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# Canadian Missionary Link.

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

VOL. VII., No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [JAN., 1885

## "Abide in Me and I in You."

(JOHN XV.)

How simple and how sweet this word "ABIDE!"  
So plain, that common things its meaning show;  
And yet how oft we reason it away,  
Making a mystery where all is clear,—  
Lord Jesus! let Thy light upon it shine,  
And to these wayside thoughts Thy blessing give!

Where does *the heart* abide? Where trustfully  
Its deep affection's rest—where love long tried,  
Meets with an answering sympathy each thro'p  
Of joy or pain, and strengthens where it soothes.  
No effort needed, satisfied and glad  
In such love it *abides*.

Where does *the child* abide? Where day by day  
With tender, thoughtful care his wants are met;  
From school or play to the dear shelter,  
Well-filled board, warm hearth, and pleasant smile  
He comes—in weariness lies down to rest,  
And knows he is at *home*!

Where does *the labourer* stay? Where labour  
Brings him profit; where he finds the tasks  
Which suit his mind, allotted by a Master  
Kind and good, who pays him well, and works  
Beside him, too. He would not change his place  
But willingly *abides* with such a lord.

O Saviour! Is it so with things of Earth?  
Then teach us by them as we raise our thoughts  
To higher things, how strangely we are drawn  
To *abide* in *Thee*!

O who can utter Thy surpassing Love,  
Great in its sacrifice, its mighty work—  
Divinely strong, yet tender unto tears!  
Thou weepst with us, precious Lord! and dost  
Rejoice when we rejoice. Thy touch is healing  
To our broken hearts; and with our little tales  
Of little things we come to Thee—for Thou  
Dost bend Thine ear to hear unweariedly!  
Then when we silent lie—our hearts awake—  
How lovingly Thou whisperst words of cheer  
And teaching—ever welcoming our trust.  
O what a FRIEND Thou art! we would *abide*  
In conscious fellowship, dear Lord, in Thee!

And is it less a joy in our deep need  
To know that Thy full hand holds the supply?  
We hunger—Thou dost bring the Heavenly food;  
We thirst, and come to Thee for drink. We faint,  
Thine own strong arm sustains us: shelter, rest,  
We find it all in Thee; and as our wants  
Increase, and importantly draws near  
To ask for greater things, Thou dost not chide  
But ever givest more. O what a HOME Thou art,  
Thy poor and needy ones would closer come  
In childlike trust; beneath Thy shadow dwell,  
Drawing their life from Thee!

And shall we not abide with Thee, our LORD!  
Is not Thy service good—a pleasant yoke  
To willing hands and hearts! for Thou dost come  
And work beside us, cheering us in toil  
With whispers of a future glorious reward;  
Whilst giving even now the earnest sweet  
Of Thine approval, for such little acts,  
As seem *not worthy* of Thy thought! Other lords  
In days gone by dominion had o'er us,  
But now, by Thee alone, we mention make  
Of such a name! To know Thy blessed will  
That we may serve Thee more is all we want.  
O what a MASTER art Thou!—We *abide*  
Beneath Thy yoke in calm content and joy.

No mystery now—O Spirit of our God!  
Do Thou Thy work—take of the things of Christ,  
And show them unto us! His heart of Love  
Reveal—and to that Heart attracted, we  
Will closely cling, nor for a moment wish  
From such a Home and such a Lord to stray!

—Selected.

## At Ease in Zion.

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord  
as the waters cover the sea." Yes: "The earth shall be  
full of the knowledge of the Lord." God has said it,  
and His word cannot fail of fulfillment. Neither the  
apathy of professing Christians, nor the wickedness of  
the world, nor the malice of hell can prevent it. His  
kingdom will come. Christ "shall see of the travail of  
His soul and shall be satisfied." And to you, my sister,  
who are doing nothing to evangelize the world, I would  
say, God can afford to do without you. His power and  
His wisdom being infinite He cannot lack means to bring  
about His designs. But can you afford to be idle? Is  
it wise to keep your talent wrapped in a napkin and  
buried in the earth? It may be very little that you are  
able to do, but is not the doing of that little as obliga-  
tory on you as if you could do a great deal? Whatever  
your talent may be, whether time or influence, or intellect,  
or money, or a very small portion of all these, let it no  
longer lie unemployed. Be entreated to exhume it and  
put it out to usury. Else what will you do when God  
riseth up, and when He appeareth what will you answer  
Him? M. L. T. W.

Canning, Nova Scotia.

## Make it Interesting.

"DOUBTLESS, our readers have heard the words before,  
heard them perhaps *ad nauseam*. The quality they com-  
mend was never in more general or urgent demand. On  
every hand, in home and school, in college and club, in  
church and chapel, the advice is given, "Make it inter-

esting." If you have to teach a class of Sunday-school children or of older students, your instruction must, above all things else, be interesting. If you conduct an evangelistic service, your address must of course be weighty and wise; but weight and wisdom will go for nothing, unless you are interesting. If you preach to an ordinary congregation, your sermon may be sound in doctrine and spirit, its thought may be careful and vigorous, it may be full of instruction; but all will be lost, if it is not interesting. . . . Graphic portraiture, vivid touches of imaginative skill, winning appeals to the emotions, are in far higher request than mere solid qualities. It is not only in educational and religious circles that the demand to be interesting is made. We hear of it in connection with arts and sciences, and quite recently find another reference to it."

