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Missionary Link.

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Cocanada, Madras Presidency
Via Madras India

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. III., No. 2.]

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

[Oct., 1880

The Canadian Missionary Link.

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The Telugu People.

In ancient Roman atlases the Telugu people are located in the Ganges Valley, south of where Calcutta now is, and what is now North Orissa. They appear to have gradually worked south and west, pressed upon by other tribes from the north and north-west, and also urged on by much the same instinct as our people have for going west, until they are stopped by the western sea. Six hundred years ago this people were in the height of empire and glory, and had a wide culture. Their rule then embraced nearly all of what is now the Madras Presidency, except some southern and western states and tribes. There is a very great similarity between Telugu and the three other leading languages of Southern India. There are Tamil, Canarese, and Malayalam. There is not much more difference between Canarese and Telugu than there is between some of the old dialects of England. There is no doubt about these four languages having one common origin. The Mahometan invasion gradually broke the Telugu power. The struggle was long and fierce, and the final crash only came after centuries of warfare. None of the Indian nations gave the Mahometans more and harder work on the well-fought bloody field.

The recent terrible famine that carried off between four and five millions of people, was in the Telugu and Canarese country mostly, and has left its mark. For one thing it has given idolatry a shaking that it will never recover. Some will ridicule this last remark, but they belong to the class who ridicule the Christian religion, and are no more impartial witnesses on one side than I am on the other.

There is the very highest encouragement to work for the salvation and regeneration of the Telugu race. They are not going to give place to a superior race, for there is none superior to them in India or the East. The Aryan invasion that dispossessed and almost annihilated the races north was received and assimilated by them—as the English Saxon received the Norman, and with very much the same results.

They are aggressive and active, going to a thing rather than waiting for it to come to them. They are as a people very domestic, and fond of kindred. I often think of the time when they shall be purged of heathenism and its heavy mortgage on all the finer affections and their expression. They will be as Christians—a lovely and a-lovable people. All the repressive and inhuman teaching of their religion during all the time past, has failed to dry

up the deep well of parental affection, even for the daughters of the house.

To those who can read the signs of the times, and have faith in the Gospel, there can be no question that the time of salvation for the people has come.

It is a little over twelve years since I came to India. As to the change that has come over the attitude of the people in large sections of the country during the intervening time I can personally bear witness.

The Baptist Missions have grown from two stations to seven times that number. Where there were only seventy church communicants there are now as many Telugu church members as there were in Ontario and Quebec at the time I left for India. Our church members in Ontario and Quebec have about doubled, but here they are more than two hundred times as many. I was reminded the other day in conversation with one of my old Ramapatam preachers of what Dr. Warren, the beloved Ex Secretary of the "Missionary Union," uttered years ago, "The time is coming when converts will be so numerous that the question will be what to do with them." Said the preacher—"opposition is dead—the tide has turned, and now the question is whom shall we take, for many are saying 'I will come, take me, I will come, take me.' The whole country is being shaken."

May we not hope that by the time we have preached the Gospel as widely and persistently, and repeatedly, as has been the case in the regions south, we shall witness like scenes on the Cocanada field. Nothing can stand against the pure Gospel of the Son of God. To preach it is the estimation of men foolishness, but it is the power of God nevertheless.

A. V. TIMPANY.

"Playing at Missions."

Said Dr. Duff: "We are playing at Missions." It is not altogether strange that this strong, almost bitter utterance should have been forced from this great hearted, eager, self-forgetful servant of God, as he looked on the one hand at the people of God in Christian lands, and on the other hand at the condition of the heathen world.

"Playing at Missions." There are probably 10,000,000 of people in Christendom, each one of whom has professedly devoted himself to the service of Jesus Christ; each one of whom has said, "I no longer live unto myself; I no longer live, but it is Christ that liveth in me; I am not my own; I am bought with a price;" each one of whom has pledged himself to obey the last command of the Lord, "Go, teach all nations," and yet what do we see? In our own land, certainly in our own denomination throughout this land, but a fraction of the 23,000 churches do aught for the cause of missions; and, in the fraction that do anything, it is all done by but a fraction of the church. It would be safe to say that to withdraw from the missionary work the contributions of fifty churches and of a hundred contributors, would be to cripple it fatally.

We profess to have consecrated our all to Christ and his cause; and yet, as we look over a Chris-

tian congregation, how often do we see a single Christian lady wearing diamonds that would support a school or a missionary for a year? How many a professed Christian is spending more on one of his horses than he gives to the spread of the gospel over all lands? How many a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world? Surely we are "playing at missions."

