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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

Vol. 11, No. 9.] "*The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.*"—Is. lx. 3.

[MAY, 1889.]

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ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.—We would remind the Directors and the Circles that the Associational Meetings are close at hand and that no time should be lost in completing arrangements for them. These meetings have already proved of great value and may be made more helpful still. We trust that this year every Circle will endeavor to send delegates. We would request all to whom the Directors may write for statistical information, to furnish it as accurately and as promptly as possible in order that the reports may be complete, and we would suggest that the Directors use every effort to secure full information from every Circle. We expect notices of all the Associational Meetings to appear in the next issue of the LINK. To do so they should be in hand not later than May 20, as it is our intention to issue the next number a few days earlier than usual.

At the semi-annual Board Meeting of the women's F. M. Society of Ontario, a long letter was read from Miss Frith, in which she very regretfully resigned her position as missionary to the Telugu. After many expressions of sympathy with Miss Frith and appreciation of her whole-souled service in the work, her resignation was accepted with the assurance that if ever her health were sufficiently established, the Board would gladly re-appoint her.

Extracts from private letters :

"I wonder what you think of our appeal. Perhaps Peter's words will be appropriate, 'These men are not drunken as you suppose.' Probably Little Faith will think us fools, but we are only trying to interpret the Lord's will to ourselves and to others." MR. CRAIG.

"Since Miss Hatch began her work in Samalcootta she has been down once to meet with the Zenana workers and she is looking so much better than when she went. Her trip to Bimlipatam Gunnanapudi and then the change to Samalcootta have wrought wonders for her, as she looked quite worn out when she went away. We are all very busy with Telugu, but find that as the weather gets warmer we cannot accomplish quite so much as we were able to do a few weeks ago. We have all been so well since we came and the weather has been perfectly grand, the nicest cool season within the re-

gion of any of the missionaries. Mr. Davis and Mr. LaBamme are heart and soul in the work, both are touring, one in one direction and one in another. We have been praying for two hundred converts on the Cocanada Field this year, and already there have been 36 baptisms and there is a wonderful work going on in Timpany Memorial School. While I was in Akidu, Miss Baskerville and Miss Stovel began work in the English Sunday School and I felt that I was the only good for nothing, but I was not long without something to do, for some of Miss Frith's old Brahmins came to see if any of us were teaching, and of course I began the next Sunday with them. I thought at first it was only English they were after, but I believe I have mis-judged them and that they are really in search of the truth. They asked me last Sunday if I would not talk to them in Telugu, they could understand so much better they said." MISS SIMPSON.

Regarding ways and means, the following from a sister may be suggestive, especially to any who may think they cannot give even the dollar each to Foreign and Home Missions, but must needs divide it :

"We went to——, seven miles from here for our March meeting, as one of our members lives there. My husband and one of his nephews each took a sleigh load of us. There were twenty-four of us, (tea was prepared there for all), and we had such a good meeting. Four new members joined us, two of them give cents per week. One of these is a widow with three children, and poor. She has a little house of her own, takes in sewing, and with a little help from her aged father, who lives with her, manages to support her family. She came to me just before our meeting closed and handed me four dollars and a half, to put with our funds, besides her nightly contributions, as she lays aside a tenth always; this had been accumulating. She said this was the Lord's money."

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

I find that I was in error when I stated that the Tuni girls in the boarding-school at Cocanada, are supported by the Women's Society of Ontario. Miss Green of Montreal, kindly called my attention to the fact that the Society of Eastern Ont., and Quebec, has supported these girls for some years past. Hence the Circles and Bands of the Ontario Society have only the Cocanada girls to choose from. JOHN CRAIG.

"They are Worth Saving!"—The cry from India.

BY REV. EARNEST O. WESLEY.

"They are worth saving!" But workers so few.
Millions are dying. Your efforts renew!
Hark to the cry which now comes o'er the sea,
Hark to the heart cry, from INDIA to thee!
Sore pressed by the foe, yet "holding the field!"
Sore pressed by the foe—but think not to yield!
How strong is their faith. How brave is their stand,
"Three millions for Jesus! His is the land!"

"They are worth saving,—these millions of unblest:
Toilers are leaving, for toilers must rest!"
Loud is the summons, O Christian, to thee,
Clear is the message Christ sendeth for thee:
Give of thy wealth to the cause of thy Lord—
Even thyself to thy Master adore.
Hasten to help them—the ranks must be filled:
Enter His vineyard—the soil must be tilled.

"They are worth saving,"—these millions so dear:
Moments are flying; night draweth so near!
Loved ones so weary your burden now bear—
Heartfelt their anguish, their pleading, their prayer!
"INDIA FOR JESUS." How great is her need!
"INDIA FOR JESUS." Go bearing His seed!
Heed now her heart cry, for daylight is dawning;
Heed now thy Master, O speed thou for Him!

—Missionary Helper.

Hinduism and Its Effect on Woman.

I once heard a dear missionary lady describe a heathen wedding. She said that after the usual preliminary ceremonies of rice-eating had been completed, the door was opened into an inner room, where in the farthest corner crouched the little frightened bride of seven years. Around the door just opened, crowded the men, holding lights above their heads to enable them to see the face of the tiny bride, and pouring out as they looked upon her, words too vile and low even to be thought of. It was part of the bridal ceremony that the poor child should be thus insulted, and as the missionary sat a silent, agonized witness of the scene, with her hands clenched in anger and with tears streaming down her cheeks, one of the household, looking at her curiously said, "Why do you cry, teacher? Do they not do so in your country?"

What does not that simple question, "Do they not do so in your country?" tell of the condition of heathen women? What corruption and degradation are shown in the fact that at a ceremony which ought to be one of purity and love, women not only endure but expect insult, not only expect it, but find in the absence of it, only cause for wonderment.

Woman holds in every country the position which is granted her by the religion of her people. If then, we would know the causes of the degradation of heathen women, we must seek to know the principles of religion which govern them. A nation's creed is in a measure the outgrowth of the character of its people, but on the other hand, religion is a great agent in moulding and forming the opinions and customs of any nation. If a country's gods are pure and lofty, there will be found in its men and women pure minds and high ideals of character, and if we find a corrupt, degraded people, we need

not look far to discover that their religion is lacking in virtuous principles. For if the gods to whom they look for help, to whom they pray, and who, they believe, look down upon them in wrath as well as pleasure, are partial and unjust in their decisions, regardless of the welfare of man; if these are the beings whom a nation reverences, what wonder if immorality is stamped upon that people, and purity is a word of which they have never heard.

Hinduism, one of the great religions of the world, and one which holds away over the spiritual destiny of nearly the whole of India, numbers its followers by many millions. You will ask me, "What is Hinduism? What are its guiding principles and what its influence?" In the first place, Hinduism as it exists to-day is very far removed from the Hinduism of three thousand years ago. There was much in the older forms of Hinduism, as believed in by the first of the Aryan race who settled in India, there was much in that earlier religion, the effect of which was not altogether lowering. But Hinduism infinitely capable as it was of receiving and assimilating ideas from all sources, gradually became changed; corruptions crept in, until modern Hinduism is far from being an uplifting belief.

In this religion as it stands to-day, besides innumerable lesser divinities, there are three chief gods: Brahma the creating principle; whose worship has been almost abandoned at present; Vishnu, the preserving or redeeming principle; and Siva, the destroying. Of these three, the last is most worshipped, feared and adored. Each god has his feminine side, and as Siva, the cruel one, is worshipped most, so Kali, his abominable consort, is the one to be appeased. Represented with disheveled hair, with a necklace of human skulls, with tongue protruding and girdle stained with blood, it is no wonder that she is an object of worship. We may judge of the power of her spiritual rule, when we know that the best and most acceptable offering which can be made to her is the blood of innocent children. Sacrifice, indeed, has always had its high place in Hinduism. By sacrifice sins could be forgiven and assurance of future good obtained. Sacrifice and suffering are willingly endured for the sake of religion. "The heathen devotees will lie on pointed nails, expose himself naked to the fearful heat of the sun, bury himself to the neck in the earth, throw himself on pointed knives, torture his body by incisions and mutilations, and bind himself in every possible position of agony." Originally sacrifice was the foundation of their religion, but by degrees another standard has been established, namely that of faith in some special divinity. Modern Hinduism declares that "no attention to the forms of religion or to the rules of morality are of the slightest avail, without the all-important sentiment of faith." And thus depending on faith, the Hindu makes his faith a covering, and atonement for any wickedness.