The above is an extract from a magazine published in London. Is there one woman in any or all of the woman's missionary societies who cannot "read between the lines" her own experience, as she plans and prepares lessons, topics, or exercises for her circle or band? Cultivated, consecrated women shrink from the responsibility of such leadership, because they know that many of those who attend the meetings will not bring with them hearts and minds in accord with the themes to be discussed and the prayers to be offered, but will sit and listen critically rather than sympathetically to the letters which have been written in far-off, lonely, heathen villages by women who have exiled themselves from their homes here, to help make Christian homes possible there. Such persons often call the reading of letters a bore, and say that the descriptions of the strange lands and peoples sound like geography lessons; and they demand something awfully startling, "to make it interesting." We question sometimes how far we should lend our efforts to minister to such a superficial taste,—how far we should seek to please and entertain those who need instruction. Can we do better than to attempt the remedy suggested by one who experiences our difficulty in another department?

Prof. Seelye says: "I am often told by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, 'Oh! you must before all things make it interesting.'" I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different meaning to the word "interesting." By interesting, they mean romantic, poetical, surprising. I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us, and is deeply important to us. The history of modern England from the beginning of the eighteenth century is interesting in this sense, because of the great results which will affect our own lives and those of our children, and the future greatness of our country. Make history interesting, indeed! When I meet one who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history. I try to alter him."—*Helping Hand.*

### Zenana Work.

[An address by Mrs. Churchill at the London Meeting.]

MY DEAR SISTERS,—Ever since I received the kind pressing invitation of your President to be present and speak at your Convention, my time has been completely occupied in visiting societies, and attending missionary meetings, so that I have to come before you to-day with only a few thoughts on Zenana work, jotted down as I travelled in the cars, and which I have scarcely had time even to copy.

The term Zenana is a Bengali word, from zen, a woman, and an; a place; a Zenana therefore is the place or room or house in which the women of India are secluded. In these Zenanas the women live from childhood to old age, or until death. If allowed to visit their relatives they must go in a shut up palanquin or bandy. They are never permitted to walk abroad through the streets or fields or gardens and enjoy the beauties of nature as we are. They just see the four walls of their home and what transpires within them and in the high walled yards of their dwellings. And these homes are not beautiful as ours are, with fine pictures and paintings, fancy work and nice furniture: simply the bare walls, or these hung around with hideous pictures of their gods, about which the filthiest stories are told, and the floors bare or covered with a coarse mat. A cot, or mat, rolled up in one corner, a box or so in which clothes or jewels are kept, a few brass utensils for cooking, or bringing water with, and some brass plates, complete the furniture of their apartments. In many instances these rooms are very dark. I recall to mind one that I visited in Bobbili, a large room with no window in it, and only one door opening from the back verandah. Coming in from the bright sunlight without, it was some time before you could distinguish anything. Here the mother and daughters, the former a very sad-faced woman, and the latter a very pretty girl, spent their days and nights, except when out in the little cook house in the back yard the mud walls of which were so high that no one could see over them, preparing the food for husband and brothers, waiting on them while they ate, and taking for themselves what was left after these "lords of creation" were served. In some of these houses that I have visited they had one room nicely fitted up with English furniture, but this was not for the use of the women. If the husband invited or permitted an English lady to call, he would show her into this room, and then allow his women, all decked in their jewels, to come in to be seen; but they might not sit down in his presence, and in some castes the wife must not be seen in the presence of her husband, or other males. Often when I have been talking to the Yellama women, sitting down on their verandah with them, all at once there would be a rush into the house, and looking up to enquire what this meant, I would see the husband just entering the yard.

The rooms the men use are generally larger, lighter, and brighter than those occupied by the women.

But—do all the women of India live in these Zenanas? Not by any means, the lower caste and pariah women, for the most part, go out as freely as we do, but if a man of the lower caste has a good salary, a good position under government, or is rich, he will shut up the women of his household; as it is considered more respectable than to allow them to go out freely. Some castes always shut them up, such as the Yellama caste, a division of the Soudra. We have many of these in Bobbili, our Rajah belongs to this caste; and among these women I have visited a great deal. They are allowed more freedom than some others.

The Rajah or warrior caste, the next to the Brahmins, always shut up their women, and in some parts of India the Brahmin women are shut up in their zenanas. In our part of the country they seem to have more freedom, often walking in the streets; but always accompanied by an old grandmother to watch over the young ones. Then the Mahommedans always seclude their women, and it was from circumstances connected with their conquest of the country, that the better classes of Hindoos were induced also to shut up their women in the zenanas.

How do the zenana women employ their time? In

reading and study, sewing and fancy work; music and painting, etc.? Not many of them. In most zenanas there are a number of women, grandmothers and mothers, aunts and young girls, and very few of them are ever taught to read or sew. A few men among the Hindoos have followed their girls, when small, to learn to read when their brothers were being taught, but it is usually thought a disgrace to be able to read, as the only girls who are by common consent taught to read and write, belong to the dancing caste, and use their learning in their life of shame.

While visiting a zenana woman in Bimli a Brahmin, her granddaughter, one day came into the room, and I said to her "I have a nice caste girls' school in the town, where the little girls are learning to read nicely, wont you come and learn too?" She looked at me as if she were very much astonished, and quite insulted, and in a very injured tone enquired "Do you think that I am a dancing girl?"

