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The Canadian

CANADA

INDIA

Mass of Airy Lines

And Gentles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Presence

IX-3

FEBRUARY, 1894.

CONTENTS.

Editorial	82	Work at Home.....	88
A Picture	83	Treasurer's Report.....	88
The Evening Bazaar	83	W. B. M. U.	89
Caste Women of India	85	Poem, "To-day"—Suggested Programme for February Aid Meeting—From the Field—A Vision in the Night—From the Aid Societies.	
Work Abroad.....	86	Young People's Department	92
Letters from Ellen Frelst, Mary L. E. Smith, F. M. Stouel—Cocanada Women's Foreign Mission Circle.		Little Helpers—To My Young Friends— Band Lesson No. 5—Akidu.	

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The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 6

MEETING IN TORONTO.—The Woman's Foreign Board have arranged for a large open meeting on the evening of Feb. 22nd, in Jarvis street Church, at which Miss Hatch will speak. Since Miss Hatch's return there has been no opportunity for our Toronto young people, and many others who have been anxious to hear her tell of the work. We are glad this opportunity is now given.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD.—We are still receiving subscriptions for this invaluable periodical at the lowest club rate, \$1.50 a year. All who have subscribed through us and who wish to continue their subscription at the same rate should renew *through us.* Any whose time has expired and who do not wish to renew should write at once to that effect to the *publishers of the Review.* We should be glad to see the circulation of the *Review* greatly increased. No periodical with which we are acquainted contains anything like so much missionary news and stimulating discussion of missionary topics.

WOODSTOCK, Jan. 24th, 1894.

Dear Friends,—When I wrote you a few words on my arrival in Canada, I scarcely thought that eight months would go by before I remembered you again. But though I have not been writing you through the LINK, my private letters, papers and cards, number some 300, and the aggregate number of those whom I have addressed some 9,000.

Indeed, I have been talking so much that I am getting hoarse, and prudence cautions me, and my friends caution me and tell me to be still for a while, but it is hard to keep still when there is so much to be said, and so little time to say it in. Our Corresponding Secretary has written me that the members of the Board, who are our wise and good friends, are going to insist on my taking some time for solid rest, though I think it must hardly be as long as the time they specified. However, if I must take rest from talking in order that I may return to my work in October well recruited and ready for the many and various burdens that await me there, there is not the same necessity that I should take rest from writing. And if my friends whom I have not been able to visit, will take a letter instead, they may write to me and I may send them a letter, or extracts of former letters giving incidents of our work in India. These

extracts that I have are very precious to me, because of the dear hand that copied them, and I know that as they have been sent to the different Circles in our Association, they have been accompanied by the many prayers of the one who has now gone to her heavenly home. So, though I may not speak so much through my voice for a while, I may still speak through my pen.

In my tours I have been contrasting somewhat touring in Canada and touring in India, much to the advantage of the former. Here I have been taken right into the hearts and homes of the people and cared for as one of their own, beloved for the work's sake, and it has done my soul good to see the great degree of earnestness and quiet enthusiasm manifest, regarding this glorious work of the salvation of the lost. When I return to India, the brightness of these dear homes, and their lovely Christian influence will be a blessed memory to me, and I will be encouraged to renewed effort when all seems dark about me. I thank all the dear friends whom I have visited and in whose good homes I have been welcomed, for all that they have done for me. I still hope to visit many, though perhaps not all of those whose names are down on my list.

Leaving personal matters, I would like to ask, dear friends, how many of our Circles are coming up to the standard asked of them for this year: namely, one-sixth more than they raised last year? If you have six members in your Circle, have you induced another one to join? Or have you found a new member for every six of the old, or if you raised \$6.00 last year are you going to make it \$7.00 this year; \$7.00 for every \$6.00 raised last year? It would be interesting to hear from the different Circles as to how this extra amount is being gathered in. Not only have we a share in the support of the new missionaries that were sent out in September, but we hope to enlarge our girls' quarters in Cocanada, and have accommodations for them almost equal to those of our boarding school in Samulotta Seminary. The members of the Board, I am sure, must feel the burden, but we hope the Circles will respond nobly as they have always done hitherto, when any special appeals have been made.

Asking your earnest prayers, I am,

Yours in Christ,

S. ISABEL HATCH.

A PICTURE.

BY FRANCES MELBOURNE.

A beautiful morning in August, the farm-house is bathed in the rich light of the rising sun, the doors are open, the inmates move in and out with serious faces; we hear no laughter, no sweet music except from the birds in the old apple-tree. At the front by the little garden gate is a team, the wagon is filled with boxes and trunks which are being securely fastened. The driver climbs in and arranges a seat while the younger man re-enters the house. He shakes hands with some friends in the hall. He goes in the sitting room, his mother sits by the window, she does not feel like standing this morning, her limbs are weak and trembling. Her son steps toward her. "Mother"—We turn away, she is parting with her only son, her first-born, perhaps never to see him again, for he leaves her to cross the ocean to India.

At the wagon he meets his father, he looks 'more feeble' than usual, his hand trembles as he gives it to his son, the tear trickles down his cheek, the "God bless you my boy," falters on his lips. The young man's voice is husky and broken. He takes his seat and they drive away.

The father enters the house; together he and the mother watch them drive down the road, around the corner out of sight. After a little time they will talk of their noble boy, of the meeting up yonder and of God's love, but just now their hearts are rent and torn. They do not see the sunshine, nor hear the bird's song. They are left alone—alone in their old age, then comes stealing softly to their hearts the sweet comforting promise which also encouraged the young man to go forward, "Lo! I am with you always."

Sisters, as an inspiration to further sacrifice, behold that lonely mother as she prays day after day with tearful eyes but submissive heart "Thy will be done, O God!"

THE EVENING BAZAAR.

BY THE REV. J. B. BUTTRICK.

The Evening Bazaar is an institution, which, I presume is common to all populous Indian cities and towns. Visited by a noisy, moving, changing throng of human beings, as it is on every fine evening, it teems with interest to a foreigner who seeks an insight into the ways and characteristics of the various nationalities which constitute this extensive and populous empire. It affords ample opportunity for the study of human nature. It brings together all sorts and conditions of men, and so presents a wide and varied field of study. The evening bazaar specially referred to in this article is that of the Bangalore Petta.

It is the evening bazaar in marked contrast to the bazaar of the early morning held in the same place. In some respects both are alike, but in many points they differ. In the morning bazaar large quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables, such as the natives specially use, are exposed for sale. Before evening most of this produce has been sold, and probably consumed. Then other traders with more solid merchandise take the place of the vegetable vendors.

It is a place of trade, and has the reputation of cheapness. That is, the would-be purchaser will be surprised and disappointed if a high price be demanded

for any article upon which he may fix his eye and his desire. In spite, however, of prevailing low prices profits are made, and that, no doubt, on every bargain struck by even the most penurious or miserly purchaser. Some merchants expose their goods to view in low-roofed and open stalls. Others spread their limited stock upon the ground and under the open sky. The diversity of goods offered for sale may well awaken both surprise and wonder. Here can be obtained hardware and soft materials, perishables and imperishables, material for the clothing and food for the nourishment of the human body, articles serviceable and articles ornamental, goods of native design and workmanship and goods of foreign manufacture, merchandise unsullied and new, merchandise worn, tarnished, and unmistakably second-hand. The category would not be complete did we not add that whilst much that is displayed for sale has been acquired by the dealer honestly, the detective is often abroad, for he knows that to this place are often brought for disposal the spoils gathered by the thief and the burglar.

It is a place where repairs of many kinds are done. The chucker cobbles away at dilapidated shoes, the blacksmith hammers into shape and union broken ironware, the tinsmith solders the leak in some useful household article, the medicine man dispenses his palatable concoctions designed to repair the broken-down human frame. These are all seated in true native style ready for any work which may offer.

