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THE CANADIAN Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. II., No. 7.]

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 3.

[MARCH, 18

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Our Annual Conference.

A most interesting session of the Canadian Missionary Conference has recently been held at Cocanada. Our brethren and sisters from Bimlipatam and Chicacole arrived here on the 2nd instant; and on the afternoon of the same day the Conference assembled and organized for work by electing officers for the ensuing year. Much regret was felt by all that Brother and Sister Churchill, of Bobbili, were prevented from meeting with us on account of illness. Profitable remarks were made by the retiring President, Rev. A. V. Timpany, by the newly elected officers, and by Dr. Bainbridge, of Providence, R. I., who, by a happy coincidence, arrived at Cocanada, in his tour round the world, by the same steamer which brought our friends from the North. The visit of Dr. Bainbridge was greatly enjoyed, and to us who as so seldom favored with visits of this kind, his addresses and sermon were most refreshing and stimulating.

During the four or five days that we remained together, verbal reports were rendered by all the missionaries present of the work done during the year in their respective fields, and several important questions relating to our work were carefully considered. The reports from the different stations were, on the whole, very encouraging, and indicated a hopeful outlook. Our brethren of this station especially, were able to give a most cheering account of progress recently made on their field, and of the prospect of a very much larger ingathering during the present year. The fact that one hundred and nineteen converts had been baptized during the year on the Cocanada field was one in which we could all rejoice; though most of us are still passing through "the day of small things," and must pursue our work in faith and patience, waiting till the Great Father shall be pleased to give the increase. In the discussion of the various subjects which were brought before the Conference, the most kindly feeling prevailed; and though entire unanimity of opinion on all points was not to be expected, yet something closely approaching thereto was attained.

It will not be necessary here to give a report in detail of the business done on the successive days of the Conference, as probably something of the kind will appear in our weekly denominational papers; and as many readers of the "LINK" will in due time receive a copy of our published

minutes. But reference may be made to the action taken on the question of the Revision of the Telugu Scriptures,—a question in which all supporters of our mission at home, will, or ought to, feel a deep interest. After hearing the report on revision work, rendered by Bro. Timpany, our representative on the Union Revision Committee of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society, and after learning that our American Baptist brethren in the Southern Telugu Country had decided to bring out during the present year a tentative version of the Telugu Testament, to meet the present wants of their converts, we passed a resolution expressing our desire and intention of co-operating with them in this work to the extent of our ability. An appeal will be made to the churches at home for aid; and our brethren and sisters in Canada as well as in the United States will have the privilege of assisting in the production of a Telugu version of the Scriptures, which their missionaries will be able to conscientiously distribute among the people. This is a very important undertaking, and one which, if successfully carried out, cannot but be of immense service to us in the prosecution of our labor in this country.

G. F. CURRIE.

Cocanada, Jan. 10, '80.

Our Life in India.

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. J. McLAURIN, AT THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

(Published by special request.)

In trying to arrange a few thoughts to bring before you to-day, in no way did it seem to me would I be as likely to find something at once fresh and practical for your attention as by reviewing briefly, and in as impersonal a manner as possible, my own life in India as a missionary's wife; for my experience has been in no way peculiar. I shall try to follow that line of thought which shall enable me to give you a little information about the work, and our way of doing it, in as simple and direct a manner as possible.

Looking back, our life in India divides itself into three distinct parts: the year and a-half of preparation time in Ramapatam, with brother Timpany and my sister; the two golden years in the harvest field in Ongole; and the five years of rudimentary work in Cocanada. When a missionary reaches his destination on foreign shores, there is but one task before him—but one thing he can do—that is, study the language of the people. Till that is learned he is as one deaf and dumb. We secured a teacher the day after we arrived in Ramapatam; a pretty well educated Brahmin, who taught us Telugu seven hours a day for \$7.50 a month. Poor man! he was trying to save money to pay off debts contracted for his marriage festivities fifteen or twenty years before. And we studied Telugu—six or seven hours a day did not seem too much time to devote to it. We were fresh and strong with the vigor we had brought from home; we longed to be able to speak to the people, and there were no temptations to idleness; social duties or pleasures had no name with us. We were thirty miles

