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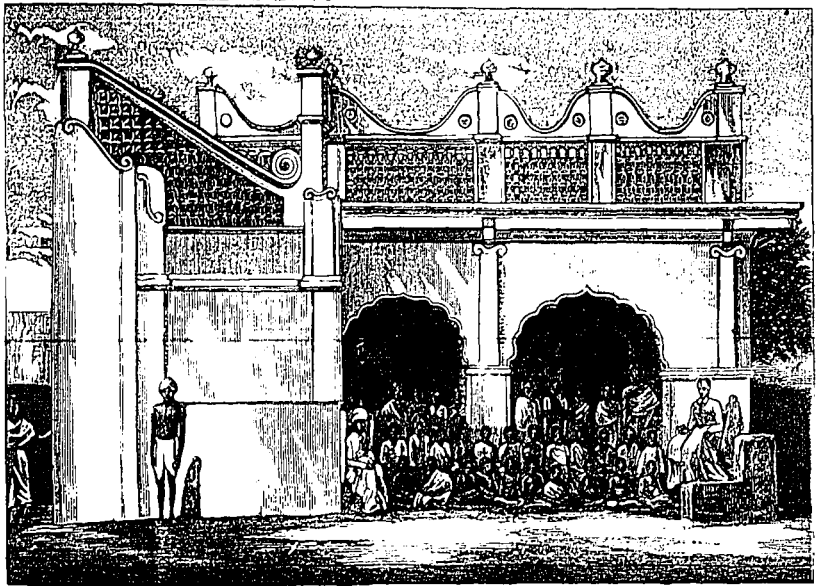
# THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA.

Vol. IV., No. 6.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] Feb., 1882.



MRS. CHURCHILL'S SCHOOL, BOBBILI (From a Photograph)

THE SCHOOL HOUSE CHAPEL stands on the principal street in town. It consists of four rooms, two very small and two larger ones, has a narrow verandah at the back, and a wide one in front which has a flat roof. To this roof we ascend by the steps at the left of the picture, on one of which my Brahmin assistant teacher stands, and on another, one of my Sunday afternoon pupils sits; he was an assistant in the school for a short time also. All the children, either sitting on the steps of the verandah, or on benches behind these, or those behind these again, standing at the edge of the verandah, are my pupils. I, myself, am sitting on a camp chair outside, on a raised seat, on the right of the picture, with my Bible in my hand. The doors of my school-room are open, but as the other doors and windows are shut the room looks very dark. My housekeeper, I see, has taken a prominent position outside, and some passing woman has had her photo taken without pay or thanks.

In this building we try to teach the heathen girls of

Bobbili, and all we can induce to come, the true way of happiness, here and hereafter. And at any time a good congregation of the passing crowd can be gathered, in a few minutes, on the verandah, to whom we speak of the way of life.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

## Deliverances.

Do you remember 2 Cor. i. 10, where Paul says, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver?" These words recall to my mind an incident that I will tell you to-night; carry it to your many readers dear LINK, and whisper to them that God is to-day for His people just what Paul found Him of old.

In a little pocket-book I had with me in a mission tour I once took among the Karens of Siam, I find these words: "We could do nothing else than return to Mandanka, robbers in every direction." Again, the following day, "In great fear of robbers, so much so I think I

should have fled if the Karens (of our party) had not shown me the folly of it."

Well I remember the history of the days when these words were written. After a long march among the mountains, tired, hungry and foot-sore, we halted for the night beside a Karen village. To our surprise, though they talked with us and seemed friendly as Karens usually are, they were wholly inhospitable, as I had never known Karens before or since. They would not allow us to sleep on the verandah of any of their houses, nor to camp within the limits of the village; they would sell us no food and acted very strangely, as it appeared to me then. We could do no better, so the Karens made a rude platform of bamboos for me and my girls to sleep upon, to raise us from the dampness of the ground, and we slept beneath the trees outside the village, building large fires to keep the tigers away.

Some Karens came to us from a neighbouring village, and far past midnight we talked to them of Christ, by the bright firelight flickering weirdly among the branches of the trees overhead. Yet, after they all had gone we could hear noises around us in the jungle, and knew that something was prowling near. Strange to say we were guarded as I never was before nor since. Three Pariah dogs came and stayed all night beneath my bed, and at every noise would rush out and bark, or growl from beneath just as an English watch-dog might. Pariah dogs are about as reliable as foxes, and about as useful generally. They are always on the watch to snatch something to eat and to slink away, too cowardly to remain near a stranger. These, however, guarded us thus all night long. "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

We had planned to stay here several days, but the Karens were evidently very anxious to be rid of us, and if we let our elephants go we would be helpless among them; while a party of robbers, traces of whom we had several times seen, might come down upon us at any time. We knew afterwards that the villagers were afraid of incurring the displeasure of those marauders if they showed us any favour, and would probably share our fate if they gave us shelter, and that was the reason they shut their doors upon us.