The women in the Zenanas then must spend their lives in a great measure in idleness; most of them do some cooking for their husbands, brothers and themselves, but beyond this, their time is spent in idle gossip, telling stories of their gods, dressing in their jewelry and quarrelling and sleeping. Some of their lives are very bitter; especially, is this the case with the widows, and these widows may be eight, six, or even four years of age. If the betrothed one die, no matter how young the girl is, she is ever after a widow, and is the drudge of the household, and on her comes the blame for all the misfortunes that befall the family. They are not allowed to wear jewels or nice clothes, or to eat as good food as the other women, and is it any wonder that there being no hope of anything better in this life, they often commit suicide?

My sisters, we are permitted to see very little of the inner life of these Zenanas, but we know there are sins hidden away there, there are sorrows, there is suffering, there is hopelessness, such as is scarcely possible in our highly favored Christian land, and which is only truly known to Him whose eye penetrates the darkest gloom, and from whom nothing is hidden. And can we do anything to mitigate this suffering, to dispel the darkness, the moral and spiritual darkness of these Zenanas, to bring light, peace, and joy, to these sorrowing, hopeless women, our sisters in the East? We can, dear sisters, and this high, noble, holy employment is what we call *Zenana work*.

We are now permitted to enter many of these zenanas, for the men of India are waking up to see the necessity of educating their women, and they will allow us to come and teach them to read, and sew, and do other useful things that will employ their hands and minds, and with this we may teach them of the Great Burden Bearer, of Him who sympathizes with us in all our trials, of Him who loves us with an everlasting love, and of the thrice-happy hope that He has prepared for those who love Him, for them as well as for us, where all sorrow and sighing are forever unknown. O sisters, is not this work worthy to engross an angel's heart, and an angel's time? And yet the Lord has not given it to angels to do. He has given it to us saved sinners; to you and to me to do, and shall we not praise Him for such a privilege? We know the joy and peace there is in casting our sins and burdens on Jesus, and shall we not hasten to tell others of this joy? We know the sweetness of the hope beyond the grave, and shall we not do all in our power to give the knowledge of such a hope to those sitting in darkness and despair? Many of us mothers know the sorrow, the crushing sorrow of laying a darling child away in the cold

and silent grave, so do these mothers in India, but with our sorrow is mingled the joy, the sweet assurance of meeting the loved one again. This they know nothing about, loved ones gone are gone forever, and they have no hope of ever meeting and clasping them again. One of the most heart rending sounds we hear in India, is the wailing for the dead, for the lost one, lost forever. They will call and call over the name of their dead, in such a hopeless-despairing wail, but no answer, and to their hearts no hope of any future meeting come to temper the heart-breaking sorrow.

And this work, the bringing of life and light and salvation into the homes of thousands and thousands of our Indian sisters, can never be done except we, the women of Christian lands, do it. These women can never even hear of Christ unless we teach them, or unless native women of India, Christianized, trained and sent by us, carry the good news into their secluded homes.

Our dear sister, Miss Frith, your representative, is carrying on this work in Cocanada, and while you are supporting her with your means, oh do not forget to pray often and earnestly for her and her work. I know something of it. I know how discouraged we often feel. We go to the women with hearts full of love, and desire that they shall learn of this Jesus, who is such a fountain of joy in our lives, and we frequently meet with such utter carelessness and indifference that the tears start unbidden to our eyes. We realize there, as perhaps we cannot so fully realize here, that nothing but the Spirit of God can cause them to accept this great blessing that we carry to them; and this Spirit is given in answer to your prayers, dear sisters, as truly as in answer to ours.

A knowledge of medicine is a great help to a lady in doing zenana work. Very many of these women are sick and suffering, and although wealthy they would rather die, than allow a male doctor to enter their rooms, and many of them do die whose lives might be prolonged. I remember an instance told to me by an eminent physician, when visiting the hospitals in Madras. The previous night a zenana woman was sick and the husband sent for him; he went to the house but was not permitted to go in to see her. Her hand was put through a hole in the wall that he might feel her pulse. He knew by enquiries what was needed and saw by her pulse that she had not long to live unless he could go in to do it, he told them so, but the woman refused to allow him to enter. He waited awhile, and the woman, becoming somewhat unconscious, the husband at length told him to go in, and her life was saved; but, as he said, only to be a life of unhappiness and wretchedness. The husband would cast her off as forever disgraced, and take another wife, because the doctor had entered her room, though at his bidding. Now, said the doctor, if you had been there, you could have gone in and done for her what I did, and she would always have looked upon you as her very best friend. I know there are women in Bobbili who will always welcome me to their homes, and listen to my words, as they never would have done, if I had not been able to help them in times of sickness and suffering. I was called in to see a Brahmin woman one day, did what I could for her, and two days after her husband came saying that she was very ill, and wanted me to go and see her again. I went down in the evening, and there she was in a room nearly dark, all alone, except her infant crying in her arms, and needing help badly enough, but neither mother, sister, or aunt, would go near her, for fear of defilement. I went in and attended to her, and when she was suffering less, I asked her, why I, a stranger, would leave my own babe at home, and do for her

what her own relations refused to do. She acknowledged that there was some cause for it, which gave me an opportunity of telling her of the pitiful Saviour, who came to bless and save us, and it was His love in my heart that made me willing to do unpleasant things for those who were strangers to me. Ever after she received me with a smile of welcome, and listened with interest to what I told her of Jesus and His love.