The women of Carthage were not playing at warfare, when they cut off their hair to make bowstrings for the defenders of the city. The people of Holland were not playing, when they broke down the dykes and let in the sea over the fields and orchards that they might drown out the Spaniards. The German women were not playing at patriotism, when they gave their gold ornaments to the government for the expenses of the war against Napoleon, and wore instead ornaments of iron. The Moravian missionary was not "playing at missions" when he consented to be sold as a slave that he might be admitted to the West Indies, and might preach to the negroes. But we,—are we not playing?

And when we look at the work to be done, the hundreds of millions to be evangelized, and at the scale of our preparations, we are compelled to realize bitterly that we are "playing at missions." Is it not time that we ceased playing, and began to be in earnest?—*Presbyterian Record.*

Lord, here am I.

To Him be glory both now and forever.

[2 Pet. iii. 18.]

Lord, help me to glorify Thee. I have talents; help me to extol Thee by spending them for Thee. I have time; Lord, help me to redeem it, that I may serve Thee. I have a heart to feel: Lord, let that heart feel no love but Thine, and glow with no flame but affection for Thee. I have a head to think: Lord, help me to think of Thee and for Thee.

Thou hast put me in this world for something: show me what that is, and help me to work out my life purpose:

I cannot do much: but as the widow put in two mites, which were all her living, so, Lord, I would cast my time and eternity into Thy treasury.

I am all Thine: take me, and enable me to glorify Thee now, in all that I say, in all that I do, and with all that I have.—*Spurgeon.*

The Widow's Mite.

It is curious what perverted use people make of the history of the widow's mite. They often speak as if the essential and leading feature was the smallness of the gift, whereas the circumstance which gave it value was its being a large sum to the giver, as it was her whole day's support. A "widow's mite" is apt to be defined, though not in words exactly, as a sum too small to be missed. Correctly speaking, the "mite" for each person would be the amount of his day's income, and even that would probably be practically less than the poor widow's on which she depended most likely for her food that day.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

(From Miss Hammond.)

MY DEAR READERS OF THE LINK,—When I wrote you three months ago, I little thought that I would next address you from Chicacole. The fact exists, however, and from it I learn a lesson, which requires daily repetition,—that my knowledge of even the near future is as nothing.

Ere this you are aware that Mrs. Armstrong's failing health necessitated her return to her native land. It was not considered advisable either to stop this work in a summary manner, or to leave it wholly in the hands of the native assistants. So I with all my inexperience and unfitness am here. Even the probable length of my stay is yet unknown. I was exceedingly sorry to leave Bimlipatam; have seen times, when owing to discouragements in my work, I would not have felt it so deeply. I think I wrote you before that the clouds seemed lifting.

The sun never shone so brightly upon my work nor was I ever happier in it than when called upon to lay it down. I thoroughly enjoyed teaching a daily Bible lesson to my class of girls. I was constantly adding a little to my scant knowledge of the language, which enabled me to teach them better. Then I could see marked improvement in two of the girls. One was Nellie, a boarder, well known to a certain mission band in Nova Scotia. The other was Seethama, a pupil from the town. I have not a very extensive acquaintance with the Hindu children, but among those I do know, Seethama occupies a place in my estimation second to none. Through all Mrs. Churchill's difficulties with the school, this child was one of her firm friends, and she stood just as steadfastly by me. No inducement from the Rajah's school was sufficient to draw her away; and her record of attendance is something of which she has not the blightest occasion to be ashamed. In these two girls I was hoping for future Bible women. Please do not think that I expected to accomplish this. Looking over an old note book the other day, I found the following sentence which I copied some years ago: "We are to ask God's blessing upon our efforts, and then work for the desired end as if we expected to accomplish it ourselves." That is how I felt about Nellie and Seethama. Without the first we will surely do nothing. If after asking the blessing we fold our hands and wait for it, how much will we do? But who has ever yet measured the extent of God's ability and willingness to do? Oh my friends if we had faith what would it accomplish for our work both at home and abroad?

You have already heard so much about Chicacole and I am such a stranger here, that I scarcely know what to tell you.

Perhaps you will be interested in knowing that I occupy a large house all alone,—not that exactly either. A Christian woman stays with me nearly all the time, and my boy is never very far away. Very few of you have heard of this boy whom I have had nearly a year. He was sent to me by a friend; his name is Subriadi; he is sixteen years old, and hitherto has proved himself a very good boy indeed. He is a Christian and I hope the Lord has something for him to do in the future. Sometime I may tell you more about him.