It is a place of attraction for *sightseers* of all classes. Multitudes come and go in a single evening. People of every caste and of no caste jostle against one another in the crowd. The citizens of Bangalore and the stranger from afar meet there. Some come without money expecting to buy nothing. Others bring a little money in purse or knotted in one corner of their cloth, uncertain as to its being needed for the purchase of some object which they may chance to see, and which they may regard as obtainable and at a bargain, a secondary thought being its probable utility.

These are all features of interest, but to me the principal attraction of the evening bazaar lies in the fact, that it is an extensive field for the sale of *Christian literature*. Vendors of literary productions of other faiths, and of compilations of fables and superstitions, regard it as a suitable place for the profitable display of their wares. The Mohammedan bookseller is to be seen seated behind rows of Hindustani books. The Hindu bookseller is there with a spread of vernacular religious books in front of him. And during the past year and a half, on four or five evenings of each week, Christian workers have been there with the treasures of the Gospel in type, for which there has been a larger sale than was at first anticipated. Colporteurs and others had visited the place often before, with small parcels of scripture portions and tracts, but their sales had been meagre and often *nil*. About 20 months ago I visited the bazaar with a somewhat extensive stock of literature, and discovered ready at hand an uncatereed for market for religious literature of the purest sort—Gospel literature. My plan of work I will briefly describe.

Nearly two years ago a brother missionary of our own church designed and superintended the construction of a small but roomy handcart. It stands on two wheels, has light springs and is easily moved. The body of the cart is an oblong box, with a roof made up of two sloping doors, which meet in the centre and

open outward. When open they are made to rest on removable iron rods attached to the doors and to the sides of the box. Inside the box are six wooden trays—two small ones and four large ones—resting in three layers. Underneath the lowest layer is left a large amount of space for the storage of literature. When the box is open for business, all the trays are taken out, and arranged on the two open doors. Each tray holds Gospel portions and general Christian literature of a particular vernacular. The space beneath the trays is filled with scriptures and other literature in English.

Accompanied by two native helpers, who are engaged in preaching and other work earlier in the day, I take this cart, keeping it well stocked all the time, to the evening bazaar of the Petta or Cantonment on five evenings of every week, weather permitting. It is advisable that two or three workers should be always present with the cart. Much of the time we are out the cart is surrounded by people, and probably a dozen of them will simultaneously have our books in their hands, for we allow the purchaser to look before he buys. And as we object to our goods being stolen, we need a few eyes to watch as well as a few hands to serve. It is advisable also to keep a large and varied stock. It gives the purchaser a wide range of choice. It also makes a favorable impression for Christianity. One evening a man saw a Gospel portion in his own vernacular. Casting his eyes towards another tray he saw the same portion in a different vernacular. This surprised him. Noticing his exclamation of wonder I showed him the very same portion in five other vernaculars. This amazed him. It came to him as an aid to his comprehending the fact with which he, and multitudes of his fellow-countrymen also, need to be impressed, *viz.*, that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has come to India to stay, to be preached to and to be read by every native of this land in his mother-tongue, and to be the power of God unto the salvation of all the nations of India.

Arrived in the bazaar we stand in the same spot night after night, and on not a single occasion yet has the cart been opened and have we been disappointed in selling. Our sales have varied from six annas to Rs. 6 on a single evening. Our average sales have been about Rs. 1½ which we regard as encouraging. For

- (1.) The books are priced low—from 1 pie to 8 as. each. The bulk of the books we sell are under one anna each.
- (2.) Multitudes of the inhabitants of even a large city like Bangalore are unable to read.
- (3.) In the minds of many who look at our stock there is a decided aversion to the kind of literature we have on view and on sale.
- (4.) Sometimes the cart is open for but ten minutes. Rain falls and we must immediately close, as we stand in the open air, and our stock is not waterproof, but specially liable to damage by water. Rarely are we open for longer than two hours.

We sell almost everything we distribute. I am decidedly opposed to indiscriminate giving. On three occasions that which we have sold has been torn up under our very eyes. As I have witnessed such scenes with sorrow, I have wondered what would be the fate of most of our scriptures, booklets, and tracts, if we freely handed them out! During the past twelve months, our sales in the evening bazaar have been

about 1,250 scriptures, including Bibles, Testaments, and portions, and 6,700 booklets and tracts. These have been in nine different languages, *viz.*, English, Kanarese, Telugu, Tamil, Hindustani, Marathi, Guzerati, Malayalam, and Sanscrit.

How widely this literature has been scattered we know not. But we do know that people from north, south, east, and west of the Mysore Province, from north, east, and south of the Madras Presidency, and even from the Bombay Presidency have bought Gospel literature from our book cart. We have thus been brought into touch with families and communities living in very many parts of South India.

The largest quantities of books we sell are in the various vernaculars, principally Kanarese. We have also been the means of scattering among the educated native community hundreds of copies of the numerous English publications of the Christian Literature Society. The publications of this Society are very popular, and deservedly so. They supply a useful and pure antidote to a very prevalent craving for pernicious English literature. Repeatedly have we been asked by intelligent, educated native youths for novels. I have sometimes asked why this particular class of literature is desired. In several instances the reply has been: "To improve my English!" This has furnished me with an opportunity to condemn the vulgar English of most of the trashy novels of the day, and to press upon the enquirer's attention the English literature in our cart, all of which I could recommend as being written in pure and ennobling language. The novel-seeker has, in more cases than one, foregone the novel, and purchased some of our stock.

What is being done in Bangalore I believe to be possible in the evening bazaar of every Indian city and town. Special colporteurs are not needed. It is a work for ministers, evangelists, and catechists of any mission. It will take only two or three hours out of each afternoon, from 4 or 5 p. m. until dusk. It need not interfere with either morning, mid-day, or night work. In an article headed "Mission Presses" in the *Indian Witness*, of August 26th, the writer making the following assertion in reference to the "matter of selling Christian literature":—"If one-tenth of the money now used to support what is called bazaar preaching could be diverted to this more practical, and certainly more satisfactory, method of spreading truth among the people, the ultimate harvest reaped would be much greater than the measure of success achieved by bazaar preaching alone." I agree with the writer of the foregoing, and have not a particle of doubt as to our evening bazaar work being decidedly profitable from a spiritual point of view. We have reaped no harvest yet in actual conversions, but I feel assured that various reapers will gather in a bounteous harvest sooner or later, not in one place alone, but in many and widely scattered parts. Our constituency is to be found not in Bangalore alone, but in the regions round about, and still further in the regions beyond. And faith sees the day when, so far as this particular work is concerned, both sower and reaper will rejoice together over many sheaves garnered for the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Harvest Field.*

[Our missionaries frequently refer to the Bazaar as a place where they preach or use other means for reaching the people. This article gives us a good picture of the Bazaar.]

CASTE WOMEN OF INDIA.

BY MRS. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG, BURMA.

We hear much of a Hindu woman's degradation and seclusion and ignorance; of her sufferings, her helplessness and hopelessness, and the half of it all is neither told nor known. Shut in from all the world, without books, without music, or even the knowledge of a song to sing; without needlework or fancy work of any kind, or any occupation or amusement whatever save what the naked little children make, how can she escape an almost vacant mind, if not hopeless imbecility? If she is a wife she may arrange her cloth and her jewels becomingly and contrive dainty dishes for her husband, of which she will partake when he is satisfied; but if the one to whom, probably, as a baby she was betrothed, happens to die, even these poor pleasures are denied her. She is a reproach, an outcast, accursed; in all God's heaven no star casts a ray of hope to her. What influence can such a one exert or what power can she wield?

A whole race of women have lived for generations under these conditions, and remain intelligent and lovable, with a native refinement marvelous to see, and no women in the world exercise greater power. Perhaps you will be startled if I say that they hold the destiny of their country more completely in their hands than the women of any other land; that they are the ruling power in India, although this power is exercised so quietly and out of sight. Repressed power is always the most dangerous. Women in Christian lands can participate in almost every amusement and every privilege open to the other sex, can have their women's aid societies in every philanthropic measure of the day; and perhaps this very widening of her influence diverts time and thought from father and brother, husband and child. Certainly it gives us community of thought and action. Women are as much elevated by the mental and moral culture of the day as men are.

