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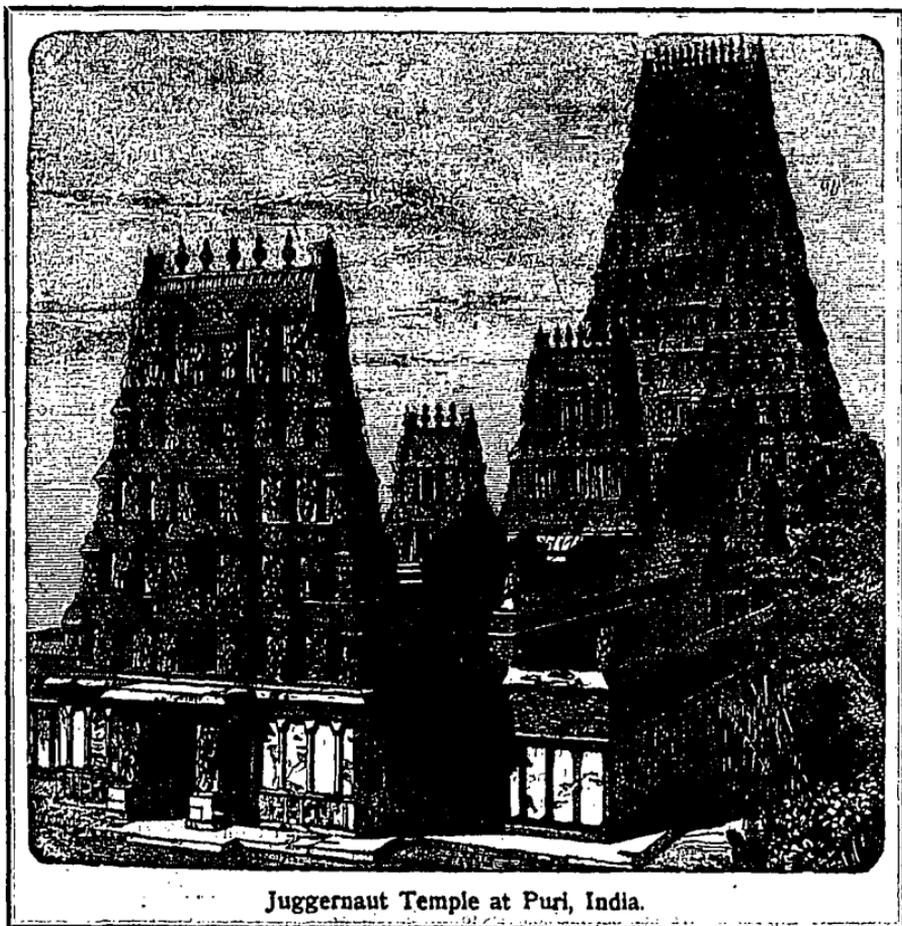
THE
Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. 8, No. 5] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." Is. lx. 3. [JAN., 1888.



Juggernaut Temple at Puri, India.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.—Mrs. Rose's letter published in this number of the LINK, furnishes a large amount of information which the Circles need to possess. We bespeak for the letter a diligent reading.

THE NEW YEAR.—In entering upon the New Year, would it not be well for every one of our readers to resolve to *double* her exertions for the spread of the Gospel, and if possible her contributions? For our own part, we intend to make the LINK just as much better as we are able and we again ask the co-operation of the Circles.

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.—We publish again the list of valuable missionary books kindly provided for free circulation, by Rev. John Craig. We trust that these books will be more and more in demand, and that the purpose of the donor will be fully subserved. We would earnestly advise the Presidents of Circles to send for these books one by one, to study them or get others to study them, and to use the materials they contain for keeping up the interest of the meetings.

ARREARAGES.—In looking over our mailing list we find a large number of names with 1885 opposite them. Will not our readers examine the labels on their papers, and if they do not find 1886 thereon, remit their subscriptions promptly? Many of our readers live in communities where few copies of the LINK are taken. Will not such endeavor to send each a few new names along with their own renewals? As there is comparatively little in the paper that is strictly denominational, there is no good reason why its circulation should be restricted to Baptists. Get some of your Pædobaptist friends to subscribe.

MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.—In order that our Circles and Aid Societies might be supplied with good reading of this kind, we have taken considerable trouble to gather information with reference to missionary leaflets in use among several of the leading societies, and we have selected and ordered a supply of the following which we can furnish at the prices attached: "My Missionary Box and 1," (10 cents each); "A Grain of Mustard Seed," (10 cents each); "The Story of the Bees," (3 cents each); "For His Sake," (3 cents each). The two first are large pamphlets, and are very neat in appearance. It is needless to say that we regard these tracts as very valuable. We have had printed on tinted paper, some extra copies of Mrs. Baker's poem, "The Promise and the Work," which we will send to any address at 3 cents each. It is hoped that no order will be for less than 20 cents worth, as the postage on a single leaflet would be as much as on several.

MISSIONARY LETTERS.—We beg our missionaries to keep the readers of the LINK well informed as to their every day experiences, and the progress of the work. Our brethren and sisters in India do not need to be in-

formed that the people require accurate and detailed information, and that continually. Letters, journals, and articles on matters of missionary interest, will be welcome at all times to our columns. We should be glad to carry on a personal correspondence with each of the missionary families, but we are so preoccupied as to be obliged for the present to forego this pleasure. We are sure that our missionary friends will accept this explanation as satisfactory, and will wait for no further invitation to favor us regularly with their letters, etc. Mrs. Archibald's letter, which we publish this week, is full of interest and instruction; but we should have been glad of one or two others from different parts of the field.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.—The arrangement mentioned in the last LINK was primarily intended only for the Ontario Circles; but we are glad that circles in other Provinces are interested in the matter, and are wishing to avail themselves of such an opportunity, to supply themselves with this very valuable periodical. As stated last month, the Ontario Board authorized the Secretary and the editor of the LINK, to select and to send to each circle for the year 1886, whatever periodical they might think best adapted to the needs of Circles. In accordance with their instructions, a copy of the *Gospel in all Lands* was ordered for each circle in Ontario, and the Circles were requested to collect and forward to the editor of the LINK \$1 for meeting the expense. As the names of all the Secretaries were forwarded together, little expense was involved. We shall be happy to furnish a copy each to the circles and Aid Societies of Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, and Manitoba, if each \$1 for subscriptions be accompanied by 10 cents to cover expense of forwarding the subscriptions to New York. *We can furnish the paper to private individuals, who are not already subscribers, at \$1.25.*

"THEY also serve who only stand and wait." It is a sweet thought for those whose arms are too weak to turn the soil, and whose languid frames cannot bear the sun that blazes on an open field. They may stand and wait outside where the only service is the unsung song of praise, and the unuttered prayer of faith. But there is a standing and waiting that is not service in the eyes of our Master; a folding of strong arms that should bear the burden of the day, and voices silent that should sing aloud of the "Lamb that was slain." We to whom God has given strength to toil, cannot serve Him in rest. For us to 'stand and wait' is dishonor to Him, and it may be destruction to the souls of men. "Why stand ye here idle all the day?"

Mrs. J. J. B.

It took fifty years to bring the King James translation of the Bible into general use.

Congregationalists in California gave to foreign missions last year eighty cents per member.

Bear the Message Onward.

Mark xvi: 15.

Bear the message onward
 Spread it far and wide ;
 Let the distant heathen
 Know that Jesus died ;
 Died that God might justly
 Vilest sin forgive ;
 Died that through His merit,
 Guilty men might live.