Transmigration too is a feature of this belief, every good Hindu thinking that he must be born 8,400,000 times. There are supposed to be centuries of woe between these births, and remembering this, it is no wonder that every faithful follower of Hinduism works and lives and hopes for the great boon of being absorbed into the self-existent God.

These are but a few of the chief beliefs of Hinduism, yet enough for us to ask ourselves, what is the effect of this faith upon the Indian people and especially upon the women?

The first thing which we notice is, that there is no right thing known to a heathen woman as a home. How could there be, when the very first requisite of a home—purity and love—are entirely omitted in the Hindu creed? The

very gods do not abide by the laws of virtue, and can man do more than his gods? Should you object to the thought of a god being sinful, you would be told that "sinful acts do not defile such mighty beings," as if to commit sin were not in itself the defilement. "There is hardly a virtue that is not praised in some Indian book, on the other hand there is hardly a crime that is not encouraged by the example of some Indian divinity."

Again, where cruelty and murder are required to appease the gods, can we expect to find tenderness and love toward man? On the other hand it is expressly stated that if a man love his wife and die with that thought in his mind, his fate will be, to be born the next time as a woman. To be born a woman in the next world is the worst punishment which can be inflicted on a man, for under the Hindu faith, a woman has no soul, and can hope for nothing higher in the next world than to be born a man. This last she can be obtained only by superior faithfulness to her husband, who thus becomes her redeemer. She must not simply obey him as a master, but worship him as a god. She finds it her sacred duty to minister to her husband, to prepare his food, eating herself only what is left on his plate after he has finished. Her husband honors the gods by bathing in the sacred Ganges—she by washing his feet every morning, and then after drinking a part of the water thus used, bathing in the remainder. In every way her life is valued only through and for her husband. Being then wholly dependent upon him, all hope of protection in this life or the life to come is taken from her when her husband dies. She is at once an outcast and despised by all. Let her fast, ye starve; let her be beaten and scourged, it is all in accordance with the religion of the Hindus and the will of the gods.

The condition of Hindu women is low in the extreme, and as long as they remain thus enslaved the people of India will never be elevated. "A nation never rises above its women." Upon their condition and beliefs depends the destiny of every nation, and upon India's wives and mothers rests the future of her millions. When Hindu women learn that they too have souls, that they too have minds and hearts to be cultivated and uplifted, the light of progress and growth will dawn upon India. In the words of Carlyle, "What changes are wrought, not by Time, but in Time. Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." And in the words of a yet higher one, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

CARRIE HAIGH,

Moulton College.

February 6, 1889.

"Doe the Next Thyng."

Will I tell you about the Club of Society whose motto you see everywhere?

I would if there was anything to tell, but it is a society without an organization, a club without a president. It has no constitution, or by-laws, or officers. We don't know where it began, or when or where it will end. It is growing all the time.

I saw the motto yesterday in the corner of the letter that great geologist wrote your brother last week about the curious specimens he found in Idaho. Marion used

to laugh about his devotion to his favorite scheme, and call him the "fossil man," you know, but I don't think she understood him very well. Didn't you notice it too, up in Biddy Molloy's shanty beside the railroad track, when you carried her that "illegant geranium," when Tom was sick? You will find it here in all sorts of unexpected places, and in unexpected ways, now that your attention is called to it, and possibly it may do something to increase your faith in humanity a little.

If you had asked me suddenly who started the whole movement, I should have said grandmother Hallet. On great occasions she wore a chain about three-quarters of an inch wide, netted of strong silk, and on every stitch was slipped a crystal bead for the foundation.

The knitter must have had both skill and patience, for knit in with black beads a very trifle larger than the white ones, so they stood out from the back ground clearly, was her name, "Roxana Robinson Hallet, born at Weymouth, Mass., June 7, 1787." This was followed by the quaint old motto, "Doe the next thyng." Grandmother Hallet always carried her key on this chain, and when worn suspended from her belt, it was no mean ornament. The large key of the linen chest rattled cheerily against the key of the "chest of draws" that reached to the ceiling of the keeping-room, while the smaller key was fastened above. That was why I should have said grandmother Hallet started the movement, because the first time I ever saw the motto was on her chain.

But I remember she told me the chain was knit for a wedding present by her own mother, and her mother had one like it, with the exception of the name, that her husband's mother knit for her when she married Ephraim Robinson. How much farther back it went I don't know, but the Robinsons were descended from Parson Robinson of blessed memory among the Pilgrims, and although history does not mention it explicitly, actions look as if it was well known long before 1620.

My curiosity was aroused to know just what the quaint saying meant, and to my childish imagination it was one of those tantalizing mysteries only to be fully understood when grown up. But one warm morning, out in the milk-room, when grandmother had borne with greater patience than usual my many raids upon the delicious white curd, I ventured to ask what "next thing" meant, any way.

"Mercy sakes, child, what are you talking about?" she enquired.

Finally I made her understand about the chain and the motto, and she explained the matter thus.

"It's doing with your whole heart the duty that God wants done first. Now, the 'next thing' for me is to get this great cheese into the press just as quick as I can, for I want to go over to 'Siab Perkins' this afternoon, and help his wife spin some wool. You see he has been sick so long she is about beat out taking care of him, and her spinning is all behindhand. I must pick one of those early chickens, too. Maybe it would taste good to him."

"I should think you would go now," said I; "it is more of a 'next thing' to help folks than to make this cheese."

"Sakes alive, child, you don't understand. Do you think God set 'Siab Perkins' wife nigher to me than your ma—my own son's wife? Does he want me to go off looking after something to do for him, and leave your ma, poor sickly crotcher, to handle this great cheese, besides taking care of the baby? Don't you believe no such thing. When he wants me to go to 'Siab Perkins' there wont be anything to hinder."

Then she gave the snowy cloth loving little pats that smoothed it into place as the hoop was deftly placed in the press.

"Could any body as little as I am do the 'next thing,' do you think?"

"Why, of course," she answered, "every one can do it, and if they only would, how different things would be."

That very day mother left me to rock the cradle while she attended to some matters up stairs, and as soon as the baby dropped asleep, off I rushed to dig some sweet-flag roots to make candy for us children. I was running with the spade in my hand, and with hair streaming in the wind, when the thought came, this is not the "next thing," by any means. After considering a moment, I went back to the baby.

I thought for a long time the Club was formed then, but I have noticed since that a great many think the whole business was begun when they started out with a lighted candle. There was Mrs. Seymour, for instance. When the Presiding Elder preached that powerful sermon here, that resulted in so many conversions, he told for one thing that Carlyle said, "Do the duty first that lies nearest thee," and that his sainted mother used to express the same idea, by "Doe the next thynge," and found it a good working motto. The very nearest thing to us all, he said, was our duty to God and to our fellow-men. Mrs. Seymour was so much impressed by it that she had it engraved on the inside of her watch-case, and talked a great deal about forming a Club and living up to it. I think she honestly tried to, but we didn't hear much about the Club after she went to see Robbie Lewis, a little colored boy over in the Hollow, who had broken his leg. She found him on a poor, uncomfortable bed, trying to mend his sister's doll, while on the wall behind him, just within reach of his hand, was pasted in large letters, evidently cut from show bills, "Do the next thing."

"Where in the world did you get that, Robbie?" asked Mrs. Seymour.

"I don't know, ma'am, I mean I have been trying to do it for more than a year now. I pasted them letters there this morning, for if God wants me to lie here for 'the next thing,' I was afraid I might forget and think I wasn't doing anything, you know, and so got cross, and trouble mother."