In India it is not so; all the influx of civilization and religious light from the New World has fallen on the men alone. It has had no means of reaching the hidden retreats where the women dwell. The only rays of light that have penetrated there have been carried by the missionary women, sadly few in number, who have been able to reach their sisters in their seclusion, and tell from house to house the story of the cross. I believe this, above every other reason, is the cause of the slight hold Christianity has taken of the caste people of India. A caste woman has not even her father or brother to care for; she was separated from them in early childhood. Her whole life has but one vent, one direction in which to grow, and that is out through her husband and her sons to the world beyond. To keep her husband and her sons loyal to her is her one ambition, and there is nothing too hard nor too high for her in her endeavor after it. Thousands fail and yet many succeed; and when one fails it is generally because another woman has usurped the place. There is something very suggestive in the fact that the most beautiful and renowned building in India (the Taj Mahal) was built as the tribute of a devoted husband to his queen.

Again, every Hindu woman is bound to keep her husband and sons in the good old paths after the strictest sect of Hinduism. She generally cares far more for religion than her husband does—she is, if you please,

more superstitious. Woe to the man who is recreant to her faith! His wife may not say much, but his mother will; there is neither peace nor rest for him henceforward.

When you urge a Hindu to give his reason for not accepting the Christ of whose claims he is intellectually convinced, he will be slow to give it; but it is almost invariably one of three reasons: "I cannot break my poor old mother's heart." "I am afraid of my mother's curse." "I cannot give up my wife and children." *It is a woman's influence that holds him back.*

Many of these men love their wives and children—more, perhaps, love the tasty breakfasts and savory dinners that no one else will take the trouble to cook for them. For one reason or another, all find it inconvenient, at least, to have no home, especially as hotel life and restaurants are incompatible with caste. Now, to have a home one must please the women who dwell there. If a man wishes to be a Christian, he has not merely his wife or wives to contend with; his mother and grandmother, his brothers' wives, and all the women of the establishment (usually not a few) club together to bring him to his senses; they will coax him first, but they have no end of devices for bringing him back to their faith if coaxing fails. Men know this, and the terror that hangs over the head of every one of them is, that if he persists in what the women of his household call evil courses, something will be mixed in the food which they cook which will conquer all his stubbornness and end his days.

The only thing a man can do, and what every caste man who has become a Christian has been obliged to do, is simply to leave them all—literally, to run away and leave with them his property, his house, his children, and everything he owns in the world. Bunyan's description of the pilgrim starting on his pilgrimage has been literally fulfilled in many a Hindu.

I remember a case in point—a wealthy and influential high-caste man, who, I have no doubt, is a converted man, and who was baptised by my husband some years ago. This man was remarkable for breadth and strength of character, a man of sterling worth and great independence. He was practically king in the district where he lived, and he thought he was able to be a Christian and make his household either submit or leave. He was wealthy, had two wives and a large "following."

When he came to the house of the native preacher to ask for baptism and to offer himself to the Church, a crowd of retainers came with him, among whom were his two wives, weeping and tearing their hair. One of these—one to whom he was strongly attached—beat her head against the wall of the house until they had to hold her to keep her from killing herself, while she declared she would kill herself rather than see her husband a Christian.

But none of these things moved him. He deferred his baptism for a while in consequence, but avowed constantly his faith in Christ, and his purpose to confess His name publicly in baptism. And he did so. He came and was baptised, but he held to his property and one wife. He had no children.

His friends found that they could do nothing with him, for he was too far above them to fear them. However, they were determined not to lose him. Finding that he had actually left them, they all rallied round him again. His wife said "he was wise and good, and

she would cook his rice and be a Christian too." The rest of his household said that if he, in his wisdom, thought it best to be a Christian, they could not gainsay it; he was greater than they; they would be what he was. So they cooked his food, and ate with him as before, and treated him as well as they knew how. It was not in human nature not to feel flattered with all this deference to his opinion.

For about a year his conduct was exemplary; but soon the heathen influence by which he was surrounded began to tell upon him. His wife and relatives made trouble when other Christians came to eat with him, and defiled the dishes. It was only a matter of eating and drinking, and he thought it hard not to conform a little to their wishes when they had borne so much for him. He was strongly attached to the wife who had remained with him, and her influence induced him to withdraw more and more from intercourse with other Christians. He said that he knew it was wrong, but he was really worried to death. After a while his other wife came back to the house unbidden. Again and again he promised to break away from them all. He believed in Christ; he worshipped Him only, and wanted to follow him; but he said he saw there was nothing for him to do but to build a small house for himself and live there alone—that he could not be a Christian and live in his heathen home. This man's case is a remarkable one, because he had sufficient authority, for a time at least, to compel his household to submit to him; but they conquered in driving him out at last.

These women are standing right across the path of Christianity in Hindustan. The work of converting them, humanly considered, is restricted to the labors of Christian women among them. Sisters, here is a work peculiarly yours that no one else can do. How will you do it? With lukewarm zeal, spasmodic efforts, and indifferent success? Or, with all your hearts unflinchingly, till it is accomplished?—*Missionary Review*.

Work Abroad.

MADRAS, NOV. 21st. 1893.

Dear Mrs. Newman,

At last we have landed in the land of our adoption, and our hearts are full of thankfulness to our Father. In the words of the Psalmist, we say, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O, Most High! to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night." His gracious favor to us all the way encourages our hearts so much as we look into the future. How can I describe our feelings as we look around us? So many strange sights and sounds greet us. To our great joy the familiar beloved face of Mr. McLaurin was amongst the strange faces that filled the boats coming out to meet us. There were also some native Christians, and as we looked into their faces it gave us much joy to see what God's grace had done for them. The English Baptist Church gave us such a nice welcome last night. Two of the native preachers spoke, and a number of others. Mr. McLaurin was chairman, and as you may imagine was very happy. We,

the Canadians, are going on to Cocanada by boat on Wednesday the 22nd. The weather is beautiful just now in Madras. The natives think it is cold, but we hardly agree with them. We are all well and happy, oh, so glad to have the privilege of being in this land. Though we have seen much already of the degrading effects of idolatry and superstition, as we look into the faces of such people as A. R. Veerasawny, one of Mr. McLaurin's helpers, and hear them speak so joyfully of what the Gospel has done for them and welcome us so very gladly, it makes us feel that to be used in leading one such into the light and joy of the Gospel, would be worth all that it costs and a great deal more. For a while there will be a certain amount of novelty to us. The buildings, the way of doing business, the plants and insects, the last named are already sampling the new blood, as the show of hands this morning proved. It almost looked as tho' a plague of measles had broken out amongst us, but it's only mosquitoes. We were shopping to-day, and took a cup of cocoa at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. A peep into zenana life was given me on board the Avoca. Two native women came on board at Colombo, very closely veiled and in charge of a young woman. She took me into their cabin next morning to see them. They were lying on their berths, with so much jewelry on, and seemed glad to have any one come in, for of course they never showed their faces outside. The captain let them go up on his deck, but they were veiled closely and led up; oh, how purposeless life is to them. It is impossible to conceive how much we as women owe to the Gospel, unless one has seen with her own eyes the vast difference. There are many things of interest, but I will have to leave them now. We send the compliments of the season to all our dear friends, and pray that this coming year may be one of added interest and blessing. Pray for us, that Christ may be manifested through us.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

COCANADA, Nov. 4. 1893.

