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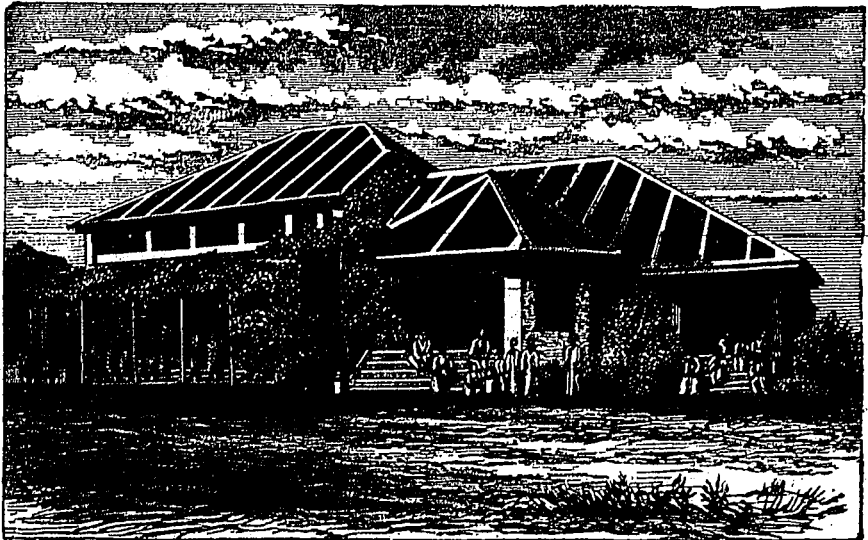
# Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. VI., No 10.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [JUNE, 1884.



## Samulcotta Seminary Building.

This building, from end to end including verandahs, is ninety-five feet long. It is forty-five feet wide, including verandahs. It is divided into two main portions, the school division to the right and the dwelling house to the left. That dark space beyond the steps, on which the boys are sitting at the right, is the door of India Philips, the Christian teacher's class room. Just to the left of that and hidden by the projecting octagonal room, are two doors leading into my study and class-room. In this room we have our school prayers and all night meetings. It is 25x20 feet. Immediately to the left of this, the door of which can be seen black through the octagonal room, is our dining-room. The octagonal room in front was built last season. In it we hold our Sunday morning preaching. During the week it is the class-room of the heathen teacher, Katia (first a, as in father). The rest of the building is used as a dwelling house. The up stair room is our bed-room. It has a verandah in front. The venetian to the left filling one of the spaces, is to protect our heads from the sun early in the morning, as the stair is outside and on that side of the house. The room below is our living-room. The leafy covering in front, supported by slender poles, is called a pandal, is about

twelve feet wide, and is used for keeping away the sun and intolerable glare of the hot season. The tree in front is an ordinary country one, and the foliage on the pandal is a Rangoon creeper which has made its way up there. The roof is tiled. The white stripes are made of mortar and serve to keep the tiles in place. The house faces east, and the view is taken from the north-east.

We are both in good health, and the work of the school is going on quietly and satisfactorily.

JOHN McLAURIN.

## To the Readers of the Link.

DEAR FRIENDS,—By God's mercy my little girl and I have reached Canada in safety. We arrived at New York on Sunday, the 18th May, at Rochester the next day, and at Port Hope on the 22nd. Although feeling rather weary, I hope to be present at some of the associations to tell of what God is doing through us among the Telugus. May He enable us to be faithful. Hoping to meet many of you soon and speak face to face, I am your fellow-servant,

JOHN CRAIG.

## Educated Girls.

SOME OF THE HINDERANCES OUR EDUCATED GIRLS MEET IN AFTER-LIFE, AND SOME OF THE INFLUENCES FOR GOOD THEY EXERT.

(Letter from Mr. McLaughlin to Mrs. E. J. Rose, Cor. Soc.)

\* \* \* \* I am not going to attempt to portray the life of an educated *upper ten* girl, but only Paria life—the life of one of our people.

If you were to slip into one of our boarding schools at almost any hour of the day you would probably find a row of girls standing upright, with arms folded across the chest and toes on the mark. They would range from ten to fifteen years of age, are nicely dressed in some plain calico, with faces washed, hair combed and maybe dripping with coconut oil. Each girl has a book in her hand; that is the badge of her profession—a boarding girl. Some are dull, others are bright;—some are really goodlooking, with pleasant, intelligent faces, while others are—well—not goodlooking. Some months ago many of these girls were unwashed, uncombed, unclothed, hideous-looking sprites of darkness out among the villages. It is difficult to imagine anything in the human form more repulsive than the little girls of a Paria hamlet. Thus far the change seems eminently satisfactory. Ask one of them to read—she obeys readily, and reads more or less fluently. If it is a station boarding school she will have a pretty good idea of what she reads; if not, she will probably know but little. She knows a little of the world she lives in; knows about sin and salvation; about God the Father, Jesus the Saviour, heaven, hell, etc. She, with the help of her companions, will sing nicely (native fashion), and will also show you some of her sewing, which, to say the least, is far in advance of what her grandmother could do. She has learned to keep the room occupied by herself and others clean, to cook rice, make curry, and do other household duties. If she has been in school five or six years, she will likely graduate a bright, healthy, clean, well-educated Christian girl. Thus far all is bright and fair sailing.