We concluded to continue our journey to a village we had visited before, though they all were heathen, for there were no Christians at all in all that region, still we were sure of a hearty welcome. There we would rest a while. It was a long march, and when we got there though the villagers would refuse us nothing there was the same estrangement. We went up on the verandah of the old man's house who had previously entertained us; and I said to him: "Well, grandfather, we have come back to stay a few days with you again." The old man seemed pleased, but greatly troubled too. It was in the afternoon that we reached the village. Our elephant men (Siamese), immediately left with their elephant, saying,

"If we wanted them again, to send to such a village and they would come, but they *must* go now. No sooner were we established on the verandah of the old man's house, than one by one the men of the village scattered away till only the old man was left, not another man to be seen anywhere. "To be gone all night," they told us. As I sat on the verandah, resting, the old man went down the ladder from his house to the ground, and went to a lime-kiln which he had made since our previous visit just in front of his house, and which was burning under its covering of mud. He uncovered this till the smoking lime was all exposed. My suspicions, shall I say, rather an uncontrollable assurance of coming danger, had been growing on me all the afternoon. As I watched the old man it seemed as though something told me,—"It is meant for your grave; it is to bury you and all your party, where nothing will be left to tell tales." With this came a horror of death such as I never felt before—an utter unwillingness to die thus. My mother would never know what had become of me. It would hinder others from attempting to carry the Gospel here. Beyond this, too, was such a horror of an unknown death very near, that I could scarcely control myself. I told those with me I was sure some great evil threatened us, but they thought the danger past, and said, "The mamma is very, very tired, she has been so brave when there *was* danger, why is she afraid now when there is none? it is only because the mamma is too tired." Then the old man came back up into the house and said we were welcome to stay, but he had been sent for to go to another village on very urgent business, and would be obliged to be away all night. He was sorry to leave, but he *must* go, and away he went, the last from the village, only a few women and children were left. It was near sundown, and I said to one of the native teachers, "Let us have evening worship, and commit our-elves to the Master's care." We sang, but no one came to listen, and as we knelt in prayer, I remember in what an agony I prayed that God would not suffer any evil to befall us. Ere I rose from my knees my spirit was calmed and the terror had passed away.

Just in the dusk of the evening we saw the old man he was chief of the village—coming back again. As he came up the ladder into the house, "Well, grandfather, we are very glad to see you back, what happened?" He grunted in Karen style but was not at all talkative. By and bye another and another of the villagers came quietly back though they had gone to be away all night. In the evening, just after dark had settled down, two elephants came swinging along, heard rather than seen, carrying several Taling men who stopped at our door, and while some went to care for the elephants the others came up into the house, brushed past us and sat down with the old man beyond where he sat by his rice pot. They began talking at once in Taling, a language none of our party could understand. Earnest, low tones—we heard them far on into the night. Towards morning the conference ceased, they strode past us—it woke me as I lay on the creaking platform mounted their elephants and were lost again in the forest. That was all.

When our trip was ended we returned to Tavoy, much sooner than we had intended, for the villagers insisted on our returning. They would take us home whenever we wanted to go, farther away they would not take us. "They would lose their elephants" they said.

Nearly two years had elapsed, when one day a native preacher came to me saying "I have had a letter from

those Siamese villages where you were, they want some one to come and live with them and teach them of Christ, but they say they will send a guard to bring them when they come," and they told how the robbers had followed us, and warned the old chief they would rob us that night; how they had come to the house to murder us all, but the old man at the risk of his own life told them he had read many signs, and they all augured ill, that they would not escape punishment if they harmed us, etc. and so persuaded them to leave us untouched. "Ah," said my faithful Nau-Nau, who had been with me on the trip, "Mamma was right after all—we had great cause to be frightened that night in the grandfather's house, but God delivered us all."

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Roslindeale, Jan. 10th, 1882.

### The Story of a Gold Chain.

I have thought that the readers of the MISSIONARY LINK would feel interested in hearing this story, as it came to me not very long ago. It is the story of a golden offering to the Lord, and is told with the hope, that it may kindle in the hearts of some, the desire to give more for Christ and His cause. Is it not written, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For, with what measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again?"

It is told in three pictures.

In the grand old city of Gloucester, famous in English history, with its stately cathedral and its beautiful surroundings, there lived some five-and-twenty years ago a young draper. His shop and house were in the principal street. If on a certain morning we could have entered and mounted three pairs of stairs, we should have found ourselves in a snug little nursery so situated that fresh air and sunshine could be freely enjoyed. We should have seen a lovely young mother occupied in dressing her baby. While thus engaged her husband enters the room, and with loving words and kisses, throws around her neck, as a birth-day offering, a gold chain.

From this time she constantly wore it, and when engaged in conversation, the pretty white fingers had a habit of toying with it.