Dear Mrs. Newman and Readers of the Link:

We have at last reached Cocanada, and are all in wonderfully good health and spirits. I want to tell you about our welcome meeting in the Telugu church here in the Compound, Saturday night, 25th Oct. I found my mind continually wandering back to that wonderful farewell meeting in Toronto, exactly two months previous. When we got to the chapel we found our Telugu brothers and sisters engaged in singing a hymn. Then followed in Tulugu, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and prayer by Jonathan. Though I could not understand his prayer, my heart was filled with prayer to our Father, that this people might soon be taken from the gross darkness of heathenism and sin. Another hymn was sung, then an address to the church by Jonathan, telling them how the missionaries had left friends and country, and had put thousands of miles between them and all that was dear to them, to bring this gospel to their country. He spoke of what a blessing the missionaries had been to them in the past. Then followed a formal address of welcome to new missionaries, which Mr. Davis interpreted for us. Each replied briefly, Ezra acting as interpreter. Refreshments were then served, very strong muddy and

smoky coffee with a piece of unbuttered bread and a very hard round cake, like a cracker, very smoky tasting also. I felt very serious as I contemplated eating this, but Mr. Davis assured me I should not hurt their feelings if I even left it untouched, so I was much relieved. Then followed bananas and guavas. The guavas we did not care for, their odor seeming very unpleasant to us.

The Telugus have certainly a sense of humor. At the close of the meeting each new missionary was presented with a copy in Telugu of the book of Job, by one of the native preachers. It was given as a reminder of Job's patience, or as one of the older missionaries remarked, to bring to mind his afflictions, as I believe boils are one of the usual comforts of the first year.

How I wish those at home could have seen this picture! The bright faces and speaking eyes of the children and those more grown up, amply impressed me, Jesus died for those poor perishing souls. How shall we account for the time we have lost in withholding His precious Gospel so long?

Yours in His work,

MARY L. EVERETT SMITH.

COCANADA, INDIA, Nov. 15th. 1893.

Miss Simpson asked me to visit the Caste Girls' School. About 9 a.m. we stepped into the Zenana carriage, and were whirled down Brahmin street, through the Bazaar and round a corner, and stopped in front of a two story building bearing a sign—"Girls' School," in large white letters.

The verandahs of the ground floor are occupied by a cigar merchant and a salt dealer, while inside is a *ghee* depot (*ghee* is melted butter.)

We went upstairs and were greeted at the top by "salaams" from thirty-seven lusty little throats. Perhaps I ought not to use that adjective "little," because there are girls of ten and twelve, as well as tots of six and seven.

Soon Miss Simpson is busy with her Bible lessons, and I wish you could have heard the eager voices tell the story of Jesus' birth, and could have seen their eyes snap as they told of wicked King Herod's command to slay all the children of two years old and under.

While Miss Simpson has this class, Lakshmamah who was long ago one of the Cocanada boarding school girls has a sewing class, and Gopala Ras, the head master has the very little ones in elementary arithmetic and the alphabet. Perhaps I ought to say a word about this head master. He is a Brahmin, who for years has taught Telugu to the missionaries as they come. He has read much of the Bible, and Miss Simpson thinks that down in his heart he believes it every word—but has not the courage to come out from his people and follow Jesus.

But the classes have changed, and this time Miss Simpson has a larger and more advanced class studying

"Peter's denial of Christ," and Lakshmamah had a catechism class. While they are thus engaged I will try and tell you of the room. Long and narrow, on either side three doors and a window, opening into verandahs. On the walls are large alphabet cards, kindergarten cards, a large colored picture of Paul and Silas, and the Philippian jailor on his knees before them asking, "What must I do to be saved?" another of Jesus saying, "Wilt thou be made whole?" to the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, and another of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. Out on the front verandah are bright hued foliage plants, such as one sees only in India. Down in the street are the covered coaches drawn by great white trotting bullocks, an occasional push-push, (a carriage very much like a large perambulator pushed along by men). Coolies with their heavy burdens. Milkmen with their pots of buttermilk, piled one on top of the other, and all poised on the head. Women with their bright kwakas and glistening brass water pots, and proud Brahmins in their flowing white robes.

But I have wandered away from the girls. I would like to tell you their names and introduce you to each one of them, but that would take too long, and, moreover, I am not very well acquainted with them myself. I am only a visitor, you know. Miss Simpson could tell you about them, and about many of their mothers and sisters, for you see, when a girl studies in the school, Miss Simpson has a splendid chance to enter the homes, for what mother would refuse to see the lady who teaches her daughter to sew, to sing, to read and to write?

I don't think the mothers care much about the Bible lessons their girls learn, unless they have learned to love the Bible truths themselves. Indeed, I have a suspicion that they would just a little rather those Bible lessons were not taught. Who can say where this teaching will end? By and bye these girls, if they are not already married, will marry and go off to their husband's village, where perhaps not another woman can read, and she will tell of what she learned in school, and if ever a missionary happens that way she will welcome her to her home. Why! three years ago, passing down the street of a little village on the Akidu field, I heard a voice calling "Amind, come in and pray and tell me about Jesus, I have not heard a word of Him, or heard anyone pray, since I got married and came here to live." I soon learned that she had studied in Miss Brandon's Caste Girls' School in Masulipatam. She is such a help in that village, every time we go there she gathers twenty or thirty women into her verandahs, or into her large front room, and we spend hours with them.

F. M. STOVEL.

COCANADA WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSION CIRCLE.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY, 1897.

It is our privilege to look back upon the past year as one of quiet progress and success.

This Circle was formed here in 1888 with a membership of 30. Of the original number only 24 stand on the rolls at present; of these 11 are resident, and 13 non-resident.

The meetings were held regularly, and systematically during the year without interruption, and the attendance showed the deep interest taken by the members to promote the cause of Christ's kingdom.

We are thankful to say the financial report is encouraging. Balance in hand at the beginning of the year—Rs. 7-1-4½ pias. Subscriptions and collection taken at the annual meeting amounted to Rs. 72-11. The Band contributed Rs. 5-8. Making a total of Rs. 85-4-4½ pias.

Expenditure during the year as follows. For rent of Caste Girl's School and a lock Rs. 33-12. Paid Miss Simpson on behalf of peon's salary Rs. 25. Paid Miss Gibson to defray part of the expenses for caste girl's treat Rs. 5-8. Making a total of Rs. 64-4. Balance in hand Rs. 21 4½ pias.

The following subjects were taken up for consideration at the different meetings which were interesting and helpful.

"Good works," "How we are to work for Christ;" "The Promised Crowns of the Bible;" "Warnings and invitations of Christ;" "Texts of comfort for those in trouble;" "William Carey;" "God's Prerogative to give or withhold rain;" "The Believers' Heavenly portion;" "What Believers are heirs to;" "The Everlastings of Scripture."

The Band held eight meetings during the year and collected Rs. 5-8. It has a membership of 20.

A more spacious room has been secured for the caste girls day and Sabbath school which avowedly is a comfortable one, high, airy and light, where the work is carried on without any interruption.

The day school which is organized and superintended by Miss Simpson has 85 pupils on the rolls. The Sabbath school has an average attendance of 25. Of these, several are high caste girls; no caste distinction is shown in the Sabbath school. The Brahmin girl will sit as close up to the Christian woman as she can, and a high caste girl who would not touch a Sudra on the street, lean her arm affectionately on the Bible woman's shoulder, as she sits close up to her in the Sunday school, a sight which one would not see anywhere in all this town outside of that school room.

These girls are learning truths which we believe will break down this great barrier "Caste," and shake the power of idolatry in their hearts forever.

Miss C. Gibson, the superintendent of this school, says, that a little girl only four years, refused to go to a bathing festival on a Sabbath morning, because she preferred attending the Sabbath school, and laughed at her parents going to bathe for merit. Some others promised never to worship idols, as they all want to be God's children. We see it is much easier to plant the truths into these young hearts before they are hardened.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President Miss Baskerville; Vice-President, Mrs. DeBeaux; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss P. Beggs.

In concluding this our fifth annual report of our work, we praise the Lord for what He has accomplished through us, and trust in Him with confidence to labor prayerfully, unitedly and zealously for His glory

Our Father through another year.
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear,
Its ending all to Thee.

P. H. N. BEGGS,
Secretary-Treasurer

Work at Home.**THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.**

RECEIPTS FROM DEC. 18, 1893, TO JAN. 17, 1894.