Now comes the critical time in her history. Some young man, or some young man's mother or father has had her in mind for months. Leave is asked of the missionary to speak with her or her friends. If he thinks well of it, leave is granted, and a few weeks at most bring on the eventful day. She looks well, dressed in white muslin and wreathed in real orange-blossoms. Congratulations are over and she goes home—*ah, home* (?) She may live alone with her husband in a separate house; then their home will be much what she will make it; but she may be taken to her mother-in-law's house, and then it is not likely to be as she would make it. In either case the temptations to indolence and slovenliness will be very great. No incentives to order or regularity, no clanging bell to arouse her at stated hours, no missionary's eye to see whether the face is washed or the hair combed or not, whether the clothes are clean or the floor swept. Maybe the mother-in-law will resent any attempt at change as an affront. Then there will be a quarrel in which the husband will likely take his mother's part. This will deeply insult the wife, and her business then will be to sulk—to sit on the floor for days with dishevelled hair and unwashed face. During this time she will neither cook, eat, drink, nor dress herself. Very probably the hungry husband will make some uncompromising remarks and use vigorous language, to which she will likely reply with spirit, born in the school

at the station and then—well, what then? Well then, it is time to draw the curtain,—they do it in England and America after more than a thousand years of training, and need we wonder if a few of them do it here.

If she is in a station, or teaches a village school, or rules her own house and is exceptionally studious, she keeps up her reading and other studies. But here too the temptations to neglect are many and great. The salary of her husband is small, and oil is dear, and the light poor, and she has so much to do. Then there are babies in quick succession; three or four in so many years. Can all these be cared for and kept clean as well as the house? Can her husband's clothes be mended, and his food cooked, and her books read beside? Oh, dear, no—that cannot be. Once a week perhaps she takes one of the urchins, sits down on a low stool, gathers her clothes about her, stretches out her nether limbs side by side, lays the squalling nudity on them and proceeds to scrub vigorously; the accompaniment is sometimes discordant, often irregular, but is generally vigorous. Why should she clothe her little ones? No others in the village are clothed. It costs something too; and even if she did, would not the whole lot of them be rolling in the dust or wallowing in the mire the next minute. If she did comb their hair, it would not stay combed. If she oiled it, it would soon be filled with dust, and if not, the dry wind would blow it well about. The filthy nose and the sore eyes would be open to the same objection; they would not stay clean. How can she keep her door yard clean when it is so small, only a few yards square? Besides, is it not pig-stye, dog-kennel, fowl-house, stable and sink for half a dozen houses besides her own? How could you expect her to keep her house clean when there is but one room in it, and that has to serve for parlor, dining-room, sitting-room and bed-room for the whole family, except when they sleep out of doors, which they do for a good part of the year.

Is this an extreme case I am painting? It is not a case at all; I am only setting before you some of the temptations to which almost all our girls are more or less exposed. Then I have only referred to those, to *indolence and slovenliness*.

I have said nothing of the band of village viragos who gird her on every side—of the foul-mouthed "Billingsgate" which falls on her ear each hour of the day—of the unspeakable epithets applied to her, or the vile insinuations thrown out if she dare resent them. But surely there can be no temptation to indulge in such language as this? Not to you, gentle reader—not to you, but to her. Remember, that probably she was hushed to sleep as an infant with the refrain of such words as her mother's lull-a-bye song. Her early childhood had learned each villainous phrase but too well. Now as the hot blood rushes to her face, and these cankerous words leaps unbidden to her lips, and the unruly tongue is ready to hiss them forth—Oh, thank God if His grace has sealed those lips and shut up the conflict in her own soul. Thank God if she can turn back into the house, and there, by the aid of the Spirit, put to flight the tempting fiend within. It is a temptation you and I may never feel, but to her it is awfully real.

Then again, the temptations to neglect her spiritual welfare are great. She has no closet to which she can go for communion with her God. How can she read the book in that one room with all her children hanging about her, and those rude boys peeping in at the door? At the little prayer-meetings held by her husband or the teacher everything is commonplace; no one knows more than she does—no new idea—no one can sing correctly,

and if she sings she must sing incorrectly. They make such ludicrous mistakes that she would laugh were she not so tired and sleepy. There is no one to help her and few to heed her. When at school it did her good, strengthened her and comforted her to hear the strong confident way in which the missionary spoke about the love and faithfulness of Jesus. Who is there here to dry her tears and cheer her desponding heart? Then again, I have said nothing of the dread that seizes her as she sees her little one writhing in the agonies of cholera, the fear that *maybe*—oh yes, only maybe it is true, what her neighbours are telling her, that Amma Varu is angry with her because she has forsaken her ancestral god, and so is killing her child. They tell her that if she would only offer a fowl the goddess would leave the child alone. She feels surely the blessed Lord Jesus would not be very angry if she tried it, only as a peradventure, for the sake of the child. The intensity of her love gives point to this terrible temptation.

How do our young women stand in the face of this formidable list of temptations?

