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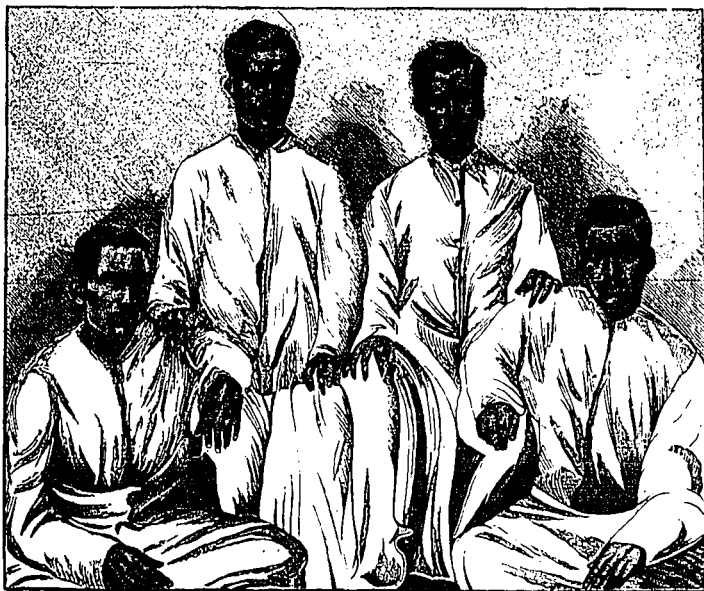
The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 9, No. 1.] "*The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.*"—Is. lx. 3. (Sept., 1886.)



First Graduating Class, Samulcotta Seminary.

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK.

July 16th, near Samulocotta, India, on the Canadian Baptist Mission Boat "T. S. Shonston," the wife of John Craig, of a son.

SAMULCOTTA GRADUATE.—We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this month a picture of the first graduating class of the Samulocotta Seminary. Who can estimate the power for good that these four men, carefully trained and consecrated to Christ's service, represent? We hope to hear of these men from time to time as leaders in Christian work, and we trust that year by year gradually increasing classes will go forth into the great harvest field. We are doing no more important work in India than that of training native preachers and teachers. Through these chiefly must India be evangelized.

WOMEN'S MEETING AT ST. JOHN.—We congratulate our sisters of the Maritime Provinces on the successful year's work of which Miss Johnson has furnished us with an excellent report. They have raised more than they undertook to raise, as women generally do, and have undertaken to do greater things next year. The Home Mission Society now appeals to them for help, and we are glad that they feel inclined to share this burden also with the brethren. We believe that they can and will furnish valuable assistance to the Home Mission cause without interfering in the slightest with what they are doing for India; nay, if our experience in Ontario is worth anything the work for Foreign Missions will be greatly stimulated by taking up Home Mission work.

DEATH OF REV. G. F. CURRIE.—The hearts of the friends of missions in Canada have been again saddened by the death of Rev. G. F. Currie, of Tuni, India, which occurred about the last of July. We hope, next month, to be able to publish a sketch of his life, and particulars about his last illness and death. His bereaved family deserve and will have the hearty sympathy of our readers. May some one of equal devotion be speedily raised up to take the place of him who has fallen heroically at his post!

DEATH OF REV. WM. GEORGE.—Still another devoted Missionary has been called to his reward. A few days after the death of Mr. Currie, occurred that of Rev. Wm. George of Zeegong, Burmah. Like Mr. Currie, he belonged to the Maritime Provinces; but he has been laboring in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union. Our readers know something of his work through the letters of Mrs. George to the LINK. May God bless the bereaved!

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISSIONARIES.—We have received from Mr. Poole, photographer, of St. Catharines, an excellent cabinet photograph of the late Rev. G. F. Currie, of India. He is prepared to supply copies of this as well as photographs of our other missionaries, at 25 cents each. Mission Circles may secure these photographs in quantities for sale at reduced rates. Write to Mr. Poole.

A REQUEST.—Rev. J. R. Stillwell, one of our missionaries, is anxious to secure a complete set of the back numbers of the LINK. If any of our readers can furnish him with a full set, or any considerable part of a set, we shall be glad to hear from them. Please write to us before sending, as several might send the same numbers.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—We are at present receiving more postage stamps in payment of subscriptions to the LINK than we can readily dispose of.

We trust that, in view of this fact, our friends will send stamps only when they cannot conveniently remit in any other way. One cent stamps can be used to better advantage than three cent stamps or those of larger denominations. We do not wish to be understood, however, as refusing to receive stamps. We greatly prefer even stamps to long delay in remitting.

REVISING OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST.—We propose soon to send to some member of each Circle in which there are subscribers in arrears, printed copies of the list for the post office of the Circle. We request that those receiving these lists will look over them carefully, and ascertain whether those in arrears wish to continue, and if they do not, will check them off and return the lists to us. We trust that those to whom the lists are sent will use every effort to secure the renewal of as many as possible of those in arrears.

HEADING OF THE LINK.—A few months ago our printer took it into his head to change the type of the heading of the LINK, and in setting it up again in the new type, inadvertently substituted *Ontario* for *Canada* in the second line. This unfortunate change we failed to notice until it was pointed out by a sister in St. John. Our readers may rest assured that we have no intention of narrowing our constituency; but that, on the other hand, we wish the paper to represent, to the fullest possible extent, the foreign missionary work of the Baptists of the Dominion. We regret that the missionaries of the Maritime Board do not more frequently favor us with letters. We should also be glad to publish more home news from the Maritime Provinces.

MISSION FUNDS.—We are informed that the funds of the Baptist Foreign Mission Society of Ontario and Quebec are coming in very slowly, and that there is at present a large deficiency. Extraordinary efforts will be necessary during the next six weeks to prevent serious embarrassment. The receipts of the Women's Societies are, we judge, in advance of last year, and some relief may be expected from this source; but, making due allowance for this, a heavy deficit seems to stare the General Board in the face. We fear that the treasury of the General Board is suffering from lack of sufficient agency. The district secretaries are doing what they can, doubtless, but they are busy pastors, and cannot by any means, cover the ground. When a missionary is at home, his presence among the churches is a stimulus to liberality to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed. Missionary vacations, even from a financial point of view, are by no means to be looked upon as unmitigated evils.

Other Sheep.

"Other sheep I have,"—JOHN x. 16.

Oh, Jesus, write it deepest on my heart,
When most I feel how precious
In Thy shepherd's love Thou art :
When most I prize the shelter
And comfort of the fold,
Let me think of those that wander
Weary, out on wild and wold,
With no shepherd's hand to lead them,
And no shepherd's voice to cheer,
As they stumble o'er the stony way,
Or faint in darkness drear ;
Let me think of them as Thou dost,
Who hast died for them and me,
Till I know how great Thy love of them,
How great their lack of Thee.

"Them I must bring,"—

Dear Jesus let me go with Thee, I pray.
To seek these 'other sheep' of Thine,
On mountain-wastes that stray ;
Sweet is the shelter of the fold,
The rest of perfect trust,
But mighty is the sasion
Of the love-impelling *must* ;
If Thou must tread the rock-waste,
And climb the rugged height,
Urged by the blast of lost ones,
On through the starless night,
Oh, oh! the heart within me
That inclines to idle rest,
And breathe in all its ardour
Thy great zeal into my breast.