I am keeping house, and though it requires more of my attention than boarding it does not rest very heavily upon me. The two schools require a great deal of attention. In them I daily spend between three and four hours, and feel that they ought to have more. I teach a Bible lesson in each and have a class of boys in some English studies. This is my first experience in boys' schools. The girls' school is about as large and in some respects resembles the one I left in Bimlipatam. There is no Rajah's school to contend with here, so I feel that this girls' school should become a power in Chicacole. Beside school work, there is much requiring attention, and I regret to say that I am not studying as much as I would like, still I daily spend an hour or two with my books. I must do that much, if something else has to be neglected. Now my friends will you pray for me? Were any of you ever in a trying situation? If you were then you know what weakness our own strength is. Ask that in every particular I may be supplied with strength and wisdom from on high. Pray also for these schools, for the teachers, that each individual may learn the way of salvation. Ever yours sincerely,

C. A. HAMMOND.

Chicacole, July 8th, '80.

-Bobbili.

A HINDU FUNERAL CEREMONY.

April 3th. The young Rancee whom I mentioned in my last, died this morning, and as I had not seen a burning since I came here, concluded to go and witness the ceremonies connected with the burning of her body at 8 o'clock.

I have just returned, and while the event is fresh in my mind, will pen a few lines concerning it which may give the readers of the LINK a peep into another of the scenes which (except in some of its details) is a daily occurrence in this land of India.

They had brought the corpse from the palace in a palanquin, surrounded by torches and accompanied by music, and had dipped it in the tank at the end of the town, when I had arrived at the other side of the tank. The bearers had also dipped themselves in the water, and as I ascended the bank and saw the thousands of people assembled on the opposite bank, down to the water's edge, it reminded me so forcibly of a baptismal scene at home that I could not restrain the coming tears, and my heart went out in earnest prayer that I, or if not I, some other missionary might witness such a baptismal scene some time in Bobbili.

They had torches burning around the palanquin, and were performing some ceremonies but I could not get near enough to see all distinctly. A cow and a calf were brought into the tank and presented to an old Brahmin, who, having dipped himself, led the way to his house, the cow and calf following. This Brahmin is one of their learned men who consult the stars and tell the Rajah which are lucky days and which unlucky, &c.

Soon after this, the music again struck up and the palanquin was lifted,—surrounded by the torch-bearers, and carried to the place of burning.

Here the wood was not all in readiness and we stood looking on as they cut and piled it. They also brought two baskets of sandal wood and a large brass pot full of ghee (fat), and some parcels of resin and camphor, &c. When all was ready the palanquin was carried around the pyre three times and then placed near the side of it, the doors opened, and the corpse, rolled in an old silk cloth and covered with saffron, taken out and laid upon the wood amid the din caused by the beating of drums, the blowing of horns, and their other barbarous music; and the yelling, screaming and surging of the crowd to get a sight of it. All seemed so inhuman and heathenish to me that I was quite overcome by my emotions, and when in my mind I compared it with one of our decent burials in a Christian land the contrast was appalling.

Having placed the corpse on the pyre, they immediately threw baskets of mango leaves over it so as to hide it from view. The sandal wood was placed around it, a heap of wood piled upon it, and a part of the ghee poured upon the wood that jutted out beyond the head. The relatives and their caste people then stood in a semi-circle near the head, and one man, the young Rancee's brother, after placing a pot of coals near the head of the pyre, took a chatee of water in which was a small hole so that the water might run out, placed it upon his shoulder and walked around the pyre three times; each time as he came round another hole was made in the chatee, so that more water flowed out. Having completed his rounds, he allowed the pot to fall upon the ground behind him and break to pieces, and without looking back he made poojah, walked away to a distance, sat down and covered his head. Here he remained till the fire had partly destroyed the body when he went to the tank, without looking again at the fire, bathed, and proceeded to his home.

Others poured the remainder of the ghee over the top of the pile and threw on the resin, etc., and as it flashed and crackled and blazed, the friends walked away to their homes, bathing themselves in the tank as they went along, and I came home too. How long the thousands of people who were looking on will remain I do not know, but there will be little to see in a short time.

April 4th. I took the children last evening and drove around where the burning was in the morning. Two tents had been put up, one for the sepoys who will guard the place for three days, and the other over the ashes—a little bed of ashes—all that remains here of the young Rancee, who died not sixteen hours previous. The friends will return in three days and move all the ashes and perform some ceremonies, and this brother who set fire to the pyre will gather some ashes, which will be put away in safe keeping till the Rajah can take and throw them in some sacred river; then, they think, the young Rancee's soul will be received into Paradise.

I believe she was only fifteen years old, so soon has her young life gone out into darkness!

