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# Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada

INDIA

VOL. VII., No. 6.] "*The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.*"—*Is. Lx. 3.* [Fg., 1885]

## A Word to Christ's Little Ones.

Thy life Christ's love may prove,  
Thy smile may be  
The message of His love who smiles on thee.  
A dreary Christian's face  
Deceives the world;  
Thou locest half the grace, thy banner furled!  
Led by His Spirit sweet  
Faithful to be,  
In word and converse meet, in charity.  
Let none despise thy youth;  
Scatter thine seed,  
Spread forth the joyous truth; it is God's need.  
God's strength our weakness is;  
Examples we,  
Not in our meekness less than purity.  
Struggling to do great deeds,  
Halt, lest thou miss  
Christ, the great Labourer, whose work was this.  
Let Him His end through thee  
Work if He will;  
Or be thou all content in standing still.  
Learn that thou useless art  
Out of His hand;  
But while He uses thee, a magic wand.

E.

## Women's Home Mission Society.

GOD has so abundantly blessed and crowned with success the efforts of the Baptist women of Ontario and Quebec in regard to their foreign mission work, that the hearts of many of the sisters have been stirred within them to attempt equally great things for Home Missions. Full reports of the organization of the Society, schemes of work, constitution, for circles, etc., have been published in the *Canadian Baptist*.

We hail with gladness the formation of this sister society and wish it God speed; trusting that its members will not rest content with merely collecting from women for the Women's Society, but that, with all the energy God has given them, they will endeavor to rouse their brethren to the pressing duty of the churches to contribute as churches more freely to the important and indispensable work of preaching the Gospel at Home.

## Christ Among His Disciples.

BY A. L. O. E.

(From *Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field*.)

[The lesson drawn by "A. L. O. E.," with special application to Missionary Superintendents, gives such probable counsel to all Christian workers who have subordinate helpers engaged with them, that we commend it earnestly to their perusal.—Ed.]

There is, perhaps, no spiritual exercise more sweet and profitable to the soul than that of contemplating the

character of our Blessed Saviour with a view to purifying our own by His spotless example. In the mirror of contemplation we catch a beam of the Sun of Righteousness, to turn the reflected ray upon our own dimly-lighted hearts. I do not remember having ever seen our Master's relations to His immediate followers thus brought to bear on those of missionaries with regard to their native helpers, who are sometimes to them in the position of disciples. So much of our usefulness and harmony in the Mission may depend on our relations to our Bible-women, that thoughts which I hope may be profitable to myself may possibly help my sisters also.

There are seven colours, we may say, in the ray which we will now try to direct on ourselves. They happen naturally to fall into something of alphabetical order. We see in the relations of our Lord towards His disciples, Appreciation, Consideration, Faithful Reproof, Gentleness, Humility, Intercession, and Love. These all blend to form perfection in our example.

APPRECIATION.—The want of this quality in a missionary is likely to damp the zeal and weaken the efforts of her helpers. The native character is sensitive to praise or blame, and there is in it a strong desire to please. The missionary may kindle a warm glow in the heart by a cordial smile or word of hearty commendation. The Lord did not grudge this to His weak disciples. "*Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations.*" We cannot think that the Master's hearty "*Well done!*" was reserved only for the Day of Judgment. Can we not imagine the kindling look of pleasure with which "*Blessed art thou, Simon,*" was uttered, and the thrill of joy and love which was caused by the look and the word? Let our Bible-women feel that we notice every little improvement, every effort to win souls to Christ. I was struck by a missionary's remark regarding his pious Bishop (of Lahore), "*He is so appreciative.*"

CONSIDERATION.—This is not always shown to subordinate workers, but it was a feature in the character of our Lord. "*Come into a desert place and rest awhile.*" He said to His weary disciples. He remembered that they were tired, nor would He let them suffer from hunger. Christ gently broke to His followers the terrible tidings of His own approaching sufferings; when sleep overcame those whom He had commanded to watch, the gentle reproof was immediately followed by an excuse for the weakness of the flesh which encumbered the willing spirit. How tenderly did Christ speak to Peter of the martyrdom by which He should glorify God—the cords mentioned, but not the terrible cross. He who had compassion on the multitude had consideration for those whose office was to feed them; if the people had the loaves, the disciples' baskets were not empty.

FAITHFULNESS IN REPROOF.—To many persons the giving of reproof is one of the most distasteful of duties. To probe a wound is a task most repulsive. There is a temptation to gentle natures to "*peace, peace,*" when there

is no peace;" to wink at faults that ought to be noticed, to overlook mistakes, to give as weak mothers do to their children—what is pleasant instead of what is wholesome. There was none of this weakness, this indolence, this want of faithfulness in our Lord. He could reprove, and did reprove sharply. For examples of this we may turn to the earlier chapters of Revelations, but these examples stand not alone. Beloved John heard "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;" favoured Peter the "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Missionaries must not forget that, even in the best workers, they have to deal with imperfect beings. Rescued as some of these have been from false and degrading religions, their reaching a high standard of excellence may be expected to be a work not only of grace, but of time. Covetousness is a rock on which the native is liable to strike. Sad instances of this might be given. Let the missionary watch lest the wolf attack the finest sheep of the flock, even one bearing the bell to lead the others on.