Bear the message onward
 Dare ye keep it back ?
 See those sin-bound millions,
 Death is on their track ;
 Wretchedness surrounds them,
 Woe succeeds to woe ;
 Listen, friends of Jesus,
 Will you leave them so ?

Bear the message onward
 Over land and sea ;
 Nothing save the gospel
 Makes man noble, free.
 Spread, O spread the G-ings,
 Fought with endless bliss,
 Kings and queens might covet
 Work so grand as this.

Bear the message onward
 Farther, faster yet ;
 Quickly 'ere in darkness
 This day's sun shall set
 Quickly ' judgment hasteneth ;
 Men are dying fast ;
 How can you, if heedless
 Meet your God at last ?

Bear the message onward,
 Make the Saviour known ;
 Heed the royal mandate
 Uttered from the throne
 Loving hearts should hear it,
 Ransomed souls obey ;
 Each and all must labor
 While 'tis called to day.

Bear the message onward
 Speed the word with prayer ;
 You must do your duty
 Let who will forbear
 Weary not in service,
 Let not courage die ;
 Doubt not, God is faithful,
 Fear not - help is nigh.

Bear the message onward
 'Tis so grandly true ;
 Wheresoe'er it cometh
 Eden blooms anew
 Work performed for Jesus
 Cannot go unblest ;
 Not till life is ended,
 Must God's servants rest.

Bear the message onward
 Speak it forth with power,
 Let it reach fresh regions
 Every passing hour.
 Human souls outvalued
 Coronets empearled ;
 Pause not till the message
 Vibrates through the world.

God's Everlasting Sign.

THE INDIRECT INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.,

We will give here a rapid glance at the indirect influences of the Gospel. Sir Bartle Frere has said, "Wherever the Gospel has gone, it has promoted the dignity of labor, the sanctity of marriage, and the brotherhood of man." Where it does not convert, it checks and controls ; where it does not renew, it refines ; where it does not sanctify, it softens and subdues. Resultant motion is the diagonal of direction followed by a body on which two forces act at right angles. So missions, acting in an opposite direction from Paganism modify and change even the society they do not wholly transform.

Statistics, therefore, rather understate than overstate results, which cannot be estimated numerically. Each church and missionary station represents a *community*, closely identified with Christianity, a centre of light, radiating holy influence on every side. Two million converts represent two hundred million, drawn into more or less sympathy with the Christian faith and life, confronted with the standing proofs of the superiority of Christian teaching, individual character and family life.

All this is like the honeycombing of rocks at Hell-gate preparatory to the sudden and wide-spread destruction of those obstacles to navigation ; pagan society, with its false faiths and iniquitous customs, is being undermined, and, as Sheshadrai says, "God works according to a higher arithmetic of His own." It will be no surprising thing, if, in His good time, all India shall suddenly be evangelized, and it shall then be seen there, as elsewhere, that in the absence of positive and visible results, the preparation has been going on for a final and more glorious transformation.

I am absolutely overwhelmed with the abundance of testimony, gleaned from even pagan or semi-pagan sources, and frank confessions of the pervading influence of the Gospel. It is permeating and penetrating the whole society of heathendom. It is becoming embedded and embosomed in the very soil of society, but not embalmed, for it is a living seed and not a dead body.

Let me give a few excerpts out of hundreds, on which I am prepared to lay my hand.

Some years since, that wonderful man, Chunder Sen, the Prophet of the Brahma Somaj, was obliged to acknowledge that "the spirit of Christianity has already pervaded the whole atmosphere of Indian society ; and we breathe, think, feel, and move in a Christian atmosphere. Native society is being roused, enlightened, and reformed under the influence of Christianity." And, in a speech at Calcutta, he said, "Our hearts are touched, conquered, overcome, by a higher Power ; and this power is *Christ Christ*, not the British Government, rules India !

"No one but Christ has deserved the precious diadem of the Indian Crown, *and he will have it* It is no longer a problem. For myself, I can say I feel no misgivings. I fully believe Christ has come into India, and has taken possession of India's heart. Some say India will be Christ's ; but it is not yet. . . . I hate the idea of conjugating Christ's success here in the future tense: it is a thing already achieved. I say emphatically that the Spirit of Christ has gone into the depths of India's heart. I declare that the sanctifying and civilizing influence of Christ's life and teachings are wonders in this land."

And yet India is the Malakoff of missions ; the most difficult of all fields in which to develop a Christian pro-

duct, because of the high order of civilization and culture found, the subtlety of priests, and the fascinations of Brahminism.

The candid observer sees that these really acute and able people cannot find in their own faiths, adequate consolation or strength or satisfaction.

After his recent return from India, M. D. Conway said, "Along the shelves of my library you will find all the sacred books of the East, over which I have pored and exulted for years. The noble aspirations of those ancient writers, the glowing poetry of the Vedas, the sublime imagery of their seers, have become part of my life; nor can I ever sufficiently acknowledge my indebtedness for the spiritual life which they have imparted. But when I went to the great cities, the pilgrim sites to which throng every year millions of those who profess to follow the faith of the men who wrote those books, and mingled with the vast procession of worshippers at the shrines sacred to the deities whose praises are sung by the Hindu poets, then, alas! the contrast between the real and the ideal was heart-breaking. In all those teeming myriads of worshippers, not one man, not even one woman seemed, to entertain the shadow of a conception of anything ideal or spiritual or religious, or even mythological, in their ancient creed. Not one glimmer of the great thoughts of their poets and sages lightened their darkened temples. To all of them, the great false god which they worshipped, a hulk of roughly carved wood or stone, appeared to be the authentic presentment of some terrible demon, or invisible power, who would treat them cruelly if they did not give him some melted butter. *Of religion in a spiritual sense, there is none. If you wish for religion, you will not find it in Brahminism.*"

"The same is true of China and Japan. Buddhism has no regenerating power. The same is true of Confucianism. The wise maxims and beautiful sayings of its great founder fail to convert men from the error of their ways. They profess to believe them; they laugh at the idea of practising them. *They lack regenerating power. But Christianity has regenerating power.* It opens a new life to men, it lifts them into a new state of existence, it educates, it civilizes, it ennobles."

After some great pestilence, famine, war or other calamity, we often see multitudes coming to Christ in mission fields. Why? Because they have long been gradually feeling the superiority of the Christian faith and a crisis comes that brings them to open espousal of Christ. To return to our previous figure, it is the explosion of which long preparations have been going on.

The Rev. Arthur Smith and his wife went out into the famine district in China four or five years ago to carry relief to the starving people. For two months, while they were ministering to the hungry and dying people they lived in a house nine feet square, with a dirt floor. Here they kept all their money, sometimes two or three thousand dollars at a time, and not one cent was ever stolen. The missionaries visited and counted every family, and each adult received about one cent a day and each child half the amount. Before the new crop was harvested they had seventeen thousand upon their list to whom they ministered. *This was a new thing to the Chinese.* They had never read of such benevolence in any of their sacred books. Their gods to whom they prayed, and before whom they burned incense daily, did not provide them one meal, but these foreigners fed them day after day and week after week. It was this work that opened Chinese hearts and homes to our missionaries. After that Dr. Porter and Mr. Smith were not afraid to go and live among them in the country, where

they had no treaty right to live. The work has grown under their hands as it could not in a large city. The people confide in them thoroughly. When frightened by rumors that the French were coming through their province, on their warlike way to Peking, not long ago, they came at once to the missionaries, and hearing that they thought war would soon end, the poor people went home with light hearts, telling their neighbors, "There will be no war; the shepherd says so, and we are not afraid."