I have never been allowed to see her, though I had the promise of it more than six months ago. Yesterday was the twelfth day after the great rejoicing over the birth of the little Rajah. More presents will be distributed on the day of the feast, twelve days after this event, when I fear the recipients will feel more joy on account of the bounties received than sorrow on account of the cause of it. Your sister in Christ,

M. F. CHURCHILL.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

MONTREAL.—The Annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Convention East, will be held in Montreal, on Thursday Oct. 7th at three o'clock, in the parlor of the First Baptist church.

TORONTO.—The fourth annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Western Ontario and Manitoba, will be held in the Alexander Street Church, Toronto, on Friday afternoon, the 22nd of October, at half-past two o'clock.

Mrs. H. M. N. Armstrong, so well known to readers of the LINK, has promised to be present if sufficiently strong to undertake the long journey from Nova Scotia. It is earnestly desired that all the Circles should be well represented and that as many of the active workers as possible should be present at this meeting. Ladies expecting to attend are requested to send, not later than the 8th Oct., their names and addresses also the railroad by which they will travel, to the chairwoman of the billeting committee, Mrs. Lillie, 73 Homewood Avenue, who will furnish them with billets and certificates for reduced railroad fare.

We also call special attention to the treasurer's request which appears in another column.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC PLATFORM MEETING of the Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec will take place at 8 o'clock on Friday evening the 22nd of October in the Jarvis Street Church. A most interesting meeting is expected. The Women's Societies will be ably represented by Rev. J. L. Campbell.

NEW CIRCLES.—During the summer months, circles have been organized at Georgetown, Lakefield, Selwyn, and the Line Church near Peterboro'—all in connection with the Western Society.

Maritime Provinces.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES, HELD AT HILLSBORO', AUGUST 23RD.

In the absence of the President, Mrs. G. M. W. Carey, Mrs. John F. Masters occupied the chair. The meeting opened by singing the hymn, beginning, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." After reading the Scriptures, prayer was offered by Mrs. Blackall; Miss Duffy presided at the organ, and Mrs. Dr. Lewis led the singing. An address of welcome was then given by Mrs. Allwood, after which the minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and adopted. The annual report of N. B. was read by Mrs. John March, the report of N. S. by Mrs. Parsons, and of P. E. I. by Mrs. Foster.

These reports showed that over \$1600 had been raised during the year and that \$400 had been expended from the general fund for buildings, schools, and Miss Hammond's salary. They also gave an account of the nature of the work done by the wives of our missionaries, and our own missionary, Miss Hammond, who is now taking charge of the Chicacole station, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who are at home on account of Mrs. Armstrong's failing health. On motion, the reports were adopted.

A number of reports were read from the local Societies by Mrs. James E. Masters, Mrs. Parsons, and the Secretary.

The following note was read from Mrs. Armstrong, returned missionary, who was not able to be present: "I deeply regret not being able to meet with you this afternoon, as I had expected, neither have I had time or strength to prepare such a paper as the occasion deserves, but must not entirely miss the opportunity of expressing my heartfelt gratitude, to the sisters of the W. M. A. S., who have so nobly sustained me by their contributions, their sympathies and their prayers, during the years of my absence from you.

"It has been an unfailling source of help and comfort to me that in whatever straits I might be, whatever help I might require, hundreds of my sisters were ready and waiting, needing only to know what I required in order to do all possible to assist me.

"I wish also to say one word with regard to the education of orphans—a subject which has given us

all some anxiety. Since the famine has passed by I doubt the possibility of finding many such. We need very much a few children over whom to have complete control, in order to educate them for teachers in our schools and helpers in our mission work. But the Lord gives us converts among the young, as He is doing at present in Chicacole, it will be more advisable to educate them. I hope to say more on this subject at a future time.

"Sisters, accept my hearty thanks for all your kindness and for the welcome you have given me on coming home. I rejoice at the increase of your members and of your usefulness; during the ten years you have been working for Foreign Missions the Lord has blessed you, and the fruit has appeared in souls converted to Christ from among the heathen of Burmah and India. May the Lord increasingly bless you at home and abroad.

"Miss Hammond is nobly bearing her share in the Lord's work. Need I ask your sympathy and prayers for her, Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. Churchill, who are spending their strength, as I have spent mine, in endeavors to extend the knowledge of Christ where they ignorantly worship the gods made by their own hands." We then listened with much pleasure to an address by Mrs. Dr. Blackall, of New York, in which she gave us an account of the work in the Western States, which was full of interest and instruction, and will be long remembered by all.

A very excellent paper, prepared by Mrs. C. B. Eaton, subject, "Should we make Missions a Study?" was read by Mrs. Allwood. Stirring speeches were made by Mrs. Blackall, Mrs. Kempton, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Martell, Mrs. Tingley, Mrs. Stiles, and others whose names we did not learn, upon the necessity of our work and the different modes of conducting it so as to produce the best results.