**GENTLENESS.**—What more can be said on this lovely quality of Christ than is expressed in the beautiful words of St. Paul, *I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ!* This grace, especially in this burning climate, comes not to the missionary as a matter of course. It is possible to have an irritable Miss Sahiba and imperious Mem Sahib. I have heard the title of *ghussawali* (angry one) applied to a faithful worker for God. In gentleness the white missionary should set to the brown one a constant example.

**HUMILITY.**—This grace is linked with the one last-named, but the words are not synonymous. Gentleness applies more to the manner, humility to the state of the heart. The English lady must not plume herself on belonging to the dominant race; she must be ready figuratively, to wash her Bible-women's feet; she must recognize and feel from her heart that the two women are indeed *one in Christ*, and that the dark-eyed meek sister in her *chadder* may have a higher place reserved for her in the kingdom of heaven than the fair daughter of Britain; pride of race should be trampled under foot, with the pride of superior knowledge or a more cultivated mind. The Christian should have nothing to do with pride.

**INTERCESSION.**—The duty of pleading for our Bible-women is recognized by our Society, a special day in the week being appointed for its exercise. Oh! should we not have a larger blessing if we prayed more? We want more numerous instruments, instruments more polished and bright; we complain of the scarcity of good native workers, and the weaknesses of those whom we have. Should we not have more if we asked for more, and is it not of the utmost importance that we should entreat for our Bible-women that anointing which we so much need for ourselves? Behold our blessed Lord on His knees; read His divine prayer in the seventeenth chapter of St. John! The suggestion is hardly needed that at least one day in every week the missionary and her native helpers should meet for united supplication, searching of the Scriptures, and consultation about the work in which all are engaged.

**LOVE.**—Our Saviour was love itself. Oh, how fearfully do we fall short of His standard, *Love one another as I have loved you!* One often hears complaints of the ingratitude of natives; in regard to pecuniary benefits they may be ungrateful, but they appear to be peculiarly ready to repay with love the debt of love. We too often expect to buy affection with graciousness, condescension and gifts; we sow grass, and expect a crop of sugarcane. Will any one give an equal weight of gold for

silver or copper-gilt? It is not in this way that Christ treated His followers. He loved to have His disciples around Him; it was sweet to Him to have a head laid on His bosom. We see in this a type of one of the two Dispensations. The favoured Saviour of the Old Testament pillowed his head on a stone; that of the New Testament over a beating, loving heart. Christ's affection was constant, tender, intense; He loved His own to the end. He said that He called them not servants, but friends.

A loving spirit seems to give more influence to a missionary than anything else. With what pleasure I have heard a babu speak of a missionary's sending from England pencils stamped with the *names* of his native friends. That little proof that he remembered their names made a deeper impression than large gifts might have done. That missionary, after long years of separation, is warmly beloved, for he knows how to love. Natives have a vague idea of our pecuniary resources; they probably think them larger than they are, and feel little gratitude because they perceive little sacrifice. But for real sterling love they will return love, and that in no stinted measure.

Oh, Lord! give grace to thy weak, halting, stumbling servants, to walk more closely in Thy steps; and grant us more of that spirit of humility and love which would make the missionary, in her relations with her fellow-workers remind us of Thee!

## The Congo Mission.

(From Spurgeon's "Sword and Trowel.")

A history of the newest and in some respects most interesting, of the enterprises of the Baptist Missionary Society, from the pen of its respected Treasurer, is a welcome addition to Baptist libraries. The preparation of this little work has been the occupation of Mr. Tritton during his recent illness. It breathes his devout and cultured spirit, and is enriched by engravings of scenes of the mission, and by a map of Equatorial Africa from Congo on the west coast to Zanzibar on the east, showing the great basin of the Congo, and the region of the vast lakes, Tanganyika and Victoria, where the river takes its rise. The exhilarating purpose kept in view in this mission, as our readers are aware, is that our missionaries, advancing from the west along the waterway of the Congo, shall meet the men of the London Missionary Society who are advancing from the east; and it will be a high day in the history of missions when the two bands greet one another in Central Africa, each at the end of their line of light. A shining zone of mission-stations will then exist, stretching right across the "Dark Continent," and the Congo will be the highway of the gospel, a River of Life for Africa. The lonely death of Livingstone at Ulala, and the bringing over of his remains to England for burial in Westminster Abbey, profoundly moved the minds of Christian people on behalf of Africa. Mr. Stanley's book, narrating his wonderful journey "across the Dark Continent," fanned the rising flame, and showed to discerning minds that the carrying of the gospel into Interior Africa was a practicable achievement. Then came the ludicrous and romantic, but suggestive incident, of the royal salute fired at Uganda in honour of the name of Jesus, by command of the king, Mtesa. The leaders of the Baptist Missionary Society found their thoughts strongly led to the spiritual needs of Central Africa, and they waited for an opportunity of endeavouring to meet that need; when, in the spring of 1877, Mr. Arthington,

of Leeds, offered them £1,000 if they would commence a mission in the Congo country. This offer was supplemented by £500 from Mr. Wathen, of Bristol.