FROM CIRCLES.—New Sarum, \$4.35; Port Perry, \$1.75; Uxbridge, \$4; Toronto (Moulton College), \$6.35; Cobourg, \$3.75; Hamilton (Victoria Ave.), \$3.55; Forest, \$3; Listowel, \$5.60; Stirling, \$2.90; Berean, \$9.50; Tilsonburg, \$5; Port Arthur, \$14; St. Thomas (\$5.63 towards life membership fee), \$18; Toronto (Lansdowne Ave.), \$7.48; Toronto (Bloor St.), \$43.79; Beachville, \$2.80; Galt, \$6; Peterborough, \$6.77; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$56.20; Mrs. Friend (California), a member of Talbot St. M. C., London, for K. Peter, native preacher, \$20; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.), \$4.40; Woodstock (1st Church) \$9; Brooklin, \$2.22; Cullus, \$5; and Markham, \$2.60; Atwood, \$4.80; Canboro, \$4.12; Toronto (Dovercourt Road), \$5.50; Wolverton (\$3.75 special), \$9.75; Stouffville, \$1.10; Barrie, \$6; Guelph (First Church), \$8.91; Hamilton (Wentworth St.), \$3; London South (25c extra), \$9.28; Mount Forest, \$9.28; Port Hope, \$20; Toronto (Parliament St.), \$6; Teeswater, \$3.20; Woodstock (Oxford St.), \$10.52; London (Grosvenor St.), \$2.30; Bramford (Calvary Church), \$9.50; Toronto (Jarvis St.), \$4.90; Wingham, \$6.45; Langton (\$4 collection from a meeting addressed by Miss Hatch), \$5; Toronto (Beverly St.), \$11.85; for Garsala Abraham \$17, \$28.85; West Toronto Junction, \$2.35; Total, \$428.82.

FROM BANDS.—Glamis, 88c.; Peterborough (Park St.) for Sheik-ally Nathaniel, \$8.50; Blenheim, \$2.70; Schomberg (for Saade Prakasm), \$8; Atwood, 70c.; Maple Grove, \$8; Orangeville (for Katapi Samuel), \$5; Drumbo, \$1; Teeswater (for D. Peramma while at Cocanada), \$1.33; Total, \$36.11.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Miss Isabel and Baby Edwards, 75c. "Payney," Peterboro', \$1.10, \$1.85; Mrs. L's S. S. class Beachville, \$1.14; Union meeting of Toronto Circles, \$6.50; Woodstock (East End Mission), Y.P.S. C.E., for-Dyudi Gnanaktuamma, \$18; London South B.Y.P.U., \$3.42; A Friend, for Mortha Achemma, \$5; Total, \$35.91; Total Receipts, \$500.84.

DISBURSEMENTS (To General Treasurers)—Regular remittances, \$566.66; special for Native Preacher, \$20; Total \$586.66; Home Expensés—Miss Hatch's expenses to Hamilton Convention, \$2.25; Total Disbursements, \$588.91.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.
109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

Circle re-organized at Sault Ste. Marie. Officers: President, Mrs. Scott; Secretary, Mrs. Carl; Treasurer, Mrs. Sims.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—“*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*”

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.—Thanksgiving for the good news from Chicacole and Kimediy, prayer for a steady increase of the blessing, and that we at home may be ready for it.

TO-DAY.

“Will you offer yourself to-day
To the service of the King?
Yourself redeemed by the Saviour’s blood
To the feet of the Saviour bring?”

Will you offer yourself to-day
While your body and soul are strong?
You know not that God will spare your life
And He may not spare it long.

Will you offer yourself to-day
While it costs you something to give?
A priceless gift may never be yours
To offer again while you live.

Will you not offer yourself to-day
While the Saviour needs your life?
It may be that when you would join the ranks
T’will be the end of the strife.

Will you not offer yourself to-day,
To-day while yet there is light?
For when you would gladly give up all
It may be eternal night.

—Indias’ Women.

Through a little mistake the *Column* and the *LINK* had different subjects for prayer for January. Both petitions were needed. It may be our sisters blended both.

Last month we asked for suggestions respecting a monthly programme for the Aid Meeting. None has come as yet. We will be glad to receive any.

The news from the Foreign Field as published in the *Messenger and Visitor* and also from Mr. Archibald in January *Tidings* is glad news from a far country. Many at home have been waiting and longing for it.

Now then, the question comes, are we ready to help answer our February prayer? If so the answer will not tarry. But another question comes in just here, “What does this helping mean?” 1st. If it means, an earnest pleading every day, will we? Have we really prayed thus in the past?

2nd. If it means praying before others for this thing, in the Aid meeting, will we do it?

3rd. If it means self-denial, real self-denial, such as those Telugu Christians are exercising, will we do it?

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY AID MEETING.

SUBJECT—OUR CHICACOLE FIELD.

HYMN.

PRAYER.

RES. READING.

Minutes of last meeting.

Quarterly report of Treasurer of Aid Society.

HYMN—“I gave My Life for Thee.”

A number of short prayers with thanksgiving (vide Topic).

Paper on this Field giving population, etc.

Reading of Monthly *Tidings*.

A short paper giving the names of the Missionaries who have been, and are on the Chicacole Field, and telling of its division.

PRAYER.

Short paper on the needs of this field.

DISCUSSION—What will this society do to meet these needs?

PRAYER—“Lord what will Thou have us to do?”

Let some sister give the names of the native helpers, preachers, and Bible women.

Material may be had from back numbers of *LINK* and *Messenger and Visitor*. “A brief history of Foreign Mission enterprise among Baptists of Maritime Provinces,” and the leaflet “Mission needs of our Telugu Fields.”

FROM THE FIELD.

THE WIFE BEATER.—Writing to his brother, Dr. Buchanan, of Ujjain, says: “A very common custom among the heathen here is to treat their wives as their property, as you might a disobedient dog; not that they do not love their wives, in their way, but then one might punish a dog that he loves.

“This idea is hard to get rooted out of even the native Christians. I have to be judge also in such cases, for we do not take them before the unbelieving judge. One of our workers here has not yet succeeded in banishing this heathen practice from his domestic arrangements, and so, from time to time, he undertakes to school his wife into proper conduct by using his shoe, a kind of heavy slipper, upon the all but nude body of his beloved, or should be beloved, refractory spouse.

“She does not hold to this heathen practice. The women easily become Christians in this respect. So the result is, the ‘Padri Sahib,’ the missionary, is called in and he naturally sides with the woman. There the difficulty arises. Shall he adopt the Christian or the heathen method of dealing with the culprit? We have been trying moral suasion, showing the difference between Christian and heathen methods, and threatening dismissal and reduction of pay. We are sorely tried with our wife beater, for he is in some respects an able, useful fellow. —We have prayed with him, pleaded with him, and forgiven him, and still, in an unguarded time he is into the old rut again. Now he is on halt pay. The ruts of heathenish generations are deep and hard, and it requires the warm beams of the sun of

righteousness to soften them, then the wheels of prayerful practice will smooth them down.—*Presbyterian Record.*

Extracts from Dr. Jessica Carleton's note book, Ambala, India.

April 3rd.—The goddess of small-pox is propitiated. Fine feasts are given to the Brahmins and to unmarried girls. * * * * At Sunday service came three such skeleton-like figures that I said, they belong to this starving land. Few are fully fed, but I find they are Brahmins. Two deaths in the family have required the women to fast for a year. Many die under this custom. Down country some castes are abolishing this fasting on the part of women.

Thibet, almost all of Central Asia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, nearly all of Arabia, the greater part of Soudan, Abyssinia, and the Philippine Islands are still without a missionary. Besides this, large districts of Western China and Eastern and Central Congo Free State, large portions of South America and many of the Islands of the sea, are almost or altogether unoccupied.

In Japan, for every Christian disciple there are too *Buddhist priests* and six *Shinto temples*, and 10,000 more head priests of Buddha than the entire number of followers of Christ.

On the West African Coast the habitations of cruelty still abound. Near Lagos 200 human beings were lately offered in sacrifice. Christendom has introduced 70,000-gallons of rum to every missionary.

More than one half of those who die in Calcutta have no medical attendance whatever.