"They shall hear My voice,"—

Yes, Jesus, they shall hear Thy voice, not mine ;
Hearts catch the faintest whisper
When the whisper is Divine :
I'll walk with Thee in silence,
In the hush of holy thought,
That Thou may'st use my lips to call
The sheep that Thou hast bought
Home from the desert bleakness,
And the blight and bane of sin,
Home to the greenest pastures
And the rest of 'gathered in' ;
And all the way Thou'lt whisper
The truth Thou once has told,
Of the blood-bought flock ingathered
To 'ons Shepherd' and 'one fold.'

Victoria, W. Africa.

R. WRIGHT HAY.

—*English Miss. Herald.*

Faith Triumphant.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BECHWANA MISSION.

From the commencement of the Bechwana Mission by Hamilton and Read in 1816, for a period of more than ten years not a ray of light shot across the gloom to cheer the hearts of the missionaries. A dull and stolid indifference reigned ; the Batlaping would talk of any ordinary subject, and were willing to avail themselves of the presence of the white people in their country for any temporal advantage that might be within their reach, but the moment a word was said about Divine things, their ears seemed to become deaf at once, and they would walk away, determined to have nothing to do with that foolishness.

To people like the missionaries, whose whole heart

was in their work, who believed that all said in the New Testament about the solemn eventualities of another world was literally true and no mere figure of speech, who looked at the heathen around them, and felt that they were verily perishing, it was a sore trial of faith to go on, year after year, with their message burning in their hearts.

The darkness was long and gloomy beyond compare, but there was no wavering of faith. There were times, indeed, when the brethren, Hamilton and Moffat, were cast down, and disposed to cry with the prophet, "Who hath believed our report?" and to ask, "Is this the right path?" but there was one member of the mission, weak in body but strong in faith, who never faltered. She would but fall back on the promises of the unchangeable God, and say, "We may not live to see it, but the awakening will come as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow." On one occasion a letter was received from her friend, Mrs. Greaves, of Sheffield, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service, we shall want it some day." At that time there was no glimmer of the dawn, and in the course of the two or three years which it took with their slow communications to get that request of faith fulfilled, there was time for an even thicker darkness to overspread the sky, and the sorest cross of all was a rumour which came that doubts were beginning to be felt at home about the use of going on with the Bechwana Mission ; but they held on.

In the year 1827 there began to be a sort of change, almost like that change in the sky even before the dawn, which is familiar to watchers in the night. The bulk of the Batlaping tribe, utterly weary and impoverished by the incessant forays of the western banditti, had drifted away eastward and settled along the course of the Vaal and the Kolong rivers ; but their place at Kuruman had been in a measure supplied by a mixed community of refugees from the interior tribes, and the Bataro still clung to their old location to the north-west of the station on the confines of the Kalahari Desert. Many of the refugees were drawn to the station by feelings which gave them a disposition open to missionary influence, so that it began to be seen that there was a better attendance and a more settled attention to the preaching and teaching of the missionaries.

At length, in 1829, a marvellous awakening began. It came, as such things do come, without any human or visible existing cause. There was a wave of tumultuous and simultaneous enthusiasm. The two brethren who witnessed it were sober-minded and hard-headed Scotchmen, by disposition not willing to lend themselves to any movement which might seem to have the taint of mere sensationalism. They had been schooled to adversity, and they could but dread some new device of the devil to obstruct their path ; but it was not long before they were forced to admit that there was something that could not be gainsaid. In a few months the whole aspect of the station had changed. The meeting-house was crowded before the service had begun. Heathen songs and dancing had ceased, and everywhere were to be heard instead the songs of Zion and the outpouring of impassioned prayers. The missionaries were beset even in their own houses by those who were seeking fuller instruction in things which had become to them all at once of paramount importance. The moral condition of the community rapidly improved, and the dirt and indecency of heathen costume were exchanged for cleanliness and European habits of clothing, as far as the supply could be met by the visits of occasional traders.

Great as was the change, the missionaries did not dismiss their northern caution. It was only after careful examination that from the many who pressed forward they selected some six in the first instance to receive the rite of baptism. Few can enter into the feelings which must have animated the hearts of the missionary band when they sat down with that little company at the table of the Lord. On the day preceding this memorable occasion in the history of the Bechwana Mission, a box arrived which had been long on the road from England. It contained the communion vessels for which Mary Moffat had asked nearly three years before.—*Ill. Miss. News.*

A Chick in every Egg.

(A Missionary Fable and Prophecy.)

Once upon a time there was a great nest, containing many eggs, of different colors and sizes. One of them hatched early, and the little chick lost no time in pecking the shell of an egg not very far away, and seemed likely to do the same service for all the rest, and it is a great pity he did not! But he soon grew weary of an active life, and crept back into his shell and pulled the lid on; the edges grew together in a little while, and the shell thickened, so that the Syrian egg became much tougher than it was in the beginning. The other one proved to be a very smart, capable little chicken, an Anglo-Saxon, much more persevering than its elder brother. It began to scratch for a living right away, and it grew remarkably fast. Had not several pieces of its shell adhered tenaciously to its back it would have been a beautiful chicken.

After a little while, indeed, this Anglo-Saxon chick forgot that it had ever been an egg, and about made up its mind that the other eggs were simply empty shells. But by and by it heard a little tapping and soft cheeping in the Sandwich Islands egg; some one was calling, as plainly as anyone could under the circumstances, for somebody acquainted with the circumstances, for somebody acquainted with the premises to make a light to show him the way out. There stood the little Anglo-Saxon, with a part of his shell on his back, and the rest of it scraping his little legs and tripping him up every time he came near the nest, and he soliloquized about the Sandwich Islands egg; "It sounds," said he, "as if there was a chicken in there; probably it is of a different color, and if it is it will never amount to anything if I do help it out. I shall have it to take care of, and I can hardly scratch enough to keep myself alive now."

But there was such a continual pecking and such a beseeching sort of cheeping, that the smart but selfish chicken finally broke down a door and let out the little brother. And what do you think! No sooner had the tiny dark Sandwich Islands chicken stepped out of the shell than, after watching the Anglo-Saxon chicken scratching for a few moments, just to learn the stroke, he shook every bit of shell off his own back and fell to scratching for himself, asking no favors at all.

And when, a little later, a black egg near by gave out the faintest little flutter, our prompt young Sandwich Islander hopped into the nest and tore the shell off a poor, little Micronesian chicken; nay, he did more than that, he scratched beside it and raked up a bit of Micronesia every time he took one for himself. So they grew big and strong together, and helped many another little Island chicken out of its shell, and took their shells off clean, too.

A timid little Madagascar chicken got hatched somehow; it had a deal of trouble with a certain other chicken

who was not satisfied with his own rich furrows, but must needs try to drive poor Madagascar from her barren little corner. But she behaved so well, and the pickings disagreed so badly with the invader, that she was presently left alone.

Strange to say, after such conclusive evidence that there was a chick in every egg, every time that one came safely out and embarked in business independently, Mr. Anglo-Saxon would remark: "Oh, well, that is the last one that will hatch, and if any more do happen to hatch I shall not expect anything of them. There is no use of my doing anything, they have such solid looking shells that I wouldn't wonder if they were too thick to crack, even with pecking from within and hammering from without. Besides, they are doing well as they are; it would be a pity to burden them with such cares and responsibilities as I have."

So, when the Indian, and Chinese, and Japanese, and African, and South American eggs sounded the reveille on the inside, and he could not help hearing, the Anglo-Saxon bristled his feathers and scratched as if he had found a bonanza, though he plainly heard the little prisoners calling for light and air!

