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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 10, No. 1.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [Sept., 1887.

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THE cause of missions has suffered very serious loss recently by the death of Rev. T. J. Comber, the Pioneer Congo Missionary, and of Rev. J. B. Vinton, D.D., of the Karen Mission.

We are happy to know that Mrs. Yule, our valued contributor, has returned to Canada. She is living at Ingersoll, her former home. We esteem it a privilege to be permitted to publish one of her longer poems in the present issue.

WELL DONE.—We congratulate our sisters of the Maritime Provinces on the substantial increase in contributions to Foreign Missions, and on the beginning—we trust it is only the beginning—of important aid to Home Missions. The report of Miss Johnstone, in another column, shows a year of earnest and successful work in this part of our home field. The president's address is in hand and will appear next month.

\$20,000 FOR MISSIONS IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.—In a recent article published in the *Canadian Baptist*, Mr. McLaurin makes an earnest plea for this amount of money for Foreign Missions for the current year. This amount the Telugu work that has been entrusted to us urgently demands, and this amount is quite within the ability of the Baptists of this part of Canada. Universal giving, and giving according to ability, would vastly exceed this amount.

OUR RETURNED MISSIONARIES.—We have had the great pleasure of meeting and conversing with Mr. McLaurin and Miss Frith. From both we heard many interesting things about the work in India. Both seem to be improving in health under the favoring influences of

Canadian climate. We sincerely hope that the stay in Canada of these whom we have seen and of those whom we have not seen, may prove a great blessing to themselves and to the cause of missions.

ANOTHER APPOINTMENT.—Since our last issue, the General Board of Ontario and Quebec have made another excellent appointment to the foreign field, namely, Mr. Robert Garside, B.A., of McMaster Hall. The appointment is not to go into effect, however, until the special fund for this purpose which Messrs. Davis and Laflamme have been endeavoring to raise among the young men of the churches shall have been completed. So large a part of this fund has been subscribed, that Mr. Garside is almost sure to go out some time during the year. It was a happy thought of our young missionaries to set the young men of the churches to work for missions. It is hoped that Circles or Bands for young men will soon be organized all over the country, and that they will rival or even surpass the Women's Circles in interest and power for good. We trust that the sisters everywhere will encourage and aid the young men in organizing, and that there will be a friendly co-operation between the organizations that now exist and those that are to be.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETIES.—Arrangements are already in progress for an excellent programme of exercises at Aylmer, where the meetings are to be held, beginning October 28th. Among the interesting features of the meeting, will be the presence of Miss Fletcher, of Washington, who is one of the best informed women in America on the condition and needs of the North American Indians, and who is an exceedingly interesting speaker. It is earnestly desired that each Circle appoint delegates to these meetings, delegates whose interest in the work is such as to make them good repre-

representatives of the Circles, and that they urge upon those appointed the importance of attending even at some personal sacrifice. The Circles should also be very prompt in sending in their reports to the District Secretaries, so that the reports of these officers may be as complete as possible. As the General Treasurer's books are to be closed on October 8th, it is highly desirable that collections be completed and forwarded so as to reach Toronto in time to be included in the report of the year's contributions. The open meeting for the asking and answering of questions, which has proved a valuable feature in our annual meetings, will be continued. Delegates should come, therefore, prepared to take part in these exercises as there may be opportunity or need. Everything will be done, we are assured, to make this meeting better than any of its predecessors. Let the attendance be large and thoroughly representative.

**AGGRESSIVE WORK FOR MISSIONS.**—The past two months have necessarily been a period of comparative inactivity with many of our workers. Many have been absent from their homes for needed rest and recreation, and some of those who have been left behind have taken holidays, so far as mission work is concerned. The time has now come for every friend of missions to exert herself to the utmost. This is especially necessary in view of the fact that the demands upon our treasury will be larger in the near future than ever before. Miss Alexander will be going to India in a short time; her outfit and passage money must be provided at once, and her salary will have to be included in the estimates for the year. A medical missionary is greatly needed, and it is hoped that we shall soon have a suitable young lady in training for this work. If we could double our present contributions—and we surely could—the demands of the work would not begin to be met. Let each reader resolve to do her full share of giving, whether it be \$1, \$5, \$50, \$100, or \$1,000, and there will be no lack of funds for doing the Lord's work. While we have great faith in small, regular contributions from all, as a means of sustaining mission work, we believe that the time has come for large contributions to be made to missions. Some are so situated that they could, without personal inconvenience, give hundreds or thousands of dollars a year to this cause. Why do they withhold? Many who now give \$1 or \$2 a year could just as well give \$5 or \$10. Why do we not give more in proportion to our ability? Again, while many Circles have been organized during the last few years, much still remains to be done in this direction. Let us keep steadily before us the motto: A CIRCLE IN EVERY CHURCH, EVERY SISTER IN EVERY CHURCH AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF A CIRCLE, AND EVERY MEMBER OF EVERY CIRCLE A CONTRIBUTOR, NOT MERELY OF \$1 A YEAR, BUT TO SOMETHING LIKE THE EXTENT OF HER ABILITY, TO MISSIONS HOME AND FOREIGN.

## What of the Night and What of the Day?

### First Voice.

"What of the night, Watchman?—what of the night!"  
Long have we waited the coming of light;  
Say, do the Shadows, and the Day  
Illuminate the east with its joy-giving ray?

### Second Voice.

What of the Night do you ask?—  
It is o'er;  
And Day, ages since, in the pale, misty east  
Awoke, to be quenched nevermore.  
You have heard, have you not, of the dawn?—how it cropt,  
Clouded and dim, up the dull skies that wopt  
O'er a world fast asleep in its chains?—  
How it deepened as age after age rolled away  
Amid sacrifice, symbol, and altar—smoke grey,  
On a far away sin-blighted shore?—  
How, at length, in the fullness of time, the clear Day,  
O'er the hills of Judea—where fallen and grey  
The mists were still clinging—its first gentle ray  
Sent earthward, and lo! to a manger it cropt,  
And lighted the face of an Infant that slept  
On the breast of a woman, weak, weary, and lone,  
Yet glad, for she knew that her darling, her own  
Weak nestling, was heir to the ancestral throne  
Of David His kingly progenitor;—knew  
That the homage of Israel and earth was His due,  
And should sometime be paid to her manger-born Son,  
When—the kingdom of David and Solomon won—  
The keys should be laid at His feet.

But how—ah! how it should be,  
She knew not as yet;—  
Nor dreamt of Gethsemane's dread mystery,  
Its anguish, and sorrow, and heart-broken plea,  
And the blood-drops wrung out by his woe;—  
Of the scourge and the thorn-crown, and cross did not  
know,  
And 'twas better, aye, far better so:—  
For she could not have borne at that moment the pain  
Of the thorn piercing in on her quivering brain,  
And the two-edged sword at her heart;  
And so, in her gladness she gazed on her child—  
Her helpless, her winsome, her beautiful child,  
And still, as she thought of His future, she smiled—  
This woman so happy, so ignorant still  
Of a pathway too dark with o'ershadowing ill  
For her in her weakness to know,—  
Of a pathway too bright in its glories unseen  
For her to behold with no curtain between:—  
Such, then, is the full-risen Day  
That I see in the long-vanished years of the past,—  
In the centuries far, far away.

### First Voice.

You tell us, O Watchman, the Night has gone by;  
That, ages ago, on the far eastern sky  
The pale, morning twilight begun;  
And you tell of a nearer time yet, when the first  
Glad beams o'er the mountains of Judea burst  
Of the glorious up-risen Sun.  
But nearer, oh Watchman, a moment I behold  
And above it a darkening sky  
Those shadows portentous a SUFFERER enfold  
Who bows Him in anguish to die—  
And around Him stern foes in their murderous plots  
Are mocking His anguish, while, darker than night,  
The armies of hell hover nigh!