Next—Accompany me about fifteen years later, to a pretty house in a suburb of the same city. We ascend the stairs and enter a bedroom furnished with great taste and comfort. The bow-window overlooks a lovely garden; from a hook over the bed hangs a gold watch and chain, but on that bed, slowly passing away, lies the mistress of that fair home. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," comes from those pallid lips—in that chamber of death is heaven's own calm; and the three little ones gone before, seem nearer to the dying mother than those she is leaving, and there are six beside her. A niece whom she loves as a daughter, kneels beside her, repeating precious life-giving words. To her, as a keep-sake, was given the chain.

Let us look now on a quiet Sunday evening in a Canadian home. On a lounge lies a mother reading, the paper in her hand is the MISSIONARY LINK, and as she reads of another mother who for the love of Christ, and the souls of the perishing heathen, has left her little ones and returned again to far-off India, her soul is stirred. Her own loved ones are sleeping in their little beds where she can go and look at them and kiss them, while others are making such a sacrifice. What can she do? She is not rich, she has very little money to give, but

suddenly, swiftly as the lightning's flash, comes the thought of that precious relic of the past, the keepsake around which cluster so many tender and sacred memories—the gold chain. If she gives that can it not be sold to help those who are sacrificing so much?

It was done. Some years have sped away since then—God only knows what has been or will yet be the fruit of that sacrifice. We believe that He accepted the gift, and that He will abundantly bless the giver. *Cont.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Akidu and Gunnanapudi.

(Rev. J. Craig, to the "Canadian Baptist.")

A year ago Akidu was just occupied as a station of our society. The hard work of erecting a mission house and other buildings was all before me. Now, by God's mercy, the heaviest part of the burden has been removed. My house was so nearly finished by the 1st of October that I left on the 4th inst., in order to take a little rest in Cocanada. Doubtless the building cost more by reason of being put through as quickly as possible, but a few rupees are nothing compared with a few months of a missionary's time. Other buildings are needed, and they will be erected as opportunity offers, but they will cost little both in money and time compared with the mission house. The fact that the house is built is a source of satisfaction in other ways. Our Christians round about used to feel like orphans when Cocanada was their station, because "the Jordan rolled between" them and it; at least the Godavery did and it was a veritable Jordan to our people. Now their station is near at hand, and their missionary's bungalow can be seen from villages miles away from Akidu. The bungalow being the wonder of that region at present, the Christians naturally feel happy, and thank the day of reproach has passed away.

I have mentioned the Godavery as a barrier on the way to Cocanada. Our people have no need to cross it now, as it forms the boundary between Bro. Timpany's field and mine. On the other side is the other great river of this part of India the Kistna. We never expect to pass it, because that would be treading on Bro. Clough's toes. But I doubt not a few years more will bring us close to the border. Secunderabad and Hannamaconda are situated, like Akidu, between the Godavery and the Kistna, but they are far away to the west, with hills and jungles between them, and us. Besides, the "Church Mission" has some flourishing stations at Ellore and Ragapuram, to the west of us.

Although we have only one station here, we have in reality two centres, as Gunnanapudi is the headquarters of a fully organized church. This village is about twenty miles south-west of Akidu. The Akidu field is divided into two parts by Coair Lake and a river flowing from it to the sea. Akidu is about two miles from the river on the north-east side.

During the past year the Gospel has been preached very frequently in Akidu to all classes of the people, and I trust we shall soon see a good many come out on the Lord's side. Quite a number have been baptized on the Akidu side of the field. Peter has been pursuing his work steadily on the Gunnanapudi side, and has been privileged to baptize some converts.

In September a number of my helpers were in Akidu at one time, and when some were about to leave, I proposed a little season of prayer. I then spoke about the

responsibilities resting on us missionaries, preachers and teachers, and told them I believed God would turn many hearts to himself, if we sought the blessing with faith. The Holy Spirit brought to my mind Ezekiel's vision, in which the dry bones were transformed into living beings. It seems to me our work is described so plainly there. First we must prophesy to the bones, and then we must prophesy to the Spirit. Men cannot believe what they have not heard, but God wants them to believe after they have heard, and the Spirit is waiting to put life into these. If God's children call him, he will come. When the Akidu church met on the first Sunday of October I made this vision the subject of my remarks, and asked the members to beseech God to send us at least 200 or 300 true converts before the close of this year. The fact is that hundreds of people have not heard the truth until they are like the lifeless bodies which took the place of the dry bones. They need to feel the life-giving breath of the Holy Spirit. They are, so to speak, ready for that. Why is it not given? God says: "I will for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." God's people must prophesy to the Spirit, and say, "O, Holy Spirit" come and breathe upon these slain that they may live." I think some of us have been crying to the Spirit for some time past.

As I remarked above, I left Akidu on the 4th of October for Cocanada. I needed the rest and the change, and furthermore I wanted to see my baby girl, and returned to Akidu on the 22nd.