Some Children were looking over the wall, who had watched the nest from the beginning, and they wished, oh, so much, that they could go down into the yard to help them; and they tried to make the Anglo-Saxon chicken understand what it was his duty to do. By and by, when he was in danger of dying from over-eating, he went to work, as much for his own sake as for theirs; and oh, how thin he found the shells to be, and how easily and joyfully the little chicks came out! But you would have laughed if you had heard him exhorting them to step clear out of their shells and to roll in the dust to clean off the very last chip and splinter, apparently so unconscious of the slabs of shell on his own back. And how he did lay down the law and draw the lines as to how and where the Chinese chicken and the African chicken should scratch, and in somebody else's yard, too.

The Syrian egg did give him some trouble, for the shell was tough and rough, and the poor stunted creature inside, insisted that to have hatched once was sufficient, and that it was better off in the shell.

"Look at the seams in my shell," said he "I was out long before you were; I hatched you, and I will thank you to stop this impertinence and let me be where I am." But the Anglo-Saxon was more determined than ever when he realized his indebtedness to the Syrian, and patiently labored and waited until at last he persuaded him out of his ugly dark shell into the fresh air and sunshine.

Singularly enough, the Anglo-Saxon chicken was willing to help all the eggs in the nest except the one next to him, a small red egg, for which he cherished a most unreasonable dislike. He declared that it contained a monster which would destroy them all, and that it *should not hatch*. So he rolled it about in the nest, hoping to addle it, and pushed it away to the edge, intending to throw it over and let it smash on the ground. But lo! a strong little bill inside cracked the shell, and out popped a little North American Indian chicken, a good deal worse for the abuse he had had while an egg, but a chicken nevertheless. And the Children who were looking over the wall and had watched matters from the beginning, said that really the North American Indian chicken grew faster and learned the ways of the yard more readily than the Anglo-Saxon chicken did at his age.

After a while the younger chicks helped the Anglo-

Saxon to clear the last bits of his shell from his back, and led him all about the places he thought he had scratched clean, and showed him treasures that he had never dreamed of. And then the Children who had looked over the wall and watched matters from the beginning, rejoiced to see them all living together, one happy brood.—*Helen R. Edson in Woman's Work.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Pentakota

Watering places, sea-side resorts, springs, come in for a share of attention these days of hurry and worry, and a word or two about the Tuni Sanitarium, Pentakota, will be in keeping with the times.

To begin, there is a bungalow, or what in wanting of a better name, we call a bungalow. This exists in the shape of an abandoned go-down, built for storing grain. The ceilings are high going all the way to the roof, and the rooms—there are three—are what their names signify, roomy, if there are not too many occupants. They are in a line, all facing the sea, and the middle one being considerably the largest serves for reception and dining room. Its receptive powers are 16 x 24 x 20 feet, the last number describing them perpendicularly. The walls are brick, and to an imaginative person might be fanciful in their primitive simplicity and innocency of any attempt to be ornamental, though to an ordinary being who sees surfaces only, they are plain brick and mortar. But putting down mats, fastening a few brackets here and there, driving a few nails—there must be nails—placing a few articles of furniture, and leaving a careless book or two about, appearances are considerably modified. Added to this it keeps out the sun and rain, and has its full quota of doors to let in light and breeze. This makes it habitable.

The second point is its geographical position. If you wish the exact latitude and longitude you will find it by referring to Bro. Craig's map. But speaking approximately, it is about six miles south-east of Tuni, and, coming by the Tuni road, about 50 miles from Cocanada. It is situated on the coast. Just here there is what, to the eye, appears a large semi-circular plain, its semi-diameter being a mile or thereabouts inland, the plain being formed by a range of hills that begins at the sea below us and sweeping round through the country comes out to the sea again some distance above us. The bungalow is about 300 yards from the shore and equidistant from the lower and upper beginning of the hills. Just back of the bungalow some 300 yards or so on a slight rise of ground is Pentakota village, further back and higher are the hills in the distance, forming a kind of rear guard and the only part that at all approaches the picturesque. Guessing, I would say the village has a population of about 500 people—the village clerk says 1,200. In the plain between the bungalow and the village, but much nearer the village, are three temples devoted to as many goddesses. Pentakota, like other villages, is partial to goddesses, having ten temples for goddesses and but one for a god. However, apart from temples, they may have as many gods and goddesses as they please, the name and qualities of god or goddesses depending on the genius of the worshipper. Still there are some gods which keep their names and are generally found in every village, particularly Vishnu and Shiva. In passing through a village you notice two modes of marking the forehead, the niluvu bottu or perpendicular

mark, indicating allegiance to Vishnu, while the adda bottu or horizontal indicates allegiance to Shiva. In Pentakota Shiva dwells in a temple while his rival Vishnu, is homeless. The greater number of the villagers are Shudras, and a pretty large proportion of these are fishermen, one of the many subdivisions of the Shudra caste. There is a small river that comes from Tuni, and runs through the plain into the sea, it also takes a bend round the bungalow leaving a strip of water between us and the sea, which is rather an inconvenience, as we need a boat in crossing to the beach. The south-west monsoon is prevailing, the winds come from the Indian ocean, cross the country, unite with the winds of the bay, sweep up the shore, and cooling in their sweep onward, give us the benefit of their coolness. It is therefore cooler here than at the Mission Stations. There might be a difference of nearly 10°, and this with the sea breeze means a good deal. Our average temperature for more than two months has been about 85°, a few times going up to 90°, and once to 92°. Still, the season elsewhere has been rather cooler than other seasons, and the figures I have given will be so much data for forming an idea of the temperature, rather than the idea itself. Besides lower temperature there are other amenities. There are no snakes, no toads, no scorpions, no mosquitoes, none of the smaller pests that infest mission houses, in short nothing disagreeable. There is now and then a small lizard seen running up and down the wall, but the species here is small and rather pretty. However, its chief point is its comparative coolness. Excepting what I have mentioned, its other attractions are below the horizon. I could mention some draw-backs, for instance luncheon time comes and generally with it the accompanying desire for luncheon. This is a little unfortunate, as there is no possibility, beyond a few lean chickens, of procuring food in the village; we tried to fatten the chicken but found the process rather tedious. Fifty miles away, in Cocanada, we had enough and to spare. Thither we send a cooly man once a week for supplies. Before the week is half over the bread moulds beyond description. We discover we can counteract this by toasting the bread and leaving no moisture to generate mould. This process hardens the bread and by the time the week has passed age has added its mite so that when the cooly comes we have an appetite for new bread.

Besides supplies servants are a necessity. The mysteries of cooking, house-work and other like duties are of a different genius from those at home, and without servants one would be in rather a bad plight. We brought a cook from Cocanada; he proved a failure. For a time we had only a waterman; he couldn't do much more than get in the way; but in getting a new cook from Cocanada, and a sweeper from Tuni we were pretty well under way for enjoying the cool breezes. So far, so good. The wants of the body are provided for, but one is not all body.

The hills seemed to hedge us in, and often the sea treated us to a melancholy dirge. There was novelty for a week or two, but after that everything refused to seem novel. But we had two stirring events; the first was the return of the cooly from Cocanada, when he brought us letters, which told us what was going on in Cocanada, S. mulcotta and Tuni. The second was the home mail. The papers come six weeks old, still they are new and fresh; fresher and better still are the home letters. In a moment everything else is forgotten, and one is living the old life and scenes over, and with old friends again. Home mail day is uncertain; for several weeks it will come early in the week, then all at once it takes a freak

and fails us, until the week is well nigh over; this is a little trying.