A similar illustration is found in the "Lone Star Mission" among the Telugus, where Mr. Clough, himself a civil engineer as well as preacher, undertook with Government sanction to construct roads to employ an idle and starving people, and there in the camps of laborers, preached and taught the Gospel. In the year following that awful famine of 1877, he baptized ten thousand within sixty days.

The fact is Heathenism is in its decline and decadence. The sacrifice of great numbers of devotees under the wheels of the Juggernaut car is a tale of the past. At the last great festival of this old idol at Serampore in July, the crowd attracted by the spectacle was small. The car was dragged a short distance by hired men, and then left half in a muddy ditch. When the priests urged the people to pull, the irreverent populace cried out "Why don't you come down and pull yourselves?" Nobody was crushed; nobody hurt. Has Christianity nothing to do with this decadence?

The whole complexion of communities is often presenting a transformed aspect.

In an Indian village on Vancouver's island, Rev. Mr. Punshon was struck with two streets called "Heathen" and "Christian." The "Heathen" street was close to the river, and consisted of a long row of shanties, with a door and a chimney to each, but no windows. The doors and the chimneys formed the only orifices. Here five, six, sometimes ten families herded together. In "Christian" street one saw white cottages, in which the institution of the family appeared, with something of the industries of civilized life and giving one the idea of a home. Old fathers of sixty years of age were in "Heathen" street, but their sons were in "Christian" street; and, as the Gospel continues to be preached, the emigration goes on by persons passing from the former to the latter.

Joseph Annand, one of the missionaries of the Dominion Presbyterian Church in the New Hebrides, reports that the people of Anetium would not compare unfavorably in some respects, with Christians in our more highly favored land. The Sabbath is better observed there. An average of one-half of the population attend church regularly. The missionary has no locks on his dwelling, and nothing of the smallest value is ever stolen from him. On his side of the island Mr. Annand states that there are three churches, one of them a large stone edifice. They, with twenty school houses, have been built and are kept in order by the natives without any remuneration. They have contributed in arrowroot during the past year, for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, upward of \$750. Mr. Annand states that some of the islands are still closed to the missionaries, and are the habitations of cruelty. Others, however, are open to the Gospel, but there is no one to go and preach to them the way of salvation.

Natives said to Robert Moffat: "We don't see *what* is in this. You go into your little reed chapel, and you are only a little cleaner."

A world of meaning—it does make the whole man *cleaner*; and this cleanliness with which the work of

transformation begins, especially in the most degraded communities, is the first step toward godliness.

Dr. Lindley used to say to me, that among the Zulus, in South Africa, the *first sign of improvement* would be found in a native Zulu coming to the mission premises to barter some ivory, or fur, or peacock plume, for a cheap calico shirt to cover his naked form. Perhaps a few days later, he would return to buy a pair of duck pants; a few days later he would return for a little three legged stool, for how could he *soil his new pants by sitting on the ground?* And, said Dr. Lindley, "when that poor pagan got on his calico shirt and duck pants, and was mounted on his stool, ten inches above the earth, he was about *ten thousand miles above all his pagan fellows in moral elevation.*"

And this is what we mean by the *indirect influence* of Christianity, of which we so seldom take practically any account.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

Mussulmans on Zenana Missions.

(“LAHORE CHURCH GAZETTE.”)

We have received a translation of a proclamation that has been issued to the Mussulman population of *Lahore*. We believe it is not confined to *Lahore*, but has also made a stir in *Amritsar* and *Sialkot*. It bears remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the work done in Zenana Schools. It runs as follows:—

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF ISLAM.

Education of Women.

“In the name of God the merciful and gracious”

“Oh Believers, save yourselves and your families from the fires of hell.”

Oh Readers, a thing is taking place which deserves your attention, and which you will not find it difficult to check. Females need such education as is necessary to save them from the fires of hell. The *Quran* and the traditions teach this necessity, and two great philosophers say, “Home is the best school,” but to make it so women must be taught. We are doing nothing, but are trying to destroy our children. Although we are able to teach our own girls, yet wherever you go you find Zenana Mission Schools filled with our daughters. There is no alley or house where the effect of these Schools is not felt. There are few of our women who did not in their childhood learn and sing in the presence of their teachers such such hymns as “*He tu Isa, Isa bol*” (“Take the name of Jesus”) and few of our girls who have not read the Gospels. They know Christianity and the objections to Islam, and whose faith has not been shaken? The freedom which Christian women possess is influencing all our women. They, being ignorant of the excellencies of their own religion, and being taught that those things in Islam which are really good, are not really good, will never esteem their own religion.

Umar, one of *Muhammad's* four bosom friends, was fond of reading the books of Moses and the Gospels, but *Muhammad* forbade him saying, “These may lead you in the wrong way.” How much more danger, then, is there in our little daughters reading them?

There are multitudes of Missionaries in the land whose object is to destroy your religion. They see that the condition of a country depends on the condition of the women, and therefore they send women to teach you to work and read, and at the same time to sow the seeds of hatred to Islam.

Christian women teach Muhammadan women that they should have the liberty which they possess, and the

Muhammadan teachers in these schools, who are only nominal Muhammadans, by pretending to teach the *Quran*, draw our daughters into these schools, and then teach them the Gospel and Hymns. For a little while they may teach the *Quran*, but when the Missionary lady comes in they hide it under a mat, or throw it into some unclean place, into which if a man had thrown it, he might have been sent to prison. And as long as the lady is present they teach Christianity and expose Muhammadanism. Can we be pleased with such instruction as this? O Believers, why not teach your children Christianity instead of your own religion?

How far has this religion influenced our women? So far has the love of liberty extended among our daughters and daughters-in-law, that they get into carriages with these teachers, go to the *Shulamar* garden, bathe in the tank, sit at table and eat, and then make a quantity of tea *dissapear*.

At *Ludhiana*, *Amritsar*, *Lahore*, *Sialkot*, and other places, how many converts have the missionaries made in the surrounding country! At *Ludhiana* two Afghan princesses have become Christians, and been sent to *Mussoorie*. Sometimes we hear that the daughter of a *lambaradar* has become a Christian, and then that a Muhammadan woman has married a black *Kirani*. We certainly hear such things, but they produce no effect on us. Oh Believers, if you have any love for your religion, any respect for your ancestors, think how this thing may be stopped.

Give your money, establish your own schools, where your daughters can be taught what is necessary for them to know

An Envelope Party.

A special effort is sometimes made in our Circles to raise money for the cause of missions. We know of no better way for any benevolent object than an envelope party. It is at least free from objections.

The invitation may be given from the pulpit with other notices, or a written card may be sent from the president to each member of the circle, inviting her to come at a certain time to a certain place, and bring in a sealed envelope such a gift as her heart may dictate. The gifts may be with or without name as may be thought best, or as each individual may choose. Each envelope should contain, besides money, some selection from Scripture, stanza of a hymn, brief quotations, or short letter expressive of interest in the cause, thanksgiving for mercies received, or new purpose of consecration,—anything which the heart may prompt.

The anticipated meeting should be talked over by those interested, and any person that cannot come should be invited to send their envelopes.

On the appointed evening, the opening of the envelopes, reading the contents, counting the money, with prayers, remarks, and singing interspersed, will make a very pleasant occasion. And the amount received, we venture to say, will in most cases exceed what would be netted from a fair or other entertainment. For this party there will be no previous outlay of time and strength, and no consequent exhaustion and weariness. No money will be wasted on side issues, and there will be the pleasure arising from having made a direct offering to the Lord.