Robbie had broken his leg trying to save Polly Clark's little boy from falling out of the big maple tree up at the school-house, and had no idea that he had done anything worthy of special praise, and could scarcely comprehend the sympathy of his neighbors. But, as Mrs. Seymour said, if she had wanted the honor of starting the Club, Robbie was just about a year ahead of her.

You remember Winnie Percy and her dainty ways, do you not? She is one of us, and her fine culture and training, her tact, her talent, and her energy, are being used down in Georgin among the Freedmen. That was the "next thynge" for her, and she says it is wonderful to see the enthusiasm in her school-room when she received a handsome motto sent out by Mrs. J.'s Sunday-school class last winter. It was on cream-colored satin, "Doe the next thynge," in the loveliest shades of brown, entwined with blue forget-me-nots. All of the girls helped about it but Molly Seymour. She said her fingers couldn't hold a needle to embroider with, or some such nonsense, and rushed off home when the work was planned. We all wondered at her queer behaviour, for when Miss Percy used to teach that class, Mollie used to think more of her than anyone.

But the matter was satisfactorily explained, when the very day the embroidery was finished, Mollie brought a

handsome frame for it, which she had about it when she visited her sister and carved herself. You see, she hates needlework, and has a passion for wood-carving. She learned something in Cincinnati last year, and is determined to learn more. She declares it is more respectable to earn her living as a wood-carver, than a second-rate music-teacher. Just now she insists that whittling is "next for her."

Miss Percy says the motto is hung over her desk and facing the school, and she is sure some of scholars are beginning to comprehend that a duty done makes way for the "next," and is a stepping-stone to higher possibilities.

You no doubt noticed it in the parsonage parlor, and wondered what need such a lovely woman as the minister's wife had of such a reminder. It is very pretty in those queer old English letters across the corner of that panel decorated with wild roses. Now that woman is a born artist, and her temptation is to become so absorbed in her work as to neglect the manifold duties that a country minister's wife is expected to take up. It isn't the height of happiness to her to hear for the twentieth time, perhaps, the history of Mrs. A.'s troubles, social and domestic, or to listen patiently to Mrs. B.'s plans for parish work. But a glance at that simple line sometimes helps her to send one away comforted, and to help the other plan more wisely for herself and others. In short, that to do for the "least of these," is to do for the Master.

On the study table stands a plain dark blue plush photograph frame with doors. It contains no picture, but the motto neatly done in German text. On a close inspection you will see that it was not written, but wrought with dark hair. It was the last work of the minister's sister, and was what finally determined him to enter the ministry. He had been what is called a wild young man. He certainly had no thought of preaching, and was beginning the study of the law. But with the news of Mary's death came this little loving gift which reminded him of their last talks together, and one step onward seems to open to another, until his duty seemed so plain it could not possibly be misunderstood.

He has endeavored to impress upon us that all the little details of church work, of missionary labour and of charitable endeavor, are the duties that lie nearest to someone, and that only by doing these "next things" will the way open to wider fields.

You were asking about that miserable den on the corner and how to manage to close it. Well, it closed itself after a while, but the true-hearted mothers in the village were the real compelling force. There were a few who felt in their souls that the welfare of their boys was "nearer" to them than fancy work, or faultless house-keeping, or even the delights of an uninterrupted course of study.

When one mother missing her boy had the moral courage to go after him there, and to take him away from shaking dice and smoking cigarettes in an atmosphere thick with smoke and foul with oaths, it was easier for the next one to go upon the same errand. In a little while it was not a very pleasant thing for the keeper of the shop to meet these earnest, indignant women, who considered the welfare of their boys before their own convenience or preference. The shop was no longer spoken of under one's breath as something that must be tolerated, but was openly condemned until no boy from a respectable family would be seen going there. It was the old story of "Spider and the Fly," but when the fly utterly refused to enter the web, of course the spider was powerless.

You understand now why the preacher called this

good working motto. It is simple enough for the use of a child, and yet it reaches out to the highest things of life. It teaches one humility sometimes, and a certain wholesome fear of sitting in judgment on others lest we be mortified by finding that they are reaching out far beyond us in their fidelity to its principles.

There was that little Mrs White, whom so many called a human butterfly.— Her house and all its appointments were as exquisite as her own toilets, and I remember with what misgiving I went to call upon her after her return from Europe. There in the hall, hung one of those lovely bannerettes, the very last æsthetic orna-ment, with "Out" embroidered upon one side in sombre colors, surrounded by purple pansies, and on the other side, "At Home" entwined with roses and carnations. "Out" was turned to the wall that day, and I noticed among the gay flowers a single thread of gold running carelessly through the whole. It formed the motto, "Do the next thing," and I found upon a close acquaintance with Mrs. White that she was ever reaching out a helping hand to those who needed it, and that her gracious womanly sympathies helped her to be a power for good more than the accidents of her position. It was a rebuke for my lack of faith.

When she was buried in the very flower of her womanhood, there was weeping among the poor as well as mourning among the rich.

But the heaven still works. The prosperity of the schools and their air of cheerful industry is due in great measure to the silent force of this saying, so thoroughly impressed upon both teachers and scholars. The whole community seems permeated with it, and what was once regarded as a poor field for any real Christian work, is now looked upon as being crowded with eager willing workers.—*Women's Magazine.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

In Tent.

My dear LINK.—When I wrote a letter for your pages in February, 1888, I told you something of our Christmas, 1887, our happy Christmas as I now know, the last one in which our darling boy had a share. And now I am writing again in February, but I cannot write much about the Christmas which has again come and gone. On Christmas eve there were no little socks or stockings hanging up at the head of our cots, for Santa Claus to fill, the first time in thirteen years. And when Christmas should come, I felt that I could not have my school children come up to the Mission House that day. So I had decided I would make them as happy as I could down in the school house in town.

For this purpose the house was whitewashed outside and in, and afterwards prettily and tastefully trimmed with palm leaves, plantain trees and flowers. The children, 48 in number, were told to come at two in the afternoon. The sub-magistrate, manager, head master of the Rajah's school, dresser and others, with parents of the children, were invited to be present. We spent some time in singing, prayer and a brief review of the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Lord, with the children, conducted by Mr. Churchill. After more singing, the visiting gentlemen made some complimentary remarks on the exercises to which they had listened, on the influence of the school, on the kindness and disinterestedness of the missionaries in providing such a school, and gave the children some practical advice about

punctual and regular attendance, etc. A few prize books were then given to the children for highest standing in passing examinations. Afterwards clothes were given; a full suit to those who had passed into higher classes at the late examinations, and a skirt only to those who were still in their a b c's. These with fruits and sweetmeats, were joyfully received, and the school dismissed for two weeks' holidays.

Since the New Year came in, we have made a short tour on our way to Bimbi to our Conference. Many of the villages along the road were visited and the gospel preached. Our Conference was indeed very enjoyable. We earnestly and frequently sought the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, and were not disappointed. After this was over our Native Association at Chicacole was held, and since that time, after a pleasant week with our friends at Chicacole, Mr. Churchill and I, with our two native helpers, Nursiah and Basavanna, have been touring among the villages on our way back to Bobbili. I may say this is our entire staff of workers on this Bobbili field, with its hundreds of thousands of souls going out into eternal night, except one, Srarama, who holds the fort in Bobbili, keeps the school going, and takes care of the boarders, etc., during our absence.

