allow of its being moved round and round on the upright post. In connection with this was scaffolding high enough to enable one to reach the cross bar easily from its top.

Passing this we went on to the river near by, where the chief actors were being prepared. Here, after bathing they were being dressed in most gaudy colors. The last touch to their costume was a flaring turban trimmed very showily with flowers. This done, they joined the group, the centre of which was an old devotee of Mohadeb. This man with a little red paint daubed on his forehead, his hair dishevelled, hanging half-way down his back, was screaming, jumping, dancing around and around, trying evidently to keep up the excitement to the highest pitch. Around him were dancing those who were to swing. In a short time one after another had the iron hooks with ropes attached hooked into the holes burned the week before. Not a bit of flinching did we see, but that it was no light matter to have a wound seven days old opened anew, was shown by the way in which they contrived to bear it. One in particular we noticed, in order that he might better bear the pain, locked his arms tightly around his fellow, while he did likewise, as the irons were being inserted. It reminded one very much of the way one grasps the arms of a dentist's chair when a tooth is to be drawn. The hooks once inserted, an attendant with each grasped the cords close to the hooks, and the two went off into an awkward dance around the assembled group of worshippers. Soon all, about twenty-five, were ready, and the crowd moved toward the post and scaffolding. One at a time they ascended the scaffolding, were bound by the cords to the cross-bar, and swung about once. As they were going about they would throw out arms and legs as though flying, scream and tear off the turban, scatter the flowers in it, put it on again, and then be taken down to make place for another. The flowers scattered were eagerly caught by the crowd below, who took them home and treasured them as trophies. Among those who swung were two little boys not more than eleven years old. They bore the pain with pride. The blood was trickling down their backs, but not a murmur did we hear.

About half the number had swung when my husband prevailed on them to put an end to the painful proceedings, and the crowd dispersed. Right glad were we that enough light had entered their minds to show them the evil of their way. It is for us to give them still more light. — *Missionary Helper*

## Heathen Women.

"O would it were even," they murmur.

And restlessly look toward the sun  
With shadowy, sorrowful faces.

Before this day's life is begun.

The fear of their heart is a burden,

The sight of their eyes which they see

Is dim as the light in a window

When seen through a dense vapour

"O would it were morning!" they murmur.

And heavily look toward the west,

While one of the gods that they worship

Is quietly sinking to rest.

Their hearts are too heavy for slumber,

And el-seed in a destitute den,

They restlessly moan in the stillness

"O would it were morning again!"

1111

THE consciousness of duty performed gives us music at mid-night. — *George Herbert.*



## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—As winter is fairly over now, mamma will be busily sewing away at your suits and dresses for spring. Perhaps the pattern of a Telugu girl's dress might help her to decide what you shall wear. Mrs. Jewett has a long letter in the Chicago *Standard*, part of which I will copy for you:—

"Have you ever seen a Telugu girl's dress? It is made of some light material, about eight yards in length, and all in one piece. It is passed in folds two or three times around the waist, the first time plain, so as to tie a little knot. The width of the cloth extends to her feet, and having a bordered edge, forms a pretty skirt. The rest is thrown gracefully over one shoulder, then around the waist as a kind of loose binder of the whole. The wide bordered end is left to the last, and tucked in so as to fall over the back of the skirt. It is called a "kwaka." Vedamba's kwaka yesterday was green, plaided with black and orange, and a gilt border. It was so long I could only see her heavy anklets now and then as she walked smiling to me. She is perhaps eleven or twelve years old. Soon she stood by my side with her Gospel of Matthew, another little book, her worsted-work and a slate covered with dictation. She assented to all my instructions as freely as you would."