O dear sisters, if such unspeakable blessings have come to us, such comfort in sorrow, such help in times of trouble, such a hope in death, through the Gospel, do not our hearts yearn with pity for those who know nothing of its blessedness. And shall we not, in all gratitude of heart, do all in our power to bring these blessings within the reach of our down-trodden, hopeless sisters, shut up in the zenanas of India.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Samulcotta Seminary.

(Extracts of a letter from Mrs. McLaurin, dated Oct. 25th.)

You will be glad to hear that we are having a most happy satisfactory year here in the Seminary. We have better teachers than before—closer successful work is being done by the students, and the Spirit abroad in the school is excellent. We have evidence that our dear boys are growing in grace as well as in knowledge. Last week I had been writing from a paper one of the students had prepared on household worship among the Telugus, and had been impressed as never before, with the utter absurdities, and worse, of which their "religion" is composed. Again, I had been troubled a good deal lately about the low state of piety among the converts. It seemed as if there were need of evangelizing the Christians themselves. I felt afraid of their long fluent prayers and holy talk, and of their selfish and untruthful lives, when, as it seemed to me, our last prayer meeting was at once a contrast and a rebuke. How I wish you could have been present with Telugu ears that you might have enjoyed it with us. Such an earnest, happy spirit through it all. Two of the boys made a few thoughtful and very appropriate remarks on the Scripture read; there was plenty of good singing, and more had a mind to pray than there was time for. Another of the young men requested that something be done to keep the school-house in the village in repair, for, said he, "By the blessing of God there is going to be a great crowd of Christians here in Samulcotta some day, and we will need that house." This was "off the track," but good in its way. All the exercises were spontaneous as usual, and all were brief and warm. I came away from the meeting with a thankful heart and a damp handkerchief. I could not doubt that those I had been listening to, at least, had really tasted and seen that the Lord is good. Yes, these Telugu Christians have been brought up from depths of vileness and ignorance, such as it is difficult to form a conception of, and their Lord does not overlook this though we are apt to do so.

In a week more we are to have ten days' holiday, when Mr. McLaurin intends taking the senior class out for a week's preaching on the Tuni field. We think they will get, as well as do good, by this experience, and they have talked and prayed about it till they are quite enthusiastic about it—for Telugus. Mr. McLaurin's heart is quite set on it too. He is distressed that he can do so little

for that charge, but every hour is full here at home. You know how well he has been this long time, only a little brush from the old fever within twenty months. Lately, however, he is weary and headachy much of the time. It has been close, constant work since the middle of July, with the pressure on the same spot all the time. This little preaching tour will do him good. Were it not for baby I would like to go myself. We seem to touch the heathenism about us at so few points *directly*. It does me good to meet the Cocanada friends and hear of their efforts and successes. They have out so many hooks and nets while we are only sharpening and mending. But I know this work must be done, and that it is second in importance to no other. . . . I must confess that I have been little more than a spectator so far this year. The head teacher has had my English classes while I have been holidaying through illness. The little school for the women who are learning to read is my charge, and I seem to be a kind of "promiscuous adviser" for the compound generally.

### Cocanada.

FROM MISS FRITH.

DEAR LINK,—I am beginning to feel that it is again time we let you know how things are moving in Cocanada, unless Mr. Timpany has written lately, if so, he has told you some good news. If he could only tell you all the interesting things he tells us when he comes home after a tour of two or three weeks through the villages it would do your hearts good; but, as Ellen, the Bible woman, says, "It would require a great deal of paper and time to write all that is said and transpires," so you must be satisfied with a very brief outline of the work when we write.

Mr. Timpany is touring on Mr. Craig's field at present. He baptized twenty-six a week ago last Sunday, and probably has baptized more since then. He has not been well since he left home two weeks ago. He and Mr. McLaurin have to battle against fever in addition to all the other difficulties and trials they have to contend with. But we are very thankful, that it has pleased the Lord to spare them from any severe attacks this year; and we pray that He may continue to spare them, for the work would suffer loss, we feel, if they were laid aside even for a short time.

Mr. McLaurin, with several students, expects to spend a week on the Tuni field as soon as the weather settles. We trust that the blessing of the Lord with the power of His Spirit, may accompany them so that they may return bringing their sheaves with them. How good it would be to welcome back this year the missionaries from home. Oh, for more laborers! May the cry reach the hearts of some who shall be willing to leave home and friends that they may bear the blessed tidings of salvation into these dark homes and hearts. It is a blessed service, and I think I need not be afraid to say, that among those who have come there are few who have ever regretted it. I wish sometimes I could say something to drive away the fear, that many who have thoughts of the foreign field suffer from; but it may be the Father's will to have it so, and certainly there is cause for fear, only there are times when things look more dreadful from a distance than they do when we come up close. India did look more terrible when I was in Canada than it has since I landed. The same One who made everything so beautiful in Canada made India, and He did not forget that there would be even here many of His children who would praise Him for the work of His hands.

Both Mrs. Timpany and Mrs. McLaurin are well, also the children.

Miss Folsom is getting on well in her school, and we hope she may long be left among us. There has been some talk of the Free-Will Baptist Society giving her an invitation to return to Jellalore, where she came from to us; but we hope even if they do the Lord will make the way clear for her to remain here. We feel the work cannot be carried on successfully without her, or one who would be able to fill her place among our English people. Oh, may the Lord make the way plain for her to remain and continue the good work that began some time ago by the guiding of the unseen Hand.