Here, then, was the signal to "go forward." Messrs. Comber and Grenfell, two of our missionaries at the Cameroons—men who have since proved their splendid qualities, and whose names will be imperishably connected with the evangelization of Africa—immediately undertook the pioneer work. Without waiting for full instructions from home they took ship to the mouth of the Congo, proceeded seventy miles up the river in a Dutch trading vessel to Mboma, travelled thence to Noki, on the borders of the Congo kingdom, and having sent a letter to the king telling him of their projected visit, returned with valuable information to the Cameroons. In June, 1878, furnished with instructions and stores, they set out again, and with two native preachers and ten helpers, reached San Salvador, the capital of Congo, and were favourably received by Dom Pedro, the King.

The Congo country, the reader must bear in mind, is not a designation given to the whole vast basin through which the great river flows from its source to the sea, but is the name of the comparatively small territory at the coast on the south bank of the river. It is an old and partially civilized kingdom, and in former times was instructed to some extent in the externals of Christianity by Roman Catholic missionaries from Portugal. The Portuguese discovered the country four hundred years ago, and gave the name of San Salvador (Holy Saviour) to the chief town. They imposed a nominal Christianity on the King and his subjects, and allowed him to rule under their auspices. "The sword, the cannon, the slave-whip, and the torture, the strong hand of power and the lust of gain, were the influences that marked their path." For a hundred years the Roman Catholic mission had been abandoned, but no sooner did our missionaries arrive than it was resumed, with the escort of a Portuguese gun-boat; and by the liberal distribution of threats and gifts the Roman Catholics endeavoured to induce the king to expel the English missionaries, but with little success, for the Portuguese name is hated in Congo. The king assumed an apparent coldness, but at heart remained friendly to our men.

Comber and Grenfell, then, had reached San Salvador; and after an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate in a north-easterly direction to the river Congo above the falls, which impede its navigation from the sea—in which expedition they were well received by the King of Makuta—they returned through San Salvador to the Cameroons, and Mr. Comber came to England to confer with the committee and secure helpers.

In April, 1879, he returned to San Salvador, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had just been married, and by Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley. There, in August, the brave wife died; and after her burial the heroic husband pushed on to Makuta in company with Mr. Hartland, with the view, as before, of reaching the river above the falls; but the tribes were hostile, and the attempt was again unsuccessful. After three months spent in teaching at San Salvador, Comber and Hartland made a fresh attempt in a new direction, to be again repulsed; but hearing on their return more favourable news of the disposition of the king and people of Makuta, they determined—once more to try the Makuta road, which is the most direct to Stanley Pool. Their carriers were afraid to accompany them, and they had with them only Mr. Comber's boy, Cam. As soon as they reached Makuta they were surrounded by an infuriated

people, brandishing knives and shouting, "Fetch the guns: kill the white men." The missionaries appealed in vain; they expressed their readiness to go back, but the natives made a rush, and no course was left them but to fly. Mr. Comber was shot in the back with a slug, and fell, but was able to rise and continue his flight. The chase continued for five miles. At length night befriended the fugitives, and passing through several towns on tiptoe, for fear of waking the people, they reached a friendly place, where Hartland engaged a few men to carry his wounded colleague in a hammock to San Salvador. There, thanks to Mr. Crudgington's skill, the slug was extracted, and Mr. Comber recovered, but not without a severe attack of fever.

In January, 1881, Comber and Hartland, with invincible courage, made another attempt by the Makuta road, while Crudgington and Bentley attempted the task on the north-bank of the Congo.—The Makuta party were deserted by their Krooboyas, and had to return; but the other party, crossing the river at Vivi, accomplished a march of twenty-one days, and on February the 10th, Crudgington, emerging upon an open space, sighted a wide stretch of water, like a streak of cloud in the horizon, and exclaimed, "There's Stanley Pool!"

The extensive sheet of water known as Stanley Pool is an expansion of the river at a point three hundred miles above the coast, and is twenty-four miles long, and of about equal width. It divides the Upper from the Lower Congo. Below it the river flows towards the sea in rapids and torrents through a gorge, and is unnavigable for many miles; but above it there is a clear stretch of one thousand miles before you come to Stanley Falls, which are on the equator, in the very centre of Africa. This gives to Stanley Pool its immense importance. Had it been the purpose of our missionaries to evangelise merely the races on the Lower Congo the Pool would have been their terminus; but as their aim is the conversion of the tribes in the interior, it becomes the starting-point.

The two missionaries, after a variety of thrilling incidents, and a narrow escape from being slaughtered by the savages at Nahasha, were hospitably entertained by Mr. Stanley, who merits the warmest acknowledgments for his unvarying courtesy and helpfulness. He gave valuable information and counsel, and on their return conveyed them on board his steamer along the navigable reach of the Lower Congo from Manyanga to Isangila. Crudgington was now despatched by his colleagues to England for conference. The committee approved the plans of the missionaries; a steel boat, *The Plymouth*, so named as the gift of a friend in that town, was constructed to ply on the navigable reach of the Lower Congo just mentioned; and it was resolved to send out six more men, one of whom, Mr. Dixon, accompanied Mr. Crudgington on his return.

Meanwhile Comber, Bentley, and Hartland established the necessary stations on the north bank of the river, which, however, were presently transferred to the south bank on account of a road Mr. Stanley was constructing there; and Comber, reaching Stanley Pool, secured a plot of ground from Mr. Stanley for a Baptist mission-station at Leopoldville, at the south-west point of the Pool, which received the name of Arthington.