Such an interchange of thoughts and feelings was greatly blessed, even there, for some who had not been doing anything for some time pledged themselves to go home and start in the good cause.

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Aid Society in Fredericton, giving information that a box was in course of preparation for the missionaries, and stating that any one who wished to send anything to Miss Hammond or the other missionaries, could have it enclosed. Mrs. Dr. Rand will receive all donations for that purpose.

A collection was taken, amounting to \$12, and the meeting closed by singing "The morning light is breaking."

M. E. MARCH,

Sec. of the Central Board, N. B.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.—A special meeting of the Wolfville Women's Missionary Aid Society was held in the vestry of the Baptist Church on Friday afternoon. The object of the gathering was to meet Mrs. H. M. Armstrong, (formerly Miss Norris) missionary to the Telugus. Though very brief notice had been given, a good number of ladies assembled. An address of welcome was read by Miss Cramp, Secretary of the Society, which was responded to at some length by Mrs. Armstrong, who gave in her interesting style an account of her work among the women of the land which she has made her home for the last ten years.—*Star*.

AVLESFORD, N. S.—*Dear Link*:—We are sorry we cannot report more favourably in regard to our Aid Society, but are happy to say, we have never lost our visibility. Quite a number of our dear sisters have gone to the better land; where we trust they are reaping the fruit of their labour. Some have returned to other parts of our country; this with some untoward circumstances have tended to lessen our funds.

We have still some warm hearted friends with us, that are ready to every good work. The *Link* is appreciated among us. We are anxiously looking for a visit from our returned missionaries Brother and Sister Armstrong, hoping it will aid the cause.

Yours very truly, MRS. C. TUPPER.

Aug 20, 1880.

BEDEQUE, P. E. ISLAND.—A meeting of the Women's Missionary Aid Society was held on Tuesday, September 7th. A goodly number were present. Our meetings during the current year have been very well attended, and in some instances quite interesting. The Society is blessed with a faithful president. Receipts of the meeting, \$5.75.—ADA J. HOOPER, Sec.

THE PRESENT number of W. M. A. Societies in Nova Scotia is forty-four. These, with some others, now extinct, have raised the sum of \$12,117.49 during the past ten years, a large portion of which has been expended in building operations.

THE AMOUNT raised by 37 of the Woman's Mission Aid Societies, of N. B. for the year ending August 1880 was \$506.

THE W. M. A. Societies of P. E. I. report \$154.60, contributed to the general fund, for the year just closed.

EXPENDED.—There have been expended from the general fund of the Women's Societies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, during the year, \$75 for the support of Mrs. Armstrong's three little girl boarders; \$500 for a school house in Bobbili; \$1000 to aid in building the Mission House in the same place; \$1,600 to complete the Mission House in Bimlipatam; \$400 to finish the Mission House in Chicacole; \$400 for Miss Hammond's salary, and \$500 to defray Mrs. Armstrong's travelling expenses home; making in all an outlay of \$4,475.

Work among the Women of India.

SPEECH BY THE REV. DR. MURRAY MITCHELL AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL SOCIETY.

As a missionary from India, acquainted, or as one that ought to be acquainted, with India, I think I ought to tell you something of the condition of India, and the duty of your society in connection with that country. Suffer me just in a sentence or two to say I hope we do not forget that we are entering (perhaps have already entered) on an entirely new era in regard to the work among the women of India. The state of things is now entirely different from what it was when I went to India, some forty years ago, and I do believe that inasmuch as God is throwing open doors that were shut for ages, that have been closely barred for ages past, our duty to enter in at these opened doors as far as in us lies, is proportionately greater; and we shall be sinning against God if we do not put forth all our strength, and enter in. Let us not forget that for the long space of three thousand years the condition of women had been sinking, sinking, steadily sinking; getting worse and worse, and finding in the lowest depths a never still. When you go back three thousand years, and study the ancient books of India, you see that woman then occupied a place of respect, if not of honour. She worshipped by her husband's side in the family worship, and so on; but there were many things introduced in later days, entirely unknown in India three thousand years ago—things of the worst character, such as suttee, systematic female infanticide, child marriages, infant marriages in many cases, the prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, polygamy, with its horrors; all these had no existence three thousand years ago, but were only gradually introduced since the commencement of the Christian era. Two thousand years ago the condition of women in India was far higher and happier than it afterwards became. If we study the old books of India—not, perhaps, the very oldest—the dramatic poems, for example—we see a beautiful description of female character. But most unhappily, as I have said, the position of woman has gone on declining. If, then, there be any who have persuaded themselves that heathen religions are like very muddy streams, which gradually run themselves pure, that their doctrine becomes purer and purer, and their customs purer and purer, I should say to you that such a belief is entirely contradicted by our experience in India. Hinduism has hitherto, throughout the ages, gone on becoming worse and worse; and what it would have become had it not been confronted by Christianity, and compelled to retreat from some of the positions it was prepared to take up, what it would become no one can venture to say. Well, we are come to this new era, and we must put forth every effort to take advantage of this wonderful position which God has given us in that distant land. I, of course, rejoice, exceedingly when I hear of Japan, China, Central Africa, and all the rest, but I cannot forget, as a Briton, that there is a special responsibility resting upon us Britons in connection with this magnificent Eastern Empire; let us never forget that.