We usually move our tent about six miles every four or five days. Our plan of campaign is usually this: Mr. Churchill takes Nursiah, after chotahaze and morning worship, and goes to the more distant villages, visiting and preaching in two or three, selling books if he can, and giving away tracts or handbills on gospel subjects, returning to tent near noon. I in the meantime, with Basavanna, go into the nearest village or town. We sing, tell the gospel story, show the people how to pray, sell books and give away handbills in two, three or four different places, if we can collect people who will stay to hear us. The sun gets too hot for me to remain out all the forenoon, and when I think it unsafe to remain longer, we return to tent; I usually with a headache, more or less severe. I cannot stand the sun as Mr. C. can. In the afternoon we usually remain in tent reading or writing till about five o'clock; then after special prayer for the Lord's presence, help and power, we all go together, sometimes to the nearest town, and sometimes to a village at the distance of a mile or more, preaching, singing, etc., in two or three different streets, and do not return to tent to our dinner till half-past eight or nine p.m. We have now been on this trip over two weeks, and the people generally have come out in crowds to listen to us. This is especially the case in these lovely moonlight evenings, and for the most part the people have listened well. When the moonlight fails we take our lanterns with us and the people flock to where they see the light. The people generally pay a good deal of respect if they see a white man or woman in the party, but that was not the case the other morning. As we came along to this place we passed two large villages, about a mile apart. Mr. C. and N. went into the first, and B. and I came on to the second. As our table boy was with us, and can sing well, I told him to come into the village too. At the entrance to the village was a nice pial to a Brahmin's house. The sun was very hot, as it was near ten o'clock then, and the shade under the pial looked very inviting; so I asked if we might sit there. Permission was given and an assurance also that the people would all come there to see and hear us. We commenced a hymn, but when singing the second verse, a haughty-looking man, from within the enclosure, came out and very peremptorily bade us begone. We finished the verse and went. Found another place under the

shade of a tree, and a pile of stones for a seat. It was a better place for the people to gather, but not so good for me, and as a consequence, I got a touch of the sun, had fever that night, and have been laid up in the tent for two days.

Two years ago we had our tent pitched just here, and one evening Kotiah and I went into the Telugu village, a quarter of a mile distant. Of that visit and our treatment, I wrote at the time for the LINK. Have been anxious ever since I came here to go to that village again, so last evening B. and I went. I did not tell him of our former reception, lest he might not be brave. We went into the first street and a few gathered; they did not seem much interested, still they listened, and we sang to them and told them the way of life. Then a woman came and said there was a better place to talk. I asked where, and she showed me some large stones under a tree at the far end of that street, near the Kamabhayana. On these we sat down and began singing the Telugu hymn.

"O dear friends, come, to Jesus come."

At first a few women came, and as I began to talk to them a great crowd gathered, men, women and children, and between us we kept them interested for an hour or more; never had a better hearing, or more sensible questions asked. But just as we were about to leave, in walked a well-dressed man, coming from another village, swinging a cane and showing many airs, and in a stentorian tone asked the women what they were doing there. Did they not know it was a shameful thing for them to be seen standing around listening where men were also standing? To be gone! And they went like a herd of frightened deer, and many men went away also. I asked him who he was, and why he spoke such words? He politely informed me that this was against their religion. "Well," I said, "in the last two weeks we have visited a great many towns and villages alongside of and off from this road, where great and small, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, women and men, have all come together and listened to the good, true words we were speaking, and you are the first man who has ever said it was improper." B. told him some things we had been saying to the people, and appealed to some old men who were still sitting there, if what he said was not true, and asked if these were not good words, and they had to confess they were. Then I said to him, "Two years ago I visited this village, and had just commenced to talk to a crowd of interested women, when an old sepoj came out of that house (pointing to it), and with abusive language bade the women to go to their work; and they left the two of us standing alone, with nobody to talk to, and what did we do? We just knelt down there by that tree, and prayed to the Lord to pity these people, and send them the news of His salvation some way. And now we have come again, and for more than an hour the people have stood here and listened to the words of eternal life, and I am so glad for this. But I am very sorry you have come at the last and spoken those bad words and broken up our work." Then I asked where this sepoj was now. "Dead," he said. "Dead!" I repeated; "Munchodi, And now you have come and interrupted us." "And I will die, too?" he asked. "Yes, you will die too," I said; "but if you are very sorry for this, and all of your sins, and ask the Lord to forgive you, He will. I shall die too, but He has forgiven me all of my sins, and when I die He will take me to His own happy home. There is a place there for you too, if you will only seek it earnestly." He walked away looking troubled, and we returned to tent.

Feb. 21.—We have changed our tenting place twice since the above was written, and again our tent is under the same tree where it was two years ago. Many of the people remember our former visit, and some of the women come looking round and ask where the little boy is who was with us then. O how often I see him in memory, sitting at the tent door making his little garden, and recall his words, "God will look after the seeds I am sowing and make them grow." And this is just the confidence we have as day after day we cast forth the precious seed of the gospel, God will take care of it and make it grow. B. and I have been into town yesterday morning and this. Yesterday we told the good news in three different places; to-day in four other streets. Just as we had closed our first talk and started along the street, we met two nice looking, cleanly-dressed women, with beautiful ornaments. The elder one spoke to me and said "We have just come to see you, and now you are going away." "Well, where is your house?" "In this direction." "O that is the way we are going, so we can walk and talk together." Walked on telling her of our Father in heaven. As we came to the next street to hers, and turned to go up it she said, "O, are you not coming to see my house?" We changed our plans and went with her. She took us to her house; a clean, tidy-looking place, quite different from the houses by which it was surrounded, and on the veranda another girl, who had many jewels on. But the mother told us these were her two daughters, and all three were *vidows*. They belonged to the carpenter caste, and her two sons and their three husbands had all died, one after another; that there was a devil in her house, and she could not get it out, what she would. No doubt she has given the Brahmins a great deal of money, and performed a great deal of poojah to various deities, but the devil remained there still, according to her belief; and she wanted to know I could not help her in some way to drive it away. I felt my heart very much drawn out towards her in her sorrow and distress. I asked her to bring me a footstool to sit on, for when I sit on my feet, they get so cramped the I cannot walk for some time after getting up. She brought one, and we went into the shade of a palm house near by, the three following, and there sat down. Quite a crowd collected and listened as we told the widows of God's love, especially His promise to be Father to the fatherless and the widow's God. She told me of her little boys dying, one at five years of age, and the other the size of a boy standing near, about six years old, I suppose, and of her grief. Then I told her of the two little graves in Bobbili, and of my two darling boys and hers, too, I had no doubt, as forever with the Lord dwelling in light and joy ineffable. When I asked her she would like to see her two little boys again, she said O how much she wished she could, and her eyes opened wide when I told her she might. I assured her that she should see mine again and dwell with them forever. I told her how that was possible for me, and in the same way it was possible for her if she greatly desired it. We made the way of salvation very plain to her, and she said she would worship the true God hereafter and no more worship the worthless idols. I told her if she did this, the devil would leave her house. I prayed that ever I prayed, that the Lord would open her heart, as He did Lydia's of old, so that she might attend to the truth spoken to her. And I am going to close this with a request that the readers of the LINK will join me in special, believing prayer for the conversion of these three widows of the comsalie or carpenter caste.

M. F. CHURCHILL

Parla, Kalmidi.

Three weeks ago to-morrow, Mr. Archibald and I left Chicocole in our jurikaha, and after riding five hours reached Palecondah, a large town some twenty-five miles distant from our starting point.

This place has quite recently been made one of the stations of the Chicocole field. Last October a young man of the weaver caste, went from here to Akuletumpara and was baptized by Bagavan Berah. In January Bagavan, was, with his family, transferred to this place, and is at present living in a rented house. He thought it pretty hard, to be removed from Akuletumpara; refused to see the honor there was in being in the forefront of the battle, and did not esteem it a privilege to be called upon to prepare the way of the Lord in this heathen town, so has not been as much help as he might have been. However, he is doing better now, and we believe, that if he is faithful, the blessing of God will rest upon his work there. They did not know we were in town, till we appeared at their door, and I think their surprise and pleasure were about equal, and both were great.

Bagavan said, that both of his daughters, Amelia and Hannah, had dreamed the previous night, that Dora and Dorosanni had come very unexpectedly. I fear our arrival will not much diminish their faith in night visions.

He had not been there very long, before Balla Guranah came in. Now, who is Balla Guranah? Some of you may have read in the *Messenger and Visitor* a letter from Mr. Churchill, regarding a man in Palecondah, whom he believed was converted, but who was in doubt as to the method of Bible baptism. Balla Guranah is that man, and it was his son who went to Akuletumpara and was baptized by Bagavan. He was, in due time, sent to the Bobbili field as a worker, as Mr. Churchill had very little help.

Guranah was glad to see us, and talked pretty well and pretty fast, but it was evident that he had been a good deal troubled about the matter of baptism, and was thinking that he need not submit to this ordinance in any circumstances.