None escape them all, and yet few, if any, fall into all. Some are a great trial to the missionary, but after all a great advance on what they else would be. Some on the other hand, are a constant source of joy and thankfulness. Bright beacon lights they are in the surrounding gloom; clear and steady their light shines.

It is seldom that you cannot pick out the house of the boarding girl in the village. Her clean, smiling, intelligent face is an inspiration. She feels a proprietary interest in the missionary, and readily yields him a daughter's love. There are lines on her face which tell of conflict and conquest. She has conquered with love and kindness the prejudices of her neighbours, and they listen to her words as to those of an apostle. She has won the respect of all, and the man must be angry indeed, or the woman exasperated very much who will not stem the vile torrent and give her a respectful salaam as they pass. She moves a queen in her little realm. Her children are known on the street; they are cleaner, better behaved, more respectful and more intelligent than their fellows; they are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and by His grace and Christian privileges will grow up useful men and women not many days hence. The people have before them a constant example of the power of Christianity. They have sense enough to admire even if they do not readily follow; but to admire is to follow to some extent, and this living example does tell in the long run. She very often teaches the little boys and girls to read and sing, and sometimes the old men and women come too. It is wonderful the influence a wise woman can exert even in a heathen village; of course her influence in elevating and refining the Christians of the village is very much greater.

This is the kind of work being done by girls' schools among our Christian and heathen villages. These girls are, I believe, never married to heathen husbands; this would be both sinful and impolitic; God's word forbids it. In this way an educated man and woman as husband and wife can do, if living pure and holy lives, an untold amount of good. But you can see that it will not do to push our girl's work beyond our boy's work, else we destroy the necessary balance, and we would have to marry her to an uneducated Christian, or maybe a heathen; this would hinder our work, and do her an injustice as well. There are no unmarried old women among the Hindus; no one dreams of it.

For this reason I am anxious that we should carry on all departments of our work in due proportion to their

importance, and therefore I am thankful that you take so much interest in this Seminary.

It is much more difficult to write as interesting reports or as stirring incidents about a school as about a mission. The work is more monotonous, more humdrum. I must confess that I have been agreeably disappointed with the interest taken by Boards, Bands, Sunday-schools, churches and individuals in our Seminary. I am constantly receiving letters asking for students to support, and indicating the liveliest interest in our work. These letters do us a world of good, they are medicine to both soul and body. Once more I thank you for your generous consideration, and solicit a continued interest in your prayers.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Samulcotta, 17th March, 1884.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, ETC.

Mr. Timpany writes on the 17th of April:—

"During the recent trip on the boat, I took eleven of the girls with me. I wish that sometimes you could see us in our work. Your circles are getting the value of what you put into the boat. Every time I take out a company of the girls with me, and I often do so, multitudes of women hear the gospel. The girls did well; there was not a word of fault to be found with them. Morning and evening they walked with me, sometimes for a long distance, and in the villages sang and talked. When at the boat they had their cooking and lessons to attend to, so there were few idle moments. Lukshimi was one of the company. The girls have no matron now. The woman who was with them got leave some time since. So far they have got along nicely. They have, during the present year, improved very much and grown in grace. They are good girls. In two years the first class will graduate. We will then have some good teachers from among them. The school is graded, and working up to the Government standards. You are getting good worth for your money. Only think, I am teaching, feeding, clothing, etc., about forty girls for what would scarcely send two of our daughters to the College at Woodstock! Are there still some people who want better returns for their money?"

From Mrs. Timpany we hear: "Our home boxes have come, safe and sound, all the way from loved and loving friends in Canada. I am sure this canned fruit, meat, etc., adds to our health very much. I do not think that the McLaurins and ourselves have ever been better in India than at present. Miss Frith, too, is very well, and we are all so thankful, for there never was more to be done than now. We have Mr. Craig's eight boarding girls, and Mrs. Currie's one to keep till they return. This makes our number thirty-nine, and adds to our care a good deal."

### Bobbili.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Do you think you can appreciate a letter from an old friend in Bobbili who is not your old Bobbili friend? Before this reaches you Mrs. Churchill will be in the dear homeland, and none of you will read this with more interest than she. How strangely the world moves on. Here I am moving about the old familiar rooms of her once happy home, and taking

up the mission work she has laid down for a time, and we are both content to have it so. It is nice to let the Father plan for us.

One year ago, I did not expect to come here, but it is my happy home now, and the mission work in Bobbili is a part of the work we love.

There is a difference between the Bobbili of to-day and that to which Mr. and Mrs. Churchill came five years ago.

We find a compound, and all that pertains thereto, in very good order, which shows that some one has worked and planned before us.

We cannot write of Christians being gathered in, but there are many evidences of faithful seed-sowing, for as we go into the streets of the town or the adjacent villages, we find that the name of Christ is not strange to the people, so we know that the missionaries and their helpers have been holding up their Master before them.