At this juncture Mr. Arthington wrote to the society that he believed the time was come "to place a steamer on the Congo river, where we can sail north-eastward into the heart of Africa for many hundreds of miles uninterrupted, and bring the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel to thousands of human beings who are now ignorant of the way of life and immortality." For this pur-

pose he presented £1,000 (which he soon afterwards increased to £2,000), and added £3,000 more to be invested for the maintenance of the steamer. "until Christ and his salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first Cataract of the Equatorial Cataracts of the Congo, beyond the mouths of the Aru-wimi and Mburu rivers."

Mr. Grenfell was recalled to England to bring his practical knowledge to bear upon the construction of the steamer; and the vessel—the *Peace*—when complete, was sent off in 700 packages. These were carried on men's heads along the road to Stanley Pool, and there the steamer was successfully reconstructed and launched. Thus the first stage of the work was completed, and the second stage entered upon.

But it is time we looked at the shadows which overcast the scene. To the first six—Comber, Grenfell, Mrs. Comber, Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley—have been added from time to time other thirteen: Dixon, Weeks, Butcher, Hughes, Moolenaar, Doke, Sidney Comber, Ross, Whitley, Hartley, Darling, Cruikshank, and Mrs. Crudgington. Of these, Weeks, Moolenaar, and Hartley were from the Pastors' College. But our band on the Congo is not nineteen strong. No less than five missionaries' graves already consecrate the mission. Mrs. Comber, as we have seen, was the first to die, and that in three months from her arrival. "We were working hard," says her husband, "at the site and foundation of our stone house, 'preparing a place' for her; but the Saviour's 'place' was ready first, and she, with her brave tender nature, her simple, trustful faith, her ready obedience to the call of duty, and, I know, trusting alone in the salvation wrought for her by the Saviour, was ready too." Then Doke, who had watched the construction of the *Peace* and went out to assist in its reconstruction, died three weeks after landing at Underhill, the station nearest to the sea, and accessible by ocean vessels. Then Hartland, one of the seniors, was struck down by dysentery. "After four years' preparation," said he, "and just as I am about to enter upon my mission-work proper, it seems strange for me to realise that my work is done; but HE knows best." But the momentary grief at being torn away from Africa gave place to the attraction of the Master's glorified presence. He cried out, "Let me go, friends! Don't hold me back! Let me go! I must go! I want to go to Him! 'Simply to thy cross I cling.' Let me go!" Next, Butcher died at Manyanga. Finally Hartley, who had gone out with two mechanics, to take the place of Doke, and who made undue haste with his party to reach the Pool, was struck down with fever, and, with the mechanics, died also at Manyanga. "Oh! the preciousness of our lives now," said Mr. Comber: "we who are left, how careful should we be! And oh I with what fervent earnestness must all our dear friends in England commend us to our gracious Father in prayer, and the Congo Mission, for which we would any of us live or die with great readiness!" The December *Herald* informs us of another loss in the death of Mr. Mims, the engineer who went out to assist in the work of the *Peace*.

Other three of the band were forced home by sickness—Dixon, Ross, and Whitley; the first of these, unable to return to Africa, intends to serve the Master in the North China Mission.

The time occupied in the prosecution of this pioneer work was not unfruitful in direct result. The missionaries carried on preaching and the education of boys, and efficiently maintained the work of the original station at San Salvador. The king attended the services, and they had "the pick of Congo, the finest boys and men" on

their side. "If trusting in Jesus, and trying to keep his commandments, is to be a Christian, some in San Salvador," says Mr. Comber, "and two or three of my boys on the river here, are, I think, Christians."

Calls for gospel preaching began to pour in from the native towns around. Tuka, twenty miles to the south-east of San Salvador; Mbangu, on the Zombo mountains; Nkungu, five miles to the south-west; Madimba, Mola, Zombo, all eagerly asked for the gospel, and itinerant evangelistic work was done by the missionaries for many miles round San Salvador. Hundreds more of "the towns among the trees" hunger for the bread of life.

At all the river stations also—Underhill, Baynesville, Wathen, Arthington—school work and evangelistic work were carried on. Opposition is met with only where Portuguese cruelty and extortion have exasperated the native mind; patient, changeless kindness wins its way invariably, and Stanley's action in this respect has favored the work of our missionaries wherever his influence extends.

During the present year Mr. Grenfell has made a voyage of 400 miles as far as the equator. He resided at the stations of the International Association, which is under the presidency of the King of the Belgians. He found the way open, the conditions favorable, and the natives ready to welcome the missionaries. The site of the first station beyond the Pool, "Liverpool station," is fixed at Lukolela, two hundred miles up the river. £21,000 has been thus far expended on the mission. Its prosecution will draw heavily upon the treasury; and as the missionaries go forward along the river, planting additional stations, £10,000 a-year will be required to carry out the noble enterprise. *Will Christ call for this money in vain?* At the close of his voyage, Mr. Grenfell wrote thus—"How much this part of Africa stands in need of help I cannot tell you; words seem utterly inadequate. I cannot tell you a tithe of the woes that have come under my notice, and have made my heart bleed as I journeyed along; cruelty, sin, and slavery seem to be a millstone around the neck of these poor people, dragging them down into a sea of sorrows. Never have I felt more sympathy than now I feel for these poor brethren of ours, and never have I prayed more earnestly than now I pray, that God will speedily make manifest to them that light which is the light of life, even Jesus Christ our living Lord."