India has 21,000,000 widows and 50,000,000 Zenana prisoners. No wonder that a society of native women in Bombay has for its motto, "The world was made for woman too."

Korea has but one missionary to every 800,000 people.—*Miss. Review.*

In the above extracts we may have called what may be said to be the dark side of the work. But it is well to look at it. Well to read these, and then this "Who then is the faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall set over his household, to give them their portion of food in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

ZENANA WORK.

Feb. 4th, 1893.

History has established the fact that the zenana system, or seclusion of women in India, was the result of the oppression of the Moslem conquerors of the Hindoos.

The word zenana is from two Persian words *zen* women, and *ana*, abode; literally "the abode of women."

The zenana is more carefully guarded in Bengal than in any other part of India. It is the most inaccessible part of the house. Very often it took all the courage I could summon,—not to enter the zenana—but to pass through the reception room of the lord and master of the house, and bear the scrutiny of the native gentlemen present. Gladly one enters the dark winding passages, even though they be filled with unpleasant

odors. By a circuitous route, bobbing one's head here and there to prevent bumping as we enter the low doorways, we arrive at last at the inner court. Off this open square, we find many small compartments, if the family be a large one, they are dark and unventilated. If there is any opening at all beside the door, it is a latticed aperture about two feet square.

In these miserable homes the women live. I used to visit the family of a native government official in Balasore. His wife was ill. Suggesting that fresh air would be better for her than medicine, the reply was, "I suppose, it would, but that she cannot have."

The high caste women never go out except to visit their relatives, and this in a closely covered palanquin. Many of the most beautiful women I have ever seen are in these zenanas.

At the Decennial Missionary Conference in Calcutta in 1882, it was my privilege to hear from the lips of the pioneer worker, Rev. J. Fordyce of the Free Church of Scotland, of the origin of zenana work. In 1852 Dr. Duff, then in Scotland, proposed that Mr. Fordyce go to India and plead from the pulpit, platform, and through the press, the cause of educating the women of the zenanas. In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Fordyce arrived in Calcutta. The matter was laid before the Calcutta Missionary Conference. Dr. Thomas Smith then showed an article of his, published years before, proposing a plan for zenana teaching. The Conference deemed the plan impracticable. However, in 1855, Dr. Smith introduced to Mr. Fordyce several native gentlemen. Mrs. Fordyce visited the zenanas as a pioneer. No gentlemen are allowed admittance.

On February 2nd, 1855, Miss Toogood, with a native assistant, began teaching in the zenanas of Calcutta. The story of Mrs. Mullens and the slipper was of later date.

Teaching in the zenanas is now mostly done by native Christian women, under the superintendence of lady missionaries. The teachers go every day from zenana to zenana. Mats are spread on the floor for the "patha ma" or "mother of books," as the teacher is termed. Then the instruction begins in reading, writing, and the simple rules of arithmetic. This is all done in the vernacular, whatever that may be. Needlework is also taught and religious instruction given, if allowed. Now and then, one wishes to read English. I made it a rule never to teach, if the *Scripture* were not allowed. The lady missionary is on a constant round, visiting zenanas and examining the pupils to see if they improve. There are also zenana or purdah schools, where the little child wives are taught. Ten, twelve, or twenty of these little ones gather in the inner court of the zenana. Besides the secular teaching they learn texts of scripture, catechism, and sing hymns. Pictures illustrating the scripture stories are used.

I have had the zenana doors fly open to see the pictures when nothing else would avail. The last few years of my stay in India was devoted to evangelistic work in the zenanas of the high caste, as well as among the poor women, to whom we have free access on the streets and in villages. Work on the streets very often opened to us the zenanas long closed. No matter how much we may wish to enter a zenana, we dare not lift the curtain or purdah unless an invitation is given.

Just opposite to where I lived was a brick house occupied by a native gentleman in government employ.

How I wished to go and see the women who lived there! I talked with the little ones as they played out of doors, but it was of no use; the zenana was closed. For more than a year I waited and prayed. One evening I met a boy on the road. He was singing songs to his heathen gods. Stopping him, I said, "If you can read, come with me and I'll give you something better to sing." Returning to the house with me, he got the gospel in verse. A few days after, an old woman came to see me, he got the gospel in verse. A few days after, an old woman came to see me and beg of me to "Come at once to the zenana across the way." The woman was ill and wanted to see me. I went at once, and was welcome ever after. There were a number of women in this house, all of whom could read. The boy, whom I met that evening was a servant in the family. The old woman who came to call me was his grandmother.

A few days after a call came to go to another zenana; there an old woman took me by the hand and led me to another zenana; then another; from there to another. Thus four zenanas were opened by one little passing word to the boy. So zenana work is, after all, only doing the "little things" for Jesus. Leaflets and religious books go where we cannot. We hear of the conversion of whole families, sometimes villages by means of the gospels which are sold for a cent or given away.

A few months ago, lying ill in a Calcutta hospital, I heard there was a Bengali purdah woman ill in the next cabin. No one but the doctors and nurses were allowed to enter. A few Bengali leaflets found their way there. Soon we heard the afflicted one reading one of them, "God is love." We remember how quiet she was, too, when that Bengali Christian woman in my cabin sang in her own tongue that beautiful hymn "Art thou weary."

Pardon, dear friends, the repeating of so many personal incidents. Writing of them has brought tears to my eyes, and a longing to enter those zenanas once more. So great a privilege has it been, that I would rather have the knowledge of having led one of India's women to Jesus than wear on my breast the "Star of India."

Your sister in Christ,

JESSIE B. HOOPER.

The above was kindly written, for one of our Co. Conventions last year. Miss Hooper is a sister of Mrs. Revd.) Adams, Truro, N.S.

(A. E. J.)

A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

I sat down in an armchair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the pearl of great price, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity, and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in work. My brethren were united. My sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers. My church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement, and as the work went on I had been led

into exhausting labors for its promotion. Fired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room without any perliminary "tap" or "come in." I saw in his face benignity, intelligence, and weight of character; but, though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures, and chemical agents, and implements which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me and extending his hand said: "How is your zeal?" I supposed when he begun his question that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word for I was well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions. Instantly I conceived of it as a physical quantity and put my hand into my bosom and brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it and placed it in his scale, weighed it carefully, and I heard him say "one hundred pounds." I could scarcely suppress an audible note of satisfaction, but caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and I saw at once that he had proved no final conclusion, but was intent on following his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms and put the crucible into the fire. When it was thoroughly fused he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers or strata, which all, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severely

TESTED AND WEIGHED.

the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion as, without a word except "May God save you!" he left the room. I opened the "notes" and read as follows:

Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory:

Weight in mass 100 lbs.

Of this, on analysis, there proves to be:

Bigotry	10	parts
Personal Ambition	23	"
Love of Salary	19	"
Pride of Denomination	15	"
Pride of Talent	14	"
Love of Authority	12	"
Love of God } Pure Zeal {	4	"
Love of man }	3	"

100 parts

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the

correctness of the record, but I was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh—almost a groan—from the stranger, who had passed into the hall, and by a sudden darkness that was falling upon me, by which the record became at once obscured and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out,

"LORD, SAVE ME!"

and knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hands and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. The record was true; I saw it, I felt it, I confessed it, I deplored it, and besought God to save me from myself, with many tears; and at length with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. I had prayed, in years gone by, to be saved from hell, but my vow to be saved

FROM MYSELF

was now immeasurably more fervent and distressful; nor did I rest or pause till the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and *hallowing my whole heart to God.*

That light and that love are in my soul to-day; and when the toils of my pilgrimage shall be at an end, I expect to kneel in heaven at the feet of the Divine Alchemist, and bless Him for the revelation of that day which showed me where I stood and turned my feet into a better, higher, narrower path.