We came here in the early part of February, and lived in the little bungalow till our friends left on the 28th, and did not really take up the work till then. After they had gone we moved into the mission house proper, which we find much cooler than the other, arranged ourselves, and are now quite well prepared to give our time to the matters before us. As far as possible we intend to continue to sow the good seed, but while doing so we are looking anxiously about, from side to side, for the first fruits of the harvest. Ere this, surely the sunshine and dews of heavenly grace must have nearly ripened some sheaves, and we are expecting to catch a glimpse of them soon amid the tall grass and weeds which so abound.

Six of my boarding girls came here with me. Cassie is teaching in Bimili. Since we came have adopted another, and, I suppose, her best friend in Canada is Bessie Churchill. Her name is Chinny, and she comes from among the lowest class of people. I have been among these, the Telagas and the Vellamahs, who all listen very well. The pupils of our girls' school in town come principally from the Telagas, but I fear, their love for the school in itself is not very great.

The little school on the compound has recently met with a loss, which is rather comical in itself, but which really gave it quite a shake. Three boys from the Gadaba village, near by, used to come, and Mrs. Churchill gave them a small cup of rice daily. Before she went away she sold those cups, but before doing so, fearing the young gentlemen might make some tantrum, we took the precaution to measure one of my cups by hers, and gave the boys from one of mine for some days. However, as soon as Mrs. Churchill was gone, there was a strike, and the boys declared they would not come to school unless I gave them some clothes and more rice. They said I did not give them as much as she did, and that I was treating them unjustly. I talked to the young good-for-nothings and so did the helpers, but evidently they meant business. One night I met a number of the Gadaba people a short distance from the compound, and seating myself on a stone asked them to sit down on the ground and have a chat with me. They complied and began immediately upon the rice question. After some talk we disposed of it amicably, and they promised to send the children to school. Then we conversed upon the propriety of drinking toddy. Some of the men said they drank, while others said they did not, while all, both men and women, said that Gadaba women never drank. I enjoyed the talk and hoped better things from the boys, but they only came a few days, and we have not seen them now for some time. I should have been over to their village ere this, but it is too far to walk and the car-

riage cannot go, so we are planning to go in a native cart, and then those boys will be expecting us to go straight for them. But it is not at all probable that we will, yet we will try to tell them something good. I think the boys will be back one of these days, rather regretting that they have lost so much rice.

We have one promising Gadaba boy, Zoogy Raju, as a boarder. He works like a cooly out of school hours and seems to enjoy it. He is not a Christian, and still loves his old habits and customs. One day he asked permission to go to his village to attend a marriage. I said, "No," and though he reasoned his side of the case most stoutly, he had to admit that my reasons were better than his, and he did not go. Only a day or two afterwards he asked to go into the town to see the Wunna feast which was in progress. I refused rather tremblingly, fearing it might be too much of a burden for his weak back. The tom toms were making sweet music in his ears, and it was hard to make him feel. I asked him to promise that he would not go when out of our sight, but he would not; so I told him rather laughingly to go into the room and stay till he was ready to do so. He is about sixteen or seventeen years old, I should think, and the big fellow looked very funny as he turned to obey. When he got into the room the ludicrous side of it struck him too, and after a moment he came out saying he would not go without leave. Sometime afterwards the boy who had heard the conversation came and told us he had gone, but we were most glad and thankful to find that he had not.

He is getting on nicely and some day we hope to see him a Christian. Truly yours,

CARRIE H. ARCHIBALD.

Bobbili, March 25th.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### To the Circles of Ontario.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Since our annual meeting last October, I have received very few direct communications from any of you. Encouraging reports have appeared from time to time in the LINK as to the progress and prosperity of some, but I have felt a little anxious sometimes whether others might not be losing their interest, and be getting half-hearted or discouraged in the work.

We are more than half way through another year, and thus far I have only heard of four new circles having been formed—those of Springford, Plympton, Simcoe and Lewis street, Toronto. These, with two new Bands, are all the aggressive work that I have heard of as accomplished this year, so that we must all work hard during the remaining months, if we wish even to attain the standard reached last year.

In the beginning of last January the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Hamilton, the secretary of the General Society, appealed to our Women's Societies, through the LINK, to endeavour to raise more money than we did last year. If we could raise \$3,000 in 1883, why not make it \$4,000 for this year?

Our watchword must indeed be "Forward," if we would keep pace with the urgent and ever growing claims of the work in India. I think that you are all aware that a young lady, a Miss Gibson, of Cocanada, has recently been appointed to help Miss Frith in her Zenana work, and besides this Miss F. writes that it is highly desirable, and even necessary for her to be accompanied

by a native Christian woman, to assist her in the singing, etc., when she visits the Zenana. All this, of course, requires additional funds. Then there is the Samulcotta Seminary in which, I think, the women should take as deep an interest as in any work that is being done. In a recent letter Mr. McLaurin, the principal, very heartily thanks our Board for the money we have sent unsolicited more than once for this object.

I have said that we should feel deeply interested in this Seminary, and for this reason: It is not only intended as a training-school for native young men that they may become pastors and teachers, but instruction is also given to the women so that they may be true helpmeets, and not hinderers of the good work, as they otherwise would be. So you see any money that we send there is a grand investment, and must be productive of the very best results. In a short time I will be necessary for me to write to each of the Circles for a report of the year's progress, and a statement of the present condition of each, to be presented at our Annual Meeting in October, also about the sending of delegates. Please bear this in mind.