And now the scene changes; and low in the grave  
He lies who, men trusted, was mighty to save,

In the ceremonies of death closely bound ;  
Silent, and shrouded in darkness and gloom,  
With the seal of the Casars affixed, to His tomb,  
And Casar's stern warriors around ;

And I wept,  
O Watchman, I weep for the Morning Star dead,  
For the sepulchre sealed, and the sinless One dead,  
And a world wrapped in darkness profound !

*Second Voice.*

Ah, foolish, and slow to perceive  
That the cup that He drained in that hour was for you ;—  
That the mocking and scorn,  
The scourge and the thorn,  
And the cross with its agony dread,  
The anguish He bore and the blood that He shed,  
And the death that He died were your due !

Ah, foolish, and heart-slow to learn  
That, to save thee, dying, Himself must die,  
While in dark eclipse in the sorrowing sky  
The sun for a season hung ;—  
That, His ransom to snatch from the pitiless tomb,  
Himself must enter the ghastly gloom,  
And sojourn among the dead !

But not long its awful eclipse beneath  
Lingered the noon-day sun ;  
Nor long 'neath the darker eclipse of death  
Lingered God's holy One.

Death might not thus detain  
The Conqueror in slumberous thrall,  
Nor the grave in its icy fetters restrain  
The victorious Lord of all.

But their fetters He burst  
With His first warm breath,  
And first-born from the dead,  
His environments dread  
Swept aside and walked forth in His might,  
Thus life, immortality, bringing to light,  
For those He atoned for in death !  
Then higher, and brighter than ever before  
From the east to the west, and from shore to shore,  
Shone out in new beauty the Day ;

And all earth grew bright  
In the beautiful light,  
And demons slunk cowering to shadows of night ;  
While holy ones sang in full chorus again ;  
"Peace upon earth and good will towards men ;  
"The sun rises higher and higher, and night,  
"Forever and ever has taken its flight !"

*First Voice.*

But Watchman, long ages have since rolled away,  
And ever our race has been asking for Day ;—  
"Oh, when will it come, and the dark shadows cease,  
"And the weary earth smile in the sunshine of peace ?  
"We grope in our darkness, we falter, we die,  
"And light—if there be light—comes not to our sky,  
"Or coming, has faded so soon !"

Oh, what hast thou seen,  
Watchman, what hast thou seen  
In lands where this life-giving sunlight has been ?

*Second Voice.*

I have seen, as the years have rolled by,  
Brave workers and strong,  
Sowing seed for the Master 'midst trouble, and tears,  
And suffering, and peril, and wrong.

I have seen them unmurmuring die,—  
Cut down at their toil—and their blood  
Wat'ring freely the sod  
Where their patient feet trod ;—  
Yet the seed grew apace 'neath the direful rain,  
And angels, at harvest-time, gathered the grain,  
And bore it with singing to God !

I have seen, looking down through the years,  
With leaves from Life's tree in their hands—  
Leaves freighted with health for the millions that lie  
Falsed and stricken and ready to die—

Women patient and pure,  
And men strong to endure  
Speeding forth to earth's desolate lands ;  
And healing, and life, and rejoicing, and mirth  
They have left in the paths that they trod ;  
And hymns of thanksgiving and gladness to-day,  
From isles of the ocean and lands far away,  
Are hourly ascending to God.

And still I behold—as, with steady increase,  
God's servants speed forth with their message of peace  
And hope and salvation for all—  
Old systems of ignorance, error, and wrong  
Giving way as they speed the glad tidings along  
Of One able and willing to save,—  
See the blood-cries of shrines of the idols give way,  
And the idols themselves sink in hopeless decay,  
Never, no never to rise ;  
See the desolate dungeons of Error's long night  
Op'ning slowly but surely to Heaven's sweet light,  
Or hastening fast to their fall.

*First Voice.*

And Watchman, what more of the day ?  
Look abroad o'er the world at this moment, and say,  
Is the toil nearly done ?  
Is the crown almost won ?  
And does the sweet rest-time draw near ;  
When the King in His glory again will appear,  
And sit down on His throne  
With all earth for His own  
In the blessed, Sabbatical year ?

*Second Voice.*

Ah, foolish and slow of heart still !  
For knowest thou not  
That the day of thy Lord,  
As He saith in His word,  
Shall come as a thief in the night—  
Unannounced and unheralded come ?  
And happy those servants whom, coming, He'll find  
Their appointed task doing with resolute mind,  
Gath'ring and shaping with tireless hands,  
In the quarries of home or in far away lands,  
In mountain, or desert, or cavernous mine,  
Precious stones in His temple's rich setting to shine,—  
Find reaping His harvest, or sowing His grain,  
Or turning the furrows in sunshine or rain,  
List'ning over His footsteps to hear,  
Who, whether they labor, or suffer, or pray,  
Rest assured they are bringing with each busy day  
His kingdom and coming more near.

*First Voice.*

But is there no sign, Watchman, no herald Star  
Such as guided the wandering shepherds from far,  
And at length over Bethlehem hung ?—  
No heavenly voices that, list'ning, you hear—  
Voices of angels, that sing of Him near,  
As of old to the shepherds they sung ?

*Second Voice.*

None ; down through the silence no angel songs come ;  
No earthward-bound star leaves its heavenly home  
His joyful herald to be ;  
Nor yet dost thou need them ; for is it not writ  
In words that unaltered yet stand :—  
"WATCH, for ye know not the hour or the day,  
Aye WATCH, for the Lord is at hand !"

And even more urgently rises the moon  
Of creation in anguish and pain.

For the hour of deliverance—the long-promised hour—  
Where His ransomed ones rising in glory and power  
Shall meet Him,

And greet Him,  
And, in that new birth,  
Our sin-darkened, sin-stricken, sorrowing earth  
Shall her Eden like beauty regain;  
And, listening hopefully, can't thou not hear  
More distinctly, more urgently every year,  
The cry of earth's million for bread?—

The stir and the strife  
Of awakening life,  
As light o'er man's darkness is shed?

"FOOD, FOOD FOR THE MILLIONS!" The summons goes forth  
'Tis the voice of the Master that calls—

"Up, grid you for service, and carry the bread  
Of life with which you have so richly been fed  
To the starving wherever they be!  
Haste, haste with the water of life, for men die  
For a draught of your own overflowing supply:  
And all Heaven is waiting to see  
Whether you, for whom I  
Heaven's glory laid by,  
For whom I refused not to suffer and die,  
Will arise to this service for me!"

What of the day? Do you ask?—

Then assuredly know  
That the day which began weary ages ago  
Speeds on to an issue sublime,  
And the King—whose glad coming draws hourly more near  
Will, haply, when least you expect Him appear,  
And the blessed, long prayed-for, Sabbatical year  
Usher in in the fulness of time.

Will you hasten the day?

Will you labor and pray?

Will you trust in the sickle and reap while you may  
The plenteous harvests that lie  
Waiting still for your hand  
In every land,  
And rip'ning 'neath every sky?

Will you gather the stones for His temple divine?  
And the gems in the crown of His glory to shine  
Brighter far than the sun?

And then, when He comes, bowing low at His feet,  
With rapture unspeakable hear Him repeat:—

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD SERVANT, WELL DONE!"

March, 1887.

PAMELIA VINING YULE.

## The Cyclone in the Bay of Bengal.

THE "SIR JOHN LAWRENCE."