After a while I asked him to tell me, how he came to have an interest in the Gospel. He said, some four years ago, or so, perhaps more than that, Bassavanah, the converted son, brought home one evening, a book, that he had bought from some one. He read it some, then put it by telling his father to look at it, as it was a strange book altogether. It was a copy of the Psalms. Guranah began to read it and his astonishment increased momentarily. At last he said, "What kind of prayers are these? They are not the kind we make." He continued the study of the book, but was puzzled about many things, and for a long time, no one came along, who could give light. Finally Kamiah, the colporteur on the Bobbili field, came that way, and without knowing very well who or what he was, Guranah kindly allowed him to sleep on his veranda. During the evening, Guranah told him about the book, and asked if he knew to what being these prayers were addressed, and who offered them?

Kamiah told him that as well as the story of salvation and gave him one of the Gospels.

The Lord blessed the reading of these books to his conversion. In due time he started for Rijenagram on business and near the town met some of the London Mission preachers; they fell into conversation and he told them the state of his mind. They took his name and sent him more books, and sometime, afterward with their missionary, Mr. Goffin, visited Palecondah, Mr. Churchill also visited there, and more than a year ago, Bassavanah, the son,

went to Bobbili on a visit of inquiry. The Chicocole bookseller had many talks with both father and son, and things were in rather an unsettled condition, when Mr. Goffin issued a little book, which was not very complimentary to the Baptists. To Bassavanah the arguments were rather conclusive, and he took the book and went over to Bagavan some twenty miles distant or more. He told Bagavan, if he could refute the book, and show him that immersion was Bible baptism, he would at once submit to it. Mr. Archibald and I were then away at Ootacamund, Bagavan took his Bible and the talk resulted in the immersion of Bassavanah. He also wrote to his father, that this way was more excellent than the other. Thus far Guranah told us, but much of it, we already knew. He said he had the new heart, that he had been baptized by the Holy Spirit, and it was no matter about the water baptism.

Mr. Archibald tried to reason with him about obedience, his duty, etc., but he adhered to his first thought, that baptism was not necessary. Then I spoke to him a trifle sharply, telling him, that perhaps he was not converted at all, that if he had the new heart he would seek to know his Master's will and not rest till he had performed it; that the proof of the Spirit's work was obedience, that he probably was not worthy to follow Christ in this holy evidence, etc., etc. He did not know what to say, and after prayer he went away. The next day he came back to Bagavan, asking him if he thought he was not worthy to be baptized, and apparently not ready to give up seeking for light.

The following day, much to our surprise, Mr. Goffin came. He had some pleasant conversation, and in due time, invited him to dine with us. Then he began to talk to Mr. Archibald about asking him to our table, but we would not sit down to the table of the Lord with him. They had a long talk and after it Mr. Goffin dined with us.

I could give a graphic description of the events and conversations of the next few days; but this is one of the things that can be kept for some Canadian fireside and a winter evening. We did not see Guranah for some time, but saw Mr. Goffin daily and generally oftener. Finally when Mr. Goffin could not clear away Guranah's doubts, Guranah asked that the missionaries meet and discuss the matter before him. Mr. Goffin informed Mr. Archibald of his wish and asked, that if he consented he would come to his lodgings.

As that was Sunday and we had our day's work planned, Mr. Archibald declined, but said he would give all day Monday if necessary. At the last minute on Monday Mr. Goffin wrote over, saying that Guranah had decided, that the discussion was not needed, that he would not be baptized at all now. As we had not seen Guranah since the evening of our arrival, and as Mr. Goffin had talked with him for hours, repeatedly, we felt that we might with propriety converse with him if opportunity offered, so Mr. Archibald told one of our men, that if he saw Guranah, he might tell him to come, as Mr. Archibald wished to explain some things he had said in a meeting on the previous evening. However the man did not see him; we went to Bagavan's for work, and after a while Guranah came there uncalled. Mr. Archibald said what he wished; there was not much talk about the method of the ordinance, but a good deal about his not ceasing his efforts to know the truth, as revealed in the Bible. Light seemed to break in upon him and quite unexpectedly to us, he asked for baptism.

After a little Mr. Archibald told him if he was of the same mind to-morrow to come. But the next morning

Mr. Goffin had another long talk with him, then Guranah repeated his request for a discussion of the question, and asked that it be at Bagavan's. Mr. Goffin informed Mr. Archibald, that he agreed, and we all met there about two p.m. and the matter was examined till nearly dark. After prayer Guranah was asked what he thought the result was? He said "as far as he could see, nindu suananu was right." That meant immersion. As it was late, he was told to go to his house, and in the morning to come to Mr. Archibald if he wanted immersion; but if he changed his mind and wanted to be poured to come to Mr. Goffin. None of us heard from him till the latter part of the day; then we were told that he had made three attempts to get to Mr. Archibald, but each time had been taken back by his friends. This proved to be true. Mr. Goffin left the next day and Guranah was kept in prison. Bagavan said, "he was always watching for him to come, and was praying that he might; and that when he went to bed at night, he kept listening, and sometimes got up, thinking he heard his knock at the door. We should be expecting him, should we not?" he said.

We felt pretty sure that Guranah would not get out while we were there; but the evening before we left, after Bagavan had retired, sure enough came the knock for knock at his door. Guranah had escaped while his guard was eating. He inquired for Mr. Archibald and sent word, "that there was so much trouble now, that he would wait till the wrath of his friends had cooled somewhat, that his faith was strong, that he was preaching to his own household, that he did not wish to leave his own town to be baptized, that he would let Mr. Archibald know when to come, and that he wished to witness for Christ among those who had known him for years." We have not heard from him since, but hope the Lord will establish him in the truth, and keep him from every false way.

As far as we know Mr. Goffin he is a very pleasant, earnest Christian gentleman and missionary. Talks Telugu like a native and tells beautifully the story of the Cross, to the heathen. But many points of his belief are more wonderful to us, than we think ours can be to him.

He thinks that the baptism of John, and that commanded by Jesus are not the same. That the latter was administered by pouring as the Holy Spirit was poured out. He admits, that as far as he knows, there is no instance of infant baptism in the New Testament; but on the principle that little children are already the disciples of Jesus, he pours water upon them, and pronounces them baptized. He says, that baptism is not a pre-requisite to church membership; that he was a member some years before he was baptized; and that he is happy to say, that he has administered the Lord's Supper to unbaptized people.

He feels that it is very hard that the Baptists are not willing to do this way also. We tried faithfully to make him see, that we would be sinning against our conscience and what we believed to be God's truth, if we did. He feels that we are in the dark, as much as we fear he is, but I think there is a sort of mutual conviction, as to the sincerity of motive. He told us, that the very fact, that the Baptists had got out an independent version of the New Testament, rather than use one, that they did not believe had expressed the mind of the Spirit had great weight with Guranah.

Mr. Archibald has read this thus far, and says, I have omitted the most interesting things.

I rather suspect, that is so, but the unwritten things may grow rich with age.

We came from there to Akuletumpara, where we found some small-pox that we did not think it right to remain, so came on over here, where we met Miss Wright and her woman, who had come around, the other side of the field.

A day or two after our arrival, a young man came to acknowledge his faith in Christ and asking to join the Christians. He went to his home after the first talk, but returned a few hours later for further examination. We were all well pleased with him.

He mentions the reading of one of our books, and the hearing of some street preaching last year, as the immediate means, that God has used to bring him to the light. He is the servant of an Englishman here, and as he was expecting to go on a tour the next day, and as we left a man shut up in Palcondah, and another is similarly situated in Tekkali, we thought best to grant him his request at once; so he was baptized, that evening by lantern light.

He is doing well, and we hope the Lord will make him a blessing to others of his household.

There are some inquirers here, and we are praying that the eyes of the blind may be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped, and that the dead in sin may awake to righteousness, and to a new life in Christ Jesus. We are praying for ourselves also, and we pray for you, the sustainers of this mission, in Canada. We are deeply earnest about the appeal, that has gone to you. The condition of the perishing about us, and our utter inability to give them all even a chance to accept salvation should arouse the most contented of us to more active and devotion.