If any of you would like to obtain copies of the tract called, "The Twenty-one Millions of Widows in India," or of Mrs. Keer's paper on, "Zenana Teaching," or Mrs. Newman's on "The Duties of Collectors," I shall be happy to send them if you will let me know.

All of you who read the LINK will have noticed in the April number Miss Muir's letter to the Circles of the Eastern Convention. Much of what she has said is equally applicable to us in Ontario. I am sure she will pardon me if I remind you of her remarks about the object of our organization being threefold: to pray for our missionaries in India and for a blessing on their labours, to contribute what we can to the mission, and to seek to interest those about us, so that they will give to its funds. A great deal might be said under each of these heads. Miss M. has already referred largely to the first—allow me to say a few words on the second—that of giving. The subject of Christian giving was recently brought very specially under the notice of teachers and scholars in all the Sunday Schools, not only of this Canada of ours, but in the United States and Great Britain, and wherever throughout the whole world the international series of lessons is taught. As the majority of Christians everywhere fall short so deplorably of their duty and privilege in this respect, the conviction grew upon me, as I pondered the lesson, that surely many earnest prayers were ascending to the God of all grace that He would abundantly bless the teaching of that day, and that we might speedily see the answer. It is time that a grand revolutionary movement in this respect should set in, sweeping away the old landmarks and bringing us all a little nearer to the Divine standard. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though He was rich yet for your sakes," &c. 2 Cor., 8th chap. 9th verse.

Let us all, therefore, strive to be more faithful in any work we have undertaken to do for our Master, and pray that we may have grace given to us to deny ourselves, that we may give to His cause.

E. C. ROSE, *Cor. Sec.*

11 Gerrard St., west, Toronto.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the Brant Association Society, in connection with the Foreign Mission work, will be held in Jerseyville, on Friday, June 6th. Afternoon session in the Temperance Hall to commence at 2.30 o'clock. A public meeting will be held in

the evening in the Baptist Church. Special efforts are being made by the committee to make the meetings interesting and profitable, and they hope a large number of delegates will be present.

A. MOYLE, *Assoc. Sec.*

THE TREASURER of the Ontario Women's Society has sent Mr. Shenston for remittance to India, \$102, which she has received during the last six months in small sums, specially designated for Samulcotta Seminary.

MISS FRITH asks for \$75 more for the prosecution of her Zenana work, than appeared on the "estimates" for 1884. This extra amount will be sent to her at once.

TORONTO.—Through the efforts of Mrs. Ebbles, of the Parliament Street Church, a Circle has been formed in connection with the Lewis Street Church.

BOSTON, ONT.—A Circle has recently been formed here.

#### MISSION BANDS.

CHESTER, N.S.—Since last Convention I have been present at the formation of three W. M. A. Societies, and two Mission Bands. The Band at Chester Basin, numbers over 100. They gave a very interesting concert on Jan. 7th, and will give another soon. One of the exercises will be the dialogue, "A Telugu Girl's Story," and Mrs. Sanford has lent us a Telugu suit. One of their members has prepared another good dialogue, and the young people vie with each other in trying to do their best. I am glad to hear of the formation of so many bands. Hope many hearts may be consecrated to Christ, and many lives spent in His service, that His Kingdom may come, and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Yours, in love for the lost.

P. M. B. KEMPTON.

BRIDGEWATER, N.S.—Our Mission Band is called the "Riverside Mission Band." It was organized March 29th, with thirty-one members. Our number is steadily increasing, and we hope before long to have quite a large band. Our membership fee is ten cents, and we also take up a collection at every meeting. We meet once a fortnight, on Saturday afternoons. We have begun a scrap and find it quite interesting to the members. Our pastor preached a missionary sermon on the last Sunday in March. A collection was taken up for the benefit of the band, which amounted to \$3.50. We are going to support a native child at school. Quite a number have subscribed for the "Little Helpers." Our band is quite young yet, but we hope it will be a success and prove a help to the mission cause.

ALICE L. TUPPER, *Sec.*

April 14th.

#### Brahmin and Brahm.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, BARISAUL.



WHAT IS A BRAHMIN?

To this question many answers might be given, but it will be best to reply in the very words of the Mahabharat. Gorooro was a sacred bird on which

Vishnu used to ride. His mother was condemned to slavery till she could procure the water of immortality. Learning this, Gorooro determined to go in search of it for her, but before he started she said, "What ever you do not destroy a Brahmin. Brahmins are as hot as fire, and must not be destroyed by creatures. They are the religious teachers of all. When they are angry they are like fire, like the sun, like a weapon. Neither the sun nor fire can reduce you to ashes like a Brahmin's curse when he is fasting. They are the great ones, the first-born, the fathers of the world. This is why kings worship them, and why you must honour them too. Do them no harm. Their words are more terrible than a thunderbolt, and their anger is unmerciful."

"Mother," replied Gorooro, "tell me all about them, so that if I see them I may recognise them. Is their form terrible? Do they burn like the sun? What is their shape, character, power?"