On the 20th I set out for Colar Lake. Owing to the fierceness of the water the boat could not reach Gundanapuh, so I had to leave it. I found that all the men were busy watering their fields, as October had not given a drop of rain. When we met on Sunday the 30th we prayed for two blessings, copious showers of rain to save the crops, and an out-pouring of the Spirit to save the people. The first of these blessings has been graciously given to such an extent as to make touting a rather unpleasant operation without the aid of a boat, so my men have gone for the boat to-day. On Thursday we had a beginning of God's answer to our prayer for the Spirit. In a new village, about three miles south of one of the old villages, Commalmudi, we had a very happy day. I went in my palankeen, and put up in a cowshed. The people gathered in the yard in front of the shed, which was open on that side. The number that came forward for baptism was a sight worth seeing, and when I heard the answers given in reply to the questions concerning their trust in Christ, I just wished for a room to retire to, that I might weep. I could not help believing that this was the commencement of a gracious out-pouring of the Spirit. The sun was setting; by the time we reached the tank where they were to be baptized, so the ordinance was performed for the most part by moonlight. Thirty-five men and twenty women were baptized by Peter. All of these but one man and one woman belong to that village. The name of the village is Peyyuru.

The Mala village is large. There are probably twenty adults in all, so we may expect a great many more from that same place. The people are mostly farm laborers, working for farmers of a higher caste. None of them have land of their own. Their masters threatened them with trouble of various kinds if they persisted in being baptized, and on the other hand promised many good things to those who would draw back. Hence a few who asked for baptism some two weeks or so ago were missing when the time came.

The Christians at Commalmudi built a neat school house some months ago. I am in it at present, the top of my palankeen is my table as I write.

MR. AND MRS. MCLAURIN.—A note from Mr. McLaurin, dated Liverpool, January 2nd, says: "We are here, safely over the water, and are grateful to the Father of mercies for His goodness to us in answer to your prayers. We have had a very prosperous and pleasant voyage and landed last night about half-past seven. We leave Liverpool to-morrow and will be in this country making purchases, etc., for a week or two. Will you continue to remember us all the way?"

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec

#### SUBJECT FOR PRAYER.

Thanksgiving for the good news of so many converts on the Cocanada and Akidu fields:

Prayer for a continued and abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that the Christians may be kept faithful, and their number greatly increased:

That Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin may be preserved in health and safety to the end of their journey; that they may be filled with the Divine Spirit, that the Word of God may dwell in them richly in all wisdom, and that the school they go to establish may be blessed of God from its very beginning.

#### THE EXCHANGE DRAWER.

The following manuscript papers have been kindly placed at our disposal for the use of the Circles. All who wish to avail themselves of these helps to Circle meetings can do so by sending a postal card to Mrs. M. Freeland, P. O. Box 8, Yorkville, naming the paper requested, which must be promptly returned.

"Reasons why we should make the monthly meetings interesting, with some hints as to the best means of doing so," *Mrs. H. J. Ross*; "Why we work," *Miss Ida Fitch*; "A day in Cocanada Mission House," *Mrs. M. Laurin*; "Woman's work in Missions," *Mrs. A. V. Timpany*; "The condition of women in India," *Mrs. J. Coultis*; "Some facts and figures about our Society," *Mrs. M. Freeland*; "Sketch of the W. M. A. Societies of the Lower Provinces," *Mrs. W. H. Porter*; "Our Sisters in India," *Mrs. Armstrong*; "Christian Activity," *Miss J. M. Lloyd*. "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," a *Member of the Winnipeg Circle*.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—The quarterly report of the treasurer of the Ontario Women's Society, presented at the January Board meeting, showed that since the 15th of last October the receipts had been \$309.13; the disbursements for mission work, \$1062.50, for home expenses \$4.77, and the balance on hand was \$562.61.

REV. J. E. CLOUGH'S BOOK.—The publishers of the *Canadian Baptist*, 61 King-st. East, Toronto, announce that they have received a large consignment of Mr. Clough's new book, "From Darkness to Light." By special arrangement they are enabled to supply it for \$1.00 net, postage paid. The advertised price is \$1.25. Every Baptist family in these provinces should possess a copy, and no S. S. library can be complete without one.

YORK ST., LONDON, ONT.—A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—A member of the Circle writes: Since the October meetings in Woodstock, our meetings have been better attended and a deeper interest is taken in mission work. At Mrs. Armstrong's meeting a member of the church pledged \$25 for the support of a native in the Theological School. Since then, a servant girl expressed her de-

sire to give \$2 a month for the same object. She cannot be persuaded that it is too much for her to give. Does not such self-denial put our giving to shame! for it is self-denial, her wages being but small. Her heart was stirred by the accounts given by Mrs. McLaurin and Mrs. Armstrong, and she thinks that her money may be the means of doing much good in India, more than the same amount expended here would.

ST. GEORGE, ONT.—Mrs. D. M. Mithell, writes "We began our Circle with many misgivings, but are prospering beyond our expectations. Already there are fifteen members, and at our next meeting we expect to receive six or seven more. We hope and pray that the Lord will own our little effort to do something for the advancement of His cause.