This letter has drawn from that princely giver, Mr. Arthington, an additional sum of £2,000; and the committee, trusting in God for both money and men, have resolved on establishing ten stations, with two missionaries each, on the Congo, as centres of evangelization along its great navigable channel of 1,000 miles. This glorious mission deserves the most enthusiastic support. It appeals for itself, and it would be a burning shame if the appeal should not meet with an eager and adequate response.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### In Camp.

(An extract of a private letter from Mr. McLaurin.)

If I were not in such a cramped position I think I would enjoy writing you a few lines from this uncivilized place. I have put "In Camp" at the head of this letter. It should be "In Palanken" for that is really where I am. It is rather cramped accommodation: six feet long, three wide and as many high. As I sit on the floor, my hat, for I must wear my hat, is touching the ceiling.

Came here last night about 10 p.m. My men lost their way among the mountains and we had some difficulty getting on the right track again, but our Father guided our way and we reached here at last. Had some tea in this same room and then made my bed-room of this same six by three box. But the Master had not where to lay His head, and I have. What am I doing here? Preaching Jesus the Lord, the most blessed work on earth. I am here on this Tuni field with fifteen of the Seminary boys on a preaching tour. We are having a magnificent time; never felt happier in my life, and never enjoyed myself better, not even in those happy days I spent in your home in Toronto. The boys are doing so well—a well-spring of joy to me each day. Full of zeal for souls, ready to endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. It is now about 10 a.m., and I have heard nothing but preaching since daylight almost. Lots of people come to see a white man; and those who are here take advantage of their presence to preach to them. Indeed some of them have had to be restrained in their zeal, for I am afraid they may get fever if not careful. But the Lord has been specially good to us all. We are all fat and flourishing, better than when we left home. Even my cook, who is the only servant with me, preaches as he has a chance. We have been out now eight days, and the Gospel has been preached in about 40 villages and towns; in some of these two or three times. This cannot help being a great blessing to this field. The people listen so well. I have heard most of the young men preach during this tour, and am much pleased with the character of their addresses. Most of them are clear, direct and earnest presentations of Jesus Christ as the Saviour. Some of them may be inclined to dwell too much on idols and idol worship, and too much on doing God's will and keeping His commands; but still there is much less of this than I expected. They speak generally of sin and the great salvation for all, and illustrate it very well. Since I began this letter I have not been left alone one minute. Several times I have stopped to tell the story to those who sit gazing at me as I write.

Now, as I write, they are there. Poor creatures! How little they know; how circumscribed their horizon. What an awful thing sin is, when it has such power to degrade and deface God's image. Had a long talk a while ago with an old man who got an idea into his head that baptism would make a Christian of him. He was quite surprised to hear that he must become a new man first. Yet he seemed to understand and appreciate the idea when stated to him plainly. This is a danger we have to be continually on our guard against. We spend to-morrow among the villages on the way to Tuni; Sunday in Tuni, and then for Samulcotta.

Nov. 14th, 1884.

## A Day in the Samulcotta Seminary.

FOR THIS LITTLE FOLK.

I am writing this for the little folk, but Sister Belle must not be jealous. Now if you will come along with me I will take you through our establishment and show you how we do one day's work. That will do for all days.

Five o'clock in the morning the sepoy's bugle calls; now we have just one clear hour more for sleep. Six is striking. Up, up, the day has begun. Twenty minutes for dressing; etc., and we are ready for work. A Psalm or a chapter in Isaiah is read, a lesson looked over or a business letter is written during these nice cool hours of the morning. On the tick of seven o'clock I meet my wife at chotahazze (little breakfast) she drinks a cup of coffee,

while I regale myself on a cup of cocoa. We each eat two small pancakes, made of rice flour and cocoanut milk, with some syrup to make them palatable. We take this little breakfast very leisurely; we often have a book, or magazine, or a newspaper to pass away the time till the school bell rings at 7.30. Come into the school room and see these boys, fine fellows some of them. I am proud of them.

As we enter each boy rises in his place and says "Salaam," which is "good morning." This salaam is an Arabic word, is related to the Hebrew word, *salem*, and means peace. How beautiful! So each one says each morning, "PEACE" Surely it is peace, to those who are in Christ Jesus. To this salaam I reply by raising my hand and saying "Salaam" (peace). Now a hymn is sung, a chapter read and a prayer offered. In this prayer we thank the Lord for protection during the past night, ask for a continuance of His care for the day, and grace, wisdom and the Holy Spirit's help to learn well and put into actual practice the lessons of the day. At the close of this prayer all respond with an audible, "Amen."

It is now eight o'clock; and all except my junior Bible class take leave. Their lesson is in the Book of Numbers, all about the sacrifices, etc., and not much wonder if some of them are confused with their number and variety. Our time is up at 8.45, so this class files out, and another, the senior, files in. They are studying Paley's Evidences of Christianity (a translation). It is a little difficult for them always to understand, but they are getting used to the idea and will do better in the future. At 9.30 our time is up and this class goes to other teachers who are waiting for them. They also have been busy all this time with arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, geometry and a lot of other subjects whose names you would not know even if I mentioned them.