I do not know, when we will get back to Chittoor. Miss Wright went last Saturday, after a tour of about four weeks.

The heat is already great; the mercury goes up to 100 day after day. We expect to go from here to Tekkali where Subraidi is doing a good work.

Let the effectual, fervent prayer be frequently offered for us, for the workers and for the heathen on this side.

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

March 4th, 1889

At the Sea-side.

While the Tuni hills make the country picturesque looking, their utility seems to end there, for being composed principally of rock, they get hot and stay hot, and also prevent free circulation of the breezes. Wishing to go to a place which is ten degrees cooler than Tuni, we propose to go to the sea-side—seven miles away—to the village of Pentacott, where stands a bungalow, the property of the Mission. We expect to start early in the morning, and so order coolies to carry a palanquin. I, however, expect to ride on horseback.

When the ragged rascals of bearers came in the morning they arrived an hour and a half late, and then raised a row and demanded so much money, that they had to be dismissed; we retained two to carry a *craddy* box, containing provisions, a table, chairs, etc.

Then we told the horseman to harness the pony to the phaeton, both of us got in, the horseman ran behind, and we started.

It was necessary to pass through Tuni, in order to get to the road leading to the sea-side. This village was deserted by the Government Inspector as a very filthy and unhealthy place, and so he ordered the Government offices to be erected outside the village. We are glad when we pass through the odorous quarter and reach the country beyond.

Some of the fields look fresh and green; we notice sugarcane and tobacco growing, the mango trees give promise of

good crop of fruit. For a few minutes we stop and watch some men at work at a sugar-cane mill; two unwieldy buffaloes form the motive power of the mill; one man puts in the cane, another drives the animals, while a third attends to a huge caldron of the boiling juice.

The road on which we travel is very good for five miles. Some years ago Pentacotta was a place where the Government manufactured salt; grain also was stored there, and ships called. Now all this has passed away, still the good road leading to the salt-works remains.

Here and there in the fields are the stands on which the farmers protect the crops from the wild boars which come down from the mountains and the deer from the jungle. An old ruinous factory is being repaired, coolie men and women are building up the walls and carrying brick and stones; we learn that this is an indigo factory.

About a mile across the fields we get our first glimpse of the Pentacotta bungalow, and wonder whether we can drive the bandy across, a faint track shows that ox carts have gone that way.

The road is a little rough, but the carriage goes fairly well until we come to an arm of the sea that must be crossed; the burning question of the hour is, how deep is that water? However, people are going back and forth, and soon a native of Pentacotta—one that was "to the manor born"—offers to pilot us across. Deeper and deeper goes the carriage, and, just as the water is about to pour in, we get into shallow water and mount the opposite bank. This native deserves honorable mention, for he did not ask for a single cent for his services; however, he may be a Government pilot, or perhaps he did the service out of pure generosity.

The bungalow looks well from a distance, but on inspection we find it in rather a dilapidated state; the doors, or what remains of them, are locked up in Tuni as the natives here have no objection to stealing them; most of the doors and windows that were left have long ago disappeared, and now they have commenced to attack the door-frames. This is one of the ways of the country, and indeed not of this country only.

When we go inside the house we find the roof is in a bad state, the floor is covered with broken pieces of tiles, some Bengali poet has adorned the walls with his productions and also cooked his dinner on three bricks in a corner of the dining room. However, a splendid breeze is blowing from the sea, the fishermen are seen in the distance, and the sea birds are sailing about, so that altogether we vote the place a perfect success—a charming summer residence.

Our arrival has been announced in the village, which is quite as odorous as Tuni, with the additional flavor of fish. Now we prepare to receive visitors. Our first callers are a lot of children—boys and girls; the girls look at the lady of the party, while the boys look at me; they have evidently come to criticize; translated into English, their remarks are something like these:—First, the girls: "Well, did you ever see such a dress?" "look at the way she does her hair"; "I think it's nice"; "why, it's just a fright"; "what a lovely shawl"; "why doesn't she wear bracelets and ear-rings?" Then the boys: "Say, Bub, look at that hat," "wonder if he's brought a gun"; "can he run"; "Well, you'd better not try him."

Our next caller was a chief constable, who saluted and then stood in the attitude that soldiers call "attention," heels together, toes apart, hands by his side. He said there were five constables and a look-up in the village; we feel safe. Then came the munsif, who politely salamed and said if we needed any supplies he was at our service. A blind beggar was our next visitor, a boisterous ragamuffin who hawled for money, sang a song about Rama, danced a jig in front of the door and was finally pushed out of the compound by the munsif. By this time the cook had breakfast prepared which we ate in public, the doors being seven miles away, we could not shut up the house.

Other missionaries have been here before us, have studied their Telugu, listened to the roaring of the surf and preached

in the village. We trust that the summer may be one of blessing.

There is a comical side to life here, but there is also a very solemn side, all these people need Jesus Christ.

R. GARSIDE.

Tuni, March.

Samulcotta.

Work.—We began the school year with North Canadiana, Tuni, and the Seminary. At New Year's Mr. Duris relieved us of North Canadiana, so that we have Tuni and the Seminary still. In the latter Mr. Laffanme gave us help from October to the new year, while Miss Hatch came to us on the 2nd of February. The new building is also going up, which we hope to have ready for July opening.

A Lecture.—Mr. Craig has given us what is, so far as I know, a first lecture. His subject was the "Giant Cities of Bathan," and the lecture was delivered on Wednesday, February 27th. The lecture was an hour and a half, and was listened to with the greatest interest by the students. We hope it is merely a beginning, and that as our missionaries get into the work we may have a series each school year.

The Boys.—In the cool season, owing to its being a few degrees cooler here, and also to the mountain winds, it is naturally a feverish time, but now that warm weather is upon us again, the boys are all in their classes and doing good work. November, December and January are our most trying months, during which we have a good deal of sickness. We burn with heat in the hot season, and with fever in the cool season. But the missionaries' health has been most perfect.

Miss Hatch's Coming.—This has been quite an event to us, and now that Miss Hatch is here we may breathe freely. At our first prayer-meeting she addressed the boys, and told how she came to be here. It was quite an experience for boys, and we trust it may be a help to them in their Christian lives.

Missionary Methods.—It would not be easy writing a letter without saying something on this burning topic. Mr. Garside's letter seems to have made quite an impression, and to have called forth a good many comments. Mr. Garside, however, has changed his ground, and at present believes in neither the Salvation Army nor the China Inland Mission.

He advocates the present method, and believes it to be just the proper thing for us.

March

J. R. STILLWELL.

Cocanada.

OLD LINKS.

To complete the set of LINKS for the Samulcotta Seminary, I still need of

Vol. I., 1878-9, the trial copy No. 1 and No. 2.

Vol. II., 1879-80; No. 2.

Vol. III., 1880-81; No. 2.

Vol. X., ———; No. 6. These, when complete, will be bound and placed in the Samulcotta Library for the use of all the missionaries.

I have, in collecting for the Seminary, received so many duplicates that I am ambitious of making up a complete file for myself, and still need

Vol. I., 1878-9, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

Vol. II., 1889-80, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11.

- Vol. III., 1880-81, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6.
 " IV., 1881-82, No. 2.
 " V., 1882-83, Nos. 6, 7, 10.
 " VI., 1883-84, No. 2.
 " VII., 1884-86, No. 4.
 " VIII., 1885-86, No. 1.

Should others desire spare copies of back numbers I can furnish them in Vols. 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9.

The LINK is of great value to the new missionary. He often has occasion to consult it. The letters of the past throw a great deal of light on the work of the present. I am deeply grateful to the many kind friends who have, I am sure, at some personal sacrifice, parted with old treasures in contributing to this file.