But amid all these things, getting settled, and seeing the place, we have had work. We have worried away at Telugu, and have tried to drive it in. Telugu drives everything else out, and everything else reacts and drives Telugu out; this is perplexing. A daily warfare goes on resulting finally in a kind of compromise, everything else becoming slightly complacent and permitting a little Telugu to abide. We may not get much in to-day, nor even to-morrow, still if we get any in, little though it may be, to-morrow adds a little more, so that after a time we get quite a stock on hand. This we do not allow to rust, if we did we would soon lose it. Our cook knows a little English; we are very sorry that she does, the others are Telugus pure and simple, therefore what converse we hold must be in the native tongue.

In the evening we usually walk up and down the plain, between the bungalow and village. Sometimes we meet natives, to these we can say a little, and tell them about the Saviour. Last week Bro. Currie came and stayed with us four days; I had been awaiting his coming with a good deal of interest; I wished to be with him sometime when he did village preaching. Even if I could say a few words, I did not care about entering a village being unacquainted with the customs and also not having enough Telugu to understand the questions natives are sure to put. When Bro. Currie came, he and one of his preachers and I went to the village. Bro. Currie proceeded pretty well into the village, and coming to a cluster of houses in the form of a circle he took his stand in the centre. After asking for a seat and none being forthcoming, he and the preacher sang a hymn, this was followed by an exposition of Ps. liii. 5, during which the people listened well. Another hymn was sung; then the preacher took up the subject and spoke generally. While my companions were speaking I studied the group of listeners; there were five or six men, the rest were children; I counted about thirty in all. There would have been many more present, and a much keener interest, had the villagers not been celebrating a feast to one of their goddesses, Bangaramma in another quarter. As it was, I saw a fair specimen of a village gathering. There were all shades of color, all kinds of features, different manifestations of interest and wide differences in character, as far as one could catch it, from the general bearing and the keen eyes that in some appeared to suggest frankness, in some thoughtfulness, in others a character of the suspicious type, but from none came a glance indicating any acquaintance with the spiritual world in which we live. There were gleams of intelligence revealing souls, but these were in darkness. How unspeakably sad the darkness! My desire to speak became intense. I spoke, I told them the sad story of sin, the old, old story of suffering love, and the way of peace. We turned homewards; we had shown the seed, but knew not the nature of the soil that received it.

In your prayers remember Pentakota. We want a people here. We may be here other seasons, and we could not think of being here season after season and all remaining strangers to our peace and joy.

Some have come to the bungalow, chiefly Brahmins, with these I spoke as best I could, giving each, one of the gospels. Another, the inspector of police, his headquarters elsewhere, has called three times. He is a B.A. of the Madras University, and therefore reads and speaks English fluently; he is also a Brahmin. The Brahmins are much like the Pharisees of old, and almost beyond hope of being reached; still now and then there may be a Nicodemus among them. The first time, he came in the even-

ing and we talked late into the night. I scarcely thought he would come again, but he did, and a third time; each time we had to go over the same ground we had gone over before, and it may be the same if we meet again. It has been this way with our munchi. He was Mr. Currie's munchi, then Mr. Craig's, then Miss Frith's and now ours. The other day, I told him the story of the ark, and said he was something like the builders, they worked with Noah, he with us. He is easily moved, but the feeling passes quickly. He has heard the way of salvation told so often, that he can tell it himself, but it is like one speaking words without hearing, like one blind describing the light, like one without feeling telling of all the feelings that make up life. The absence of spiritual life is painfully clear. There is a beautiful story told of a young lady wakening up the slumbering powers of intelligence in a poor idiot boy, but here there is no life to waken. The spirit must breathe upon the slain. Prophecy with us, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

J. R. STILLWELL.

Pentakota, July, 1886.

Samulcotta.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWMAN,—I have been going to write you, but as yet have not accomplished it. But things are getting into something of a settled state, and in the future I may do better, though I generally fall short of my intentions. We are beginning to find rest. Two months voyaging, six months in Cocanada, nearly three months in Pentakota, and the moving, have kept us in an unsettled state of mind. But we are now at Samulcotta, and as the Seminary work seems falling to us and will be ours in the future, we are fancying ourselves at home.

We are enjoying the very good company we find in the McLaurins, and also are benefiting from their wide experience. Mr. McLaurin has returned from Ootacamund, and is feeling quite well. We are very anxious that his health should continue good, as we could scarcely part with him for some time to come. Mrs. McL., also, is in good health. The Auvaches are in Cocanada. Mrs. A. is not very well, due a little to a cold caught coming out, still we expect her soon to be in her usual state of health. The Craigs are in Cocanada, and Mr. C. is busy as usual. The Matron's house, Rest house, Zenana house are going up, and the first two will soon be completed. Mr. Currie has not been well of late. He had a week in doors at Tuni, which made everything look gloomy enough. He is getting back to his wonted state of health. Things are moving nicely forward: 11 baptized on Tuni field, 35 in Cocanada, and 148 on Akidu field, so far this year; we expect 50, 200, and 500 from these fields this year. Very glad to learn of the LINK's growth; it is one of our necessities here. Mrs. Stillwell is very well.

J. R. STILLWELL.

July, '86.

DEAR LINK.—"Who are we to thank for these good things?" was the query put by Mr. Auvache, as all contemplated the goodly array of tins and packages received by the lately arrived Box, from Montreal. And no one here could tell him. As our brother A. A. Ayer has not failed for the last ten years to send us an annual supply of flour, we may venture to thank him for that gift. Judging from the past, were we to address our thanks for the other things to 1460 St. Catherine St., we would not be far astray. In any case, the senders are sure to be readers of this paper, so we wish you, dear LINK, to tell the righteous how heartily we thank them. The contents arrived in good order and supplied a realized need.

M. B. MCL.

Samulcotta, 22nd June, 1886.

A Sad Sight.

MY DEAR LINK,—These words just dropped from my pen are literally true. You are dear to a large and increasing number of people in India. When away on my vacation jaunts, I like to have a number of copies of the LINK along, to give to friends whom I meet, and I can assure you it is with great pleasure that I can place such a choice paper in their hands. Could you hear the words of surprised commendation with which it is referred to, you would be cheered in your work. May and June numbers, especially, are models of their kind. But I headed this paper with—"A sad sight"—and here I am off on a joyous strain. But the sad thing remains.

About a week before leaving Ootacumund for home, Bro. Morgan, of Kurnool, and I were on the principal bazaar street of the town. Bro. Morgan was making some purchases, and I was sitting in the shade waiting for him. While resting thus, I noticed a crowd gather on the street, evidently watching some moving object. I went to see, and there before me was one of the saddest sights I had ever seen. The hour was just before noon; a tropical sun was pouring down floods of heat. The street was roughly paved with small broken stones; the dust was thick on the road, and was being swirled about by the heated atmosphere. On the middle of the street was squatted a human being; his only clothing was a loin cloth. His emaciated frame disclosed almost every bone in his body; his head was partly shaved, while the hair of the remainder hung in damp and tangled masses of filth and dust upon his shoulders. His right leg was bent around, so that the upper part of the foot rested in the hollow between the loin and thigh of the left leg. There, through time, it had stiffened and become immovable. In his right hand he held a small roll of dirty rags, with which he wiped away the perspiration which was falling from his eager, anxious, haggard face. He was a pilgrim; he uttered not a word, cast not a glance at the crowd; none of the crowd spoke. I was dumb with grief, even did I know their language, which I did not.