Now stay here five minutes while I go hop, skip and jump up-stairs to see my baby; have not had a peep at him to-day yet. What a blessing he is to our lonely hearts. But I must away again to work.

Ten o'clock rings in breakfast; I will not tell you of what it consists, but likely enough there are love tokens there from dear friends in the dear old Home Land.

After breakfast is over we have our own family worship, in English. The family is small, the number to take part is smaller. Two are in Canada, one in heaven, while the rest are here. A few minutes in which to breathe freely and then we go in to meet my senior Old Testament class. To-morrow at the same hour they will have the New Testament. Twelve, noon, strikes and we are through for the forenoon.

From twelve till two p.m. we have intermission. The students cook and eat their midday meal. We take a book, or magazine, and lie down for a rest. I am generally rewarded with a nap of from fifteen to twenty minutes. It is wonderfully refreshing. At 1.30 I am stirring again, and my cold water bath takes my time till the two o'clock bell rings. The roll is again called, and a short prayer offered at this opening for the afternoon, and all except the junior New Testament class pass out to the other teachers. With this class I spend the time, which always seems too short, till 2.45. It is then replaced by the seniors with a lesson in theology. We use Mr. Timpany's Compendium written while he was in Ramapatam.

At 3.30 my class work for the day closes; for this till four p.m. I am at leisure to hear requests, see sick people, give medicine, direct work, write letters, study lessons or do anything else that comes to hand.

Four o'clock is dinner hour. It is a quiet time, a grateful time, when the teaching for the day is done; quietly

we discuss our dinner, only two of us. For years this has been the case. The topics of conversation are generally closely related to our work, the school, the mission, the societies at home, the dear ones, and the Home Land—love land—dream land—the land of our fathers and the land of blessed memories.

The bell rings once more and the boys gather in four companies for their home work. Each company has a leader who is responsible for his company. When all are in place each company numbers, and the words of command, "Attention!" "Left face!" "March!" are uttered and all are off to some kind of work.

I generally spend this hour with them. Some are carrying and pouring water on young trees; some are building or mending mud walls; while others are at different kinds of work. After this hour is over they are at liberty till seven o'clock, after which all are required to be in the compound.

How do we spend this interval? If we have a pony and carriage we drive out for half an hour; or walk, or attend to our plants, etc. The rest of the time till seven p.m. we generally spend on the front veranda reading a book, or having a chat with our neighbors, one family, who have dropped in for a few minutes.

Tea at seven o'clock is a light affair and soon disposed of; family prayers follow immediately after. Shortly after this I am left alone for the evening's work; lessons for the morrow, consulting books, writing home letters, letters for the LINK, *Brightist* and other papers, fill up a quiet and satisfactory three hours till 10.30. In half an hour more I am at rest for the night; and thus ends one day's work for Jesus. Blessed work, to be followed by and by "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

While writing this letter I am sitting cross-legged on the bottom of my palankeen, out in the jungle twelve miles north of Tuni, and fifty miles from Samulcotta. I can hear one of the boys preaching Jesus to some people who have come out of curiosity to see a *dhora*—a white man.

Now little fellow-laborers, good-bye, and God bless you all, is the prayer of yours for the Telugus,

JOHN McLAURIN.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec.

#### BOOKS FOR THE CIRCLES OF THE SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Our friend and Missionary the Rev. John Craig, has been anxious that the Circles might have access to some of the excellent books that are written on mission subjects, and he has kindly placed the following at the disposal of our Society: *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions*, by William F. Bainbridge; *The Life of Abner Judson*, by his son; *Alfred Saver*, a biography, by E. B. Underhill, which introduces us to the work of the English Baptists at Cameroon's and other places in West Africa; *Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River*, published by the English Baptist Missionary Society; *Our Gold Mine*, by Mrs. Ada C. Chaplin, the story of American Baptist missions in India; *Rambles in Mission Fields*, and *Missionary Sketches*, by S. F. Smith; *Pagoda Shadows*, by Adele M. Fielde, an interesting account of the condition of Chinese women; *Carey, Marshman and Ward*, the Serampore Missionaries; *From Darkness to Light*, the story of a Telugu convert, by Rev.

J. E. Clough; *Heroines of the Mission Field*, by Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman; in this volume we are told of the work of twenty-eight women who have labored in different parts of the world. *Missions*, a prize essay, by Rev. George Patterson, which treats of the heathen world, its need of the gospel, and the church's obligation to supply it. *Historical Sketches of Women's Missionary Societies in America and England*; this title is misleading; as the sketches are confined to Societies in the United States, with the exception of one out of the twelve English Societies, none of the Canadian being mentioned. *Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers*, by Harriett Warner Ellis; this book takes us to India, Egypt, China, Burmah, Persia, Syria, and Palestine. *Mission Life in Greece and Palestine*, by Mrs. G. R. Pitman.

These books are intended to form the beginning of a circulating library. Any member of a Circle desiring the use of one can obtain it by sending her address.

1395 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

A. MUIR.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.—Our Mission Circle, after being disbanded for some time, was reorganized last Thursday, when the following officers were elected:—Mrs. Tuttle, *President*; Miss Lizzie Smart, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Vaux, *Treasurer*; A. C. Evans, *Secretary*. We look to our Heavenly Father for a blessing on our undertaking; may He inspire us with sincere love for the work.