We know of such a party recently held for the purpose of furnishing a church. The gifts amounted to about \$800; and the fitting quotations and bright original letters contained in the envelopes, together with a little music, made it one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held by that society.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bobbili.

My Dear LINK.—This is the last day of the last week of October, and it has been one of our feast days. That means, that a comparatively satisfying home mail came this morning. We have been hungry for some weeks past, but to-day letters from dear old home friends at Andover, and others in Nova Scotia have made glad our hearts. This being the case it may be well to get a letter off to you before we get hungry again. I believe I wrote you last in July, just before leaving Bimlipatam for a visit to Bobbili; and perhaps some incidents which occurred then, with a brief account of our work up to the present might not be uninteresting. During the days we spent in Bobbili. Mr. Archibald and the helpers went out among the people morning and evening; they visited all the villages within a radius of three or four miles, and made several visits to this town also. I never went in the early part of the day, but usually did in the latter. We had some good talks among the Malas, who never gave us better attention, and one evening we went among the basket makers, who live in very funny little houses. At least those did whom we visited at that time. They looked very much like large baskets turned bottom up, with small holes in the sides for doors. The women with little ones in their arms, were cooking outside, while the men were standing and sitting about, watching their wives work, and waiting for their suppers.

They provided a cot for us to sit upon, and gave us their best attention. They were so ignorant, so simple, and yet so willing to acknowledge that they were sinners, but did not know how to escape the punishment of sin, that my heart was filled with a great ache for them, and my eyes overflowed. Going up closely to one woman, I told her as plainly as I could of Him who died, the just for the unjust. Her earnest eyes seemed to look through me as she repeated again and again, "Saviour of the world, my Saviour." She said she "would never more worship idols, but should she worship this Saviour as me?" When I told her that I was a sinner, and was trusting in this Jesus for salvation, only that I had heard of Him before she had; she said she did not know much, but that she would try every day to think about Him and worship Him.

Just over the way from there, a Roman Catholic priest was building a house, and he was also going among these poor people, giving them coppers, pretending to forgive them their sins, and accepting their homage; hence that woman's idea. The priest comes here frequently, and is working much harm among some people in whom we are deeply interested. The way he tells them of, is so much easier than the one we teach, and besides, "does he not give them money," are words often heard. We would be very glad if this man would take himself, his house, and his money out of, and far away from Bobbili and never return.

After some days here, we went over to Pedda Penkie, where we found Kortiah and Nila settled in their new house, in which is two rooms and one for cooking. We took possession of one, wherein we spent a happy, and we trust not unprofitable week. They were much pleased to see us, and perhaps Nila never enjoyed Christian society so much before. She told me she cried two weeks after they moved over there. Think of it: they had gone nine miles from their old home, but remember that under some circumstances and in some countries, that is a pretty considerable distance. We had with us three preachers from Bimlipatam, so with the helpers and

Bible women from this station, we were quite a party. One morning we all went to a village called Bulgipettah, where last December we had a grand time, after seeing a number of old friends, with whom we had encouraging conversations, we went to the grove, where the weekly fair was in progress. I was tired and willing to keep still, but there was no chance. It was impossible for me to speak, so that the crowds about me could hear, and the way the women edged around and pushed each other to get near, would have been amusing had there not been so much of another element visible. The sun was very bright and hot, so I did not remain there much more than an hour.

About two weeks ago, when we were both sick, a number of stergers came in, and one woman appeared to examine the house very closely. After a time she walked up to me and asked if I remembered her. I had to confess that I did not, and she said she was from a village near Bulgipettah, and there was one thing she did not understand. Then she rested her chin in both palms of her hands and said, "When you have such a comfortable house as this to live in, why did you go over to that fair and stay there so long in the sun?" I told her why, and after inquiring very solicitously about her fever, she went on her way.

One morning in Pedda Penkie, I thought I would go down to the tank and see what the women, who were pretty sure to be there, were doing. As I turned into the main road, a good number of women were coming along with their pots on their heads. As pleasantly as I could I said to one, "How are you this morning?" Seeing my white face she mentally decided that I could not talk Telugu, so replied, "I am well, but you cannot talk Telugu." "Oh," said I, "I can talk Telugu all right, but you are deaf." Her neighbors caught the joke passed it along down the line, a hearty laugh ensued, and we all went along to the tank together, on the most friendly terms.

The water, in color, resembled very closely that which lies along Canadian roads after a heavy shower; so I informed them that it was dirty, and in no wise fit for use; also, that buffaloes and bullocks had bathed in it, and that it was injurious to their health. With the first statements they were well acquainted, and they laughed at the utter nonsense of the latter, as they proceeded to fill their pots. They splashed around in the water, washed their teeth, had a general good time; then several unwound their quakas, washed one end of them, put that again around them, washed the other, fastened all securely, and the morning's work then was done. There was a constant coming and going, and while watching, the conversation flowed steadily on with the little group around me. Presently a woman walked up and said, "We would like to know whether you will sing or not,"—so I sang slowly some of the stanzas of "Come to Jesus," the Telegu of which is very simple, and they repeated the words one to the other, "Oh, believe Him just now," and "He will save you just now." I spent two mornings there, and I was going to say that I could not ask for a better time; but that would not be quite correct, for not long afterwards, I had a talk that came nearer to my heart. One evening Narasamah and I went out, and as we were passing a house where she was not acquainted, the women called to us to come in. An old woman with rather pretty gray hair, appeared to be mistress of the establishment, and for a short time she and the others listened well. Soon a noisy crowd gathered from the street and other houses, and after vainly trying to quiet them, I said, "This is the way you high

caste women treat me; when I go among the Malas, they are respectful and polite. I am ashamed of women when they act so badly and will go away," and away I went to a house across the street, where we had an attentive audience; but the old woman did not come over. A day or two later as evening drew on, I said to Sianuna, "We will go among the Killy people a little while." The day had been a busy one, and all were tired and inclined to rest, while Mrs. A. was still engaged in the house with some men. I went around and talked to Nursiah a few minutes, and came back to find more than a dozen farmer women in the yard, who said they had come to see me. We talked a long time, but they did the most of the listening, and just as I was thinking that some one must come and relieve me, my eyes fell upon my old lady with the gray hair. She was standing in the crowd with one elbow resting in one hand, and her cheek in the other; her water pot was on the ground beside her. She smiled as her eyes met mine, and came through the crowd; turned her brass pot bottom upwards, seated herself thereon and taking up several of the points which had been engaging our attention, she asked as many and as pertinent questions about the Christian religion as any ordinarily intelligent woman would. Added to that, she was very earnest, and I remember it as one of the best talks of that trip. Finally dropping her face in her hands she said, "I do not know, we women do according to our customs, and we worship our husbands, now you say this is not right, and will not save us; I am afraid to die, and what will I do?" She went away in the gathering darkness and I have not seen her since. We may go that way next week, but this work among the common country women pleases me exceedingly.

After spending nearly a month here, and about three weeks in the mission house at Bimlipatam, we went out on that field, where to us the ground was principally new. Though not so interesting as the other, we called it a good one though rather hard.