(by ox-cart) from the nearest white neighbor. To pause—to take a holiday for rest was to be home-sick. It was a bare, dry period for heart and soul. We could do nothing for those around us; we were deprived of those religious privileges which we had formerly enjoyed and which we never seemed rightly to have valued till now; we were getting accustomed to the presence of idolaters about us; and without their language it was impossible to get into close sympathy with the Christians; we felt that we had much need to ask the Lord to keep our hearts pitiful and warm towards them all. But our tongues became gradually unloosed. In five or six months we began to speak a little and understand more. In eight months your missionary took a class in the Sunday School, and we could now enjoy understandingly the Sunday services. When a year and a-half had passed we removed to Ongole, leaving the Timpanys happy among the people they had learned to love as their own. In taking charge at Ongole our feet were set in a large place; we entered a vast and fruitful garden of the Lord. Sowing, watering, gathering in the fruit for Christ, all went on together. The labourers, besides the missionary, were a band of native helpers, nearly twenty in all good men and true, who spent their whole time travelling, preaching as they went. Each couple, for they worked in pairs, had their own district to canvass each month. For the first Sunday in each month they gathered into the Station, i.e., Ongole, bringing their sheaves with them—candidates for baptism. Scores of Christians, men and women, would accompany them from villages twenty, forty, even fifty miles away; walking all this distance with a clean body cloth for Sunday, and what rice they needed for the journey in a bundle on their backs, in order to be present at the monthly meetings and the Lord's Supper. At this time the preachers gave in their reports of work done during the month, and of the condition of things on their respective fields. After that, two or three days were spent with the missionary in Bible study, and then they were sent away on the wings of prayer for another month's work for Jesus.

Would you have a nearer view of our preachers? There was G. India, the eloquent, an enthusiastic preacher, through whom many were brought to know by faith the true God. Old Paria, the evangelist—well worthy of the name, Blessed of God; he was mighty in the pulling down of idolatrous strongholds. Dear old Pedia, full of faith and love, ever to be seen with his well worn New Testament in his hand or under his arm; his consistent Christian walk won for him the esteem of all who knew him. Gurivia, of sturdy principle and strong common sense; he was a powerful preacher and allowed no man—not even the haughty Brahmin—to despise him. There were others as worthy of mention and of like diversity of character and disposition, but all cannot be named. All, however, shall be remembered as brethren and fellow-workers in the Lord, and in "That Day" we expect to greet them among the throng of redeemed Telugus in heaven.

In some cases the preachers' wives accompanied them and sought out the women. Sometimes the wife was in the Normal School in the Station, fitting herself for more efficient work.

You may wish to hear more particularly about the women and what was being done for them. Well, we never seemed to make a specialty of women in Ongole. There was no separate teacher or school for girls. Men and women, boys and girls, to the number of nearly one hundred, were taught together in the Normal School, and worked as happily and as profitably together as they could have done otherwise. Raga-vah, at that time one of the best scholars we had, was in charge of the school and was efficiently assisted by his young wife. Rungia, who is now in Madras assisting Dr. Jewett in revision work, taught an advanced class in the Scriptures, and one in the critical reading

of the Pilgrim's Progress, every day. The missionary had a bright young class of boys and girls for English.

No Zenana work was attempted, for there was no time for it. A few high caste girls came to the Mission house, for awhile, to learn needlework, but took no interest in any other instruction. Our Sunday School was very interesting. Several hundred verses were recited each Sabbath. The teachers—there were ten or twelve of them—were quite capable of securing the attention of their scholars to the lesson, and did it, to their advantage. The singing was as joyous and hearty as in any Sunday School. There was a Home Missionary Society in our church, by the contributions of which one preacher and one teacher were sustained. Besides this, regular collections were taken up all over the field, and the results brought in by the preachers and teachers to the monthly meeting.

Four o'clock, on Tuesday, was welcomed as the hour for the female prayer meeting. These Hindu Christian women enjoy a good prayer meeting as well as any people I ever saw; they love to pray, and they have much of that simple, childlike faith which brings them near the Master. Once a month, when we had the preachers' wives with us it was especially good. A few of them could, with much propriety, read and comment on a chapter of "the Word," as they call the Bible. The Spirit was indeed, taking of the things of Christ and revealing them unto them.