We trust, with such an able president and the information we get through the LINK, to make our meetings interesting and profitable. A. C. EVANS, *Secretary*.

January 13th, 1885.

## Nova Scotia.

### A COMELY EFFORT.

To the spiritual eye nothing is comparable in satisfying beauty to a vigorous self-denying effort on the part of any to do good, in the christian sense of the word; to energy self-denyingly put forth to the end that the gospel may be more widely extended; and more especially is this true when the effort is made by young and tender hearts and hands. I wish to inform the readers of the LINK for their mutual approval of an effort of the above description now being put forth by what to many of the readers of this would be doubtless considered, a *small* Sabbath School in Milton, N.S. For years it had been their custom to lay aside the mites contributed from week to week for Missionary purposes, and this at the end of the year was given into the treasury of the Foreign Missionary Board.

This was praiseworthy, and the amounts yearly given in this way added their quorum to the general fund, and doubtless brought to the youthful givers a gracious smile of approval from the Father above. But it is a fact that to be most benefited ourselves by our liberality we need to imitate our Saviour and, as far as possible, be ourselves the disbursers of our benefits. The school recognized this and, at the suggestion of the pastor, sought the desired opportunity. Through correspondence with Bro. Hutchinson they learned of a young man, then in Bro. H's service, who desired training to aid him in becoming efficient as a preacher of the gospel. The name of the young man was *Zuchamadu*. This intelligence at once aroused the enthusiasm of the school. "Zuchamadu," "Zuchamadu" you could hear whispered on every hand, although the formidableness of the name rather puzzled a good many. They learned, however, that to educate this young man would

require forty dollars a year, fully double the amount they had been accustomed to give. They pondered a moment, but it was only for a moment. Immediately their countenances brightened and the whole school united in the resolution that the sum should be raised. And raised it will be. *Is not this a comely effort?* May the Lord, who has declared that He is pleased with those who give cheerfully, abundantly cheer these young recruits, and give each a new heart and a mansion in His kingdom. And may Zuchamadu pray faithful and merit the effort thus heroically made in his behalf.

C. R. B. D.

Middleton, N. S., Jan. 15, 1885.

CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA. — *Dear LINK*, — We prize your monthly visits more and more; are still trying to aid in the cause you represent. There are now five W. M. A. Societies and four Mission Bands in Lunenburg County; not all doing the work they might, yet all aiding a little, and sending forth some rays of light into the darkness of heathenism and the darkness at home. Oh, that the Church of God would arise and shine! Then would the long-repeated prayer, "Let Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as in heaven," be answered.

Yours in sympathy for the perishing,

P. M. B. KEMPTON,

Jan. 15th, 1885. Agent for Lunenburg Co., N.S.

### Household Gods of the Malas

Mrs. J. J. Parker, of Coaticook, Que., writes:—A short time ago I received a letter from Mr. McLaurin, containing the following, written by one of the Samulcotta students. Mr. McLaurin baptized his parents at Cocanada, before coming home. During their stay in Canada this young man united with the church. This sketch was written by him in Telugu. Mrs. Mol. translated, and sent it to me for the benefit of our Circle and Band. It has been read here, the children especially were interested. We appreciate the effort of this dear sister for us, and would like to have other Circles benefited by it, (there are many who are still ignorant of heathen life).

*Malas* means one caste of the Telugus.

*I. Nomalu.* This is a female deity who is believed to give to her worshippers wealth and prosperity. There is an annual feast in her honor, when stone images of Nomalu are sold in the bazaar, for one anna, more or less, according to size. When the time for the feast (which lasts for three days) has come, and the idol is bought, it is taken home, bathed, and saffron marks put upon its head and body. It is then set up in the house and the people bow down to it and show it much respect. On the third day, the principal one, no food is eaten till evening. That day curries and cakes are made and placed before the images. In the evening the priest comes and reads the history of the idol, and after that the people themselves eat the food, believing that Nomalu has already partaken of its essence. At the close of the feast the image is placed in a small box, with the two sacred threads of red and yellow which have been worn for five days on the arms of the people, and all are closed up and put away till next feast time, when, after burning incense before the box, it is opened, the image taken out and used again. This is considered a very holy feast; my parents kept it years ago.

*II. The Holy Circle.* On the walls of the house, inside, people make a circle a span wide; it is made of yellow powder. Across it they make three marks with red powder and spots of the same between the marks. Before engaging in any idol-feast they burn incense before this and make obeisance to it. Also any time that members of the family are in need, or if sickness comes, they bathe hands and feet and prostrate themselves before it. This was in my father's house, and is very common.

*III. Ant's nest.* If ants begin to build a nest in the house they are not molested, for the people think it is some of their ancestors come to live with them and that if they worship this they will be successful in their work. So they burn incense to this ant's nest, keep a lamp burning before it always at night and bow down to it with great respect and fear. There was one of these in my father's house and my mother was very careful to worship it regularly.

*IV. Making a vow.* To avert trouble when it comes, people sometimes take a thing and make a vow to devote it to the gods. Suppose it is a cloth. They must get a new one, sprinkle water on it and put saffron on the four corners; they then fill a new pot with water and cover it with a strainer, in which they place the cloth. Then they make three images of clay or saffron and place them, the cloth and the pot, before the holy circle. Then three plates are filled with vegetables, curry and rice and put before the images, after which incense is burned and the family make salaams to them. The people then all leave the room for twenty minutes while the gods are supposed to be eating the food. After that they return and use the food and cloth themselves! The images are thrown away or given to the children as play things, after the ceremony is over.