That day was the crisis of my history; and if there shall prove to have been, in later years, some depth and earnestness in my convictions, and some searching and saving pungency in my words, I doubt not eternity will show their connection with the visit of the Searcher of hearts, at whose coming my sins went to judgment beforehand, and I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Rev. C. H. Sprurgeon, in "Sword and Trowel."*

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

FROM Amherst we learn that the *women* concluded that something special must be done for the N. W. so had an announcement of the needs of the N. W. mentioned on Sunday, and also asked that donations in envelopes be given at the Thursday evening prayer meeting. Notwithstanding that Thursday was bitterly cold the collection amounted to \$40.00, and since, the sum has risen to \$70.00. Who will follow?

Mrs. Brown writes from French Village, Halifax Co., of a Mission Band having been formed there in August with a membership of thirteen, which has since increased to twenty-one. The meetings are held monthly, on Sunday afternoon after the dismissal of the Sunday school. Through a mistake the Prov.-Secy was not notified of the organization of this Band at the time. All the same French Village is gladly welcomed.

FROM Benton, Carleton Co., N. B., we learn that a Mission Band was organized in December.

WATERSIDE, ALBERT CO., N.B., Dec. 31, 1893.

My Dear Miss Johnstone,

On the evening of December 25th, the Waterside Mission Band held a concert in the Baptist Church. The programme was interesting and well received. Of the mite boxes which had been distributed five were returned, and contained \$2.87. The proceeds from the evening's entertainment was \$15.32, making a total of \$18.19. The membership of this Band is small, but they are united, and are endeavoring to give others some of the sunshine Christ has sent into their homes and lives.

I visited Harvey Society on November 23rd, and a pleasant and I trust profitable meeting was held. Their attendance is small, but a few faithful ones hold their little meetings for prayer regularly.

Albert Society held a public meeting December 9th, to which the neighboring Societies Riverside and Hopewell Hill were invited. The Secretary of that Society has probably sent you a fuller report before this.

Yours in Christian love,

M. F. FILLMORE,

Secy for Albert Co.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

LITTLE HELPERS.

A concert exercise for eight little girls.

Suggestions to teacher: Four of the children approach the stage from the right, four from the left, meeting in the centre. The one at each end is dressed in white and carries a pretty basket; they are somewhat removed from the six children who stand in a semicircle in the centre and recite the verses. The two in white wait with their baskets, but join in the singing. The organist should be ready to accompany the children when they sing, and help them if necessary. The first song is quoted from the "Voice of Jesus" in "Songs of Salvation," the second is "Jesus Bids Us Shine" in "Hymns New and Old," the third is from "Little Givers" in "Songs of Salvation." In the first stanza the six children clasp and swing their hands, like veritable playmates, and recite joyously, looking at one another.

(The six recite together.)

We are little playmates,
Playing in the sun,
Gay and happy-hearted
Each and every one.

(First child.)

We are little workers
Even while we play,
Glad to work for Jesus
All the livelong day.

(All sing.)

"Yes! dear Jesus, we will come,
Oh, we'll come to thee!
In life's freshness, joy, and bloom,
Oh, we'll come to thee!
While the spring around us glows
And the early violet blows,
Like the gently opening rose,
Oh, we'll come to Thee!"

(Second child.)

We are little singers,
Singing songs of praise
To our heavenly Father
For our happy days.

(Third child.)

We can serve Him being
Cheery, kind, and true
To our parents, teachers,
And each other too.

(All sing.)

"Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle

Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness
We must shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine."

*(Also 2d and 3rd stanzas.)**(Fourth child.)*

We are little soldiers,
Fighting with our might,
Always 'gainst the sinful,
Ever for the right.

(Fifth child.)

We are little learners,
Learning all we may
Of those other children
Who to idols pray.

(The six recite together.)

We are little prayers
To the one true God,
[Fold hands and uplift faces]
Help us, loving Father,
Understand Thy word.

Make us little sisters,
Teaching tenderly
All those other children,
Who belong to Thee.

two children in white now step toward the six,
g their baskets to them and singing:)

"Little givers I do you part
With a glad and willing heart,
For the angel voices say,
'Little givers I give to-day.'"

(The six sing in response.)

"Grateful tribute will I bring
Unto Christ my Saviour, King.

Thou hast giv'n thy life for me,
I will give my all to Thee."

(They drop their pennies into the baskets and the two step back to their places.)

(Sixth child to audience.)

We are little givers,
Glad to give and do,
Will you join our army
Giving gladly too?

(All sing.)

"Little givers! come and pay
Willing tribute while you may;
Many offerings though but small
Make a large one from you all."

(Four leave stage from right, four from left, the two in white last, who then pass their baskets for the collection.)

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB,
Missionary Helper

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

Let me tell you about a short tour I made. The Syce as we call him, harnessed my horse "Jack" to the little dog cart, and soon we were going at a good pace along the river road bound for Polavarum, right among the hills were I intended to make my camp.

The afternoon was bright and cool. The road was good, and little "Jack" strong and willing, so that I had a delightful ride.

There were quite a number of ox carts on the road, and plenty of men, women and children, walking along, some carrying wood from the jungle. Near Polavarum there is a big tank half a mile long, where I noticed some six or eight ducks swimming in the water, and some solemn looking cranes wading about as we passed, and then the travelers, bungalow, resting so snugly under the shade of some mighty tamarind trees was reached. Just at dark Cornelius, my preacher, and myself walked into the village, and preached to about 30 people near the temple. After we had finished speaking another man commenced to preach, and told the people that Jesus was the only Saviour, and said that they should all believe on Him. As it was dark I could not see who it was, but found out upon asking that it was my ox cart driver, who really knows the gospel, but he is not a believer. Cornelius and I had an enjoyable walk back to the bungalow, there were hundreds and hundreds of fireflies. Cornelius wanted to know whether they got their food in the day time, or whether they were flying about now and getting it with the aid of the light. This I could not tell him, but perhaps some of you will inform me when you write to me.

Next morning the Syce saddled "Jack" for the road ended at the village of Polavarum, and so it was neces-

sary to ride on horseback. Away we went along the hillside, through the fields, and then a river was reached; the water was the color of coffee. The horseman was not near, and I did not know how deep it might be, but in plunged "Jack" and stumbled against some stones, and then waded through to the other side. Is there not a poem which says? "Sermons in books and stones in running brooks" If it does, it is quite true, for I read a sermon in a book the other day, and to-day my horse nearly fell because of the stones in the brook. This morning of which I write, was literally a morning without clouds, not the faintest speck of a cloud could be seen anywhere.

There were plenty of birds, the doves were cooing on every side. Now and then a "roller," or as some call it, a blue jay was noticed. This bird is graceful and beautiful in motion, but most ungraceful in repose, when its color seems to be just brown and black, but when it flies it unfolds a pair of most brilliant blue wings. John Lockwood Kepling says, that when he sees it, the line: "Undreamed of wings be lifted" is suggested to him. Where is this line to be found? Really, children, I do not remember ever reading it in any poem. Another bird noticed was the crow pheasant, a bird with black body and brown wings, and a fine long tail. It is called the "hot weather bird" by some people, but in this part of the country we meet with it in the cold weather as well as the hot season. Overhead the swallows were flying, and ——— Hallo!, what is this? Along comes a girl her clothes all wet and dirty, just crying and sobbing, while behind a man walks with a big stick, followed by some women. "What are you doing?" I asked of the man. "This is my wife" he replied, and he pushed her along. Then came Abel the Naudor preacher to meet me, and explained that this young woman had run away from her husband and returned to her mother, as she did not love her husband, that she had jumped into the river and so was wet, and now her husband was taking her home. Poor child! it seems hard for you to go where you don't want to go, and to live where you are so unhappy.

Naudor was soon reached, and here we held a prayer-meeting in Abel's house, where 1 John, 3rd chapter was read, and I said a few words about the joy of being called children of God. There are some ready for baptism in the village, but it is harvest time now, and so it is hard to get away from work.

That night I saw the lights of the watchers, who are guarding the crops in the fields high up the hillsides, and heard the drums which are beaten to frighten away the deer and wild boar, and the jackals came and howled around the bungalow to put me to sleep.

R. GARSIDE.

Camp Polavarum, India, Dec. 6, 1893.