Mr. Craig sends us the following from an Indian paper:

Every hope must now be abandoned of the safety of the Chandballi steamer, *Sir John Lawrence*, with its living freight of about 750 passengers, mostly women, and nearly all pilgrims going to worship at the famous temple of Jagannath at Puri. A large number of the pilgrims were members of the best Bengali families in and around Calcutta, who this year planned a sort of united excursion to the shrine. These have all gone down in the great storm, and there is scarcely a native family in Calcutta that does not bemoan the loss of some near relative. Hoping against hope till the very last, hundreds of families are now mourning with a grief that will not, and cannot be comforted till time, the great healer, brings peace and resignation on his wings. It is, as far as we know, the greatest calamity that has ever befallen the

upper classes of the Bengali community, and no words can picture the agony and the grief of those who have been bereaved. In several cases the blow is perfectly crushing, whose wife and daughters, daughters-in-law, sisters, and widows, have all perished; and empty and desolate houses haunted by the memories of beaming eyes, now closed in death, that looked so kindly, and the echoes of voices hushed for ever, is all that remains of homes in which love and hope and duty mingled their joint influences. One of our best known zemindars whose loyalty has gained for him the title of Maharaja from Government has lost twelve or fifteen of his near relations. In another case the entire family has perished, men and women, and the house is in charge of the *survivors* who were left to keep it. Other cases, equally sad and deplorable, might be mentioned, and the grief that has fallen on these homes is inexpressible. The deep sympathy and sincere regret of every man in India from the Viceroy down through all ranks is with the sufferers by the loss of the *Sir John Lawrence* and *Retriever* in their great bereavement, and the appeal made by the Sheriff of Calcutta to help, where help may be urgently needed, will, we are sure, meet with a hearty and ready response.

## The Case of Rukmibhai.

The British public do not seem to be very deeply interested in the woes or needs of our Indian fellow-subjects, but a recent case in the Law Courts at Bombay ought at least to stir the women of England to deeper sympathy and to more general action. Rukmibhai was a Hindu girl whose parents were able, and moreover willing, to give her a good education. She had, however, attained the exceptional age of eleven, before she was married to a man who is now described as little better than a coolie. Then she returned at once to her father's house—another exceptional act at such an age. She has now grown up into an educated and refined lady, able to write letters to the papers on the miseries of her sex. But suddenly, after some years of estrangement, her nominal husband appeared with the demand that she should come and be his wife indeed. Rukmibhai shrunk very naturally from the union thus forced upon her, but the husband carried the case into Court, with the result that his suit was dismissed. He seems, however, to have been advised that this decision was in accord rather with English sentiment than with Indian law. He accordingly appealed to the High Court; the case was sent back for a new trial, and has just been decided in the husband's favor. The judges sympathized deeply with Rukmibhai, but were forced to declare that she was legally the wife of this man, and must live with him, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment. A hard fate certainly, and one that merits, as it is receiving, the sympathy of many in India, Europeans if not natives. And this sympathy will doubtless secure some way of delivering the lady from lifelong misery, provided she is firm enough to defy the penalty, which the Government will be by no means anxious to inflict. But is not our sympathy needed rather for the millions of Hindu women on whom the same law falls with none the less crushing weight in that they do not rebel against it, but, being crushed, submit?

What does this case reveal as to the Indian marriage system? In the first place, it shows that system to be law. That is inevitable. It would doubtless be denounced as an impotent piece of tyranny to alter, by direct legislation, the social system of even a conquered

nation, were not absolutely and manifestly immoral. England has abolished sati, because she could not legalize suicide or murder, call it which you will. But child-marriages are held not to be, on the face of them, immoral. England, therefore, must let them stand, with all the consequences that follow from them, until the advancing moral sense of the nation revolts at the immoral element which underlies them. For converts to other religions a way of escape has been provided, but those who continue Hindus are of necessity governed by the rules of the Hindu system. True, it might be difficult to prove that Rukmibhai's appeal for deliverance was inconsistent with the principles of the Hindu religion, but that is only a particular case of the universal difficulty of determining what the Hindu religion really is. Modern Hinduism has very little to do with the Vedas, nor has it a consistent foundation in any written documents whatever. Hence the astonishing facility with which the Shastras lend themselves to the proof of all manner of assertions, positive and negative. But the fact is, that the Hindu has only one word for religion and for custom, nor are the two ideas in any way separate in his mind. That which has been, that is what must be; such is his one principle of faith and practice. The frost of imbecility has fallen upon his effete religion, and the icy covering of remembered precedents has bound, for many generations, the river of his social life. Under the influence of the Gospel, the spring is not far off. The protest of Rukmibhai is an ominous cracking, indicating the approach of a genial but dangerous breaking up. It is not the function of Government to turn the change into a catastrophe by the application of legislative dynamite. It can do no more than stand by to guard against damage being done to the moral piers and abutments of the State, by the rushing of free-thinking on the one hand, or the resistance of inert traditionalism on the other.

But secondly, this case brings to light a moral wrong that defiles the whole of the Indian system. Place it in opposition with the recent case in England; there, a marriage legally, though not religiously performed, was declared void on the ground that there had been no such consent as the law requires to make a valid union. Here, the one plea was that no consent had ever been given. This was not denied. The decision went upon the principle that no consent was necessary, which, indeed, is involved in the very idea of child-marriage. The difference, then, between English and Indian ideas and laws on this subject is, that with us the vital part of marriage is the consent, with the Hindus it is the ceremony. The union stands good *ex opere operato*, even if the woman be altogether passive or reluctant. In other words, we, being Christians, regard women as spiritual beings, having the power and right of will. The Hindus treat a woman as a mere body, whose will, if she has one, need not be taken into account. And what is the general result? Naturally, that the will-power of Indian women is for the most part broken. They are passive all their lives. Vain is the hope suggested by the *Times*, that the public opinion of the women of India will counteract that of the men, and demand relief from the intolerable evils of infant marriage. Could the women of India be polled to-morrow, the proposal to change in any way their condition would be rejected by a vast majority with an outcry of horror. We do not say it will be so twenty or fifty years hence, when the influences now at work shall have penetrated to the older generations of women. But now, the grandmother, who scarcely remembers being married herself, would feel herself cheated of her one remaining hope in life—and she

never has had many hopes—if she might not take part in the marriage festivities of her little grandchildren. And the widow herself would probably at first resent the proposal that she should be married, as both immoral and absurd. It will be long ere the women of India are fit or ready for radical changes in their condition, and to precipitate such were perilous. At present, even were legislative reform attempted, influences potent, though hidden, would frustrate the benevolent intentions of the Government. The zenanas would not have it—not from the strength of will of their inmates, but from the *vis inertia* of their ignorance and habitual passivity. But further, in India, as elsewhere, a man is what a woman makes him. While their mothers have no will of their own that has ever been recognized, and very little even to claim recognition, how can it be expected that the men will manifest any general strength of purpose or manly independence? What more natural than that the great majority should show a spirit of petulant dependence upon the Government? The children of child-marriages are never likely to have much force of character.

It would seem, then, that the evil is of a kind which, while it cannot be justly dealt with by legislation from without, precludes the hope of any speedy reformation from within. Even so it is. But Christianity is the mother of independence. It fosters the appreciation of the individual, whether male or female, and that in a circle wider far than that in which its direct influence is acknowledged. The younger Babus have caught enough of this spirit to feel their right to be treated as something more than mere items in the 250,000,000 of British subjects. They are great in their own eyes. But they scarcely as yet appreciate the individuality of their wives, though they are beginning to do so, and to desire to have them educated accordingly. The influence is progressing fast. It will be a perilous time when the women generally begin to find out, as Rukmibhai has found out, that they have a will of their own which ought to be respected. The only safeguard will be that the restraining as well as the expansive influence of Christianity may be felt in the minds of both men and women, that all may learn to appreciate one another as well as themselves. The power that shall achieve the real emancipation of women, that shall cause a general, not an isolated revolt against child marriages, and shall abolish the prejudice working with the force of law against the remarriage of widows, is being brought to bear in schools and colleges, in preaching rooms and bazaars, in village huts and city zenanas. Women as well as men are being taught that they have souls, and that Christ died for them. In proportion as they learn this lesson they will be unwilling to sacrifice their children and themselves to the Moloch of a debasing social superstition. Meanwhile we trust that Rukmibhai will find in the widespread sympathy her case has roused some means of escaping the honor of falling a martyr in the cause of that female independence which she has thus prematurely asserted.—*Female Miss. Intelligencer.*