*V. Feasts for the dead.* On the third day after death is kept the "little day." The evening meal is taken to the place where the body was burned. What remains of the body is reduced completely to ashes, water is sprinkled over the spot, incense burned, after which the people who came eat the food and return home. The fourteenth day after death is called the "great day." On that occasion they feast all their fellow-caste people of their village. Then after bathing themselves, their priest is called to read "mamtrams" (incantations), and then they give many presents to the priest, their idea being that, as much as they cause gladness to him, so much will the dead relative rejoice.

VIGNASWURADU.

This idol has an elephant's head, and a man's body. It is worshipped at the beginning of any enterprise for good luck. When I began to go to school at five years of age, my parents caused me to observe this worship. My teacher took me to the bazaar and there selected the idol for me, but would not allow me to touch it till I had listened to him repeating incantations over it. Then we took it home, bathed it and placed a peck of rice and some fruit before it. My teacher wrote a word in the rice, then taking my hand caused me to retrace the same with my finger. He then read the history of the idol to me, and after, by means of shells, forecast what kind of a scholar I would be. The grain and fruit were then given to the teacher. A little shelf of bamboo was made for the image and on it I kept my books also. Each time I began a new book at school I worshipped this idol and also observed a feast in its honor once a year.

This is all I recollect about the worship of idols in my father's family. When my parents became Christians they buried the images to which they used to pray.

SUVENADU.

### Trifle Not!

'Tis not for man to trifle: time is brief,  
And sin is here;  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.

We have not time to sport away the hours;  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.  
Not many lives but only one, have we—  
One, only one.

How sacred should that one life ever be;  
That narrow span!  
Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.



## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Did you ever see a little magazine published in Boston, called "The Pansy"? We have commenced to take it for our little folks, and there are so many good things in it about missions that I want to copy two of them for you this month.

First an item about monkeys in India. "Among the thousands of gods of the Hindoos the monkey is held in high veneration. Temples are dedicated to it, and hospitals are built for it, and the people believe that whoever kills one will die within the year. Monkeys walk boldly into houses and steal things to eat, but their visits are considered a great honor."

Next, a story named

## PRUE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"Oh, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are fifty cents a bushel, there will be three dollars. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Phil Sanborn drew up to the dinner table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Sanborn as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The spring previous some of the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions had been in that town to tell of the grand work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Phil had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when these ladies came again.

Prue, Phil's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Prue," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings." "So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa, "Any new disease attacked your dolly?" "No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done!"

"What wonderful things? Is Barnum coming up here with his museum?" "Why no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Phil have something to give, and I—I—haven't anything," and Prue ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Prue, I'll give you ten cents of my potato money," said Phil. "Thank you, I do not want it," returned Prue.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents," said papa. "That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you do! No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Prue with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma I've got an idea," and Prue gave such a jump that the kitten went out of the window. "Auntie said I was very clever at making dolls' clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Roberts' store. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merinos and your dolly and we will commence. I will cut and fit and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meetings were held again, Phil gave three dollars and seventy-nine cents, the dollars from potatoes and the cents from chestnuts. Then happy

little Prue brought her offering, four bright, new silver dollars, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Phil said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Prue earned four dollars, I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Prue whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Prue, I know you love me for you gave up those pretty clothes for me.'"

Perhaps some of the little girls who take the LINK can copy Prue's idea, and earn something of their own by dressing dolls in their play hours. I know many of our boys have planted missionary potatoes.

Each little offering from hands that belong to Jesus is precious in His sight.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

## Duty of the Church.

The church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all classes of society, like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the whole world.—Bishop Simpson.

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

Receipts from Dec. 26th to Jan. 27th, inclusive.

Springford M. C., \$5.00; do. M. B., \$1.50; Boston M. B., \$12; Belleville M. C., \$10; Cheltenham M. C., \$1; Fort Hope M. B., \$6.60; Guelph M. C., \$12; Selwyn M. C., \$20; Whitevale M. B., \$2 (of this \$2 was collected from a Sunday School class of small girls, and 50c from Winton's Mission Garden); Ailsa Craig M. C., \$6; Paris M. C., \$18.05; do. M. B., \$2; Gobles M. C., \$23.50; Aylmer M. C., \$8; Sarnia Township M. C., \$30; Wingham M. B., \$17; Jarvis Street, Toronto, M. C., \$17.30; Bloor Street, Toronto, M. C., \$18.40; Bank Interest, \$21.37.—Total—\$251.72.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,  
267 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

We have been requested to state that the \$25 credited to Mrs. A. Cohoon on Sept. 19th, 1884, was a joint subscription; \$10 from Mrs. Cohoon, \$10 from Mrs. Ben. McConnell, and \$5 from Mrs. B. J. Timpany, and also that the money was intended to constitute Mrs. Joseph Cartwright a life member.

## The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Communications to be sent to Mrs. M. Freeland, Box 8, Yorkville, Ont. Orders and remittances to be sent to Miss J. Buchan, Box 4, Yorkville, Ont. Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

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