MISSION BAND LESSON NO. 5.

A TRUE HERO.

What boy or girl does not like a story about a hero? The following short sketch is of the life of a true living hero, whose name is John Paton.

He was the eldest of a family of eleven children. His father and mother were very good Christian people. The father had desired to preach the Gospel, but as he could not do so he promised God to consecrate his sons to that service. He lived to see three sons successful preachers.

John Paton's parents were poor and he had to struggle along as best he could to get an education, but he was determined to have one. When he had succeeded in entering college he did work out of studies hours in a Mission in Glasgow.

There he had great success and saw hundreds believe in the Saviour. This work seemed to prepare him for something greater still. After he was ordained as a preacher he heard about the need of a missionary in the New Hebrides Islands. Do you know were they are? If not find out when you go home. This name was given by those who first discovered these islands and means "Land of the Holy Ghost." A very strange name indeed, for the people inhabiting it were fierce cannibal savages. The first two missionaries who were sent to those islands in 1839 were killed and eaten as soon as they landed. A few other missionaries had gone since that and had been allowed to live there, but more were still needed, and John Paton longed to go. Many tried to persuade him to remain at home. One old gentleman would always say "The cannibals! You will be eaten by the cannibals!" At last he replied, "Mr. Dickson you must soon die and be eaten by worms, and I confess it makes no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or worms, because in that Great Day my resurrection body will be as fair as yours." After that they left him alone. In 1858 accompanied by his young wife and another missionary he set sail for the New Hebrides. As they neared their destination they got on-board a small schooner called John Knox. A stiff wind came up and threatened to drive them on Tanna Island where they would soon have been cooked and eaten; but Dr. Inglis a missionary saw them far out at sea, and took his boat and brought them safely to land.

It was decided that Mr. Paton should live on the southern part of Tanna. There they built a house, as they supposed in a healthy spot, but in less than a year it caused the death of Mrs. Paton and her baby boy. In that strange land he made a grave, and with a heart nearly broken with grief laid his wife and baby in it. He was now alone with only savages for com-

panions.

The savage tribes were at war with each other nearly all the time. Before the Mission House was built they had a battle quite near it, and six men were killed. These the conquering savages killed and ate. This will give you some idea of what Mr. Paton and other missionaries had to see, and what a risk they ran of a similar fate. Would you have stayed or ran away?

For every evil that happened these heathen such as drought, disease or death, they blamed the missionary and what they called his "Jehovah worship" or his God. Once during a dry season they sent word to Mr. Paton "That he was to pray to God for rain and if it did not come they would kill him. God sent the rain and his life was spared, but there came so much that sickness came and then he was blamed again. Several other times his life was attempted. On one occasion armed savages surrounded his house at day-break, saying they had come to kill him as they did not like his Jehovah worship. He knelt in prayer feeling sure his hour had come. He then went to the door and commenced reasoning with them, strange to say they all slunk away.

These people are great thieves and at different times stole his bed-clothes, fowls and cooking-utensils. They would not return them and Mr. Paton knew not what to do. One day before he was dressed the natives rushed to his house saying, "That God or a ship on fire was coming." They were told, "That it was a Man of War coming to see how he was treated." They asked if he would tell they had stolen his things? "Yes," he replied, "If they are not all returned before the ship lands." In a short time everything was back in its place. Finally owing to the continued ill-treatment and to broken health, Mr. Paton was obliged to leave Tanna for awhile barely escaping with his life.

A ship was needed for the sole use of the missionaries, and it was decided that Mr. Paton make a tour through Australia to raise funds for that purpose. He went to Sydney but could not get any preacher to let him speak in either church or Sunday school. The second Sunday he wandered into a church where he saw children flocking and got leave after much coaxing to address them for fifteen minutes. So pleased were they that the preacher offered him his pulpit. After that he had full leave to preach or speak were he pleased. Please notice that it was with the children that his new work began that bore such blessed fruits. He interested the children in his scheme, by giving them little collecting cards. Each child that gave or collected sixpence became a share-holder in the new ship to be called the Dayspring. This was specially the children's work and they raised £3,000 or nearly

\$15,000 for it. This built the ship, and ever since the children have saved enough money in their boxes to keep it running. We hope that the boys and girls of Canada will do this year as well as those in Australia do. £200 more were raised to send new missionaries and £300 for native teachers. Mr. Paton was sent home to interest the people there in this mission and get volunteers for the Lord's work in the New Hebrides. Here he was married again to an excellent lady who was a great help to Mr. Paton in his work, and who still lives. When they returned the second time to their mission work it was thought best that they should go to a smaller and less savage island called Amira (A-nee'-era). Here they worked and hoped and prayed. A very simple thing it would seem to us, was used by God "To break the back bone of heathenism in Amira." They had no water except what was caught during the rainy season. This was an uncertain and poor supply. Mr. Paton spoke of sinking a well. The natives thought he was going crazy to expect water from the earth, and they would not help him. But with a prayer to God for help he dug down almost unaided 30 feet; to his joy he found a spring of fresh water. When the natives saw this they said, "The Lord Jehovah is greater than our gods they never give us any good things, they never did anything like this for us; we will give them up and worship Missi's God." They brought their idols to the missionary and he destroyed them. The savages thronged the house to be taught till not one heathen was left at Amira. Is it not wonderful to think that 12,000 cannibals are now Christians? Was he not a true hero who in face of such dangers did his work without flinching? Was it not a glorious privilege that these boys and girls had to give their pennies to help on this wonderful work?

AKIDU.

List of girls in the Akidu Boarding School, on Dec. 15th, 1893.

JUNIOR TEACHERS.

1. Gutla Milcah. (Taken.)
2. Kokkeragadda Narsamma.

FOURTH CLASS.

3. Konati Mary. (Taken.)
4. Varasola Tamar.

THIRD CLASS.

5. Bandala Mary. (Taken.)
6. Tadapilli Esther.
7. Karaturi Denamma. (Taken.)
8. Pulavarti Ellamandala.
9. Varagangi Susanna.
10. Gundagollu Krupavati.
11. Gundagollu Ratnavati.
12. Pallem Miriam.

SECOND CLASS.

13. Karaturi Mary. (Taken.)
14. Gasala Sundramma.
15. Kokkeragadda Anna.
16. Tumeti Sundramma.
17. Gutla Shantamma.
18. Nagadasi Lydia.
19. Vellagapalli Minnie.

FIRST CLASS.

20. Gatala Milcah.
21. Kodali Martha.
22. Jangam Martha.
23. Tokali Rebecca.
24. Pallem Denamma.

INFANT CLASS.

25. Tumeti Krupavati.
26. Devabattina Kartamma.
27. Pasala Susanna.
28. Balarpa Rosina.
29. Garakamakali Venkamma.
30. Vellagapalli Ruth.
31. Chigurapati Mangamma.
32. Rayyudu Ratnamma.

Mrs. Craig has kindly sent me short accounts of each of these girls, so that I may be able to tell any Band choosing to support one of them some facts concerning her without waiting to write to India first. Some of the girls who were at Akidu School last year are now at Cocanada, being trained under Miss Baskerville for more advanced classes. Others are married, and some others have been prevented by heathen relatives from returning to school.

If any friend or friends who are supporting girls in Akidu do not see their names in this list, please let me know at once, and I will tell them why they are not there.

This school is doing a grand work for the Lord, and needs our hearty support, besides our earnest prayers and loving sympathy. Some of our eastern Bands have not yet taken up any special foreign mission work. I would urge upon such to choose one of these little girls as their pupil, their representative in India, and let the pennies they give each month to this cause help to train her for mission work in this dark heathen land. Only \$17 a year for clothes, food and education in this Christian school!—Each girl going out from its walls carries with her an influence that will be felt throughout her life, and probably reach many more precious souls. Who will resolve to consecrate a portion of his or her money during 1894 in supporting one of these little Telugu girls in Akidu?

SISTER BELLE.

347 MacLaren Street, Ottawa.

(Those names marked "Taken" are already being supported by friends here.)

ADDRESSES.

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