ST. ANDREWS, QUE.—*Dear Link*—Your monthly visits have cheered us on our way since June, and now we think you must hear from us. Only six ladies met last February and organized a Mission Circle, by Miss Muir's advice, and now we number twenty. We have enjoyed our little meetings very much, and in helping our heathen sisters we feel that we, ourselves, have been greatly benefited by our endeavours. Our church, so long asleep, is waking up from its nearly fatal slumber to find that the cause of our weakness as a Church is in ourselves. One waited on the other to move, and the consequence was that no one stirred, and a coldness prevailed that nearly caused our candlestick to be removed. It is true we had suffered loss by death and by the removal of members from our midst; we had suffered also from inconsistencies in some we trusted to teach and lead us in the path of righteousness. But why did we not work harder than ever when we saw the storm of adversity coming on us? Then we might have experienced the blessing arising from sanctified affliction. But enough of the past, let us think of the future, and determine to do all we can for our blessed Saviour who has done so much for us. Since we tasted of the happiness arising from work for Jesus, we thirst for more. We have more love for each other at home since we tried to do a little for the poor heathen in India, and we cannot so easily forget the perishing around us while working for the souls of our dark sisters. May each Baptist church in our great Dominion soon have its Mission Circle, thereby promoting its own prosperity and happiness as well as the welfare of the cause it has espoused, is my prayer.

GERTRUDE STEWART.

### Maritime Provinces.

AT THE MEETING OF THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD, held in St. John, on the 12th Jan., a letter was read from Rev. A. Sanford, dated Chicacole, Nov. 21st., in which the Board are informed that the registration of the deed of the property at that place had been completed, after tedious negotiations which had been in progress for a full year. He adds, "Mr. Churchill seems in a fair way to obtain a very satisfactory lease from the Rajah, in reference to his compound at Bobbili. We feel hopeful he will get it before the end of the year."

Brethren Sanford and Churchill had just returned from a tour on the northern field, where they found a good deal to encourage them. At Aukulathampara, where the native preacher, Bhagavan Barah resides, thirty-two miles from Chicacole, they baptized three men. Among other places visited were Kimediy and Rugunathpsorum.

At Chicacole, at the Church meeting held on the Saturday preceeding the date of the letter, two were received for baptism, and three were received by letter. The following Sabbath was a good day among them.

Whilst such intelligence as this fills us all with praise and rejoicing, the letter contained another item, which will be received with profound regret by all the friends of the missions. The health of Mrs. Sanford, which has been very precarious for more than a year, has so broken down that she will have to leave before the return of the next hot season. The close of the month of February will probably find her on her journey to America. If it is possible to make suitable arrangements for the comfort of Mrs. Sanford and the children on the passage home, Mr. Sanford will remain at his post for a time longer. If not, he will have to come part of the way if not the whole with them.

It is very evident that all the remaining members of the first band of missionaries who went out, will have to return. Where are the men to take their places, and where are the means to send them forth when they present themselves to the Board?

In this connection, it may be of interest to know that the Sabbath School at Saint Martins have undertaken to do what they can for the cause of Missions, and are making enquiries as to how their contributions can be turned to the best advantage. Such a work is the legitimate outcome of Sabbath School teaching, and we shall expect soon to learn that the children of the Sabbath Schools all over the land are entering upon a holy rivalry, to see which of them can do the most in raising funds to send the good news of salvation to the perishing Telugus. If our Superintendents and Teachers will only undertake the work of organizing Mission Bands in their schools, they will find that among the grandest achievements of the Christian Church and its auxiliaries will stand the results of the children's work in this regard.—*Christian Visitor*.

HALIFAX, N.S.—THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the W. M. A. societies connected with the Granville Street and North Baptist churches, was held on the evening of the 10th of January, in the vestry of the latter. Owing to a heavy snow storm the attendance was not large, but the exercises were of a very interesting character. The report read by Miss Sarah Robinson, secretary of the Granville Street society, was very encouraging and hopeful. The number of members has increased during the year, and the attendance and interest in the meetings has greatly improved. The weekly meetings of the *Mission Band* are well attended, and the Band has undertaken the support and education of one heathen child at the Chicacole station. The report of the North Church society also shewed an increase of membership during the past year. The *Mission Band* is a marked feature in their work. Upwards of \$100 has been raised by this Band during the year, and they are supporting and educating a young man, in India, for a native helper. The exercises of the evening consisted of anthems by the choir, several addresses by ministerial brethren, and the reading by Miss Maggie Utley of Mrs. J. C. Yule's poem on the death of Josiah Burder. "An Original Dialogue," by Miss Muir, of Montreal, illustrating the social life of the Telugus, was admirably rendered by members of the Mission Band.

Letters mailed at Columbo, Ceylon, have been received from Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, the new missionary *en route* for Chicacole. The family were then in good health, and by this time must have reached their destination.

### At Ramapatam.

[The following extract from Mr. Clough's new book, *From Darkness to Light*, cannot fail to be of special interest to many of our readers, describing, as it does, the seminary over which Rev. A. V. Timpany formerly presided. The Theological School, in connection with our own Canadian Mission, shortly to be established at Samulcotta under the charge of Rev. J. McLaurin, will, we understand, be conducted on a precisely similar plan.—Ed.]