The little girl described lives in Madras, where Mrs. Jewett is now a missionary. Perhaps some of you would like to know more of Mrs. Jewett. Thirty-five years ago she went with her husband as a missionary to the Telugus at Nellore. She soon began a boarding-school for girls, and continued it for many years. One of her first pupils was Julia, who was soon brought to Jesus, and was much beloved by Mrs. Jewett. She married Kanakiah, a native preacher, and was for fourteen years matron of the school. It has been said that she was better than many a preacher to show an inquirer the way of life. She is still working for Jesus in the mission at Nellore. These verses have been written about her:

"Where her sisters sit in darkness,  
And in grossest darkness pine,  
Julia goes with heart of gladness  
To carry light divine!  
Bible-reading—freely telling  
The old, old story o'er;  
Peace in her face is dwelling  
On Julia of Nellore.  
"Loving much, and ever willing  
The Master's call to meet;  
All the precious hours she's filling  
With service glad and sweet.  
When the Saviour counts with pleasure  
His blood-bought jewels o'er,  
Brightly polished 'mong His treasures  
Shines Julia of Nellore."

I wish I could copy for you a letter written by Julia to Mrs. Jewett, but it is too long. These sentences must be all this month. "Mother dear, my heart is full. We feel deeply your coming to us in our utter helplessness of heathenism; on us rested a cloud of desolation all the year round. A blessing came with you, and spread through all the Telugu country where the mission stations are now planted. You are still ours, and we pray the Lord to spare you long for His glorious work."

Let us pray for these two laborers in that mission field, dear friends, that our Lord may abundantly bless each of them in leading many more souls to the way of life.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

SISTER BELLE.

## A Mission Steamer on the Congo.

The Baptist Missionaries on the Congo have had a hard battle to fight. Among their difficulties are an unfavorable climate and an inadequate force of workers; and the distances from station to station are very great, while the only practicable way into the interior of the country lies up the river. To open up the waters of the Upper Congo a little steamer has been built in England. It draws only one foot of water, is protected by a network which will secure it against attack, and has an engine of sufficient power to make pursuit impossible. It is called *The Peace*, a name in perfect keeping with its message of "peace and good-will toward men." But when the ship is built and paid for, the real difficulty in this case really begins. How to get it over the two hundred miles from the coast to the Upper Congo is the problem. This is the plan adopted: The ship will be taken to pieces, packed in seven hundred loads, and carried over the mountains on men's heads, each man carrying a burden of sixty pounds. It seems a precarious mode of transit for so precious a freight; but it is the only one available, and when science fails us at a pinch, we must come back to mother nature. Let us hope that every portion may reach safely, and the little *Peace* will make many a successful voyage.—*Sunday Magazine*.

## WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Feb. 23rd, to March 28th, 1883.

Jarvis St., \$6.45; Ailsa Craig, \$21.40; (of this amount \$18.00 was raised at a social held in Mrs Dempsey's house); London, (Talbot St.) \$24.25; (\$2.50 of this from the sale of photos of Mr. Cooper's grave in Scotland); St. Catharines M. C. \$7.50; St. Catharines Mission Quilt, \$12.50; St. George M. C., \$19.15; St. George Mission Quilt, \$18.85; Wyoming, \$16.00; Woodstock M. C., \$12.00; Woodstock Band, \$8.00; Strathroy, \$19.00; Theford, \$3.00; Paris M. C., \$10.25; Paris Band, \$29.86; (Of the Band money \$10.65 is for Nancy, and \$19.21 for Mr. Timpany); Westover "Western Mission Band," \$2.00; Westover, Lizzie McCall, \$1.00, (the savings of a little girl 6 years old); also from the mission box of Miss Lizzie Shaver, \$1.00; Mrs. W. P. Annstry, Providence, R. I., \$5.00; (for the use of the Chicacole boys in the Theological Seminary. Total, \$217.21.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, *Treasurer*.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

## WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY (CONVENTION EAST).

Receipts from Jan. 19th, to March 18th, 1883.—First Baptist Church Sunday School, (Montreal), Mrs. Smith's class festival gift, \$7.20; Mr. Sim's do. do. \$3.40; Thurso, \$30.00; Cornwall, \$10.00; Sawyerville, \$10.00; Clarence, \$17.00; Olivet Circle, (Montreal), 177.77; Coaticooke, \$7.50; Tayside, \$2.00; Ottawa, \$40.00; Miss Payne, Montreal, \$2.00. Total, \$310.87.

MRS. F. B. SMITH, *Treas.*

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

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