Beenota answered, "Son! he who hurts like a fishhook in the throat, and burns like a coal, is a Brahmin. Take care that you kill not a Brahmin."

The royal bird ascended into the sky and departed, but when hungry it descended like death to the lower world among the creatures. Animals fled at his approach and birds spread their wings to escape into the air. Among other creatures that the great bird had swallowed, a Brahmin had also entered his throat, and now burnt him like a fiery coal. In agony he entreated the twice-born to come out, saying, "Brahmin, I am opening my beak. Make haste. Though my sins are many, I won't destroy a Brahmin." "Then," the man replied, "let my wife out too." Being set free, the Brahmin blessed the bird and departed to his home.

Stories like the above are numerous in Hindu works, and are evidently written to create in the minds of the natives boundless fear and reverence for the priestly caste. The word Brahmin may mean "the race from the mouth of Brahma," or merely those who speak of Brahma. To kill a cow or a Brahmin is an unpardonable sin. Not only are the common people subject to this caste, but kings and gods themselves are also. By their charms and mantras all are controlled and governed. Numerous are the stories of men being turned into deer, elephants, giants, trees, ashes, and I know not what else, by the curse of the twice-born. But these are all fables, and do not happen now, for if they did preachers of the Gospel would not be spared. As a rule they do not even enter into conversation or arguments with missionaries, but, standing a little apart, notice with chagrin how the "common people hear gladly." Their ignorance of what every native schoolboy now learns covers the older Brahmins with shame; and those who have received any measure of modern education do not attempt to uphold the authority of the Shastres, the worship of idols, or the distinctions of caste. This is an evidence of progress, though their practice is altered by very little, if at all. The pride of caste is still strong within; and people still drink the water in which the priests wash their feet at the temple-doors. I have witnessed the degrading spectacle, denounced it on the spot, and spoke of the true "water of life" that quenches the souls thirst for ever. But the Brahmin has turned from Christ to the idols again, offered the usual incense, left the brass vessel at the door of the temple, and gone home stepping as proudly as ever.

Yet, God be praised! some of these very men are brought to Jesus as humble penitents. One sitting near me while I write this, though he has long cast aside the sign of the caste, is sometimes greeted with abject pros-

trations. The other day a man met him, and presented a small leaf holding a little water, expecting him to dip the great toe of his right foot in it as any Brahmin would do. The man was very disappointed and puzzled when told that he had addressed a Christian. He had asked for holy water and hoped to drink some, and put some on his forehead as an act of worship! but instead of this he was told of that Saviour who cries, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Yes; the "twice-born" can be born again by faith in Jesus Christ. Poitas can be torn from the shoulder of the priestly caste by that gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." They before whom all other castes bow before "the name that is above every name."

#### WHAT IS A BRAHMO?

He is unknown to ancient Hindu literature, being purely a production of the nineteenth century; and yet we find his portrait faithfully drawn in the Bible by the pen of the Apostle Paul. He describes him as "holding a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; and as ever-learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth. But they shall proceed no further; for their folly shall be manifest unto all, as theirs also was." Like the Egyptian magicians, the *Brahmo* opposes the Gospel by imitation. Ready to follow us in all things but faith in Christ, he speaks of their "ministers," "missionaries," "prayer-meetings," "watch-night meetings," "sermons," "baptisms," and I know not what else. He accepts implicitly the suggestions of his own erratic brain, while he rejects the authority of Him who "spake as never man spake." He praises Christ with his lips, but refuses him the reverence of his heart. He has no settled creed concerning God, His government or His character, and yet boasts of his ability to extract all that is true from the Bible, the Koran, and the Bades, as easily as a bee obtains honey from flowers. He prides himself upon being able to appreciate fully, and to estimate justly, the beauty and perfection of Gospel morality; but he fails utterly to perceive how this very morality, as pure and lofty in tone, condemns him as guilty before God. He wishes to be thought capable of fully comprehending Christ's words, but refuses to glance at the mystery of Christ's cross. He closes his ears, therefore, to the message of the Gospel, unless the preacher allows him an opportunity of declaring his high estimate of the Saviour's character and teaching. He prefers a thousand times his own constantly varying fancies about God before the highest wisdom, the purest holiness, the sublimest love, and the happiest future conceivable, such as the Bible reveals. He accepts a portion of all creeds to prevent the suspicion that he has become a Christian. He does not worship idols, or regard distinction of caste, abhors child-marriage, and allows widows to marry; but he will not be immersed as a believer in Jesus, choosing rather to immerse himself in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and so still remain a Brahmo. He loves the name of "reformer," while neglecting to reform himself by complete submission to the Lord. He dances round the silver flag of his own "New Dispensation" in preference to turning towards the cross of the New Testament. In fine, the Brahmo acts the part of Jannes and Jambres, and thus opposes the truth as much as the uneducated Brahmin, who knows nothing of Western science, theology, or infidelity. The name "Brahmo" is intended to convey the idea expressed by one word "Unitarian," and is used also to distinguish its bearers from Hindus, Mussulmans,

and Christians, from whom they profess to receive certain phrases of faith.