The weather was too rainy to tent, so we stopped where we could find shelter from sun and shower. Miss Gray was with us, and though her Telugu does not come very readily yet, she did her best in that line, was friendly with the people, and made herself useful and pleasant wherever she could. Time and space fail to tell of the interesting and amusing incidents; or how we ruthlessly tore down the spider web tapestry of a native chieftain and swept up the ash carpet, or of how we enjoyed living in a native house, or of what a luxury a real house at Konada seemed, which friendly hands opened to tired missionaries.

Late one evening, Miss Wright gave us the warmest of warm welcomes home, and tried to console us by saying we looked thin and warm; just as if such a trip would not have that effect upon any ordinary mortals.

Two more weeks again at Bimli, and you come to Bobbili with us, where we have been nearly a month. We wanted to get away out on the field, but the weather has been disagreeable and made us sick beside. We are better now, and the heavy rains were much needed all around us. We hope to get out next week if the rain ceases, and spend the remainder of this month on the field.

The year is drawing to a close; it has been a hard one and I do not know that I ever felt more like resting, still am very thankful to be so well. Poor health would not permit me to spend the first half of the year here, and we hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Churchill would be out early in the second half; perhaps return with Mr. Craig as they once talked of doing. But God permits us to

see his plans only as fast as we really need to; and it is ours to attend faithfully to the duties of to-day, believing that as the future becomes the present, He will direct those who trust Him, and not fail in any of His good promises towards us.

With kind wishes for the prosperity of the 'LINK' during the coming year,

Very truly yours,

Oct 31st, 1885

CARRIE H. ARCHIBALD.

THE WORK AT HOME

To the Circles of the Western Convention

My Dear Sisters.—I take advantage of the columns of the LINK to say a few words to you and more especially to those Circles that have been recently formed. Had time permitted I would like to have written to each one separately. I have just mailed to all those organized during the past year, viz.: Waterford, Poplar Hill, Burgessville, Teeswater, Fullarton, Park Church, Brantford, Dutton, Fingal, Walkerton, and Lobo Church, Etobicoke, Port Perry, Whitby, Port Colborne, Paisley, Owen Sound, Collingwood, Forest, Scotland, Edmund, Norwich, Iona, and Belfountain, also to Oil City, and Dundas, organized since the Annual Meeting, copies of a number of leaflets, which you will find helpful in your meetings, and useful for distribution. If any of these Circles fails to receive them, it will be most probably because of their being imperfectly addressed, so I hope that you will let me know and send me the correct address, both of President and Secretary. No charge is made for any of these leaflets except the one entitled "God's Purpose and our Privilege," which is sold at 25cts. a dozen. There are still a number of these left, which might be mailed to Montreal or to the Maritime Provinces if desired. There are also a number of copies of Mrs. Freeland's paper, "Our Foreign Mission Work" which although written some months ago is still an accurate account of the work which our Society has undertaken to support in India. Some additions have been made to the staff of zenana workers in Cocanada, Miss Frith, has now two assistants as well as Ellen the Bible woman, and Miss Folsom, a young Canadian lady, who has charge of the English school in Cocanada, devotes a great deal of her time to this important work in one of the suburbs of Cocanada. She has for an assistant Miss Rachel Beggs. Neither of these ladies is supported by us. Allow me again to remind you of the notice published in last month's LINK that arrangements have been made to supply every Circle at half price with a copy monthly, of one of the best missionary magazines that is published, the "Gospel in All Lands."

Each Circle is requested to raise one dollar by special subscription, and forward it to Mrs. Newman, the Editor of the LINK. The January number should be received by the Circles, as a complete list of all those then known to the Secretary, was forwarded to the Editor some time ago. I do not know what arrangement (if any) can be made about supplying the magazine to new Circles. Through the kindness of Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Hamilton a copy of what we may call the Foreign Mission Year Book has also been sent to all the Circles. This contains a full report of the work among the Telugus during the past year, up to Oct. 17th. The statistics of the different stations are given, the number of baptisms during the year the number of preachers, teachers, colporteurs and workers of all kinds, also a report of Samulcotta Seminary. I hope each Circle will study it carefully.

Then there is the library of books loaned for the use of the Circles under the management of Mrs. Wm. Craig, Jr., Port Hope, so that with all these different sources of information there should be no lack of reading matter both to make the Circle meetings profitable, and to help to awaken an interest in many homes where indifference may have reigned for lack of knowledge. To those Circles which combine the Home work with the Foreign, I would say that they will frequently find interesting information relating to that department in the *Canadian Baptist*.

Any information that is wanted about Mission Bands will be supplied by the Band Secretary, Mrs. Dadson, whose address will always be found in the LINK. And now a word of explanation about one clause of an important resolution that was carried at the last Annual Meeting of our Society, and which concerns *only the Circles* belonging to our Associational Societies. "That the Treasurer of each of these Societies, should receive the money from all the Circles in her Society, and forward it quarterly to the Treasurer of the Board, Mrs. Elliott, Toronto." This does not refer to the money raised for Home Missions which should be kept separately and sent to the Home Mission Treasurer Mrs. Alexander, 32 Grove Avenue Toronto. Will our Associational Secretaries please inform any new Circles that may be formed in their Associations of these important rules, or there may be confusion.

A correspondent said to me a short time ago, "What a grand thing it would be, if we had a Circle in every church, and each woman interested in this work." This is the goal set before us for this let us labor and pray, I will conclude by giving you a New Year's Motto, which I hope will help us to attain to it, "To every one *his* work." It is by each one feeling her responsibility and doing her part in helping to shoulder the burden that this or any other great thing will ever be accomplished.

Very faithfully yours, C. E. ROSE,
11 Gerrard St. West. Cor. Sec.

Missionary Meeting in Toronto.

[The following notice from the *Canadian Baptist*, will give our readers some idea of what was generally regarded as a very interesting meeting. Mrs. McMaster's excellent address on Home Missions, was published in the *Canadian Baptist* of Dec. 10th. We trust that such of our readers as are interested in Home Mission Work in Ontario have read, or will read it. The financial result of this meeting was not far from \$40.]

The women of the Toronto Mission Circles held a union meeting in the Bloor Street church last Thursday. A large number assembled, and during the afternoon and evening enjoyed each other's society in conference upon the business which specially brought them together and in social intercourse. The afternoon session, at which women only were present, was made profitable by discussing various features of the work, and in setting forth the latest information in regard both to the fields and the ways and means of successful operations. It was presided over by Mrs. Newman and addresses interspersed with music were given by Mesdames Dadson, Rose, McMaster and Castle. We hear the meeting spoken of as one that gave encouragement to the workers and that was suggestive of increased revenue by means of resolutions towards self-denial for Christ's sake. From 5.30 till 6 o'clock was given to social chat. Refreshments were served in the lecture room and many from the city churches availed themselves of the invitation to be present. At 8 p.m., a

public missionary meeting was held in the audience room, Chancellor-Boyd presiding. Mr. Lee and Mr. Garside, students, who last summer labored upon mission fields, gave very interesting accounts of their work in Bracebridge and Port Arthur, and Dr. Clarke, speaking in the interests of Foreign Missions, made a vigorous address upon great things which in short time have been accomplished. A quartette sang very sweetly. A missionary collection was received, and the proceedings ended with praise and prayer.

A Card.

Mrs. Timpany begs to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred dollars, which was voted to her at the Board meeting in St. Catharines, and to express her thanks to the Board for their thoughtful kindness.

FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY FOR THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

1. Pagoda Shadows, or Studies from Life in China, by Adele M. Fielde.
2. Missionary Sketches, a Concise History of the American Baptist Missionary Union, by S. F. Smith, D. D.
3. Rambles in Mission Fields, by S. F. Smith, D. D.
4. From Darkness to Light: The Story of a Telugu Convert, by Rev. J. E. Clough, Ongole, India.
5. Our Gold Mine: the Story of American Baptist Missions in India, by Mrs. Ada C. Chaplin.
6. Heroines of the Mission Field, by Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman.
7. Day-Dawn in Dark Places, by Rev. John Mackenzie.
8. Alfred Saker, Missionary to Africa, by E. B. Underhill. L. L. D.
9. Around the World—Tour of Christian Missions, by Wm. F. Bainbridge.
10. Mission Life in Greece and Palestine, by Mrs. E. R. Pitman.
11. Work on the Congo River.
12. Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers, by Harriet W. Ellis.
13. Self-Giving: A Story of Christian Missions, by Wm. F. Bainbridge.
14. Prize Essay on Missions: The Heathen World; Its Need of the Gospel, and the Church's Obligation to Supply it, by Rev. George Patterson, D. D.
20. Report of the Second Decennial Missionary Conference held at Calcutta, 1882-83; with a Missionary Map of India.

ACTON.—Dear LINK.—Although I am not personally acquainted with you, I wish to write. I have missed your presence very much the past month, and would like to say my address is Acton, and not Scotch Block as formerly. As I did not receive the last number I thought best to write. I feel lonely without the LINK and would not do without it for a good deal. The first copy came by surprise, not knowing who sent it or where it came from, until some time after (being so delighted with it) I spoke about sending for it, when I learned it was paid for. How delighted I was to know I was going to receive such a paper, for not only a year but a great many, if it be God's will to spare. Truly the Lord is with me always and is blessing me. Trusting He will continue to bless you in your holy work, in constant prayer,

I remain yours in Christ,

MRS. WM. GRIPP.

NEW ROSS, N. S.—We wish your paper every success. The W. M. A. Society was a great blessing here. We never sent anything before to missions, but this year we will send about \$20, and last year about the same. We are a poor people, but there is quite a missionary feeling being fostered and your LINK is a valuable aid. May God bless it and fill it with still richer thoughts.

S. T. ARCHIBALD.

CAMPBELLFORD MISSION CIRCLE.—*Dear Editor*,—I have just returned from Campbellford, where I assisted in celebrating the first anniversary of the little mission church in that place. This first year of the church's existence has been a very prosperous one. Special commendation is due the circle recently organized by Mrs. Peer, the pastor's wife. Every sister in the church is also a member of this circle, which cannot probably be said of any other church and its circle in Canada. In addition to this a few persons belong to the circle who are not members of the church. It now numbers 34.

D. M. WELTON.

PARIS.—The annual meeting of the W. F. M. Circle was held on the evening of the 9th of Nov. On account of the inclemency of the weather and bad roads, the attendance was small. The secretary's report was cheering, inasmuch as she stated that although the ladies of the circle have been very much pressed with other work, in connection with the building of their new church, yet the interest in mission work instead of decreasing has increased, and the average attendance during the year at the meetings of the circle, has been larger than in any previous year. She also stated that notwithstanding the many uses that they have at the present time for money, they have been able to raise for Foreign Missions \$76, for Home Missions \$56, and from the Band \$20, making a total of \$152. It was their pleasure to have the lately appointed missionary, Mr. Auvache, with them and to hear his earnest loving words. Mr. Hughes (Congregational) also addressed them. The choir rendered choice music. Altogether a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent.

ONSLow, N. S.—*Dear Mrs. Newman*.—I prize the 'LINK' very highly, and wish you ever increasing success in your work of faith, and labor of love. I am an invalid confined to my room, and consequently unable to engage in any outside active service for the cause I love, but I try to pray as the dear Lord helps me, for the success of the glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in heathen lands. May he hasten the time when 'this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations; sending forth the sowers and the reapers, to sow beside all waters and gather in the sheaves for the "Lord of the harvest." Wishing you a happy season on the approaching anniversary of His advent, 'whose you are, and whom you serve' and that the joy of the Lord may be your strength through all the coming year, I am, I trust,

Yours in Jesus,

I. M. SORLEY.

AYLMER.—*My dear Mrs. Newman*. We have had two such encouraging and enthusiastic meetings, that I feel I ought to let you know of our success.

The Home Mission Superintendent was with us Sunday morning of the 15th, and he responded to our invita-

tion to meet the ladies Monday afternoon, and form a Circle. His address in reference to the work undertaken by the W. M. C., and the great need of the field, filled us with a desire to do all in our power to further the good works in our own land. After the address, a Circle was organized with twenty-one members. Mrs. D. J. Ferguson *Pres.*, Mrs. W. Baker *Vice-Pres.*, Mrs. Rodgers *Sec.*, and Mrs. Chas. Timpany, *Treas.* We expect a number more to join, who were unable to be present at this meeting.

In the evening, a platform meeting was held under the new society, which was largely attended; and much interest felt. Addresses by Revs. Mason, Dann, Grant, and our pastor, the choir rendering very appropriate music.

The following week we celebrated the 9th anniversary of the W. F. M. Circle. Mrs. Osborn of Niagara, formerly of India, addressed the congregation in the morning from the words, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" The discourse filled us with gratitude, and set forth the needs of the foreign field, in a way which none present will ever forget. Her address to the S. S. scholars in the afternoon was also deeply interesting, and received by the children with great delight. On Monday evening after refreshments, we had an interesting programme consisting of missionary readings and singing, and an address by Mrs. Osborn. The nett proceeds of the social amounted to over thirty dollars.

Mrs. Osborn's visit to Aylmer was highly appreciated, and has done much to stimulate a missionary spirit in the church.

MRS. T. W. TAPSCOTT.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

The Captives Free.

One Christmas Day not so very long ago, an Englishman, a tall, powerful, soldierly-looking fellow, with a certain air of sorrow and tenderness apparent in his otherwise strongly-marked face, and also care, if not actual poverty, running over his general appearance, was seen to stop before one of the bird fanciers' shops in—well, not one of the best thoroughfares of our 'great city'—and to bargain with the man for a cage of larks.

The bargain struck and the money paid, what think you, reader, was the purchaser's first action?

He opened the cage door took the first poor, timid, fluttering birdie in his big hand, fondled it tenderly, and then raising his hand as so to give its freed wings a little impetus, let it go.

Ah! how it went; it was a bright, warm, spring-like day, with a blue sky even then above smoky London, and at first the poor liberated cageling dropped down again almost at the feet of its liberator, but before a hand could touch it, up again it sprang into the fresh bright air, carolling, as only larks can, right up to the clear blue sky. It was its song of liberty.

It looked as if a tear glistened in the rough big man's blue eye, but perhaps this was only fancy, for again he stooped to his cage, took another trembling, fluttering lark therefrom, fondled it with even a tenderer touch than before, raised it as high as he could reach, and set it free.

Again and again the same strange touching action, every bird was fondled and then freed.

At last a passer by, who had been attracted and watching, spoke up.

'My friend,' he said, 'you seem flush of money, but is it well to waste it so deliberately?'

'Waste, Sir!—do you call it waste?' asked in a moved voice the big tender-hearted purchaser—'waste?'

And then in hardening tones, as if not liking to be interferred with, 'You, sir, I guess, have never been in prison?'

'No, certainly not,' was the prompt reply.
'Ah, well, I have, and in a French prison too; and had you suffered as I did, you would better understand my resolve never to see anything in captivity and not release it if I could. And on this day, this joyful holy Christmas day, I am glad to have been able to release and make happy even some captive birds,—and the man moved on.