Mr. Davis and I have commenced touring in real earnest. During eleven days of last month both of us toured by boat with Mr. Craig, in South Cocanada. He, with Mrs. Craig and their household, left for Akidu on the 26th February. On Thursday the 6th inst., Mr. Davis, with Jonathan Burder, and Appana, the coporteur, left on a three week's tour over North Cocanada by ox-cart and tent. At the same moment I boarded the old boat "Canadian," and set out with venerable Aaron, one of the first associates of Thomas Gabriel, and little Charlie Burder, our singing evangelist, to take up the lines dropped at Coringa by the sudden sickness there of Mr. Timpany. I felt the very spirit of his undying enthusiasm come over me as I rode the boat and tramped over the same roads, and preached in the same streets, and to the very same people from amongst whom he had been suddenly and mysteriously called. "What," said one old Mohammedan when we told him of Timpany's death five years ago, "What! has he made his time! How good men do die!" We preached in nine different villages in the four days' tour, or perhaps a total of 1,000 hearers. One was baptized. The native preacher told me he was the first in those parts that he knew of. Many others are waiting. Yesterday I preached in the Telugu chapel to a good congregation in the morning, and at night in English to our English and Eurasian people. From amongst these we have lost one of our trusted workers, old Mr. Williams, who died on the 5th inst. at Vizianagram, in the north, while on a visit. We shall miss him very much in the English church. Every worker is as precious as gold. Gold cannot replace him. We pray in tears for another and many others to fill the great wide gaping vacancy that calls never so loudly for men. Fifty-two men from the home land needed this year, *now*, to reach this fleeting generation with the Gospel message before death overtakes them. I have asked many old residents, many of long experience in mission work, if fifty-two men are an excess to this work. "An excess," they answer, "by no means, unless specially endowed even they cannot accomplish the work in the allotted time," and with these a native staff of 3,000 every Christian a soul-winner. Let us pray for that; 1,000 native converts this year that will make up the church membership to 3,000, then every Christian a Christian worker, that is the immediate need.

I set out to-night again, and will tour continuously throughout the month, making Cocanada the centre. During the hot season shall be hard at the language again. The health of the missionaries is good.

March 11th, 1889.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

A Cocanada Circle Meeting.

Knowing how deeply interested our friends at home all are in whatever transpires out here, and knowing, too,

the heartfelt gratitude and joy with which they receive the news of this young sister Circle springing into existence, it occurred to me that they would be glad to know how its meetings are conducted; and let me say just here that all who attend these meetings come so full of the subject for discussion, that the difficulty is not to find somebody who is willing to say something, but how to get through with a full and intensely interesting programme in a short space of time.

Since coming to the country it has been my privilege to attend two of these meetings, the last of which I will attempt to describe to you. The meeting took place as usual in the Timpany Memorial School building, Saturday February 9th, and was called to order precisely at the appointed hour, namely, 8 p.m., there being, including visitors, eighteen present. Owing to the absence of Miss Hatch, our worthy President, who has left us for Samnucotta, Mrs. DeBeau, our Vice-President, opened the meeting by announcing the well-known hymn,

"He' reapers of life's harvest."

after singing which we read alternately the 99th Psalm and Mrs. DeBeau, after commenting briefly and appropriately upon the portion of the Word read, led us in earnest prayer. Then followed the roll-call, which to me is altogether a new feature, and which added much to the joy of the evening, as it seemed to have the effect of drawing us out of ourselves and into closer communion with one another and with Him in whose name we had met. To this part of the programme each member contributed, by placing her monthly offering upon the table, and repeating some scripture truth which to her soul was precious. After the minutes of the last meeting, came a letter from Miss Hatch to the Circle, commending it for the work done during the past year, and encouraging it to go forward and accomplish greater things in His name in the future. As this happened to be the night for the election of officers for the year, and as there were so many who were willing to fill the different offices the ballots had to be taken, we were surprised when we were informed that our hour was gone, and that the gentlemen were waiting outside, they having come to attend a committee meeting of the School which was to follow immediately upon the close of this meeting; consequently the latter part of the programme was crowded out altogether. The subject assigned for the evening was "Village Schools," and promised to be full of interest; a discussion of which we are now looking forward to at our next meeting; the subjects of "Caste," "Girls' Schools," and "Hindu Widows," having been fully taken up at previous meetings. The meeting was then brought to a close by Miss Stovel offering a brief, earnest prayer.

It may not be altogether out of place for me to tell you just here a little of what we witnessed on the way home from this interesting meeting. First, as we were walking through the bazaar, we met a young groom who was being escorted to the home of his bride by his friends. The little lad, who was a boy of ten years, was being carried through the streets in a canopy-covered palanquin, and amidst the din of drums and horns, and the chattering of the coolies, who were carrying the wedding gifts, as well as that of the numerous work bearers, was being sung loudly.

We had only advanced a few yards when we came to another wedding party. Here they were being accompanied by the "dancing girls, whose services are indispensable on such occasions. The guests were seated beneath a pendal, which was built of palm leaves supported by bamboo rods. It formed a sort of an extension to the veranda and is enclosed by a wall of the same material.

The groom here, too, was a child of about ten years, and was in the midst of the circle enjoying the entertainment, but the bride was not visible. We were told she was a little girl of seven years. From here we were escorted by a rich Brahmin, whom we know, to the scene of another wedding, which was then in progress, and just a few yards away there was still another of these child-marriages being celebrated. Here our friend the Brahmin brought the tiny bride out to exhibit her; she was a little girl of six years. She seemed to be very happy, and quite proud of her pretty native dress and jewelry; her necklace, we were informed, cost Rs. 1200.

As we turned away, our hearts sickened at the sights before us, we were filled with gratitude that the story of Christ and His love had always sounded in our ears, and grateful, too, that the Father had honored us by sending us with this wonderful redemption story to these people; but with the present staff in the field we are not enough for them; and in order that these people may all know of a crucified Saviour and risen Redeemer, we are praying for fifty-two missionaries this year, for we believe that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. But how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they be sent except there be those who are willing to come?

Sincerely yours, S. SIMPSON

THE WORK AT HOME.

"She hath done what she could."

The loving words of praise bestowed by our Master on one of His followers has been brought to the mind of the mission workers of Ottawa, as they parted with Mrs. A. P. McDiarmid, the president of the Foreign Mission Circle. A union meeting of the Circles in connection with the First Baptist Church, the mission in Hull, and the Ottawa Mission Band, was held in the church on April 17th. The earnest labor, the many thoughts and prayers, the love and zeal our sister has given to the cause, has been an example to many of us who were more "at ease in Zion." We felt deep regret at the parting from our President and wished to express this feeling in a tangible way. After the meeting had been opened with reading and prayer, Mrs. Parson, on behalf of the Circles and Band assembled, in a few well-chosen words, presented Mrs. McDiarmid with a black silk dress, asking her to wear it in loving remembrance of the work and workers in Ottawa, as a slight token of the regard in which she was held by us all. She spoke of the help and counsel Mrs. McDiarmid had been at all times given to the different Circles; of the organization of the Mission Band through her efforts, and of the loss such of these societies will sustain at her departure. As the present meeting was one of women, as the idea had grown out of a woman's meeting, we had thought it fitting that our little remembrance, should be in woman's apparel. Though this parting brought tears to all eyes and sorrow to every heart, we must look forward to the home where we shall all meet never to part, where we shall still wear raiments, but the robe shall be white, washed in the blood of the Lamb. After a few words uttered with deep feeling, from Mrs. McDiarmid in reply, we joined in singing "Blest be the tie," after which our

pastor joined us and all present were invited to a bountiful tea prepared by the ladies.

A few hours of pleasant social intercourse were appropriately closed by the regular church prayer-meeting in which our beloved pastor and his wife were especially commended to the watch-care and guidance of our Father in Heaven.

B. H.

Ottawa, April 18th, 1889.

WALKERTON ASSOCIATION.—The Mission Circles of the Walkerton Association will (D.V.) hold their annual meetings in Tiverton, on the afternoon and evening of the 12th June. Hope to give more particulars in the June LINK.

ANNIE V. BRADEN, ASSD. DIRECTOR.

BRANT ASSOCIATION.—The seventh annual meeting of the Circles in the Brant Association, will be held in the Methodist Church, Platteville, Tuesday June 4th, at 2.30 Mrs. McLaurin is expected to be present. It is desirable that every Circle and Church in the Association be well represented.