### Moving the Fence Further Out.

"Well, I'll just tell you all about it," said Mrs. Brooks. "You see we'd been poking along in the same way for a good many years. When we started our Foreign Missionary Society, we agreed to give fifty dollars a year, and for eleven years we gave that right straight along. We took great credit to ourselves that we never

fell below the mark. In fact, every annual meeting some of us were sure to remark how faithful we'd been in holding meetings and always raising the fifty dollars, and it never occurred to any of us we might move forward a step or two. Our meetings were very small, generally seven or eight present, and we thought twelve a large attendance. Like other societies, we had a good many contributing members who never came near the meetings. We'd sit there and say they ought to come, but didn't do anything to bring them. They'd give their money willingly enough when we went for it, but I declare, there were some who, in all those years, never seemed to get it through their heads what the society was or what the dollar was for. They'd say: 'Foreign Missionary Society? Let me see—there are so many societies in the church. Is that the one Mrs. Benton is president of? Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, how much do I give?' and that's all they knew or cared about it. 'Bands?' No, we didn't do much in that way. We had a sort of a Band, one not very much alive, and not dead enough to bury—that kind you know; it needed looking after. That's the way we dawdled along.

"Well, after awhile, Miss Winsted—you know who she is, a real down-right smart woman—she began to get restless, and tried to stir us up. She'd keep telling us we might do so and so, but you know how hard it is to get people out of ruts, when they once get in.

"One winter she went on East to visit her father's folks in New York and Philadelphia. While she was there she went to some big missionary meetings and talked with the ladies who engineered them, and met some missionaries right straight from the 'front' (as it is called), and saw the places where the missionary magazines are made. The upshot of it was she got wonderfully stirred up, and when she came home just talked right and left.

"Pretty soon it came time for our annual meeting, and when the treasurer's report was read, there were some of the usual remarks about how well we'd done, and so on, and Mrs. Corey, the treasurer, says she: 'Yes, for eleven years we've never failed to come up to our pledge.' Then it just seemed as if Miss Winsted couldn't keep in any longer. Says she—

"That's all very well, but don't you think, friends, that eleven years is long enough to be faithful over such a very few things? We've cultivated our little plot of ground perseveringly, but now isn't it time to move the fence further out?"

"We were all taken aback by that speech, and sat staring without saying a word, till Mrs. Corey managed to gasp out, 'I don't know what you mean.' 'I mean,' says Miss Winsted, 'we ought to do more in this work.'

"What more is there to do?" says Mrs. Corey.  
 "'Why,' says Miss Winsted, and her dark eyes just flashed, 'What's a woman's society for, if not to stir up the whole congregation on the subject of missions? We are losing splendid chances. Why, I think a society that's contented merely to give some money annually, and hold meetings once a month in the corner of the lecture-room, doesn't live up to its privileges.'

"Privileges?" says Mrs. Corey.

"Yes," says Miss Winsted, 'Its our privilege to do everything in our power to interest all the women of the church, and the children, too. Who's going to look after them, if we don't? Instead of that poor little dead-and-alive Band, we ought to have all the children and young people enlisted; we ought to be working missionary literature in among the congregation; we ought to encourage our pastor to get up popular meetings, and here we sit

not doing much of anything; we don't even help along at monthly concert.'

"How are we going to help that way?" Miss Aldrich asked. 'Women are not allowed to speak in meeting in our church.'

"Nobody wants you to speak," says Miss Winsted. 'There are other ways of helping. Just you go regularly, and sit up in front, and look awfully interested, and sing out loud, and see if that don't help.'

"Miss Aldrich, she's a great laugh, and that appeared to tickle her, so she burst out laughing and the rest of us joined in. That put us all into better humor, for some were beginning to be real vexed with Miss Winsted for taking the wind out of our sails at such a rate. Then, before anyone could say anything more, Mrs. Benton says, 'Miss Winsted, you're right, we needed just that said to us—we've never been doing our duty.' 'Dear friends,' says she, 'let us kneel down and pray over it.'

"Such a heart-searching prayer I never heard in all my life. After it, we were ready to take hold and do any amount of work.

"Then we had a great discussion about what to do and how to do it. Suggestions were as thick as blackberries; it made one wonder where they'd been hiding all the time. One wanted to begin at the Band; another wanted to have the congregation canvassed; another thought a 'boom' in the way of a big meeting would be a good send-off. Miss Winsted thought where we ought to begin was right in our own Society.'

"Let's aim to get our contributing members all interested," says she. 'Let's get them all together, just once, to see each other, and realize they belong to the Society.'

"How are you going to do it?" asks Mrs. Carey. 'They won't come together. We've invited the many a time to the meetings.' 'Let us try it socially,' says Miss Winsted. How would it be to have a missionary tea-party—just the twenty-eight women who contribute this fifty dollars?"

"That idea took, and there was such a buzz about whether we ten who were present should club together and give the party to the rest, or whether we'd go around and talk them all into having a kind of picnic. While the rest of us were talking as fast as our tongues could rattle, I saw Mrs. Hirst getting red in the face, and fidgeting in her chair as if she wanted to say something. She's a first-rate woman, but not as bright as some, and no talker at all. She never opens her mouth in the meetings, but as she is always there and the only one who gives as high as ten dollars, we elected her vice-president, as then she'd have nothing to do. We were surprised to hear her speak up and say she would like to give that tea-party herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Hirst," says Mrs. Benton, 'it wouldn't be fair to let you have the whole burden of it.' 'Oh, yes it would,' says she, 'I can't talk and pray like the rest of you, but if a tea-party is going to help mission work, I'll take that for my share. If the good Lord didn't give me smartness, and did give me property, I think He means me to serve Him with property instead of brains.'

"Now wasn't it humble-minded in her to talk that way, and wasn't it good of her to offer to have the tea-party?"

"Well, the long and short of it is, in two weeks from that time we were at her house for tea, and she and Mrs. Benton had managed so well that all the members of the Society, old and young, rich and poor, were there.

"Mrs. Hirst had just the nicest kind of a tea, but it beat me to know how they were going to make a mis-

sionary tea of it; but half a dozen of the leading spirits were all primed, and before the tea-cups had got half-way round, they began talking about how pleasant it was to see all the members together, for once, and Mrs. Benton got Miss Winsted to tell about meeting in New York one of the teachers from the school in India where our money has been going so long. This interested them all mightily, and some asked questions, and Miss Winsted, she just started in and talked and Mrs. Benton and two or three others backed her up, so, among them, the supper was missionary all the way through, from the fried oysters and cold turkey to the preserves.

"In the parlor we found the table covered with Oriental views and curiosities that some of the ladies had contrived to collect, and the whole evening, except when we were singing some missionary hymns, was spent in looking at them, and as they led on, talking about Missions. On one table were a lot of missionary magazines and leaflets, and Mrs. Benton told the folks to help themselves, so everybody took something home to read.

"They were all just as pleased as they could be with the party, and when we were up stairs getting on our things, I heard Milly Harmon say, 'Just to think how much I've missed all these years. Here you've been learning and feeling and doing so much, and I might have had a share in it all if I'd only realized that I belonged! I feel like a long lost sister.'

"You can't imagine what a start that social meeting gave us. We set right to work after it, and now as far as the missionary spirit is concerned, you wouldn't know our church to be the same place it was three years ago. We're only sorry we didn't think of moving the fence out sooner."—Enima L. Burnett, in *Woman's Work*.

## The Hindus of Southern India.

BY REV. JOHN H. WYCKOFF.