During our stay in Ongole we still had a teacher for two, three, or four hours a day, just as we could spare time for study. We felt keenly our need of a better knowledge of the language, and more fluency in speaking it. With other books, both translations and native classics, we read through the Telugu Bible during our first year in Ongole. To learn to express ourselves intelligently, and with propriety, was a slower and more painful task. The missionary during this time was making frequent tours to distant portions of the field. He would be away for weeks at a time, visiting the Christians; to instruct and strengthen them in their new faith; and visiting heathen villages to preach to those afar off the glad news of a risen Saviour. While he was absent, the care of the school, inquiring visitors and other business, came upon his lonely helpmeet at the Station. Domestic duties and the care of our little ones demanded constant and close attention. Our hands were full of work, but we labored not in vain. Each passing month left its glad record of sheaves gathered in for the Lord of the harvest. We were never busier in our lives, nor ever happier!

But the time came to leave for our own mission field in the Godavery district, about 300 miles north from Ongole. It was painful to leave the dear Christians, but pleasant to be sent away, as we were, with many loving prayers and tears, and tokens of their affection. In Cocanada all was new and strange and different. A beginning in mission work had been made,—but in its human aspect had been managed most unwisely. Gabriel, a talented native preacher, and a man with much of the spirit of Christ, was at the head of the mission. Of worldly wisdom he had as little as any man could well have. Much had to be undone—hopes and plans and expectations of what would take place when the white teacher came had to be disappointed, and we had around us in consequence, a number of sore and disappointed church members. They had thought that any amount of power and money—enough for all—would have come with the missionary. It went hard with the poor souls to be disappointed; but Gabriel, who was intensely loved by the Christians, and had a vast influence over them, worked heart to heart with the missionary in every needed reform when he saw it his duty to do so. His head was full of plans for the furtherance of the work, and his heart of hope and courage, when he lay down to die. He was to have been off to some distant villages in a few days, when fever seized him. He thought he could not spare the time to be sick. So much to do,—back-sliding Christians to be visited—souls perishing all around who had never heard the name of Jesus. When patience and trust were gently urged, he replied, "Yes I know it's all right, the spirit is willing but the flesh is miserably weak." But his work was done. He had fought well the good fight, had endured losses, temptations, persecutions, for Christ's sake. Now he left us to receive the Crown of life. The missionary felt as if his right arm were gone,—only two or three ignorant and half hearted preachers to work with him. Distrust and misrepresentation tried us sorely; faith and patience were taxed to the utmost. But we held on in the hope of brighter days. As the missionary's wife in her new position had no school to look after,—no daily class in sewing, or English, or Bible reading, no demands made on her time by busy learners as in Ongole, she began to look about for something to do. But it was difficult to make a beginning—to get a hold on anybody. The Christian women were invited to the

mission house to a prayer meeting. Five or six—then three or four—then two—then one came. That one was read to, and talked to, and prayed with, and told to come again. Next week she failed. Poor things! Their homes were scattered at a distance from us; they had their work to do—they did not know the time. This was what they said, but beneath all they had not much of an appetite for such as they would get at the little prayer meeting. Efforts were made to get up a girls' school. No Caste or Mohammedan girls would attend with boys. How slow the progress was, and yet how encouraging the result is to-day, you partly know. Between sixty and seventy girls, Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindu, were learning earthly and heavenly wisdom in that school when we left India eight months ago, and through the children the parents were attracted and instructed. On Sundays, especially, when it was known that the white teacher was telling them certain things about the new religion, the heathen mothers would now and then draw near to see and listen. Sometimes, being invited, they would come in and sit with us. I have known repeated instances of the girls gathering around them, out of hours, their playmates who were not permitted by their parents to attend the Christian school, and teaching them the hymns and lessons they had learned. Two little girls, pretty, well dressed children, used to repeat to their parents all they could carry away from the Sunday School. The father became so interested, he got a New Testament and began to read it in his own family. Then he came to our meetings, visited at the Mission house and became a warm friend of Josiah, who considered him a true believer though he made no public profession. Oh, how many there are in the same position in India, yes, in Cocanada—convinced of the truth of Christianity—faith in their idols gone—they are trembling on the verge of the public profession of Christ, which would separate them from all they hold dear; property, home, friends—they must forego them all. How hard the trial is even we, who have been so near, can scarcely realize.