While I was looking at him, he gave a half-sob-half-shiver, raised himself upon his hands and left foot, placed the foot on the spot where he sat, threw himself flat on the stones, stretched himself full length on the stones and dust, and with the dirty cloth in his right hand drew a mark in the dust as far in advance of his head as possible; again raised himself on his hands and feet, hobbled along till his foot reached the mark already made, then down again. And so the weary round of the merit-seeking soul, for days and months and years, goes on; in sunshine and rain, by day and by night, he will grope and sob and sigh, till the wearied body gives up the struggle, and the soul awakes in eternal night.

Here was a man evidently in deadly earnest, trying, oh, so hard, to satisfy the longing of his soul for freedom from sin. We know how vain such attempts are; how my heart ached as I looked upon him. How vain all his mortifications of the poor body. I hope some one who could talk his language met him and told him of Jesus, the mighty to save.

JOHN McLAURIN.

Bobbili.

MY DEAR LINK—I began a letter to you more than a week ago, but for some reason or other it ended with the beginning. It is not easy to pick out of my monotonous life interesting matter for the readers of your columns. Since my return from the Jubilee, till last Wednesday, I

have not been beyond the vicinity of Bimlipatam, and though my daily life and duties are in no wise uninteresting to me, a sketch thereof upon paper seems like a very small record of very small things.

We have had hot weather this year, and an unusual number of sultry, cloudy days, which to some of us are more trying than the bright, sunny ones. We give up all hope of keeping comfortably cool, and set ourselves determinedly to physically, mentally and spiritually bearing the heat, with as little disturbance as possible. But despite our endeavours we feel its effects and we know that the work feels it too. Still we have found many things to encourage at Bimlipatam since the first of March. My Sunday School class, varying from twelve to twenty in number, has, to me, been full of interest, and the school in general has done very well indeed.

Our morning congregations have grown, and good attention has been given to the preaching of the Gospel. Our English prayer meetings on Wednesday evening, and our Telugu meeting for the servants on Thursday afternoon have been profitable. We have wrestled with God in prayer for souls, and our hearts have rejoiced as we have seen some yield to the influences of the Spirit. They have grown heavy, as week after week of conflict, in the case of some, has been followed by a deliberate turning from the Saviour into the old ways.

Two have been baptized, while some others are waiting a more convenient season; which season necessity obliges us to wait sometimes in India. No choice is left us and we endeavour to watch and guide carefully the feet that are attempting the new paths, though in a very unostentatious way. Of the two who were baptized, one has been our servant only a few months. She heard something about the Gospel long before she came to us, from Miss Ellen Samuels, one of our church members, and since she has been in our service has drawn our attention to herself, by her careful listening to all she heard whether in class or meeting. While we all have worked and prayed for her, in a general way, it has not been as we have worked and prayed for some others. So we were somewhat surprised, when of her own accord she said she wished to join the Christians. We talked with her and inquired concerning her, but could discover nothing but what seemed an earnest desire to learn the truth. When her father was consulted he said she had asked permission many times, and that he had finally consented. She comes from the very lowest people, and since her baptism goes in and out of her home as usual. She has always appeared anxious to learn, and asked leave to go to school during her leisure time, before she was baptized. Now we have things so arranged that she can go with some degree of regularity, and we hope she will become a happy, helpful woman.

Some children had been coming to the day school from among the Kally people, but after Cunnamah's baptism not one appeared, and Miss Gray felt that it was uphill work. Cunnamah said she told them they need not be afraid, that no one need join us if they did not wish to do so, but they were considerably frightened; we think they will come back after a time. This is not the first or second time, that fear of being drawn into the Christian religion has kept children away from the day school. The other one baptized was Miss Annie Ensell, she had been seriously considering her position before God for some time, and the action of the Hindu girl helped her to a decision. Could we see all of the Hindus in Bimlipatam and vicinity who believe in Jesus as the only Saviour, and who know their duty towards him, make a public profession of their faith, our hearts would be

greatly encouraged and the work correspondingly benefited.

We were very sorry to leave the work there, and when we have been here several weeks, and things brighten up very perceptibly, we shall be unwilling to break off here and return. Were our band of working Christians larger, we should not feel the absence of our missionaries so keenly. Though the ladies there and we here do our utmost, these frequent changes are very detrimental to the work we love, and we cannot but grieve over things we are powerless to help. Our heads and our hearts are often bowed by the great needs of the immense heathen population about us on every side, and in spirit we cry out: "How long, O Lord, how long?" With this comes also an almost overwhelming sense of our own nothingness and helplessness, and sometimes I feel as if I would like to hear said to me: "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." He does not require of us what we cannot do, but I long to see Him stretch His arm out over this people, who are bound to their caste and to their idols, and break up their hard hearts, put new faith into them, a new song in their mouths, and turn their feet into the path of life.

Since we came here last Thursday, there has been a great deal of rain, and it seems as if the monsoon were just upon us. Mr Archibald plans to visit all the adjacent villages, then we will get away on the field in the direction of Pidda Penkie. We cannot take the tent: so just how we are to shelter ourselves I do not know; but I expect there will be some kind of shelter for us from sun and rain, in whatever direction duty calls. We had good meetings yesterday, and while Mr Archibald taught the Christians a Bible lesson in the school-house. I talked with those, who gathered on the veranda, but who are often afraid to go inside. They listened well and some remained to the meeting which followed. Frequent services would soon give us good congregations here on Sunday mornings.

This morning, during Mr. A.'s absence to old Bobbili, I had a visit from one of the teachers in the Rajah's school, and a friend of his. The former came in with a boarish that the Rajah himself would not attempt to emulate, and his pomposity and insincerity were so prominent, that involuntarily I at once took up arms against him. He used what he considered was graceful English, and emphasized it with still more graceful gestures. The other man twice suggested that the conversation be conducted in Telugu, as then he would be able to understand it: but he only received a majestic bend of the head in reply.

Meanwhile he was giving me much information, and stated among other things, that as he lived a perfectly senseless life, he felt in no hurry to attend to this matter of comparing the Hindu with the Christian religion. I told him I supposed he did not know, that it was a great breach of etiquette to converse in a language that one of our number did not understand; then in Telugu began to reply to some of his remarks, and thereafter there were three to talk instead of two. I read to him a part of what was said to the church at Laodicea, and he was very quick to draw the application, and finally said, that he had not meant all that he at first said, and hoped that he would be excused for making so many empty remarks. Then we got along very comfortably under our flag of truce, and he ended his visit by purchasing about twenty cents' worth of books. It is natural to the Hindu to be very polite; but many young men, who obtain a partial English education become rather disagreeable in their pride, and lay aside their native grace, which, when nicely worn, is very admirable.

The compound here is looking clean, fresh and green, but that is a matter of less interest to me than the fact that Cunniah seems afraid to acknowledge his interest in religious matters before his own caste people.

I had a Bible lesson with the servants and some others this morning after our 10.30 breakfast, and I feel sure, that while he wishes to hear, he fears the influence the lessons may have upon him. We believe that he would have made a public profession ere this, were not such determined efforts

made by his friends to keep him back. However, we shall work and pray for him, while we are here, and will do so with the hope that he will come out.