Well, this society takes up not the inhabitants of India altogether, but the women of India, and I rejoice that it does take up a field limited in a sense, yet large enough truly. Surely, when we think of the 120,000,000 of women in India, we should remember that the women are not only more than half the population of India, but form by far the most influential half, especially as regards their share in moulding the character of the rising generation. I have often seen young men whose eyes have been opened to the folly of heathenism and who were kept within its ranks by the earnest entreaty of their mothers, by the tears of their mothers, who appeal to them if they would not

break their mothers' hearts not to become Christians. "Wait a little longer," the mothers will say sometimes, casting themselves at their sons' feet and embracing them, "Wait until I am dead, and gone, and do not break my heart by becoming a Christian while I am alive; when I am gone you may do as you like." Well that, dear friends, is a most painful infliction for a young inquirer, and it has been the greatest hindrance that has hitherto retarded the progress of those natives who would become Christians. In our own institution I have often seen cases of this sort. One day the young man seems to drink in the truth as we speak it, but the next day he is an entirely changed young man, and is evidently determined to listen to nothing, to hear not a word. You keep the young man and ask, "What is the matter with you to-day? The truths you seemed to love to hear yesterday you seem to care nothing for to-day—how is it?" Then perhaps he bursts into tears and says, "Well, my mother has been speaking to me, and she has warned me to hear nothing about religion. I am to learn as much as I like of grammar, geography, history, &c., but when you talk about religion I am not to listen to a syllable." Well, that shows you that working against such home influence is truly working at a tremendous disadvantage. I have sometimes compared it to a man who is rowing up a stream which is swiftly flowing down, and actually bearing him in the opposite direction. We make progress, thank God, but we hardly make any progress compared with what it shall be. When the time comes when the women of India are brought over to our side, then we shall be as the rower who has turned down the stream and is sweeping along with the current. When the influence of women, now so powerfully exercised against us, shall be used on the side of God and His truth, then shall we indeed see great things. God hasten that time.

Well, I rejoice exceedingly in every form of effort on behalf of women. All our mission schools, day schools, orphanages, normal schools, and Zenana visiting; these are all most excellent institutions and are doing a noble work. But let me say, dear friends, let it not be supposed that you can at all estimate the amount of good done by the Zenana visitors when you have a record of the number of baptisms.

The other day a lady wrote home from India to my wife, and she said, "We have been out to day visiting a number of Zenanas. I have visited eight, and I believe that in every one of these eight Zenanas there is at least one faithful follower of Christ." Are these women baptised? Not one of them. The world knows nothing of them, the Church of Christ knows nothing about them, except in so far as this mention of the fact or the writing of that letter may go; their names are not written in the roll of the Church on earth, but they are written in Heaven. Yet these women bear in their families for the most part an admirable character, and do honor to that Saviour whose name they profess so far as they are allowed to do so. When they are led to the knowledge of Christ, their husbands generally offer them this alternative, "If you insist upon baptism you will leave me, but if you will be content not to be baptised I shall not interfere with you, and you will not interfere with me." The woman is very likely to say—and I am not prepared to say she is doing wrong under the circumstances—"I will remain." She does not like to leave her husband, her children, her home, and be turned adrift, and so she waits on in the hope that her husband may change, and that, though he now refuses his permission, she may yet be permitted to profess Christ. Sometimes, of course, when liberty to worship God is refused her, she leaves, and I have had some most remarkable cases of women who left home because they were not allowed to profess Christ, and were compelled if they remained to take part in the heathen worship, and that of course they utterly refused to do.

LITTLE THINGS should not be despised. Many straws united may bind an elephant.

AT THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Bishop of Gloucester referred to the labor required for the translation of the Bible, and said that though portions of the Scriptures had been translated into two hundred tongues, only fifty-six had the whole Bible, so that the missionaries had still an arduous and a holy work before them.