About one hundred and fifty miles north of Madras, and thirty south of Ongole, near the seashore, is the little village of Ramapatam. In front the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal roll in and break incessantly on a white-sand beach. All about the flat, sandy shores are groves of Palmyra palm-trees, with their straight, pillar-like trunks, and dark, bunchy tops; and here and there a few tall, slender cocoanut-palms sway their long feathery leaves in the wind. The Buckingham Canal, which runs from Madras far into the northern districts, passes close to Ramapatam, and forms the principal means of traffic and conveyance along the east coast.

Quite near the village, on very gently rising ground, and facing the sea, is Brownson Theological Seminary, an institution where a large number of Telugu converts are gathered to study the word of God, and prepare themselves for Christian work among their countrymen. The compound (enclosed premises) is quite large, and has the full benefit of the fresh sea-breeze. The fact that the grounds are so broad and airy is very favorable to such an institution in the matter of health; and it was indeed fortunate that this fine location was secured, and the seminary established here.

Out in the broad lawn before the mission house, as we look toward the sea, is a sacred spot. Within a circular thorn hedge stands a beautiful date palm; and under its graceful, drooping branches, a white marble slab marks the resting-place of Mrs. Williams, wife of the principal of the seminary. In the year 1876 she fell asleep in Jesus; and the spot where she rests was appropriately chosen in view of the institution she loved so well.

It was this seminary at Ramapatam which American Baptists were called upon to endow in 1873. It has since then prospered greatly. The students number about two hundred at present, and the number is increasing every year. Many of the young men are married, and their wives come with them; and those who are able study in the same classes with their husbands, thus fitting themselves for usefulness as school-teachers and instructors of the women in the fields of labor which they and their husbands will occupy.

Besides the principal, there are four regular teachers in the seminary. These have all been selected from among the students themselves, and trained for this very purpose. They are faithful men and good teachers. The first three are ordained.

The seminary is a busy place: there is no room for idleness. The motto inscribed over the door of the school-house where John Milton went to school would be appropriate here: "Doce aut discere aut discere" ("Teach, or learn, or leave"). Every morning at seven o'clock work commences; and recitations and lectures fully occupy the day till four o'clock, with the exception of the noon recess.

The course of study commences with Genesis and the Gospel by Matthew, and the first year is spent on the first books of the Old and New Testaments. In due time the whole Bible is gone over in regular order, much of it being committed to memory. And in the fourth year instruction is given to a certain extent in church history and

pastoral theology. Many of the students acquire a very commendable knowledge of the word of God and the Christian system.

The houses where the students live are of brick, laid in lime mortar, with tiled roofs; and most of the work on these buildings has been done by the students themselves after school-hours and on Saturdays. The houses were almost all destroyed by the great cyclone in November, 1879, and were built up again by the students. Wood is exceedingly scarce and very high-priced in this part of India; hence bricks and tiles are used. That the students should work, is desirable in various ways. It economizes the funds of the seminary; it is conducive to the health of the students; and it teaches them that even preachers and teachers must be ready to labor with their hands if necessary.

Now that we have become somewhat acquainted with the place, let us take a walk round among the cottages. It is towards evening, and we may walk out without danger from the sun. As we go along from house to house, the students seem very happy to see us; and among them we soon notice Lukshmiah and Papulama. As we approach, Lukshmiah rises from his seat by the door, where he is reading, and Papulama comes from where she is boiling the rice for the evening meal; and they both greet us with a loving smile, and with that graceful salaam which is so natural to the Telugus. We find that Lukshmiah is studying his Bible-lesson for the next day. He is happy, and studies diligently; though often, when speaking of his heathen relatives and friends, a cloud of anxiety and sorrow comes over his face, as he thinks of their condition, and his separation from them. And as he realizes that the religion of Christ often brings a sword instead of peace, and that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household," he says it is hard; but, as it is right, he submits gladly to that discipleship to Christ involves.

Day by day he and Papulama, in a large class of sixty-five, follow the regular course of Bible-study. They are highly esteemed by their teachers and fellow-students: their conduct is upright, and their influence good.

We will suppose now that it is Saturday morning. At the ringing of the bell at seven o'clock, all assemble as on other days for morning worship. After the devotional exercises, all the students bring forward their regular weekly contributions, and place them on the table before the teachers. Besides this, many of them make special offerings: one perhaps will bring a fowl, and another some vegetables; these are sold at auction among the students, and the proceeds put into the fund.

After these exercises, about seventy of the students go out, two by two, into the surrounding villages within a radius of ten miles, to hold meetings on Saturday evening and Sunday forenoon. One of the senior students and a younger man generally go together, one to preach, and the other to conduct Sunday school in villages where there are Christians.