Commending our work and ourselves to the prayers of those who read this, I am, as I ever shall be,

Truly yours,

CARRIE H. ARCHIBALD.

Bobbili, July 11th, '86.

THE WORK AT HOME.

W. B. F. Miss. Soc. of W. Ontario.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies will be held in Hamilton this year. The meetings will be opened on *Wednesday evening*, October 13th, 1886, and will close for delegates on Thursday evening. The usual arrangements for reduction in railway fares will be made. All delegates wishing certificates, will please send in their applications before the 9th Oct. Further particulars as to programme, etc., will be published in our next issue, and also in the *Canadian Baptist*.

99 Pembroke Street.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Rec. Sec.*

W. B. F. MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The Tenth Annual Meeting will be held with the Ottawa Circle, on Thursday of the same week as the Eastern Convention. It is hoped that all the Circles in the neighborhood will arrange to send one or more delegates to represent them, who, by applying to Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Ottawa, can receive certificates enabling them to travel at reduced rates. Those Circles who cannot send their reports by delegates, are requested to forward the same by the 1st of October.

A. MUIR, *Cor. Sec.*

1460 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

New Circles.

THORNBURY.—A Foreign Mission Circle formed June 22nd, by Miss Hatch. Officers, Mrs. Carr, *President*; Mrs. Kelly, *Secretary*; Miss Phoebe Shearer, *Assistant-Secretary*; Mrs. Wood, *Treasurer*.

HARROW.—Mission Circle formed in June, 8 members. Officers, Mrs. F. A. Holtzhausen, *President*; Mrs. A. P. Thompson, *Treasurer*; Miss J. A. McLean, *Secretary*.

THOROLD.—Home and Foreign Circle organized by Mrs. Robertson, in July. Officers, Mrs. Arthur Anderson, *President*; Mrs. Alphaeus Cox, *Vice-President*; Miss Clara Anderson, *Secretary*; Miss Julia Thompson, *Treasurer*.

ATWOOD.—Home and Foreign Circle organized 7 July. *President*, Mrs. G. Hammond; *Secretary*, Miss L. Hunt; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Switzer.

GRIMSBY.—Home and Foreign Circle organized July 16th by Mrs. Newman. Officers, Mrs. Hansell, *President*; Committee to assist: *President*, Mrs. L. Woolverton and Mrs. W. Forbes; *Secretary*, Miss K. Loosely; *Treasurer*, Mrs. L. Woolverton.

PETERBORO'.—A Home Mission Circle in connection with the Home and Foreign Mission Band.

THE GRANGE.—A Home and Foreign Band organized July 30th, by Miss Haines, 25 members, 6 officers; *President*, Miss M. J. McLaren; *Vice-Presidents*, Miss Rodger and Mrs. R. Foster; *Secretary*, Miss Flo. Ramsay; *Treasurer*, Willie Baker.

MELBOURNE.—A Home and Foreign Circle organized by Miss Wall, June 17th. Officers:—Mrs. R. Wellman, *President*; Mrs. Fergusson, *Vice-President*; Mrs. George Wellman, *Secretary*; Mrs. William Robinson, *Treasurer*.

SOUTH ARTHUR.—On the 21st of June, a Home and Foreign Circle was formed, with 12 members, with good prospects of more. *President*, Miss Martha Stevenson, Riverston P. O.; *Secretary*, Mrs. J. F. Edwards, Pathon P. O.

PORT ROWAN.—A Foreign Circle was formed August 13th. *Secretary*, Mrs. Milton Brown, Clear Creek, P. O.

MEAFORD, HARRISTON, HOUGHTON, WILKESPORT, SUNDERLAND.—Will the officers of these last five Circles inform us of the particulars, whether Home and Foreign, names of officers, etc.?

Proceedings of the W. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces.

DEAR LINK.—Once more our Woman's Missionary Union has held its Annual Meeting, this time in St. John, New Brunswick. A very hurried sketch of the proceedings is all there is time for just now, that is if I would be in time for the mail. Indeed the women's work in these Maritime Provinces is growing so fast, that a full account would fill more of your space than I am entitled to.

The meeting opened in Leinster St. Church, on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Williams, our *President*, delivered the opening address, and a grand one it was, on Woman's Work, pointing out its responsibility and usefulness; to do it justice here is impossible. I hope soon to present it to you in full; suffice it to say, that it was intensely earnest, and calculated to rouse every one there to renewed energy in the work of Missions.

Our *Corresponding Secretary*, Mrs. John March, began her report by reminding us that our last report closed with a promise of our Lord's that He would be with those who put their trust in Him, and keep them. Surely He has verified that promise, and has gone before us this year, and leads us as a flock up the sunny slopes, and so to-day hearing the promise, "Lo, I am with you always" sounding in our ears, we move forward in the work which He has given, going from strength to strength.

The work done by us hitherto has been in part provided for by Mission Bands and Sunday Schools. This year however, the following amount of work was undertaken by the Aid Societies alone. Salary, Miss Wright, \$500; Salary, Miss Gray, \$500; Scriptures and Tracts, \$130; Schools, Medicine, \$250; Tent for Chicacole, \$100; Printing and Publishing, \$250; Repairing a house at Rotopean \$25; Towards salary of Male Missionaries \$70, making in all \$2,500.

Miss Wright's health has been fully restored, and she is pursuing her work. Day by day she visits among those poor sisters of ours, and points them to the loving Saviour. Cassie, one of our former boarding girls is her Bible woman. Miss Wright speaks of her as being a devoted, zealous worker.

Miss Gray has charge of the School at Rimlipatam, and has been very successful, her school has averaged 33 The

teachers are Venkotiawamy and Lizzie. The boarding girls are Suslo, Godavary, Yerrase, China and Mutty Yellama.

Mrs. Archibald's health has not been good during the past year, yet she has continued her work. Stammah and Nersoma are the Bible women here. Viassvoin, Rague and Luinnoo are the teachers. This school numbers 57.

Mrs. Hutchinson at Chicacole, with her Bible women, Heremah and Marchie, are waging war with the kingdom of darkness in this place, and find strong consolation in the fact that the Captain who never lost a battle is theirs, and they shall conquer though they die. This school numbers 25. There are four schools in connection with this field, Chicacole, Tekkell, Urban and Akalampam.

Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Sandford are still at home, but expect to return with their husbands this Autumn. Both have been the means of accomplishing much good among our Societies, their soul stirring words inciting many to fresh efforts. Mrs. Churchill has organized four Aid Societies and assisted in organizing eight Mission Bands. She now asks for an educated, consecrated woman to go out with her to Bobbili.

Mrs. Nulder of Windsor, in the absence of the Nova Scotia *Secretary* read the report of that Province. It showed seventy-two Societies, thirteen having been added during the year.

Miss Ada Hopper read the report from P. E. Island: Mrs. Emerson that of New Brunswick. The work during the year had been very encouraging. Mrs. Manning, treasurer of the Union, reported that Nova Scotia societies had contributed \$1,741.23, and through donations \$41.67; New Brunswick, \$1,016.00, donations, \$8; P. E. Island, \$304.35. The total received from all resources during the year was \$3,212.18. Comparing this year with last Nova Scotia showed an increase of \$213.16; New Brunswick, \$59.78; P. E. Island, \$48.49; making a total increase of \$321.43. According to population P. E. Island shows the largest increase. Truro leads the list of Nova Scotia contributors, and Moncton of New Brunswick. The estimates for 1886-87 are \$3,000.