The Madras Presidency, which forms the southern portion of the peninsula of India, contains a population of about 31,000,000. Of this number, fully 29,000,000 are Hindus; the remainder being Mohammedans (1,900,000), Eurasians (half-castes), Europeans and other foreigners. The Hindus, except a very few of the old warrior and merchant castes, may be all included under three divisions: Brahmins, Sudras and out-castes; the Brahmins constituting 4 per cent., the Sudras 75 per cent., and the out-castes 20 per cent. of the whole.

The Brahmins, although bring so small a portion of the population, are by far the most influential section. From time immemorial, they have formed the learned caste, and continue to hold that position. They are divided into two classes—religious and secular. The former devote themselves exclusively to religious duties, and act as priests to the Sudras. They officiate at the temples; perform ceremonies at marriages and funerals; name auspicious days; read and teach the Shasters, and attend to other duties peculiar to the priestly office.

The secular class take up salaried appointments, chiefly under government, but not such as require any manual labor. The majority of government posts open to natives are filled by them. They act as local magistrates, lawyers, clerks, professors and teachers. Probably 60 per cent. of the pupils in English schools are Brahmins. Of 1,394 university graduates in 1883-4, 899 were of this class. They possess wonderfully acute intellects; in fact, there appears to be no intellectual attainment to which they are not capable of rising. For indomitable perseverance and patient performance of duty, the Brahmins cannot be

surpassed. But with their good traits is mingled so much hypocrisy, selfishness and pride, that few of them win the confidence and respect of Europeans. In many points they correspond to the Pharisees of Christ's day; but the Pharisees seem to have been men of upright moral walk, while the Brahmins are cunning, deceptive, and untruthful. Their one object in life is self-exaltation, to accomplish which they do not hesitate to resort to the very lowest species of craft and fraud. Of the two classes, the moral character of the secular appears to be better than that of the religious section; their contact with English gentlemen and English literature, tending to create in them a measure of manliness and self-respect.

The religious class live by imposing upon the credulity of the Sudras. The expedients that they adopt for encouraging the superstitions of the people and extorting from them money, are so varied and so wicked as to be almost incredible. A short acquaintance with the Brahmins is sufficient to convince one that they belong to a race distinct from the rest of the Hindus. Well made, with finely modelled lips and nose, fair complexion and high forehead, they stand out from the bulk of the people superior in physical and intellectual endowments. In other words, they are the same race as ourselves, being a part of the great Aryan stock which formerly existed in Central Asia, but separated; a portion of them to people Europe and the rest to settle in India. "They are an example," says Hunter, "of a class becoming the ruling power in a country, not by force of arms, but by the vigor of hereditary culture. One race has swept across India after another; dynasties have risen and fallen; religions have spread themselves over the land and disappeared; but since the dawn of history the Brahmin has calmly ruled, swaying the minds and receiving the homage of the people, and accepted by foreign nations as the highest type of Indian mankind."

But by far the largest class of the Hindu population are the Sudras. This term, meaning *slave*, and used by Menu to denote the lowest of the four great castes, is a misnomer when applied to the Dravidians of Southern India, who hold a position far superior to the Sudras of North India. The Sudras of the South are virtually the people. They own the soil and till it; they are the artisans and tradesmen. The Brahmins are the head; the Sudras the trunk of the body politic. When the Brahmins came amongst them they were rude and uncivilized. Through them they learned the arts and sciences, and many of them now possess all the refinement and culture of their teachers. It is a question, though, whether the Dravidians would not have been better off without the civilization of the Aryans. For while the Brahmins improved their dialects, and taught them many useful arts, yet, by bringing them under the influence of a pantheistic religion, they perverted their moral sense, and bound them fast to error by the chains of caste.

Consequently, we find the morals of the Sudras quite as corrupt as those of the Brahmins. They are deceitful, cunning, woefully avaricious and licentious. Blind adherence to ancient custom is the sole religion of the Sudra. He deems it as perilous to forsake custom as for the locomotive to quit the line. With the theory of religion he has nothing to do; that he relegates to the Brahmins. He concludes that as it is easier, so it is better to believe than to reason. Occasionally he takes a cocoanut, breaks it before the village idol, pours the milk on the ground, prostrates himself before it with folded hands, and makes short petition for some temporal blessing. This, together with a faithful attendance upon the religious festivals and the usual offerings to the village priest, make up the practical



side of his religion. His creed, as taught him by the Brahmins, has been outlined by some one as follows :

"He believes the stone idol which stands in the village street to be really and truly God. Would his forefathers have worshipped, if it were merely stone? Does it not avert danger, remove disease, send rain and fruitful seasons? Would it do this if it were not God?"

"He believes in the omnipresence of God; and concludes that as we cannot see the great God, we must worship something in which he is.

"He believes that all men are puppets, moved to virtue and vice by God who dwells in them. This rids him of all personal responsibility and makes him indifferent to his future destiny, whether it be heaven or hell.

"He believes in the transmigration of souls; and that he is in bondage to the deeds of a former birth. He is thus a firm fatalist. All that he enjoys or suffers is inevitable; cannot be otherwise.

"He believes in the indulgence of God. That the feeding of a few lazy Brahmins or mendicants is sufficient to remove his most heinous crimes."

Moreover, he is a tenacious caste-holder. As the Brahmins have held aloof from the Sudras, constituting themselves a distinct caste, so they have encouraged the Sudras to form themselves into different castes. It is not known how many different divisions of the Sudras there are, but they certainly number several hundreds. Besides the cultivators, which are most numerous, there are weavers, smiths, shepherds, potters, carpenters; each trade constituting a distinct caste, and the members of different castes not being allowed to eat, drink nor intermarry with one another. Each caste is further divided into classes; each class sub-divided; and the process of division is often carried to such an extent that a person is forced to marry within a circle of fifty or sixty families. A man who violates caste-rules is excluded from caste-privileges. No man is allowed to give him work, water, food or fire, nor have any intercourse with him. He is thus either forced to relent or become an out-caste altogether.

As a matter of practice, the different castes are beginning to change their occupation. As the Brahmins have left their priestly calling to take up lucrative appointments under government, so the Sudras are abandoning their hereditary trades and engaging in whatever occupation they find most profitable or congenial. They now compete with Brahmins for the very highest offices, so that it is not an uncommon thing to find a Sudra magistrate with Brahmins for subordinates. They send their children freely to English schools, and during the last ten years the study of Sanscrit has also been revived among them, and even the Vedas, which Menu declared were not for the "ears of Sudras," are being studied by them in the sacred tongue.

The rest of the Hindus of Southern India are included under the title of *Out-castes*. They number about one-fifth of the population. Some have thought them to be aboriginal tribes anterior to the Sudras, but the more common opinion is that they are Dravidians, possibly some of them Aryans, who for various offences have been expelled from caste and reduced to their present position by long years of oppression. Theoretically, they are not supposed to have any caste, but in reality they have nearly as many divisions as the Sudras, and are almost as great sticklers for caste rights and privileges.

By far the most numerous class among them are the *Pariahs*, who probably make up three-fourths of the whole. The hereditary position of the Pariahs is that of servants to the high-caste Sudras, by whom they are treated with

the utmost severity. Many of them have sold themselves and their families for a few rupees into a servitude practically perpetual, since there is no hope of their being able to command a sum sufficient to redeem themselves.

Nearly all the servants to Europeans in India belong to this class. They are employed from necessity, since no respectable Sudra could be found who would perform many of the menial services required, such as killing and cooking beef, cleaning shoes, etc., against which the Pariah has no scruples. In recent years the military and police departments have been open to them, and some of them have attained considerable distinction in government service. In point of physical strength and courage they are superior to most of the other castes, and though naturally inferior in mental calibre, yet when opportunities are offered they show themselves capable of intellectual advancement. They follow the religion of the Brahmins, but have their own priests, called *Valluvar*, who are named in derision—the Brahmins of the Pariahs. Nearly all the educational efforts amongst them have been made by the missionaries, and as they advance in intelligence they usually accept Christianity, which raises their social position.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### K. Kamiah.