Jonathan, Amella Keller's husband, has been out preaching in some of the villages a distance from Cocanada, and has given some interesting accounts of the work. He baptized four. A great many more, he said, professed to have trusted in Christ; but he, not being sure whether they were ready or not, did not baptize them, although they requested it. He said it was wonderful to see the way that men and women would sit for hours and listen to the preaching of the gospel. Yes, many have the desire to believe and many do believe, but they seem but a handful compared with the multitudes that are careless and indifferent, and shut their ears to every sound of this precious word of life.

Our zenana work seemed to be at a standstill a while ago, but it is now looking quite hopeful. Neither Miss Gibson, Ellen, nor myself felt well and the work seemed to drag. A great deal of Ellen's time is spent in the streets where she gets many opportunities of speaking to the women at their doors, and in this way has found her way into many houses, and when they ask her to bring either Miss Gibson or me we go; but not without they desire it. Two or three weeks ago while she was talking to some women in one street, a woman heard her and went in and told the women inside, and they asked her to call Ellen in and allowed her to sit down in a little room off one of the verandas, and all the women of the house gathered there and listened to her while she told them about God and Jesus Christ and the Christian religion. One widow woman interrupted her a great many times by saying, "Oh, it is not a good religion; it has no caste." After talking sometime with them, she sang them a hymn about the vanity of the world, and while singing a woman, who seemed very much interested all the while she talked with them, said, "That is true; that is true. How vain everything is." After that first visit Ellen went two or three times, and then was asked to bring Miss Gibson and me. We have each gone once and have been invited to go frequently. A few other houses have been opened up lately in the same way. My munshi's family is our most hopeful zenana. Munshi was converted about three or four months ago, but has not been baptized, and may not be for years, unless he is driven to it by the Spirit of the Lord, which I trust he will be. His father, an old man about seventy, believes the way of salvation is through Christ, but whether he has accepted Him as his Saviour or not I am not able to say. An old woman in that house, who died some two or three months ago—Munshi's grandmother—was an earnest listener, and I often tell Munshi that I will hope to meet her in heaven. Another old woman over seventy, who used to come and listen while we read and talked of the way of life has lately passed away. May we not hope, too, that the Spirit may have enabled her to look up and behold the One who was slain for the sins of the world? Two weeks ago while talking with Munshi's wife and sister, I told them I was very anxious to have them become

Christians. The sister said, "We, too, wish to be Christians." Sometimes I think if God would bring that sister out of herself and caste, and would call her into His service, she would do so much good. May we not pray for this. We need workers so much, and there are few to be had here? "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

M. J. FRITH.

COCANADA, Oct. 25th, 1884.

#### PERSECUTION.

The following is an extract from a letter received a few weeks ago by the Secretary of Foreign Missions from Rev. A. V. Timpany:

"Some time ago, I sent to you in a letter the sacred string of a Brahmin whom I had baptized. Since then, he has been giving us good satisfaction in his conduct. Yesterday, his mother came, and we had a scene. She got him, after all was quieted down, to go outside of our compound to go and see some relations, who, she said wished to speak to him. There they waylaid him, and only that by a providence one of our Christians came along as they were pulling him away, they would have taken him away. The Christians raised an alarm and he was rescued. He has just now come in and taken my Telugu correspondence to look over. He is my Telugu writer. I baptized last week three at Gokeram. Came home Saturday and baptized five here Sabbath morning, and expect to baptize two of the English congregation and some more Telugus. A caste man came yesterday asking for baptism. He can read very well. He may be baptized. But we must find out first all about his character, etc."

LETTERS from Cocanada dated Nov. 14th, state that Mr. Timpany had baptized sixty persons during his tour on the Akidu field.

### THE WORK AT HOME.

#### Ontario and Quebec.

##### PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.

It has been thought well to publish a list of the photographs of persons and buildings connected with our work in India, that are now being supplied by Mr. Poole, of St. Catharines.

There are four large pictures, two of which are of general interest. These are the group of Canadian Baptist missionaries in India, taken at Cocanada in January, 1884, and the Seminary Building at Samulcotta. The other two are pictures of the Mission Buildings at Akidu, one showing all the buildings, the other showing the Mission House alone on a larger scale. The above are sold at fifty cents apiece mounted. They will be supplied in quantities of six or more at forty cents apiece, postage included. Mr. Poole has also a number of card photographs. The names of the originals are as follows:

- Karre Peter, pastor of the Gunnanapudi Church, on the Akidu field.
- Jangam Isaac, preacher; works with Peter.
- Pallem Joseph and his wife Deborah; reside at Akidu, were in charge of the school there. Joseph is now preaching in that region.
- Jangam Mary, wife of David, preacher in a village south of Akidu.
- Merugumalli Daniel, preacher at Malikhomedpuram.

Kasavarazu Kaniab, Brahmin, employed in secular work at Akidu.

The following are students at the Samulcotta Seminary :

Samuel, Philemon, Philip, Solomon, Jagganaikalu and Jai Pal Das. The first four are from the Akidu Field. Jagganaikalu is from Cocanada.

A photograph of the Memorial House at Akidu, mounted as a card picture, is also for sale.

The above are offered at \$1.00 a dozen, or six for fifty cents. Orders may be sent for one of each kind, or all of one kind. These should sell readily at 10 cents apiece, leaving a profit of 20 cents on a dozen.