Some believe that Brahmos are preparing a way for the Gospel into the hearts of men; but others believe they are blocking the way, snatching would-be followers of Christ away from the truth, and confusing the minds of men. It is possible that their influence is for good, while their disposition is unfavourable to the spread of the Gospel. This may be like that young man who was offended at being omitted from a list of guests invited to a *soirée* by a lady in France. In revenge he issued numberless invitations to persons not included in the Countess's list, of which he had obtained a copy. The evening came, and with it the multitude invited. They crowded the drawing-rooms, reception rooms, dining-rooms, and even the bedrooms, to the intense surprise of the hostess. The street was also filled with carriages, and only a portion could possibly obtain admission to the house. Thus, without going himself to the Gospel feasts, the Brahmō, by constantly speaking of Christ, and directing the minds of others to him, may be preparing a great surprise for the Church of God in India. He can reach many whom the preacher of the Gospel could never invite. God grant that this may be the ultimate outcome of the movement!

### First-Fruits.

BY MISS REID, (LATE OF PUNROOTV).

Sublia Erow, a young Brahmin lad, was baptized yesterday morning at 8 a.m. by the name of Samuel, a name of his own choice, after perusal of the history. He was most whole-hearted, and renounced Brahminism and everything connected with it; his sacred Brahmin string he gave up in the water. Such a shrinking, too, does he seem to have from anything connected with Brahminism, that he will not even retain the appellation of Erow, which all do with other titles of the same kind, together with in many cases their old heathen names. We had the joy of the sympathy and presence of kind friends of this place and from Coonoor, who cheered and encouraged us by their presence. Samuel is fully of age, being sixteen, and is very fairly educated, but my great desire is that he should be thoroughly trained for Mission work, so as to become a native pastor. If only any one were moved to pay the expenses, I feel it would be an *inestimable* boon if he could receive an English training. From the instances I have met it seems to give an energy, spirit, moral status and influence, that no training out here can give. I have thought longingly of Mr. Spurgeon's College. I am sure he is one who would amply repay any expense laid out on him. He is so happy, and has shown such decision and whole-heartedness in everything. To-day (Monday), has been a very trying and anxious day, several relays of Brahmins, including his uncle, little brother, and one or two relatives, having been to see him.

Warned by the case of poor Rathinam—who was carried off by physical force, and we fear cruelly ill-treated—I took the precaution of applying for police protection, which Colonel C—— at once afforded, so there was no disturbance, but they seem to be contriving all manner of devices. A complaint was lodged against me yesterday at the police station, but the boy being of age it is no case. I was told by an official to-day, that they are going to try and have a civil suit against me on the ground of Hindu law, under which eighteen is the age of majority. It certainly seems strange if two ages, fourteen and eighteen, are both recognized. Samuel spoke very bravely

to them all, saying it was of his own free will that he had become a Christian; and when one of the Brahmins in his uncle's presence asked why he had done so, he replied, "For my soul's salvation." On which they exclaimed, "Why! cannot you get your soul saved with us?" He answered, "No, all that Brahmins do, their works and ceremonies, are foolishness."

Seeing he is under protection, they are resorting to cunning ways of entrapping him. To-day one party expressed the greatest desire to hear and to learn more of the one thing needful, and begged me to come and preach in their street; a trick which they hope will afford an opportunity of seizing him. Yesterday afternoon his greatest friend, a dear young lad named Janibram Naidn, the son of a high native police official came. He asked in rather an agitated manner, "Is Sublia Erow here?" "Yes," I replied, when almost immediately a number of other lads came. After they had left he came to me and said, "Do let me see Sublia Erow." I replied, "I will tell him you wish to see him;" and I advised him to come; they both sat down together on a bench and talked, and it was touching to see the two young friends leaning over the Bible together, while Samuel showed him the portion from which he had chosen his name. To our great surprise the latter told us that his friend had strengthened him much, having urged him to be sure if any one came to question him, to declare that he had become a Christian of his own accord, and that no one had forced him.

Miss Reade has since written that she has been called to appear before the District Munsiff's Court with Samuel, who was claimed by the Brahmins on the plea of his being a minor. Various complications have protracted the actual trial of the case, for which March the 8th was finally appointed.

### A Million.

In a book called "Astronomy without Mathematics," we read: "As nobody ever counted a million of anything, it is worth while to stop a little to understand what it is by the help of a few specimens. A million days are two thousand and seven hundred and thirty years, so there have not been many more than two million days since the creation of Adam, and rather more than a million since the time of Solomon. A railway train going thirty miles an hour, and never stopping, would take nearly four years to go a million miles. If you had a million shillings to count one by one, and did it as fast as you could for ten hours a day, it would take a fortnight; and the million shillings would weigh nearly five tons, or be a heavy load for a railway truck. A million is a thousand thousands."

It is a sad yet incomprehensible thought that the number of heathen in the world is estimated at eight hundred and fifty-six millions. Of Protestants there are only one hundred and sixteen millions. Must not each one of them be earnest in sending the Gospel to their heathen brethren and sisters?