Readers of the LINK will be sorry to hear of the death of Kamiah, my faithful overseer. Under my superintendence he built the chapel at Akidu and the Rest-House at Cocanada. But our sisters will feel even a deeper interest in being reminded that he built also the Memorial House at Akidu, and the Matron's House and Zenana Workers' Home at Cocanada, all of these buildings being specially connected with the work for women and girls. His help was invaluable to me during the erection of the new buildings at Cocanada. Just as soon as possible, Kamiah and I came to Tunni to begin the completion of the house left unfinished by Mr. Currie, a year ago. We came here in the midst of the hottest weather about two months ago. After giving directions about the work I returned home but Kamiah remained, and for two or three weeks I received reports of work done. I left Cocanada for Akidu on the 9th June, and on the 10th Kamiah arrived from Tunni seriously ill. Mrs. Craig went to see him, and hoped he would soon be better; but on the 13th she was shocked to hear of his death.

In some respects he was a remarkable man. He had seen a great deal of the country, having been at various times in northern India, Hyderabad, and other places. He was intimately associated with missionaries for many years. When Mr. Timpany was at Ramapatnam, Kamiah was with him for four years. He also served with Mr. Clough at Ongole, and Mr. Loughridge at Secunderabad. At Mr. Timpany's request he entered my service at the beginning of 1882, and as is well known, he has been a great help ever since then in the management of the secular affairs of the mission. Sometimes in private conversation he said he believed in Christ and prayed every day. But he never became bold enough to confess his faith, if it was really genuine, and that is a secret known only to the Searcher of hearts.

I believe that he was really faithful in money matters, and a Brahman who is that is a treasure, in this land of deceit. His youngest son was at Cocanada, but the two older ones were near Nellore, they came to Cocanada a few days ago. I intend to employ the second son, at

least for a time. The widowed mother is at Cocanada, but will probably go to her relatives near Nellore. The youngest son tells me that his father was 55 years old.

I am at Tunj again for a few days to see how the work has progressed. There is a great change in the appearance of the house, and probably another month will suffice for its completion. I have often thought of sending the LINK sketches of some of my Telugu friends, and I had Kamiah's name down on the list. But I little thought that his death would be the occasion of my writing a brief sketch of his work; yet so it is.

Will the readers of the LINK please remember to pray for Kamiah's widow and three sons, that they may come to the light, and walk in the light, confessing publicly their faith in the Saviour of the world.

JOHN CRAIG.

Tunj, July 11th, 1887.

### The Seminary Boys.

In a former letter I said I would later on say something about the boys and give those interested in any particular one an idea where he is and what he is doing. I do not suppose I shall meet the expectations of all, as I may omit the very names some may be looking for. In case I do Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin are in Canada and can give any additional information that may be desired. As you have been made acquainted with the boys already, I shall have no occasion to characterise them further than the mention of their names, work and villages:

1. Godavalli Satzanandam, graduated in April and is engaged in preaching at Kalukuru.
  2. Nitta Philip accompanies Bapati Jean who is stationed at Doutaram.
  3. Bapati Jean, preaching, Doutaram.
  4. Karuturi Aaron, tours with Joseph of Akidu.
  5. Karuturi Solomon, tours with Chiuna Joseph of Asaram.
  6. Pautakani Samuel, teaching at Pnalipudi.
  7. Chilla Meshech, tours with Philemon of Ganajavaram.
  8. Dukka Amrutalul, teaching at Chinnipalem.
  9. Pasala Samuel, preaching at time of writing, but thinking of attending a private school elsewhere until the Seminary re-opens. He is a fine character and as he has a thirst for knowledge, we may hope for a good deal from him.
  10. Betala Tatia,
  11. Je Pal Das,
  12. Bantu Bimudu,
  13. Pennada David,
  14. Korati Joseph,
  15. Marii Venkajya,
- These boys are not at work, being suspended on account of having broken the rules of the school. But in August the time of their suspension will have expired when Tatia, Je Pal Das, Venkajya, who are the making of good men, will be given work, Je Pal Das probably at Jaggampoti, and the other two somewhere in the Cocanada field. The others will be considered about the same time.
16. Talari Banyam is teaching in Zellapalem near Samulootta.
  17. Rannakuri Noah has been ill, but when well teaches at Artamuru.
  18. Pantakani Subbarayudu, teaching at Appapuram.
  19. Palukurti Guanandam, preaching at Peyyuru.

20. Burapalli Samuel, tours with Enoch of Bodagunta.
21. Kummukuri Peter, teaching at Bodagunta.
22. Charles Burder, studying in Cocanada.
23. Palipo Luke, has been teaching, but I have forgotten the name of the village.
24. Mangam Samuel, I think, will be teaching.

The smaller boys have returned to their villages and do not call for mention. Those who are preaching or teaching still need provision, and this can be easily made if the interest in them is continued. When the Seminary opens in July, 1888, many of the above will return, besides new boys. Accordingly on the re-opening another and fuller account may be given.

J. R. STILLWELL.

Samulootta, June 27th, 1887.

### Chicacole.

MY DEAR LINK,—Your issue of May reached our Indian home yesterday. It contains a letter of mine, wherein are some typographical errors, which you will surely permit me to correct. In the first column of my letter, twenty-fourth line from the bottom, "Jesajah," should read "Yerricah"; and in the third column, second line from the top, "Kelly," should be "Relly." I know of no such class of people among the Telugus as Kelly; but the Rellies are the lowest of all the castes or outcasts. There is also a statement in the same letter which unintentionally is not quite correct. I say in the third column that "he remained firm in his decision not to go back into caste." He did for some time, but at last told them they could do what they liked with him, but he would never give up his faith in Jesus. They did take him back, but made the ceremonies very light. They did not burn his tongue with a hot needle, neither did they cause him to drink the compound, which is administered on such occasions. They poured it upon his hand, and a little extra money made up for the omission, and his relatives were willing to do almost anything to get him back. His name is Krishnamurti, and all last week he was going in and out among us here at Chicacole preaching, praying and talking to many about the Saviour he had found. He had a bright, happy face, and the dark cloud that used often to settle upon it has left no shadow. He remained with his people from December 25th to March 20th, yet daily visited the mission house, and attended the meetings. Perhaps the struggle through which he passed, as well as the trying times of the missionaries who worked with him and prayed for him are indescribable. If any of you have ever come face to face with the power of darkness in the long wrestle for an immortal soul, you can understand. But Krishnamurti is now a living, loving, working Christian, and we believe that he will ultimately overcome and be clothed with white raiment, which is the righteousness of saints.

In connection with him I often think of what David said, "Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him, talk ye of all His wondrous works; glory ye in His holy name." The strong hand of the Lord was between him and the violence that some of the people wished his friends to inflict.

Some of you may remember of hearing of the Brahmin who was baptized a few years ago, who was dragged by his friends and taken away to Bimlipatam. He has changed much during these years, and there is a look in his face that sends a chill to my heart every time I see him. He reminds me of those who are shut up within the walls of insane asylums, and of the lost in the world

of woe. Pray for us that the Lord will greatly magnify His own name among us here this year, and that His power to save may be made manifest.

We had some excellent meetings here last week, and many heard the gospel with much evident interest. Our work is looking up on every side, but we do not yet see that which we desire.

Yours as ever,

June 16th, 1887.

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### NOTICE TO DELEGATES.