"IT IS CURIOUS TO NOTICE," says Rev. F. A. P. Sheriff, of the Lahore Divinity College, "how thoroughly possessed the Mohammedans of the Punjab seem to be becoming with the expectation of the triumph of Christianity. One man actually urged this as a proof of Mohammed's inspiration and power of predicting, as there is a tradition that he foretold that Christianity would prevail throughout the world."

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Do you remember the baby boy I told you of last month? When he grows old enough to sit at the table for his meals, he is made to eat with his father. The dear mother who loved her little baby so much and took such good care of him is not allowed to eat until they are done. She chops the wood, lights the fire, gets the food ready, places it on the table or mat before her husband and little boy, and then has to go away while they eat. Your baby brother will be taught to love his mamma and to be very kind to her when he grows up. But this heathen boy will see his father beating his mother, or kicking her, or pulling her long hair. He will be taught to do these cruel things himself, and to despise the mother who loves him. Even his father's dog will be petted, and given nice bits to eat from their meals, but the wife and mother must take what is left afterwards, and cross, angry words instead of thanks. Should this little boy become a man, he will pray to the river Ganges. He will believe that the sight or touch of its water will take away sin. When his poor mother grows old and weak, or becomes sick, he will bring her to this river and make her drink. Then he will rub her body over with its mud, and leave her on its banks to die or be eaten by wild beasts. Think how dreadfully the poor woman must feel to be treated so by her own son!

If this boy becomes a farmer he will work in the fields. But before working he will fall down and worship his own plow or spade, offering to them flowers, fruit and rice. If a carpenter, these gifts will be given to his saw and hammer; if a barber, to his razor; or if a soldier, to his sword and gun. How strange to think that a little heathen baby will learn such things when he grows up!

But our good missionaries are trying to teach the heathen fathers and mothers about God. They will then teach their little children about Him. Bright-eyed little boys will come to the mission-house begging the good man to teach them to read and spell, so they can read the Bible for themselves.

A missionary wrote of a poor Hindu boy who followed him about the garden of the school. Over and over again he would ask the missionary to make him a Christian. But no man could make any one a Christian. We can tell the good news about Jesus dying to take away the sins of all who believe on Him. That is our part of the work. But when the farmer sows his seed in the field he can do nothing more to it. God sends the sun and rain on the ground and makes the seed grow. So when we tell others of Jesus, it is sowing good seed in their hearts. Then we must pray to God to make it grow. Here is such a true verse about this:

"Trust God to give thee seed;
Trust God to make it grow;
For these 'tis not thy part to heed,
Thy one work is to sow."

So the missionary answered this Hindu boy, "I cannot make you a Christian, my dear boy, only God can do that. Pray to Him for Christ's sake, and He will take away all your sins."

Soon afterwards the boy came back, but with such a change in his face. The sad, weary look was gone, and he seemed glad and happy. He said to the kind missionary, "The Lord Jesus has taken His place in my heart. I prayed to Him, 'Make me a Christian, if you please, Lord Jesus, and He was so kind that He came down from Heaven to live in my heart.' Oh, boys and girls, we must learn the same lesson that poor boy learned: 'Only Jesus can do helpless sinners good.' May each of you find in Him your Saviour!

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis street, Ottawa.

Ordination at Ongole.

BY REV. W. D. BOGGS.

According to appointment the preachers, teachers, helpers, Bible-women, &c., connected with the Ongole mission, assembled here on Saturday, 10th inst., at the regular quarterly meeting. They had not been in since the latter part of December, and there was much of interest to report and to hear.

On Sunday, April 11, a very large congregation gathered to commemorate the Saviour's death, and to hear the word of truth. There were probably not less than a thousand persons present. Brother Clough preached from Gen. xviii. 14: "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" The afternoon was devoted to the examination of candidates for baptism; the preachers under whose labors these people had heard and believed the gospel were all present, and gave evidence concerning them all. The result was that one hundred and eighty-seven were received and baptised in the evening by brother Price, making 1,295 baptised in the Ongole field since Jan. 1.

It had been felt for some time that a considerable number of the native preachers connected with this station were worthy of full recognition as ministers of the gospel. It also seemed evident that the time had arrived for the organization of separate churches in all the important places where the number of disciples was sufficient to justify it; and on that account also the ordination of these men seemed desirable. In response to a call from the Ongole church, a council convened at Ongole April 14-16, to consider the propriety of formally setting apart to the work of the gospel ministry a number of native preachers laboring in this field. Rev. D. Downie of Nellore, and Rev. R. R. Williams of Ramapatam, with native delegates from each place, were present, besides the Ongole missionaries and native brethren. There were previously seven ordained native preachers in the Ongole field. The council was organized by the choice of brother Williams as moderator, and M. Ezra (ordained native preacher) as clerk.