It has been estimated that in the first decade of this century not more than \$5,000 a week could be raised for missionary purposes; but at present British contributions alone amount to \$500,000 a month. The sum contributed by Great Britain in 1882, \$5,450,000. About half of that was from non-conformists. There are now a half million native converts in India. The whole fabric of idolatry is yielding to the power of the gospel, and it is generally thought it will fall suddenly.



## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Perhaps you will enjoy reading two letters from little girls in India, who are at school with the Missionaries now. I like them both very much. The first is to Bessie, a little girl in the States, who had sent some playthings to India, and is written by a little girl only nine years :—

BESSIE,—I send you many salaams and kisses. I am very happy about the playthings, and send to you very many thanks. I have become a Christian. I have placed faith on Jesus. He has come into my heart to live, and I have been very happy. I have been baptized in His name, and am His disciple. His love has filled my heart. My old name, Rhemie, was for an idol, but my Christian name is Preethee, and means love, which I wish to become. For this your prayer for me do. I am come into God's family, and am now His child. I feel much pleasure, Jesus on me great, great mercy has done, and on me great love does. I to sin dead am, but to God alive am, and if I trust He conquers all for me. He much every day does for me. My prayer is "O God in me a clean heart do," and my faith is He a clean heart makes. By His blood me He has bought and I sin's servant should not be. I to my people God's story of love wish to tell, that all my people in such darkness sitting may see light in Jesus. You for me pray do, and I for you will pray, and we will one day meet in God's beautiful house, and in your face I will look. In much love I am,  
PREETHEE.

The other letter is to a little boy who had sent some playthings to a Mission School in India.

CHARLIE,—To you many salaams. That jack-in-the-box you sent me, I am very grateful for and about it very happy. When I saw it I laughed, for I fun much like; I do much laugh, therefore to me playthings much pleasure give. My story to you a little I will tell. Once to me about God was not known, but God in great pity and mercy saw me and called me; He brought me to this school, and gave me two teachers; they taught me God's story; then I felt sorry for my sin, and afraid God would not take me in His beautiful heaven; but I asked Him to forgive me, and He sent His Spirit in my heart. I know I am His child; I to sin do not want to live; I wise wish to be; my love to you is much. Many salaams take; I my name will write,  
JOY.

From this last letter you will all see that if you learn to love Jesus, you may still enjoy fun as much as before, and play merrily together; some people would make you believe differently, but Jesus is pleased when His little ones are full of joy. A happy face can preach to those who do not know our Jesus. If our hearts are fully trusting in the dear Saviour, we must rejoice and be glad in Him. Mr. Carey wrote of a poor, sick native Christian in India whom he was called to visit. Thinking of her great sufferings, he asked her how she felt; she answered, "Happy, happy, I have Christ here," laying her hand on her Bible, "and Christ here," pressing it to her heart, and Christ *there*, pointing to Heaven. How pleasant it is thus to read of the fruit of mission work. Mrs. Anderson has written a hymn for the Chicago Standard, that you will like to sing to the tune of "The morning light is breaking" :—

I may not die for Jesus,  
As many children died,  
When those, who found their Saviour  
Lost everything beside;  
But I can live for Jesus  
With holy deed and word,  
And as a true confessor  
May glorify the Lord.  
I cannot be an angel,  
To wait before the throne,  
And at God's word fly swiftly,  
His mandates to make known;  
But God has noble errands  
A child can do aright,  
And I may gladly serve Him,  
A messenger of light.  
I may not bear the gospel  
Across the ocean blue;  
But as a little helper,  
May succor those who do.  
Full many a drooping banner  
Light breezes have unfurled,  
And pennies blest by Jesus,  
Oft help to move the world.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

OUT OF EVERY 100 church members only ten give anything whatever to Foreign Missions. \$9 out of every \$10 is contributed by one-tenth of this one-tenth. \$98 is spent for religious purposes among the comparative few at home for every \$2 expended among the hundreds of millions of Heathens abroad. In the United States (and I assume in Ontario and Quebec) there is one minister to every 600 persons, but in heathen lands one to every every 500,000 !

If each of the 28,000 Baptist Church members in Ontario and Quebec would contribute only 1/4 of a cent a day for Foreign Missions it would amount to \$51,100 a year—more than four times the amount that has ever yet been expended in one year for that purpose.

T. S. SHENSTON.

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

Receipts from April 30th to May 29th, 1884.

Delhi M. B., \$30. (\$25 of this raised by an autograph quilt); College St. M. C., \$5; Woodstock M. C., \$25 (to make Grandma Birch a life member and to be used for the purchase of books at Samulcoitta Seminary); Woodstock M. B., \$4; St. Thomas M. C., \$11.25; Whitby, 6th Con., \$6; Lobo, 1st, con., \$10; Parliament St. Toronto, \$4.25; Jarvis St. Toronto, \$18; 2nd Markham, \$6; Ailsa Craig, \$5; London (Talbot St.), \$25.25; London (Talbot St.) M. B., \$7.80 (towards the support of "Jalpaal Dass," a student in Samulcoitta Seminary); Westover M. C., \$2.40; Westover, M. B., \$2; Beamsville, M. B., \$2.50 (half-yearly payment for the support of a girl in Cocanada Mission School); total, \$174.45.

Mrs. W. H. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

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