AYLMER, ONT.—All Circles sending delegates to the annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Ontario, to be held at Aylmer, in October next, are requested to send names and addresses as soon as possible to the billeting committee; please address Mrs. Dr. Clark, Aylmer, Ont.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. H. AND F. M. SOCIETY OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

DEAR LINK.—If any of your readers have tried to keep up a correspondence while attending our convention meetings, they will understand what a difficult task it is, so many old friends to greet, and new ones to make, meetings to attend and new places to visit, that you scarcely know how to collect your thoughts. Still there is comfort in the thought that if any thing is forgotten one month, it can be placed before your readers the next. This is the first time that our convention has met in Prince Edward Island, but from present appearance it is not likely to be the last. The church here is small but earnest and faithful, and everything is being done to make the delegates feel at home.

Last year our sisters felt that our business was being done too hurriedly, too much crowded into one day, so that during this session we have arranged for two afternoon meetings, besides the meetings of the executive. The Baptist Church being fully occupied with the meetings of the brethren, one of the Methodist Churches has been kindly placed at the disposal of our Union. It is pleasantly situated, with ample accommodation, and nothing can exceed the hospitality of the pastor, Rev. Job Shenton. Indeed he seems unable to do enough in order to make us feel at home. Our first meeting was held last Saturday afternoon, 20th. From 2 till 2.30 being devoted to a prayer-meeting, which was led by Mrs. Martell, County Agent for Colchester, N. S.

Not a moment was lost; all felt the need of the Master's presence, and after the reading of the "great commission," praise and prayer made the half hour seem all too short. On the President taking the chair, the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. There followed the annual report from our Secretary, Mrs. John March. It would be neither satisfactory to reader nor writer, were this to be simply quoted from. But I can assure your readers that its perusal, when printed, will well repay them.

We all regretted the absence of our Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Manning, though we were glad that a visit to England was the only cause of her detention. Her place was ably supplied by Mrs. Parsons, of Halifax, N. S., one of the Vice-Presidents of our Union. This report shewed that the total raised by the Union for this year was \$3,800.84. Total raised last year \$3,190.08, making an increase this

year of \$610.76; of this increase, \$352.46 was for Foreign and \$258.30 for Home Missions. To show from whence this increase came: Nova Scotia raised last year \$1,782.90, this year \$2,212.75, showing an increase for Nova Scotia of \$429.85; New Brunswick raised last year \$1,024.06, this year \$1,988.29, showing an increase for New Brunswick \$964.23; Prince Edward Island reported last year \$501.35, this year \$241.60, showing a decrease for the Island of \$259.75. This report was received by the Union with a gratitude which could only express itself than in the words, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," which seemed to burst simultaneously from every heart. May the same feeling of gratitude lead through the coming year to renewed consecration, and to more intense effort on the part of every sister.

Of the sum raised, \$3,000 had been paid in to our Foreign Mission Board as pledged, and \$258.30 paid in to A. Cohoon, Treasurer of the Home Mission Board. In view of this increased blessing, in that the Lord "enabled His people during the year to offer so willingly," the Union felt that in their appropriations for the coming year they must go even further than last. So it was unanimously agreed that we pledge ourselves to the sum of \$3,500 this year, to be appropriated in the following ways:

Miss Grey.....	\$ 500 00
"    Travelling expenses.....	15 00
"    Bible Women.....	60 00
Miss Wright.....	500 00
"    Travelling expenses.....	25 00
"    Bible Women.....	75 00
School at Rimlipatam.....	100 00
"    Chicacole.....	150 00
"    Bobbill.....	100 00
Books at Rimlipatam.....	40 00
"    Chicacole.....	50 00
"    Bobbill.....	20 00
Missionaries' salaries.....	1865 00

Reports from the Provincial Secretaries came next. It was regretted that owing to ill health Mrs. Selden had been obliged again to send her report, instead of bringing it; but still deeper was the regret when the President announced that she held in her hand Mrs. Selden's resignation, as Provincial Secretary for Nova Scotia, her health not permitting her to retain it longer. In earnest words which touched every heart, Mrs. Williams spoke of her own deep sorrow in losing Mrs. Selden, and it was unanimously resolved that the Secretary convey to Mrs. Selden, the deep regret of the Union at her withdrawal from active service, and their high appreciation of her work.

(To be continued.)

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 1887.

### MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.

Dear Mrs. Newman.—I had the privilege of attending this meeting, held this year at the Thousand Island Park, N. Y., from the 10th to the 17th of August, and a more delightful way of spending a week, would be difficult to find. The Park itself is very attractive, but added to that, was an opportunity of meeting a large number of men and women whose names have been familiar, and whose work we have been watching with deep interest, for years.

Perhaps I had better explain a little about this Union. It admits to its membership, any who have labored as missionaries, whether they have hope of returning to their fields or not, and all who are under appointment; it has had an existence for four years; and last, but by no means least, it is entirely undenominational.

This year there were sixty-nine missionaries present, and each one who spoke, emphasized the importance of woman's work. Bishop Hurst said that *one* dollar in the woman's treasury was worth *two* in any other; it must be because we pray so much over our work. Dr. Phillips, in speaking on medical missions, says:—"A lady physician has prejudices to overcome, but she can do it, and then her field is a very large one, she can easily find more work than she has time to accomplish."

One evening during the week was given to the women, addresses from Mrs. House, Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Beldon, Miss Gulick and our own Miss Frith, were listened to with much interest. Dr. House gave his wife strict injunctions to keep out of the pulpit while she was at home, but the dear old lady says, "Though I may keep out of the pulpit, I cannot be silent when I think of my poor, degraded sisters; while I live I *must* speak for them." A meeting such as this, is calculated to make one realize the immensity of the work before us. We may think we have done something, but oh! when we hear so many cries for help, any little we may have done is swallowed up in the *much* we ought to do. Without saying any more, I would advise any who want to spend a profitable as well as a pleasant week, to attend the meetings of the Union next summer. For further information write to the Secretary, Rev. C. W. Park, Birmingham, Ct.

Yours,

LEILA JAMIESON.

### News from the Circles.

WILKESBORO.—We were organized a year ago with seven members; we now number sixteen. We have added to the funds collected from members \$12.20, by a sale of fancy and useful articles, also by an autograph quilt. We had a public meeting on our anniversary, at which Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Baker, of Sarnia, assisted us. Collection amounted to \$9.90.

L. A. SELMAN, Sec.

ATWOOD.—Our Circle, organized a year ago, has gained seven members. Ten of our members take the LINK, with which all are well pleased. Our meetings are very interesting and profitable; the work is very encouraging. Those who manifested no interest at first are now putting their hands and hearts to the work. We have raised \$17. We hope to do better in the future.

ADDIE ROBERTSON, Sec.

ACTON.—Our Circle, organized about five months ago, has increased to fifteen members, that being about half the lady members of the church. Miss McKichnie visited us, and gave great encouragement by an address on Missions, the great need of more work, etc. We have raised about \$6.

BARBARA WARREN, Sec.

BRAMPTON BAND.—We organized little more than a year ago with 20 members; we now have 44. August 18th we held our first public meeting; programme consisted of songs, dialogues, recitations, etc., chiefly by the members. Mrs. Tapscott, our President, gave an address, containing much interesting information. Amount realized from meeting \$18 clear. We feel greatly encouraged, and surely have reason to be thankful.

ALICE JAYRB, Sec.

### New Circles.

ESSEX CENTER.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized July 2nd. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. P. Campbell; *Sec.*, Miss A. S. Ballard; *Treas.*, Mrs. T. H. DeShaw.

PARKDALE.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized July 27th. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Wurtele; *Sec.*, Mrs. Gregory; *Treas.*, Miss Slight.

ACTON.—A Mission Band organized by Miss McKichnie, Miss Moffatt, *Pres.* The Band seems in a very prosperous condition, all seem interested and willing to take part.