On Sunday morning at eight o'clock, all except those who have gone out to the villages assemble in the seminary for Sunday school, attired in their clean clothes. The school is conducted very much as Sunday schools are at home; the International Lessons, translated into Telugu, being used. After the opening exercises, when all have separated into their different classes, we will walk through the rooms among them, and see what they are doing. Here and there they are seated in groups on the mats, each class forming a circle around its teacher. There are about fifteen classes, arranged according to age and attainments. The teachers are full of earnest-

ness as they explain the lesson ; and the scholars recite just as well as children at home, committing to memory the Golden Text and other passages.

You notice the babies lying on the floor in front of their mothers, kicking and smiling and crowing. They must be brought to Sunday school, or their mothers would have to stay at home ; for they have no servants with whom to leave them.

After the classes have gone over the lesson, all come together again, and general questions are asked by the leader. Your attention is attracted by the prompt and correct answers, given in such a pleasant manner, by one of the young married women. That is Papulama, the wife of Lukshmiah. He is out in one of the villages, telling the people of a Saviour's love ; and she is here, diligently studying the truth, and preparing to become a teacher in the Sunday school.

At nine o'clock the regular morning service is held, usually conducted by Yohan, the first of the four teachers in the seminary. As you listen to him so discreetly, soundly, and earnestly unfolding, illustrating, and enforcing the truth of God, you wonder, and ask yourself, "Can he be the same who, ten or twelve years ago, was a poor little naked, ignorant heathen boy, out in one of the western villages, worshipping a dumb stone, and knowing nothing of a god beyond that ?" His home was at a village about six miles from Ahmudala, and there he first heard the saving truth. Now he is like a right hand to the principal of the seminary. His fellow-teachers also are all worthy of confidence and love.

At two p.m. all connected with the Sunday school meet for the practice of singing. They use their own native airs chiefly, with hymns which have been composed by their own preachers, as well as by missionaries. Many of their tunes are very pretty, and suit their taste and their language much better than English tunes.

Towards evening some of the female teachers, with a few of the young women, go out into the streets of Ramapatam and the neighboring palems, to speak to the women concerning the all-important subject.

At seven o'clock on Sunday evening, the students who went out to preach in the villages having returned, all connected with the institution come together, and the principal preaches to them. He has thus a good opportunity to follow up the instructions of the class room, and to draw particular attention to those subjects which will be of special importance to Christian preachers and teachers while preparing for their life-work.

The seminary building, its three rooms thrown into one, is closely packed, there being scarcely standing room for the preacher. Not only is the interior of the building filled, but the verandas also. Many of the people cannot see and can scarcely hear, the preacher. The building, which six or seven years ago was large enough, is now entirely insufficient, so greatly has the number of students increased. One result of the great gatherings of 1878 and following years is a largely increased attendance at the seminary. A new building, large enough for all the students to assemble together in one hall, is very much needed.

Such is the institution where Lukshmiah is now fitting himself to explain the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion to his people, many of whom are still strongly prejudiced against it, and many more of whom know little or nothing about it. We hope, that, by the grace of God, both Lukshmiah and Papulama will yet be the means of leading many of the people of their own caste and others out of the prison-house of Hindum, into the light and liberty of the gospel.

## Happy Death of a Chinese Girl on the 1st of October, 1881.

[Extract of a letter from Miss Murray, Missionary at Thaing. Communicated by Mrs. Pengelly, Baillieboro. C. C.]

We have been sorely tried in the loss of our two eldest girls who both died of consumption. The youngest, Aisia died first, at the age of sixteen. She fell asleep on the 16th of August, most patient through all her sufferings, though it would take too much time to write particulars. Teh-sing, the eldest, was big, strong, and healthy. Till within three months of her death I do not remember giving her any medicine ; she was preparing to leave school, and had some of her outfit ready. It was hard indeed for me to believe she too was to be taken. The past summer has been one of unprecedented trial here ; most of the girls had some ailment ; the weather was very hot. I was very weak ; flesh and heart both failed. I have just begun to recover strength now.

It pleased God to permit us to behold in Teh-sing's death such a signal display of His power as I had no conception of. It was truly wonderful.

All her life she was a good girl, but extremely quiet, seldom gave utterance to her feelings, so that what she said during her illness was the more remarkable. During her illness there was nothing to distinguish her from any sufferer, she knew that she was dying, and was pleased to go, had no fear of death, fully trusting in Jesus' merit for acceptance.

During the last fortnight she was very ill, in fact, suffered many deaths. On the last of September I thought her dying, indeed dead. I went to my own room, but to my astonishment, was told she was looking all around for me, and was troubled that she could not see me. In an instant I was with her, and taking her hands in mine, asked how she felt.

"Oh, I am so happy, I have seen the Lord, I have seen Heaven, it is so good. Do not weep, you must not weep, I am going to Heaven, I will meet you there." Her teacher adds. She thanked me many times and also all who had helped her. She was perfectly intelligent, though greatly excited and inexpressibly glad. She could not bear to see us weep, and some had to leave the room. She tried to sing with us though her voice was only a whisper. She said she was experiencing what Balaam desired, he desired but did not obtain. I am included in the number who die the death of the righteous, she overheard me ask for a text, and at once told me where it was, and said she experienced it now.