But hark! I hear a cry from India; 'Come over and help us.' A Hindu lady said the other day. 'Oh, if you only knew the lives we Hindu women lead, and all we have to suffer, you could not help weeping for us.'

'We are prisoners with no hope,' wail another heart-stricken one. 'They tell us you have a Great Deliverer, that you have light, and love, and happiness,—we have none of these things. Come and teach us.'

Here is the story of one of these captive millions, and it is a true story, and could be told with other details of hundreds of these imprisoned sisters. Keroda was a little Bengali girl, born in a princely house, and her father was a Rajah; nevertheless, as she was the third daughter, and only one son had been given, she was not very heartily welcomed into the family circle. However, unwelcome though she certainly was, no thought or fear of cruelty attended her birth; her father, the Rajah, had been too well educated in our Government College, and mixed too much with good English society, for this to be a real danger to the small maiden. But something must be done to mitigate the evil:—what should it be? Marry the child, decides the father; and accordingly without delay arrangements are made with a friendly family, and marriage portions are settled, and Mohun, the son of another Rajah, becomes the bridegroom of our little bride.

Our first peep of her is under these circumstances: Our ghari stopped in a crowded street; the people, all in gayest Oriental colors, singing and making much noise. What is the cause! Looking round, we find it is a wedding procession; there, in the middle of all the confusion, is the bridegroom, gravely walking along, clothed in a sort of yellow sheet, to the end of which is tied our poor little Keroda, a baby in arms, being carried, of course, as a matter of necessity, some few yards behind her bridegroom! Poor little unconscious being, how little any one then could guess the life that was before her!

The young Mohun was a boy at school, and continued his studies, in the course of which he became much interested in Christianity, that is to say his intellect was convinced, but his heart was still untouched. Nevertheless, he contrived to let his father-in-law know that he should not object to his little wife being taught something, and so often suggested this that the Rajah at last gave permission for the child to be taught reading, etc., by the family pundit.

It was not, however, much she could learn, for before she was ten years old it was thought time for the Rajah father to be relieved of her maintenance altogether, and for poor Keroda to be carried from her mother's Zenana to that of her mother-in-law. But this, as it happened, was not an unhappy change for the child, for the young husband began to teach her himself, and told her of what he had heard and learned of Christianity, and for these first years was interested in his young wife's progress, and kind and gentle to her.

After a while, however, Keroda's health entirely failed, and he, finding Government employment at Allahabad, removed there, hoping the hotter, drier climate would suit her better. Of course they had to go as inmates of another big house, that of some relatives, a separate house being a thing unknown amongst Hindus. Still it was an advance, for Keroda was less under the control of the Burra-Bow, and more with her husband.

Here he bought her a Bible and some other Christian books, and these they read and studied much together, and presently thinking to cheer her, Mohun invited an English lady missionary to come and visit his wife. Truly it did cheer her, but it was only a very few visits that the English lady paid, for he again changed his employment, and consequently his residence, and carried her further north still. In her new home, for nine months she never saw a Christian, but daily and deeply studied her Bible. And the Great Teacher, God the Holy Spirit, showed of the things of Christ to her inmost heart, and made her a believer. But, alas! her husband had by this time turned back, and did not, *would not*, share her growing love to her Saviour. He had met with some members of the Brahma-Somaj, and became prejudiced against the Lord Jesus, whom he had taught his wife in the first happy days to love and reverence.

At last, seeing him thus, and hoping to revive his interest in Christianity, Keroda told him how she loved Jesus,—that she had found in Him her Saviour, and wanted to be baptized.

Alas! the effect was very different from her hope: there and then, for the first time since her marriage, he beat her, used harsh and cruel words, tore up her Bible, and threatened fuller and deeper vengeance if she ever again spoke or even thought of baptism. But the time for courage was come, and bravely and firmly the poor young wife reiterated, 'I must tell my Mem-Sahib, and I must be baptized.'

He threatened to leave her. 'How would you live then?' he queried.

'I will sell my jewels,' she replied.

'I will take your jewels,' was his next threat.

'A few moments' hesitation and she thought—'I can cook, and I daresay some one will employ me'—and she spoke out her brave thought to her unrelenting husband.

He tried what more beating would do, but at last finding all threats useless, he said he would *not* refuse to let her be baptized, but that he would leave her at once—and so he did.

Poor Keroda with her youngest son sought protection with her Mem-Sahib, and there asked for immediate baptism. But some little delay for examination and instruction from the missionary clergyman was deemed best,—in itself somewhat of a trial to poor Keroda, for this was the first time she had broken her purbah. However, Advent Sunday was near, and on that day she was received into the outward fold of Christ's Church. She chose baptism by immersion, and joyfully going into the water, she eagerly poured it on her own head. The answers in the Baptismal Service were forgotten in her joy, though carefully learnt before; but in her own words she confessed her faith in a Crucified Saviour.

This was in 1871. Do you ask what has been Keroda's history since? Just this—For a little while after her baptism she accepted the protection and care of her English Zenana teacher, but insisted on the fullest payment for all her expenses; for she had a little sum of money and her jewels, which her husband, notwithstanding

ing his threats, had not taken from her. Presently, scarcely three weeks after her baptism, came joyful news; her husband wrote, and asked her to return to him, and sent money for her journey. All looked very fair, still there was a lingering doubt how she might be treated; but her Christian friends all encouraged her to hope, and she herself never hesitated in her conviction that if he would receive her, her duty was to return. So on Christmas Eve she travelled up with a party of Christian friends to the new Government Station, which he had chosen for a home.

In her own quiet corner of the railway carriage, quietly and unobtrusively, she sat busy over the pages of a new Bengali Bible, the gift of her missionary teacher, which had replaced her favorite, but destroyed, treasure. She had left with the clergyman who had baptized her several solid gold earrings, one for each of several Mission objects, one, the heaviest and most costly, for the Mission to her countrywomen.

But round her neck she still wore a massive gold chain broken however, and injured in front. 'What have you done to your chain?' asked one of the party; 'how sadly you have spoilt it!' 'Ah!' she replied, 'do you know what hung there?—the images of two idols; you might have worn it unbroken, it would have been nothing to you; but I have worshipped those idols. I could not wear them now.'

But we must hasten on. The young husband that Christmas morning (it is a fact that it was Christmas morning 1871), received back his Christian wife, and for a while treated her lovingly and kindly as before. He even allowed her to cook for him again, and also invited another Christian missionary lady to visit her.

The Rev. T. V. French, now Bishop of Lahore, mentions her in one of his journals thus:—'She is maintaining her position as a wife, and adoring her Christian profession, though her husband still continues a heathen outwardly. She is fond of reading, and is a diligent Biblical student.'

Some little time afterwards a young Babu, a friend of Keroda's husband, was also baptized, and Bishop French in writing of his baptism, says:—'Among those present and seemingly interested was the husband of the Bengali lady. I had some talk with him afterwards. He rather admired his friend's courage, and said his convictions were strong, but his courage weak.'

And again sometime afterwards,—'I went to call on the Bengali lady, and sat with her and her husband for some time. It is curious to see a wife a Christian and the husband not! She opened her mind very frankly before him, which surprised me, describing experiences which an old English Christian might,—such as alterations of frames of mind, faith and unbelief, joy and gloom, deep sense of being a great sinner,—words such as you very rarely hear from Hindu lips.'