JUBILEE CHURCH.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized June 22nd. Officers: *Pres.*, Mrs. Eloit; *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. Allen Weaver; *Sec.*, Miss Annie McIntyre; *Treas.*, Miss Jane Saxton.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

#### A Letter from China.

T'ai-yuen Fu, Shan-Si North China.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Perhaps you would like to hear a little about my Sunday school. You would think it a very funny one, I am sure, if you could lift up the large wadded curtain that hangs before the door, and peep in at us some Sunday afternoon. You would see a lot of little creatures with dirty faces (I hope none of you ever come to school like that), and all, boys and girls, with dark-blue cotton-wadded trousers and loose wadded jackets on. They look almost as broad as they are long, and I am sure you would laugh at them, and they would think you quite as funny. Their hair is long, and plaited down their backs in a pig-tail; but the girls have theirs done up in a large bob at the side of their heads: the little ones have all their hair shaved off except one little tuft on the left side. I think I told you about the poor girl's feet, and you have seen the tiny shoes the women wear.

"Well, now I have described their dress; I must tell you they all sit down on the straw mats round me, and I wish you could hear them sing, so heartily, in their own language, that pretty little hymn, 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' We clap our hands for two reasons, one that we may keep good time, and the other that it may please the tines; for I have some very little children who cry at first, because they are afraid of me. My little girl sits with them, and loves to sing too. Then I tell them about Jesus; often they have to be told who Jesus is, for they know nothing about Him. Dear children, you don't know what a great blessing it is to be born an English child, and how good God is to give you kind teachers who tell you so much about Jesus, and oh, how dreadful it will be for you, if you do not accept the good news! God grant that every one of you may love and serve the Lord Jesus whilst you are young.

"Well, these Chinese don't sleep on beds as we do in England; they have brick bedsteads, with a fire underneath in the winter-time. These have a straw mat on the top, and they roll themselves up in a wadded counterpane. This is folded in three, two thicknesses under them and one on the top, so that there are no draughts like we have in our beds; but sometimes these 'fangs' as they are called, get so hot that they can hardly bear it. I was once sleeping on one when I was

ill, and it got so hot, that we could not bear our hands on the mat, and I had to be lifted on to a board.

"The Chinese do not sit down together at a table when they have their food, but sit like frogs about the place, each having a basin and a pair of chop-sticks, with which they eat up either rice with chilies in it, or a yellow grain with pumpkin boiled in it, or long strips of paste, made of flour and water. Sometimes they eat little puddings, with meat and vegetables all chopped up very fine; and they always drink a basin of the water in which their food has been cooked. They are so fond of onions and garlic! They like tea, too, but not as we have it. A little pinch of tea is put in each one's cup, and then boiling water poured upon it—no sugar or milk. Would you like to come and have a meal with them? They have only two a day.

"A friend of mine went to a village yesterday to tell some people who didn't know that there is one in heaven who loves them, and on the road she met a long string of donkeys. She asked the man who was driving her cart where they were going, and what was going to be done with them. 'Oh,' he said, 'they are going to the city to be killed; for their flesh is very nice to eat; so tender, and cheaper than beef or mutton. It has a nice smell with it too.'

"We don't mind their eating donkeys, or anything else, but we do mind their kneeling down and praying to idols of wood and stone, instead of to our loving God. Do pray, dear children, those of you who love Jesus, that they may come to our chapels or houses, and learn about Him. They, or at least some of them, do not know why we strange, white people (they are quite brown and yellow-looking) have come to their country, and often they call after us, 'Foreign devils! foreign devils!' but when once they get to know us, it is all different, for they soon get to understand that we love them, and want to do them good; and they many of them love us in return. "But I must close this letter now, dear children, hoping to hear that many of you have given your hearts to the dear Saviour; and with many thanks,

—Gleanings. "I remain your-sincere friend,  
"MARY RENDALL"

"Whose work are we doing? Surely it is not for the sake of ourselves that we collect money, but for our Lord and Master. It is His work, and let us do it unto Him. I think if we go about our missionary work in this spirit, glad to do anything for Him who laid down His life for us, and looking up to Him for strength and blessing, difficulties will vanish away, and we shall feel ashamed that we should ever, even for a moment, have been tempted to think anything hard or unpleasant in His dear service."

#### ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. M. A. Castle, 401 Sherbourne St., Toronto; Sec., Miss Buchanan, 125 Bloor St. east, Toronto; Treas., Mrs. Jessie L. Elliott, 231 Wellesley St., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres., Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 461 Upper St. Urbane St. Montreal; Sec. Miss Muir, 1460 St. Catherine St., Montreal; Treas. Mrs. M. A. Smith, 2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

Lower Provinces: Pres. Mrs. M. W. Williams, Wolfville, N.S.; Sec. Mrs. John March, St. John, N.B.; Treas. Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie St., Halifax, N.S.

Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N.S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from Mission workers residing in that region.

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

Receipts from June 26th, to August 31st, inclusive.

Atwood M.C. \$3; St. Thomas M.C. \$7; Peterboro' M.E. \$6.97; Woodstock M.C. \$11; Belleville M.C. \$7; Mount Forest M.C. \$9.38; Waterford M.C. \$10; St. George M.C. \$3.88; Ancaster M.C. \$7.00; Goble's Corners M.C. \$6.60; Brantford, East Ward M.C. \$3; Mrs. Smith 10c.; Lindsay M.C. \$2.90; Hillsburgh M.C. \$10; Wilkesport M.C. \$4; The "Daisy Blackhall" Mission Fund, Winnipeg, \$25 for the support of Sathyavada, a girl in the sixth class, at the Cocanada Boarding School; Winnipeg M.C. \$15; Ailsa Craig M.C. \$8; Ingersoll M.C. \$10; Selwyn M.C. \$11.50; Sarnia Township M.C. \$8; Toronto, Alexander Street M.C. \$11.85; Toronto, Alexander Street M.B. \$2.75; Tiverton M.C. \$5; London, Adelaide Street M.C. \$33 (Fees \$12.35; Sale of Maps of Mission Field \$2.50; By an aged member \$5; Collection at meeting addressed by Messrs. Laffame and Davis \$13.15); Theford M.C. \$3; Guelph M.C. \$10; Port Perry M.C. \$5; Uxbridge M.B. \$9.40; Eversley M.B. \$2.50; Port Colborne M.C. \$850; Toronto, Bloor Street M.C. \$19.55; Toronto, Bloor Street M.B. \$6.11; Norwich M.C. \$3; North Bruce M.C. \$7.39; Wingham M.C. \$6.25; 2nd King M.C. \$4.67; Brooke M.C. \$3.02; South Arthur M.C. \$3.50; Toronto, College Street M.B. \$3 (for the support of No. 12, B. Lydia); Wyoming M.C. \$9; Beachville M.C. \$14; Toronto, Queen Street M.C. \$4; Clarksburg M.C. \$3; Mount Elgin M.C. \$4.50; Malahide and Bayham M.C. \$4; Peterboro' M.C. \$10.80; Brampton M.B. \$18 (proceeds of concert); Stayner M.C. \$1.60; Toronto, College Street M.C. \$10.25; Sunderland M.C. \$5; Boston M.B. \$25 (\$5 of this from Mission Boxes). Total, \$428.38.

MRS. JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

231 Wellesley Street.

#### ERRORS LAST MONTH.

The amount credited to Brampton M.B. last month should have been \$3.51 instead of \$316. Mount Brydges should have been credited with \$2.02. Miss McNeil, Paisley, \$5. Not Miss McMichael. College Street Boy's Mission Band should have been credited with \$8. The \$25 credited to Woodstock was to make Mrs. Carryer a life member.

## WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from June 24th to August 24th, 1887.

Ottawa, \$65; Hull, \$2; Montreal, \$10 (T. B. C. donation); Perth, \$5; Papineauville, \$4. Total, \$86.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas.,

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

## The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. H. A. Newman, 112 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

Dudley & Burns, Printers, 11 Colborne St., Toronto.