"My name is Victory, that is the meaning of her name, I am having it now." She then owned her full trust in Jesus' merit, saying that she had nothing to depend on of her own. Really, I cannot give you any idea of what the scene was like. How full my own cup of gladness was then how quickly forgotten all the toil. How much meaning it had for me in particular. How much I hope I learned in that little while. The dear happy one got away home next day, about the same time this scene occurred. Now they who loved each other so well in life sleep side by side till the Resurrection Morning. Will you pray much for me ? My work and responsibility, especially with regard to the health of the children, is great.

Miss Murray has a school for eighteen and sometimes more, Chinese girls.



### Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Do you remember reading about a grand feast or party given by a great king who worshipped idols? A thousand nobles were there, drinking wine with the king, and praising the things he called gods. Then the true God revealed himself in anger, and punished the haughty king by taking away not only his crown, but his life. Daniel told King Belshazzar the reason why he was to be so punished, that, while he knew about God, he drank wine and "praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone which see not, nor hear, nor know;" but Belshazzar had not praised the God who made him, the God who gave him all his blessings. It always makes my heart sad to see or hear of people forgetting God and giving anything the first place in their hearts. When the Apostle John was writing his letters to Christians, he wrote "Little children keep yourselves from idols." Oh, that all who know God would remember these words. If in our hearts we love anybody or anything more than we do God, that is our idol, taking God's place. Let us pray more earnestly for ourselves when we think of the heathen in their darkness that the Light of the World may shine in our hearts continually, cleansing us from all sin. Then can we better pray and labor for the perishing ones in India.

Let me tell you a little about caste, the great obstacle in the work of our missionaries. The people of India have not God's word telling them the truth, and in its place they have what are called holy books or shasters. These books pretend that when Brahma created men he made the priests out of his mouth, the soldiers out of his arms, the merchants out of his breast, and the laborers out of his foot. The priests, who invented this story, are very proud of their high birth, and call themselves Brahmans. The laborers who are told that they came out of Brahma's foot, are ashamed of their birth. They are called sudras, and have to pay homage to those of higher caste. When a sudra meets a Brahmin in the street, he touches the ground three times with his forehead, then, taking the priest's foot in his hand, he kisses his toe. Even a rich sudra is not counted as honorable as his poor Brahmin cook. The water in which a Brahmin has washed his feet is thought very holy, and believed to be able to cure diseases. In the "shasters," great blessings are promised to all who are kind to a Brahmin. Any one giving him an umbrella will never be scorched by the sun; or by giving him a pair of shoes will never have blistered feet; if sweet spices are the gift, the giver will never be annoyed by bad smells, and any one who gives him a cow will go to their heaven at death. What lying stories to be taught to the thousands, nay, millions of heathen. Let us prize our Bible more, and use it oftener, while we think of the wretched lies that take its place in India.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

### Mission Band Reports.

ALEXANDER-ST., TORONTO.—The Juvenile Mission Band of Alexander-St. Church held a small Bazaar about Christmas time. The children of the Band made most of th. articles, and a few kind friends gave us some. We made twenty-four dollars; but it was such a wet day

not many attended, so we have quite a few articles over, which we hope to dispose of at our church social on the third of next month. Our meetings are increasing in interest and numbers, and this year we are going to support a girl in Mrs. Timpany's school.—A. D.

WESTON, N. S.—*Dear Link*,—We have often read with interest the accounts of different Mission Bands in your valuable pages, and thought others might like to hear of the progress of the "Star of Hope" Mission Band, organized October 4th, 1881. We applied to Miss Hammond for an object to which to devote our services, asking her to select a little girl. We have her answer, from which we will give an extract. She writes: "Do you think you would like to work for a boy as well as a girl? The most needy object about me just now is an orphan boy. He came to me a few weeks ago and asked for a home. I did not like to turn him away, neither did I know how he was to be supported. If you will do what you can in that way, and at the same time pray earnestly for his conversion, you will be doing a good work. I should think he might be fourteen years old; has never been taught anything in particular. The Lord helping us, shall we try to help him to something better? His name is Areekeen." Our Band number eighteen, and all seem interested in the work. On the evening of December 22nd the public were invited to a musical and literary entertainment. When the screen was withdrawn, a Christmas tree, well furnished by the Band, attracted the attention of all present. The contents were quickly sold. The audience then listened to the entertainment with great satisfaction. Subsequently, an urgent request was made that the entertainment should be repeated, which was done, before an attentive audience, on Saturday evening, Dec. 31st. The various exercises were of a purely religious nature—both interesting and elevating. We have now thirty-eight dollars, which are to be devoted to the support of Areekeen, for we have decided, the Lord helping us, we will do what we can, hoping this may encourage others to like efforts. Signed on behalf of the Star of Hope Mission Band.

UNIE R. SANFORD, *Secretary*.

Jan. 19th, 1882.

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

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JESSIE M. LLOYD, *Treasurer*,  
222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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