Mission Circles and Bands can do a double work by selling these pictures. Those who buy the picture will take a deeper interest in the mission, and those who sell them will be earning money for the good cause.

Orders may be sent with the money, to either of the undersigned.

JOHN CRAIG, C. POOLE,  
Port Hope. St. Catharines.

#### FOREIGN MISSION REPORT.

Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, writes :—I hope that every one into whose hands this modest-looking little document comes will do it the honor of looking inside to see what it contains. And if you do this you will first meet with a sheet which is a map on both sides of it, and which will give you the geography of our Mission and of Telugu Missions in general. Then you will find a complete list of the Society's officers; and if you happen to be one of them, please note the fact carefully. After this comes the Society's *Eighteenth Annual Report*. If there is anything about the Mission, past or present, which this Report does not tell you, and which you would like to know, please write to the Secretary, and he will tell you if he can. Now we come to a remarkably interesting part, viz., a detailed statement of all the contributions to the Society's funds, for the year ending October 11, 1884, and not December 11, as I regret to see it is stated, through somebody's blunder. Here you will find your church, Sunday-school, etc., with an account of what they have given. Look it through; it is instructive and inspiring. In the *Recapitulation*, page 35, in the second item, read *Ontario* instead of *Quebec*. Then go on to the *Estimates* for 1881, and think over them carefully. And, lastly, you will find two very suggestive charts. And the document ends, just as it should end, by telling you to whom to forward your subscription.

This report is for *gratuitous* distribution. It will reach a great many through the District and Circle Secretaries. If you do not receive it soon and would like a copy, or a few copies which you can make use of, send me a postal card, and I will gladly mail them to you.

I think the document is worth keeping for future reference.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—The sisters of this circle held their annual meeting for the election of officers on Dec. 5th, 1884, when the following were elected for the coming year :—Mrs. Wolverton, President; Mrs. John Hatch, Vice-President; Miss McKay, Secretary; Mrs. McKay, Treasurer. We also had a public meeting on the 11th of December, at which the annual report was read, and an interesting lecture given by the Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, late of India; subject, "Work among the women of India," after which a good collection was taken up on behalf of missions.

J. HALLAM, Sec.

AMHERST, Nova Scotia.—Our Mission Band has just forwarded \$50, the amount needed to support one native preacher for a year. The Board have kindly set apart Lookiah, the helper, at Kimedey, for us, and our children seem very happy in knowing they have been enabled to do this much for the Master. "A little child shall lead them." MRS. SMITH.

#### Our Mission Band.

"Wife," said the minister, "I shall not read the Scriptures in the opening service this morning, but will read, instead a piece entitled, 'The Women of India.' I may increase the interest a little."

"Very well, dearie," said his wife in an encouraging tone, "do so."

The pastor did so. There was, in the congregation, a girl about thirteen years old, who appeared to listen very attentively.

In the afternoon she said to her mamma, "Please may I go and see my friend Sadie for a little while?" "Certainly," said her mamma. So she started off with a joyous step.

About three o'clock the minister's door bell rang. Sadie tripped lightly down the stairs and at the door she met her very best friend Nellie. "Sadie, I have something to talk to you about," she said. "All right, then come straight up to my room. Mamma is away, baby is asleep, and papa is preparing his sermon for evening, so we will have a nice, quiet time." The girls walked up the stairs arm in arm, talking pleasantly as girls are wont to do. "Now for that important subject," said Sadie, impatiently. "Well, Mr.— read a piece to us this morning about the women of India. I almost cried when he read of all their degradation and sorrow. Could we not do something to help them?" "Perhaps, but how can we do anything? We are only two little girls, you know." "Well, little girls can do something. Couldn't we start a Mission Band?" "Yes; we might. Who will we get to join; who will be president, who secretary and treasurer, and what will we do to get money?" Such questions poured forth rapidly from Sadie's lips. "Now, how do you suppose I can answer all those questions at once? Let me tell you. You can be president, and—" "No, you must be president, and do the managing, and I will be secretary and treasurer, and write down what we do, and keep all the money." "All right; we might have a bazaar, I was thinking, and make all kinds of fancy and useful things to sell. Our mamas will show us how, you know." "When will our first meeting be?" "Next Tuesday. You ask all the girls you think would join and I will also." "You may meet in our dining room after school."

So it was settled, and "Mission Band" was the whole thought of the two little girls till the appointed time, which they thought would never come. It came at last, as all things will. Five little girls gathered in the place appointed, and the Band was organized. Sadie was secretary and treasurer, as she wished, and Nellie was president. They were both Christian girls, and before each meeting they read the Word of God and prayed for His blessing on their work. At their first regular meeting they had a new member, the next, two; the next, three; and so they kept increasing. The ladies also caught something of their spirit and sent in articles for the bazaar. By the beginning of September they had fifteen members, and therefore thought it time to have their sale. The evening was set, the ladies provided lemonade and cake, and all the little girls came in the

afternoon with bright and happy faces, to help in the arrangement. And when it was all over and the money counted up, how much do you think they had? \$22.00!

It is over a year since then, but our Band has still been growing. We now have over forty members, boys and girls, our pastor's wife for leader, and have raised over \$57.00.

I think little girls can do something. Don't you?

ONE OF THE BAND.

—, Ont., Dec. 24th, 1884.