After this report had been adopted, Mrs. John Wright read a paper, entitled, "Christ the Missionary," and Miss Johnston one, on "The Home elements in Foreign work."

Mrs. O. W. Gates of Newton Centre, on being introduced, gave an admirable address on "The importance of Women in the Foreign Mission field." She spoke at some length on their work, reminding us that the Church of the next century will be more of a Mission Church than that of to-day. The Gospel must be pushed into all lands. Our fathers had prayed to have the world opened up for the entrance of the Light, and to-day Thibet was the only place where the missionaries of the cross were not allowed to enter.

Mrs. Wyman, of Uphogin, K. C., spoke on the work being done by the Free Baptist missionaries and predicted great things for the future.

I should have said that the address of welcome to the delegates was given by Mrs. Hopper, of St. John.

On the next afternoon, letters were read from the mission aries on the field, and then Mrs. Allwood, of St. John delivered a short farewell address to sisters Sandford and Churchill. In bidding them good-bye, she entered all those present, by their prayers and aims, to support our mission aries.

Mrs. Sandford and Mrs. Churchill then said good-bye to the Union, in earnest, heart-felt words, which will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

Mrs. Gates, of Newton Centre, gave a thrilling address, especially to young ladies, urging upon them the fact that Christ had better service for them than the mere cultivation of music and art. She thought God had a special work for the young women of the Maritime Provinces.

An address was also given by Mrs. Dutton, of Houlton, Maine, and resolutions of sympathy moved to both Mrs. George and Mrs. Currie, who had both lost their husbands since our last meeting.

A letter was read from Rev. Dr. Sawyer, stating that the

Home Mission Board was in debt, and suggesting that the Union take the matter into consideration. Several ladies spoke on this subject, and a committee formed to make such plans as would enable the Union to permanently aid in the work of Home Missions. A step in the right direction! *Home and Foreign Missions must never be separated by Christ's workers.*

Mrs. Manning announced that, since coming to St. John, she had received a donation of \$10 to the funds of the Union, from a lady in New Zealand. The donation was from Mrs. Harnpath, a sister of Mrs. John March.

Mrs. J. F. Mastors, Mrs. Allwood, and Mrs. Hopper were appointed to confer with the Foreign Mission Board, with regard to maps for the Sunday schools.

With us this year was a young lady whose heart the Lord has stirred, so that she longs to enter upon work in the Foreign field. The Union encouraged her to go on with the necessary preparations, and when these are concluded, if all is well, we trust she will go forth to win many souls in India.

And now we enter upon another year, a year that *must* be one of *solid* work. This is no child's play; grave responsibilities meet us at every turn. But He who conquered death, goes on before us. *There can be no such word as failure.* As not one good thing has failed in the past, of all that the Lord our God did promise when we commenced this work, so will it be now. Fear not, nor falter, Jehovah Himself leadeth the armies of Israel.

Dartmouth, N. S.

DORCHESTER, N.B.—I have to record two new W. M. A. Societies for New Brunswick. The Sussex Society, formed by Mrs. Churchill, March 22nd, twenty members. A few weeks ago I visited Rockport, a small country place on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, where there is a small Baptist church without a pastor. Eight earnest Christian women were united in a Society, and during the pleasant weather they meet every week and find the meetings very helpful. I was with them once since and enjoyed being there more than I can tell. I have corresponded with a number of our Societies and find meetings generally well kept up, and am looking forward to a profitable meeting of representatives from our Societies connected with our Eastern M. B. Association, to meet in Hillsboro', July 17.

Yours in the work,

A. R. EMMERSON.

TRURO.—*My Dear LINK.*—Have you ever heard of missionaries resting? Well, I have, but have never seen much of it. We came home from India more than two years ago, professing to rest, and that is about all we have had in that direction except a change of work is rest. However, I started out the first of July with a firm conviction in my mind that it was my duty to get a rest to nerve and brain before I returned to India, and went over to Prince Edward Island for that purpose. First to attend the Association and then rest. The meetings of the Association were excellent, all through a spirit of earnestness and devotion characterized them. We had a woman's meeting on Monday afternoon, and the hall in which we met was crowded. Had excellent reports from many of the Aid Societies on the island, encouraging speeches from some of the sisters, earnest prayers, and altogether a good meeting. One fact I noticed, that the society reporting the largest number of subscriptions to the "LINK," was the banner society for the island in raising funds for missions; a new society formed during my former visit, not two years ago. Our sisters on the island are earnest workers for missions and especially

kind to missionaries. One dear sister, hearing that I was coming, sent me a kind invitation to make my home with them as long as I wished to stay, and a very pleasant home it was, from which I went driving, visiting and sea-bathing, and boating too on one occasion. May the Lord reward her and her kind family and all the others who did so much to make my visit very enjoyable. This was my second visit to the island since I came from India, and both times I came away feeling that no where in our Provinces were our Baptist people more earnest, hospitable and truly kind than in this isle of the sea. I have now returned to my Truro home, benefitted by the change and rest, and bringing many tokens of love and interest in my work which I hope to carry to my Bobbili home this autumn, if the Lord will. While away I tried to do something for you, have already sent in five new subscribers, and enclosed please find the names and money for thirteen more. I have no doubt but that every new subscriber will feel fully satisfied with her investment.

Sincerely yours,

M. S. CHURCHILL.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HOME AND FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETIES OF THE WYOMING BAPTIST CHURCH.

Foreign Mission Circle—

Number of members, 27; average attendance at meetings, 7; amount forwarded to treasurer Central Board, \$27; number of copies of MISSIONARY LINK taken, 9; also *Gospel in all Lands*. Amount received from children's mission boxes, \$3.81; total for Foreign Missions for year, \$30.81.

Home Mission Circle—

Number of Members, 17; amount forwarded to treasurer Central Board, \$8.35.

Home Mission Band—

Number of members, 25; amount forwarded to treasurer, \$5.47; total for Home Missions, \$13.82. This circle also aided in sending a box to Grande Ligne Institute and \$2.65 for stove.

We have just ended our fifth year of work for Foreign Missions. We find that our membership has increased since organization from nine to twenty-seven. The interest has widened and deepened and God's blessing has been upon those for whom we labored we doubt not, and we know that we have not been forgotten by Him who said "it is more blessed to give than to receive." During the past five years we have sent to the treasurer of Central Board the sum of \$136.57. Our only method of raising money apart from the payment of our fees is by seeking to interest others, as in this way our membership is increased and as a matter of course our receipts. Our Home Mission Circle, organized fifteen months ago, has not injured the foreign work in the least. Our Home Mission Band organized one year ago has increased in numbers. Total raised by Home Mission Circle and Band since organization \$22.63.