The examination was close and deliberate, and occupied two days and a half. It embraced, as usual, the important points of conversion and call to the ministry, and an outline of Christian doctrine; many testing questions were asked both by the missionaries and native delegates, and the answers were generally very satisfactory. Their knowledge of the Christian system seemed surprising, especially after hearing each one of them, in relating his experience, speak of the time only a few years back, when they were worshipping idols, and were in utter ignorance of the true God and the way of life.

The result was that twenty-four of the best, most experienced, and successful preachers connected with the Ongole station were considered worthy of the confidence implied in this act of public recognition. They are men who for years have faithfully, consistently, zealously, and with abundant fruits, proclaimed the gospel of Jesus, and cared for the flocks over which they have been placed. Several of them have enjoyed the advantage of a four-years' course at the seminary at Ramapatam. These men will continue to labor in the same fields where they have already been so useful, and continue to feed the flocks which have been gathered largely through their instrumentality.

A large congregation assembled in the spacious Ongole chapel on the afternoon of the 16th. Brother Downie preached the ordination sermon from 1 Tim. iv. 15, "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them: that thy profiting may appear to all." It was a condensed discourse, containing much truth in few words. Brother Williams delivered an earnest charge, in which he addressed both the people and the candidates on their respective responsibilities and duties. Then the twenty-four, all knelt, and the hands of the presbytery were laid on them while the ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. N. Canakiah, of Nellore; after which the benediction was pronounced

by Yerragoobita Pariah, the oldest man among those just ordained, and the spiritual father of a multitude of children.

We all felt it to be an occasion of deep interest; and as these dear brethren, these "lights of the jungle," go back again to their laborious fields, encouraged and strengthened by this recognition of their ability and service, we look for still more abundant fruit, through the rich blessing of the Lord of the vineyard.

We start this evening for Ramapatam to attend the annual examination of the seminary. We have eighty Ongole students there, and fifty-seven women studying with their husbands.

Ongole, April 20, 1880.

'Minds Like Sieves.

A simple Hindu woman went to receive her weekly Bible lesson, when the lady Missionary found that she had remembered but little of what she had taught her the week before. Being discouraged, she said, "It seems no use teaching you anything; you forget all I tell you; your mind is just like a sieve; as fast as I pour water in it runs out again.

The woman looked up at the lady Missionary, and said:—"Yes, it is very true what you tell me; my mind is just like a sieve; I am very sorry I forget so much; but then you know when you pour clean water into a sieve, though it all runs out again, yet it makes the sieve clean. I am sorry I have forgotten so much of what you told me last week, but what you told me made my mind clean, and I have come again to-day.

The Missionaries go on pouring water into these sieves, and, though it runs away and seems to be unprofitably spilled upon the ground, yet the private, the domestic, the public, and the national life of the people is the cleaner for it.

IN THE THIRD RANK of the list of donors to the work of the Missionary-Union last year stands Burmah! Massachusetts stands first, giving \$41,312.72; New York next, giving \$39,469.46; Burmah next, giving \$31,616.14. The Karen churches in the Bassein district raised \$30,478.78 of the whole amount donated in Burmah. They gave that sum to pay for the erection of the Normal and Industrial Institute buildings; and now they are making the effort to raise an additional amount of \$25,000 for the endowment of the school. The Karen churches of the Bassein district comprise a membership of about eight thousand souls. Surely their liberality is something extraordinary as compared with that of Baptists in this country. They give out of their poverty; *we*, from our abundance.—*Missionary Magazine.*

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN SOCIETY OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

Receipts from August 25 to September 28th.

Jarvis St. Circle, \$33.67; Cheltenham, \$5.00; Alexander St., \$19.53; Yorkville, \$13.50; Strathroy, \$15.00; Uxbridge, \$7.00; Port Burwell, \$3.25; College St., \$7.22; Kincardine, \$4.75; Mrs. Muir, Almonte, Ont., 75 cents. Total, \$109.87.

I very earnestly request that all moneys intended to be acknowledged in the current year's account, shall be in my hands before the 20th of October, as the books will be closed on that date.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

Will those of our readers who think this paper likely to deepen interest in Foreign Missions, get their friends to take it in.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES:

MARITIME PROVINCES

Rev. Rufus Sanford, A. M., Bimlipitam.
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Chicacole.
Rev. George Churchill, Bobbili.
Rev. W. F. Armstrong, at home.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.
Rev. John Craig, Akida.
Rev. G. F. Currie, Tuft.
Rev. J. McLaurin, at home.