### "My Dollar is all that is Required."

These words are often used as an excuse for not attending our Circles. It is true, the dollar is very needful; but as Mrs. McLauren remarked, when here, "The dollar is only half." We want your presence, your counsel, and your prayers. God has said, "Go work in My vineyard." And as He has entrusted a part of this noble work to us, let us prove worthy of the trust. Let us look at the silver lining (instead of at the dark cloud), that is ever ready to unfold its beauty, calling, not for folded hands, but for present, active labor. Who of us would not like to enjoy at the close of a useful life, that sweet repose that Madam Feller enjoyed; with her it was the dawning of a glorious morn. How sad the thought that so few are willing to leave their "water-pots" to go and tell what Jesus has done for them; or, that even one dear sister in Christ, should feel that she has no influence for good. Come, then, bring in your offering to our Circle—to cheer those who meet in order to carry on the great work of saving the perishing ones. And I know, from happy experience, that God, even our God, will bless your offering.

E. E. MCC.

Calton, Ont.

### Our Contributions.

In the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, we find the following excellent direction from Mrs. Rhea, who has had large experience in both foreign and home work: "Give your money by an act of the most spiritual worship, directly to the Lord, and drop it quietly and unquestioningly, laden with prayer, into the treasury, having confidence (you must have that) in those who disburse it for you, and let them send it wherever needed most. And, if the Master wants twine, string, wrapping paper, and pine boxes, so practical and so unromantic, let your funds go for these to carry the Bibles in, albeit wrapped outside."

To which Mrs. Gracey adds: "There are many needs essential to the work that are not popular. They are of the most utilitarian kind, and lack sentiment; yet somebody's money must be applied to cover these expenses."

If you must raise money for a special object, make an effort to raise just a little more, and let it go into the general treasury.

We may learn a lesson from the German woman who called at one of the savings banks in an adjacent city, and said she wanted to draw \$200, and told the cashier "she was going to give it to the Lord for the spread of the gospel, if he could send it for her." He advised her to send it through a missionary society, and arranged it for her, and then said, "Wouldn't you like to be a life member of the missionary society and have a certificate so you could frame it and hang it up?"

"Oh, no, she replied: "I do not care to have any one know it. God knows it, and that is enough?"—*Ex.*

### Native Helpers.

There is a matter that presses upon my mind as I thank God for the openings in China; and that is, the need that will be increasingly felt for native helpers. I wonder whether the native helpers have the place in our prayers that they ought to have? I am not afraid of being forgotten in prayer, because I have got a father who always remembers me, and brothers and sisters, and my own immediate circle, even if the friends of the China Inland Mission should forget that there was such a person as McCarthy in existence. And most missionaries have a little circle of praying ones who remember them continually. But I do often fear lest our dear native brethren who are labouring harder than some of us are, and who are giving up more than most of us are giving up; and who suffer day by day persecution and trial and continual opposition from their own friends and relatives, are not really remembered by us in prayer. Oh, dear friends, believe me, if there is a great and extended work of evangelization to be done in China, it must be done by Chinamen and Chinawomen, and the best that we can do for the work is to direct and help them. I believe in saying to them, "Come," "Come after me," rather than telling them to "go" into the difficult places. But one missionary can help and lead a great number of Christians who are qualified by the Spirit of God, and who have been imbued with the truth of God; and if an extended work of evangelization is really to be effected throughout all these mighty cities, and these large towns, and these populous country districts, it must be by the native Christians; and therefore as you are here gathered together especially to remember the work, I do want to place this before you as a real need; and I request that you would continually plead with God that He would raise up thoroughly qualified native helpers—men endowed with power from on high.

I could tell you of some of them with whom I have had the privilege to labour, and whom I consider it an honor to know—men who have helped me, and stimulated me, and often put me to shame by their simple faith and by their consistent Christ-like walk. One dear brother with whom I laboured in Hang-chau for six years was a Christian before I was, I believe; and, oh, the simplicity of the faith of this dear man of God! The way in which he has received rebuke from others—the meekness and quietness of his spirit—has been a continual rebuke to me, an impetuous Irishman who often felt ready to boil over. The calmness and quietness and consistent Christian testimony of his daily life have been a continual help to me, and it has been a privilege to labour with him; and he is only one of hundreds in China. Well, we find in prayer-meetings at home, that the names of missionaries are mentioned continually, but not very often do I hear the names of the native pastors and teachers and preachers.

These things ought not to be. We ought to pray for those who are labouring there, and we ought to ask the Lord to raise up a great many more. These two points especially I would place before you as worthy of your serious attention: The need there is for the labour of Christian women among the women of China, and the need there is for prayer on behalf of the native helpers. I trust that we may be led to pray very earnestly concerning these matters, and that we may continue to expect that God, who has done so much for us in the past, will do yet more for us in the future, and that if we are permitted to meet here again, it will be still to tell of His continued mercies and of His great goodness.—*Rev. E. J. Duker.*



## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Do you like to hear sermons? I remember my dear father (who has now been in heaven for nearly fourteen years) used to preach a sermon to the children in his congregation every month. Those sermons and texts were remembered by the little folks far better than his other sermons every Sunday. During the past month a missionary sermon for children came into my hands. I enjoyed it so much myself, that when our Ottawa Mission Band held an entertainment, and asked me to talk a little at it, I told them about the sermon. Perhaps our Corner cannot be better filled this month than by my telling you of it in as easy words as I can.