E. PARK.

CHELLENHAM.—*Dear LINK.*—I thought for the benefit of other circles that a report of our anniversary meeting of the circles and band held in May should be given. On the afternoon of the 20th, a number of ladies from different circles gathered at the church. Miss McKechnie occupied the chair. After singing, reading and prayer. Mrs. D. Mihell gave an address of welcome to the ladies. A report was given by Miss Ella Haines of

the work done by the band, since October they raised between fees and mission boxes \$16. An address by Mrs. E. W. Dadson to the children was very interesting, also a talk by Mrs. Newman. She had some idols with her that the heathen worship which attracted the attention of the children. Singing by children "There's a work for me and a work for you." Report of circles by secretary. "Address to Mothers" by Mrs. E. W. Dadson. Address on "Home and Foreign Missions" by Mrs. M. A. Newman, showing clearly how our Home Missionaries were needing help and means, and also how our Foreign Missionaries needed our help, proving from Scripture that those who were the children of God were commanded to work and to spread the Gospel to every nation. Duet by Misses Cameron and Haines "Over the Ocean Wave." Reading by Mrs. Newman. The meeting was then thrown open for questions. After singing a hymn, Mrs. Newman closed with prayer. Tea was served by the ladies of the circle in the parsonage; this made the gathering more interesting, as it enabled many to become acquainted and to converse with others that had no circles in their church. In the evening a lecture was delivered by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart of Hamilton, on "Wm. Carey." Music by the choir; collection \$8.50. We would advise any of the circles where the interest in missions is not increasing, to hold a meeting like this and to try and secure these sisters to help. Our Mission Band is still progressing, we gave them a picnic last evening which they all enjoyed very much.

SOPHIA HAINES, Sec.

PINE GROVE.—Circle at Pine Grove writes.—We have held six meetings since organization; all have been very interesting and profitable. Our sympathies have been drawn out to the heathen, and our work at home. We have raised a sum of money by fees and envelope collection, which is very encouraging. There is a surprising amount of opposition, but we know in whom we trust. At this place, a little girl hearing the story of the heathen, asked what a book would cost, and gave up a treasured five cents to help buy Bibles for the little heathen boys and girls.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

The Three*Bright Pennies.

In Russia's far-off frozen clime
There lived a lovely child;
The Lord to deeds and words of love
His tender heart inclined.

He loved to hear his parents read
In God's most holy Word,
And treasured up within his breast
The blessed truths he heard.

This little boy was very sick --
And when about to die,
He called his father to his side,
And said, "I want to buy

"Bibles to send to heathen lands,
Where they know not the Lord,
That they may all read for themselves
In His most holy Word.

"I cannot send whole Bibles thro',
Perhaps not one short word:
But I would like to give some help
To spread its truths abroad.

"Those three bright pennies in my box
I think a tyro would buy
To print in Christ's most holy name
The dot upon the i."

That striken father did not fail
Those little coins to send:
O children, think how many coins
In wanton waste you spend!

Christ will receive the smallest gift:
When follies tempt your eye,
Think of the little Russian boy's
Small dot upon the i.

—III. Miss. News.

Story of a Crow.

BY REV. E. LE MARE, VIZAGAPATAM.

We have in our English congregation, in Vizagapatam, a number of people called Eurasians, which means the descendants partly of Europeans and partly of natives. They are all professedly Christians, and their ways of life, as far as their means will allow, are like our own. The boys and girls among them are as playful and mischievous as English boys and girls, which Hindu children seldom are. Well, a few days ago one of them, a nice good-natured lad, named Alfred Fletcher, came up to our house and told us a story about a crow, which, I think, the readers of *The Juvenile Magazine* may like—and it may teach them something—to hear. It is about a crow, then. Now, you know, there are crows in England, and I can assure you that there are any number in India; indeed they seem to live in all parts of the world. To see and hear them at home, however, one has generally to go into the country; but that is not the case in India. They are about all the streets and houses, as well as among the trees; and perhaps it is a good thing they are, for they act as scavengers, helping to clear away the dirt and rubbish which attract them in the towns. But, not content with leavings, they steal, whenever they get a chance, out of the open shops, and even too—a thing which I have often seen—by pouncing down (like the birds, which were probably crows, in the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker) and snatching away some grains of rice, or whatever they light upon in the baskets which are being carried on the head by poor people with their little store from the market. We have more than our share of crows always about our house, owing to a row of large banyan trees which runs along the edge of the garden, on which there grow what look like the red berries of the hawthorn, but are really small figs, of which the crows are very fond. They fly about from tree to tree a few together, or sometimes in great flocks, and make an almost deafening cawing, especially when they are attacked by the mynas, which are often quarrelling with them, and which, though smaller birds, usually get the best of it. While I am writing this, they are making such a caw caw-ing that it is quite confusing. And how bold they are! Every day they come flying into our house—into the veranda and dining-room, and even into the bedroom. Nothing eatable can be left for a minute or two, but they would be off with it. And they won't go away for merely calling out to them. You must show them you really mean them to be off. I could amuse you by giving accounts of some of their mischievous tricks. But I had not meant to have said so much. What I intended was to tell you about the boys in the town. It is one of their great delights to go bird-nest-

ing; and, though it is a rare sight to see a crow's nest with its young ones, for there are no rookeries on poplar trees such as you see in the country in England, the young Eurasians manage to find them out. Master Alfred thought 't too much fun when he told us how they break or blow their eggs and take out the young birds to play with them. They got one, to which they tied a string, and made it hop and jump up and down, and do all kinds of things to amuse them. This seemed fine sport for the boys, but it was cruel to the poor crow. A Brahmin happened to see them, and begged them not to do it, but to set the bird free. The naughty boys, however, liked the fun of it too much, and so refused. He was so much distressed at seeing the sufferings of the young bird, that he would not let the boy to whom it belonged alone; but again and again spoke to him of his unkindness, and, as he would not listen for nothing, he at last promised him two annas (worth nearly threepence) if he would let it loose. The idea of getting what is just like a silver threepenny bit had its effect, and the Brahmin had the pleasure of letting the young crow fly back to the trees and its companions. Alfred finished his account by adding: "Wasn't the boy a lucky fellow to get two annas for giving up a young crow?"

Now I want to say a few words to you about the Brahmin. As you perhaps know, that is the name of the highest class of Hindus. A few of them, but very few, have become Christians, and they think and do many things which we do not think right; but the Brahmin's kindness to the crow is a proof that they have some good qualities. He was tender-hearted, and could not bear to see cruelty done even to one of the commonest and most troublesome of birds. Now I want this to give you a better idea of the character of the Hindus. I know there are a great many boys and girls in England, and older people too, who look upon all heathen people as utter barbarians, whereas this is true of only a small proportion in any part of the world, and to very few in India at all. The Hindus are generally speaking gentle; they are fond of their children; they are polite, modest, good-natured, and have a reverence for sacred things; indeed they are more religious than we are, though their religion is mixed up with ignorance, superstition, and idolatry. We must be thankful to God for all the good they have, and use it in teaching them more and better. For example, the Brahmin's kindness to the crow may give an opportunity of saying: "If you care for such a poor mean thing as a young crow, should you not be much kinder to your low and out-caste fellow-countrymen?" whom they all despise, so that none will help or touch them; or again, if he and all good people feel as much if cruelty is shown to a poor helpless bird, how very much more does God, the Creator and Father of all, love and care for all his creatures?

Whitewashed Babies.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this, in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with great interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sung, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged

their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub, to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

—*Gospel in all Lands.*

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—In Winnipeg there lives a little girl 9 years old, who, though an invalid and unable to walk, finds a way of working for missions. She has a little book in which she receives contributions from friends, and a bank in which she keeps money given her. In this way she has saved \$4.30, and one afternoon lately she was brought by her mother in a carriage to the Mission Circle where she presented her offering. What a lesson in this for those who think that from their circumstances they should be excused from doing anything for missions!

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

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JESSIE L. ELLIOT,

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