This strange, bright episode lasted two full years. Then what happened? Having resisted all conviction, Keroda's husband began to hate his Christian wife, and husband and son returned to threats and cruel persecutions. By and by, coaxed by apparently long invitations, accompanied with assurances that her religion should be respected, and she with regard to it be quite free and unmolested, Keroda returned to her father's house—alas! only to find herself caught and trapped, a more closely guarded Zenana prisoner than ever.

Once or twice after this, communications by letter from Keroda reached her former missionary teacher, who, in telling this part of her story says, 'My heart bleeds for my poor friend. I hear from her sometimes

still, and I firmly believe that in all her trials God is with her, and will not suffer her even to appear to renounce her faith. Her father's family have industriously circulated reports of her having done so, and of her being again "a Hindu;" but I do not know if she is aware of this in any way, or in the least suspects it. I have a very poor opinion of her husband, and fear his present conduct, and the way in which he allowed her to be carried off to her father's house, prove that he is quite unreliable."

Again and again, after this, efforts were made by Christian missionary ladies to reach and visit her, but, for a long time all in vain.

Then, again, for a very few visits, one missionary lady was admitted, and to her Keroda poured out a very full heart, assuring her that amidst all these sorrows and trials Jesus was with her as her one Lord and only Saviour, Supporter and Comforter, and that by His grace nothing should make her deny Him. But one day this missionary was met with the assurance that she could not that day be received; that Keroda 'was gone somewhere else, on another visit.'

'Where?'

They could not say where. Somewhere; to other friends. That she was not a Christian now, so was gone amongst other Hindu people, etc. etc.; and so poor Keroda was lost to us.

But we knew she was safe in the Lord's hand, and that that none could pluck her thence; but we grieved to think what she might be suffering. Rumors floated once or twice in other Zenanas of resistance, and persecution, and even of death; but actually we knew nothing.

Sometimes we hoped she was indeed safe in the heavenly mansions—at home and at rest—with Him who knoweth all hearts, and to whom no secrets are hid.

But it was not so. Again the Zenana door was opened to the visits of a Zenana missionary, and there she found Keroda still patiently witnessing for Jesus, and shedding a light which could not be hid.

Others in that house are learning now, but who shall tell of the sorrows and woes that those dreary walls have so long hidden, and so surely yet contain?

True, there are rays there—rays from the Sun of Righteousness—and Keroda and her Zenana sisters are 'prisoners of hope,' whilst around them on every side are, alas! the same Zenana prisoners, and without the hope.

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea,
Grievous trials, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Born across the deep blue sea
We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray,
Nought to lighten up our gloom—
Cruel, cruel is our doom!

English Christian sisters, can you stand by and see these millions of Indian sisters captives with a double bondage, mind and body cruelly enchained, and make no effort to set them free?

Our Christmas appeal is in the Name of Him who left His throne 'to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised;' and Indian sisters are all this—broken-hearted, bruised captives.

Come, share the joy of your Lord, and on this His Bethlehem birthday, help us to set these captives free.—*The King's Message.*

The Best Gift.

For the Link.

If the boys and girls who will read this could gather around my chair to-night, for a talk with their old friend Sister Belle, many would be telling of precious gifts received or expected. Better still, many would tell of the loving gifts they had prepared for others, and I hope not a few would talk of opening their mission boxes, and sending the gathered pennies to India. Hundreds of boys and girls in that far off land, never had a gift at Christmas or New Years; and oh, so many of them have never heard about Jesus, God's "unspeakable gift" to our world.

At this season of the year, when our own land is so full of joyous hours, happy meetings, and many blessings, let us not forget those heathen children dying without the Bible. A missionary in China has written a touching little story something like this: One night, when he was returning from services in the mission chapel, a very small boy stopped him on his way home. Thinking that the little fellow had been sent for medicine for somebody, the missionary spoke kindly to him and asked what he wanted. Looking up in the kind face bending over him, the ragged, forlorn little boy answered, "Give me Jesus." Again the loving missionary asked him if he had understood him, if he did not want food or clothing, but still the eager answer came, "Give me Jesus! I want Jesus!" and the missionary's heart was made glad once more in telling of Jesus, the children's Saviour.

This little boy had probably attended some meetings either in the chapel or outdoors, for those who leave our land to spend their lives in teaching the heathen about the true God, hold meetings wherever and whenever they can get people to listen. Though not understanding the full meaning of all that he had heard, the frequent mention of Jesus had made the child see in Him the best Gift.

How is it with you dear boys and girls? Many of you have been hearing about Jesus for several years. Have you loved Him better than all else? Are you among His followers, marching under his banner, obeying His commandments? or, is it still your intention to be a Christian sometime, but not just now? If pennies we have given are blessed by God, and made the means of bringing heathen children from serving idols, to worship Jesus Christ, and if these little ones who all their lives have been in darkness, commence this New Year by following Jesus, will you be left behind? unsaved still, and not real Christians, while rejoicing in the blessings of a Christian land!

Dear boys and girls, if you would have a happy New Year and many of them, let the request of this little Chinese boy be yours to-night, and the Jesus that saved him will make and keep you safe forever.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

WOODSTOCK.—The Woodstock Mission Band of "Willing Workers" is still in existence. We raised during the last year, \$27 for the support of Pannati David and wife, \$25 of the same being used to make our President, Mrs. McAlpine, a life member. On Feb. 27, 1885, we held an open meeting at which we raised \$10. On May 7, our fifth annual meeting was held, when we raised \$37.60. And on Oct. 30, there was an "after tea" social held by the church, at which our band supplied the programme, which was a grand success, our collections amounting to \$13.25.

We have a membership of fifty-four, thirteen of whom

are boys. We hold our meetings on the last Saturday of each month, when we have a programme provided bearing on missionary work and a very enjoyable time is spent. Hoping these lines may encourage some other Band, I remain, yours truly,

IDA CLIFFORD,
Secretary of Mission Band.

So acute an observer as Sir Ri hard Temple, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of India, asserts that by the means of female education and the Zenana Missions, a change, full of promise and hope, is coming over the position and prospects of the female population of that country.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. M. A. Castle, 401 Sherbourne street, Toronto; Sec. Mrs. H. J. Rose, 11 Gerrard street west, Toronto; Treas. Mrs. Jessie L. Elliott, 267 Sherbourne street; Mrs. J. E. Dadson, 128 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

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WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Nov. 24th, to Dec. 20th inclusive.

Manitow, Man., Mrs. A. A. Watson, 760; 2nd Markham M. C., \$3; Cheltenham M. C., \$2; Aylmer M. C., \$25; Guelph M. B., \$8; Cheltenham M. B., \$1.16; Collection at Union Meeting, Bloor Street, Toronto, \$18.60; Toronto, College St. M. B., \$1; ditto M. C., \$7; Orillia M. C., \$15; Ingersoll (Coll. at annual meeting), \$18; Toronto, Jarvis St. M. C., 47.80; Woodstock M. C., \$22.50; Thedford M. C., \$2; Maple Grove M. B., \$3; London, Talbot St. M. C., \$22.55; Point Edward M. C., \$4.45; Mount Brydges M. C., \$2; Parkhill M. C., \$2; Collection at annual meeting St. Catharines, \$9.60. Total, \$211.71.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

267 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

W. B. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Oct. 8th to Dec. 21st.

Perth, \$5; Osnabrock, \$14; St Andrews, \$11; Barnston, \$15; Olivet (Montreal), \$13. Total, \$58.

Address—

M. A. SMITH, Treas.,

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