A. MOYLE, Assoc. Dir.

"News from the Circles" is unavoidably crowded out.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

The Call from India.

The boys and girls who read this department of the LINK may not have seen the *Baptist* lately. When I was a little girl, and my dear father was a minister, he read a great many books and papers that would have been Greek to me.

But the papers that had a corner for children, were my special favorites, and that corner was always read eagerly. We older people have felt our own hearts wonderfully stirred up lately, on the subject of our mission in India. The letters from our dear missionaries there, have been so full of cries for help, that no who loves Jesus could read them without longing to do a little more than ever before, to share in their work. But I am afraid our boys and girls have not read these letters, so perhaps your old friend Sister Belle may tell you a little about them.

All of you who attended Mission Bands will be ready with answers to my question, where are our missionaries in India; in the Telugu land; among the heathen, where nobody knows about God; where people pray to gods of wood and stone, yes, these answers show you know something about their work. You have often felt sorry for these dear missionaries who have left pleasant homes in Canada with all that makes home what it is to us, and who have said goodbye to the fathers, mothers and friends whom they love as dearly as you and I love ours. Let us think about their sacrifices. We have our homes in a Christian land where churches are built in every city, town and village, yes, often in little country places, where there are not houses enough to make a village. All these churches have been built for the people of Canada to worship God in. Earnest true men who have given their lives to the noble work of preaching "Christ and Him crucified," stand in these churches, week after week, to tell us about God's love in sending His only Son to die for the sins of the world. Sunday Schools are

held so that our boys and girls may be able to learn more about God's word, and how they may remember to do it. Prayer-meetings, too, for young and old are held every week, and we all thank God for these helps in our Christian life. Ever since I began to love Jesus, when a little twelve-year-old girl, I have loved the prayer-meetings where we meet to sing and speak of His love, and pray for His grace to help us. These we count our "means of grace," or our "religious privileges." Though our native land is full of other blessings, these are the things our missionaries miss most. Think of them now! A little band of men and women among eighteen millions of Telugus? The number is so great we cannot imagine it. Think of Cocanada! (Co-Canada, Mr. Timpany used to call it, when trying to make the people of Canada feel the burden of its souls.) A great heathen city where Sunday is just like every other day. Shops open, work being done, swearing, fighting, lying, stealing, cheating, every kind of wickedness going on. How our missionaries must miss the quiet Sundays in our Canada! Yet when their letters come back to us, are they full of things they miss in India? These precious privileges they have willingly given up to preach Jesus to the heathen! No, indeed! They rejoice in suffering and loss, if souls are only saved. But they tell us the work is so great, and their number so few. They beg other people to come out to India and help them preach Jesus. Did Manma tell you of a great prayer-meeting that was to be held in India on April 3rd, 1889, and that our missionaries had asked us to hold prayer-meetings in our own churches at home on the same day? I wish you could all have been at the First Baptist Church, Ottawa, that night. It did seem as if we stopped thinking of our own lives and homes entirely during that hour, to let God show us a real picture of our missionaries praying in India. Praying that we Baptists Christians at home might feel that hundreds and thousands of heathen souls are dying every year, who have never heard about Jesus. Praying that we might give more money to send more missionaries to help save these souls. Mr. Stillwell wrote me a letter lately saying that while they rejoiced over every soul God saved through their preaching, he could not help feeling that it was just like seeing fifty men drowning just before his eyes all at once. He might save one life and be thankful for it, but his heart yearned over the forty-nine lives that he could not save.

But these missionaries mean to help God answer their prayers. Our talk is too long now, but next time I will tell you how we may help answer our prayers for these precious, dying heathen.

347 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

SIRRAK BELLE.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO

Receipts from March 4th, to April 27th, 1889.

Baillebore Children's Missionary Box, \$13.32; Belleville M.C., \$4.50; York Mills M.C., \$3; Brantford, E. Ward, M.C., \$10; Gobles M.C., \$11; Beverley St., Toronto, M.C., \$8; 2nd Lobo M.C., \$6; Brantford, Park Ch., M.C., \$17, (towards the support of Priscilla Boggs); Woodstock M.C., \$32; Woodside M.B., \$1; Woodside M.C., \$2.64; 2nd Markham M.C., \$5; Forest M.C., \$3.25; Dundas M.C., \$19.20, (for the support of Rebecca Biblowian); Blytheswood M.C., \$1.50; Windsor M.C., \$10; Beamsville M.C., \$22.25, (towards this for the support of K. Peter); College St., Toronto, M.C., \$11.00; Beamsville M.B., \$20, (for the support of W. Anna); Friends of Mrs. Craig, Picton, \$12; Everaley M.C.,

\$3; Eliza Norman, a little girl, \$1; Whitty M.B., \$8.50; Port Perry M.C., \$8; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., M.C., \$10.75; Lakefield M.C., \$13; Aylmer M.C., \$12, (of this \$8.75 is to complete life membership); Guelph M.C., \$13; London, Talbot St. M.C., \$10.60; Sunderland, \$3.45; Dixie M.B., \$2, (of this \$1.20 was from mine boxes); Parliament St., Toronto, M.C., \$5.50; Carlton M.B., \$20, (for the support of Geo. Mason, student); Beverley St., Toronto, M.C., \$10.65; Cheltenham M.C., \$10.83; Gobles M.C., \$25, (to make Clara B. Gobles a life member); St. George's M.C., \$2.51; Grimsby M.C., \$6; Hillsburgh M.C., \$5; Line Ch., Smith, M.C., \$10; Wanstead M.C., \$4.60; New Sarum M.C., \$5; Palmira M.C., \$2; Paisley M.C., \$7.50; Monnt Forest M.C., \$5.35; Sarnia M.C., \$23.18; Peterboro M.C., \$11.66; Brooke M.C., \$3.54; Plattville M.C., \$8; Wyoming M.C., \$6; Villa Nova M.C., \$10; College St. M.C., \$6.25; Claremont M.C., \$10; Mrs. J. N. Shenston, Brantford, (to make herself a life member and to support Miss Priscilla Boggs) \$25; James St., Hamilton, M.C., \$10.75; Leamington M.B., \$21; Beachville M.C., \$4; Oshawa M.C., \$1; Strathroy M.C., (for the support of V. Mary) \$15.75; Glimmes M.C., \$6; Hagersville M.C., \$8; East Flamboro M.B., \$5; Palmerston M.C., \$5; South Arthur M.C., \$4.40; Farewell M.C., \$1.44; Rodney M.C., \$2.50; Bloor St. M.C., \$32.64; Blenheim M.C., \$2; Cedar Springs M.C., \$1; Immanuel Church M.C., \$18.75; Aylmer M.C., (towards making Mrs. G. F. Clark a life member) \$12.75; Wilkesport M.C., \$5; Atwood M.C., \$2; Burtch M.C., \$20; Peterboro M.B., \$4.25; St. Thomas M.C., \$12; Georgetown M.C., \$2; Ingersoll M.C., \$10; Thorford M.C., \$3; Tiverton M.C., \$3; Wyoming M.C., \$2.70; A Friend of Missions \$30; Port Arthur M.C., \$29, (\$8 of this towards making Mrs. J. L. Matthews a life member); Norwood M.C., \$6; Stratford M.C., (to educate a native Telugu girl as a Bible reader) \$17; Bequest of the late Thos. Bone, jr., St. Catharines, \$5; Fenelon Falls M.C., \$15; Jarvis St. M.C., \$87.20; Warsaw M.B., \$8, (towards the support of A. Mary); Whitty M.C., \$14; Teeswater M.B., \$6.50, (towards the support of D. Peramma); Teeswater M.C., \$6, (towards the support of Rhoda and Bible woman); Ridgetown M.C., \$7.15; Lindsey M.C., \$8.70; Schomberg M.C., \$8; Queen St., Toronto, M.C., \$3; Greenock M.C., \$3; Simcoe M.C., \$7; Simcoe M.B., \$5; A Friend, \$1; Wingham M.C., \$3.60; East Flamboro M.C., \$6. Total \$876.01.

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Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N.S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

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