The text was in Jeremiah, 7th chapter, 18th verse: "The children gather wood." If you read the whole of this verse it will bring up a picture in your minds. A cit or village in far off Judea, hundreds of years ago. The people living in it were not heathen. They were God's chosen people and knew all about His wonderful love for them. They had heard from their fathers and mothers of all the way God had led the Jews or Israelites for hundreds of years before. But these people had stopped worshipping God and were giving their gifts and prayers to other things; so they were idolatrous, though not heathen. Dear boys and girls, if we in our hearts love any person or thing better than we do the God who made us, we, too, have an idol to cast out. It was harvest time in Judea. These people wanted to have a great feast and give thanks for their corn and fruit and oil. So the children gathered wood, the fathers kindled the fires, the mothers kneaded the dough to make cakes. And at night this feast was held to honor the moon, or, as they called her, the queen of heaven, and they spread out the cakes, pouring out wine as a drink offering, while men and women, boys and girls kneeled down to worship the moon instead of the great God who had made and sent it on its mission. How sad their sin in so doing made the God who loved them so much. He told them that they had left the fountain of living waters and had made themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that could hold no water.

But what has all this to do with our Mission Bands? The four words I want you to think of are these: "The children gather wood." It was not enough for the fathers and mothers to do this work. Bright eyes were watching, quick hands and eager feet were ready to help, and the boys and girls gathered wood for the fires their fathers built. Just so in heaven lands to-day, the very youngest children are taken to the temples and made to join in worshipping idols. For well people know that the children now will soon be the men and women of the world, taking the places of all who are living to-day. Are there no missionary sticks of wood for our boys and girls to gather? The fields of love, of sympathy, of prayer and of earnest effort are full of them. Now for some reasons why our children should gather this wood. Because we are soldiers of Christ as much as older people. A soldier's duty is to obey orders, and our own great Captain says to us: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"; and until every person God has made, white or black, young or old, has heard about Jesus and His love, our work is not finished.

2nd. Because Satan and the world are trying to get the children's work. Our text is one example of this. Then look how every gang of robbers has its little boy to creep in at windows and holes where a man could not go. See the beggars on the streets with the little children, who are taught to lie and steal or to pick people's pockets. In almost every work of the world children find their places. What would a store be without its errand boys? or a telegraph office without its faithful carriers? or a regiment without its drummers? The girls generally find their work at home, and many a mother would be far more tired than she is when night comes, if it were not for the loving ways her little girls find to help her. Even my two-year-old Fanny can rock her baby brother's cradle, and run little messages about the house to save my steps. And is the world to have all the work the children can do, and Jesus, their Saviour who made them

and loves them more than their father and mother possibly can, to have no little hands or feet to carry His message, no little hearts loving Him in return and seeking ways to help?

3rd. Because the children are needed in the work of saving the world. God often does great things by little instruments. The whole world is watered by drops of water. The great shores are made up of grains of sand. If God wants a new island to grow in one of His mighty oceans, He does not get men to go with their teams of horses, or even the mighty steam engine to build it up. But it is built by millions of tiny insects, so small you could not see them unless with a microscope. One winter's night, not long ago, a ship was in the sea near a fishing village. In the storm she struck the rocks and was going down to the bottom. Then the lifeboat was filled with her crew and passengers, and they pulled for the shore. But not more than a dozen yards from land they stuck fast on a sand-bar. They knew the wind and angry waves would soon break their boat to pieces. So they shouted for help. Then they flung a strong rope to the waiting people on shore. The men, brave, strong fellows they were, too, took hold of the rope and pulled with all their might, but the boat did not stir. So the women said, "Let us help you pull," and they took hold of the rope, but still all in vain. Then the children's help was needed. Boys and girls caught hold of the rope, and when there was no more room to hold on it they caught hold of their fathers' coats and their mother's dresses. Then a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, and the lifeboat shot over the sand-bar and came safely to land. The added strength of the children did this work. So in our Mission Bands. But, boys and girls, be like the wise men who came from the far East to see the Christ-child. They first fell down and worshipped Him and then offered their gifts. So first give yourself to Jesus, then give your loving service all your life.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

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

Receipts from Nov. 25th to Dec. 25th, 1884, inclusive.

Beamsville, M. B., \$25, to pay for a girl in Cocanada Miss. School; Sarnia, M. C., \$18, do. collection at Mrs. Churchill's lecture, \$8—\$26; 2nd Markham, M. C., \$7; Uxbridge, M. C., \$13.82, \$4 of this was raised at a soc. social given by Mrs. Stopps; St. George, M. C., \$3.40; do. M. Quitt, \$1; Onondaga, M. C., \$15, for the support of a new Missionary to India; Beverley St., M. C., \$14.30; Jarvis St., M. C., \$19.40; Talbot St., London, 19.25, do. \$17.50, collection at Annual Meeting; Woodstock, M. C., \$18.60, do. \$6.50, collection at Miss. Meeting; Mrs. Thos. Burwash, \$1.75; Mrs. M. K. Cooper, \$2.—Total, \$230.52.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT,  
267 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

## WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONT. AND QUE.

Receipts from Oct. 3rd to Dec. 26th 1884.

Brockville, \$7; Warwick, \$1; Osgoode, \$6.25; Montreal, \$1;—Total, 17.25.

M. A. SMITH,  
Thistle Terrace, Montreal. Treas.

## The Canadian Missionary Link.

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