After a while some Zenanas were visited. A friendly acquaintance with a caste man opened the door to his own house, and he introduced us in the houses of two or three of his friends. In the houses of these exclusive high caste men a new phase of Hindu life was opened up. Here were fair women, elegantly dressed, living in what they considered refined ease and indolence. In their appearance, their language, their habits, they differ as much from the poor paria women, as the wealthy ladies of our own land differ from their lowest servants. These women we found courteous and intelligent, full of curiosity about the white teacher and all connected with her. They asked many questions about our home and country, which seems further away, more vague and shadowy, far to them, than India, and the Telugus, can do to you. They listened respectfully to reading from the Bible and with a childlike wonder and curiosity to the sweet story of the Cross. Many would have been glad of regular instruction in reading and fancy work, and for the sake of that would have been glad to receive visits from the missionary, knowing that she would teach them also from her Bible, concerning the True God. But our term of service was drawing to a close, ebbing strength was equal only to the superintendence of the school, and females' meetings, and household duties. We enjoyed our visits to the Zenanas, but could undertake no regular classes. Dear friends, this is a work I hope will soon be taken up by you. Now that the chapel is completed, can you not send out a young lady for this most important and interesting work? The men of India are coming in contact with Christianity and social reform on every hand. They hear the gospel preached in the Bazaars, they read, they meet and converse upon these questions. The women have none of these advantages. They are shut up in their stagnant homes—willing prisoners in gilded but unclean cages. They make up savoury dishes for the delectation of their lords and masters; they dress and deck themselves with pearls; they sleep and gossip and pet their children; and more diligently than the men serve their household gods. These women are bitter opposers of Christianity. Time and again, when caste converts have been on the verge of baptism, they have been held back by the loving opposition of wife or mother. There is a strong family affection in the Telugu household, and to have a dear one become a Christian is worse to them than having him dead. M. Raw, a young Hindu gentleman, of good position and education and who had taught gratuitously in our school for months so that he might have the society of Christians, was brought to a decision for Christ. He came before the church, was examined and received, and he was to be baptized the next morning. That night he came to stay with us, knowing that his family would prevent his joining us next day, as they had learned his intentions. About midnight, a deputation

of relatives and friends came to see and try to dissuade him. He listened to and answered all they said. To his aged father's loving protestations, he replied: "My father, if it must be so, count me as one dead. I believe in Christ, I love Him and must follow His commands." When they saw that he would not yield they went for his young wife and little child. It was hard for her to leave the seclusion of her home and be seen among men, but in her distress she was ready to do anything to save—as she considered—her husband, and there, at our door, she hung upon his neck and wept and wailed out her love and sorrow, and besought him not to leave her and his little one—not to bring disgrace upon his father's house. So he yielded. He must go home with her, he said, and comfort her and he would return the next day. We knew he would not be allowed to do that, neither was he.

Now we want some one to go to those caste women in their dark homes, to teach them about the Saviour and to win their hearts for Him, so that when the husband's feet shall be turned into the way of life, the wife will be ready to take her place at his side. Ah! what a new and noble meaning Christianity would give to the lives of those women! To the poor broken-hearted and oppressed widow, it would be indeed life from a living death!

My friends, it is because I know that you are deeply interested in this work, that I have ventured on so much. It is long since we first thanked God for the helpful zeal and courage of the Baptist women of Canada in this cause. We were glad to know that here at home, as in the desert and solitary places in India, the prospect brightens. More knowledge of the work, more interest in the people, more prayers, more money, more workers, more seed sown, more fruit gathered in for the Lord—all go together. We are engaged in this work at the loving command of the Lord who redeemed us. The senders and the sent, have one aim and one reward. Let us do what we do and give what we give cheerfully as unto the Lord, "knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada

A CHURCH ORGANIZED AND FIFTY-TWO CONVERTS BAPTIZED:—During the month of December, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany, with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, made their first tour in the new mission boat; visiting many of the villages on the Cocanada field. Mr. Craig writes: "Friday, the 19th, was spent in Goonanapody. Many of the women came to see the ladies. They had never seen an Englishwoman before. On Saturday we all went to Comalamoody, where Peter's brother Samuel lives. He is missiff or headman as government officer. In the evening, Bro. Timpany and I visited Chintalapody. Two young men from there have just professed their faith in Christ. They are the first from that village. On Sunday we had a meeting in Goonanapody, the Christians and candidates all gathering there from the other villages. After a short sermon by Bro. Timpany, the candidates were examined, and most of them gave satisfactory evidence of faith in Christ. Then a church was organized, and called the Goonanapody Church. Three deacons and a clerk were chosen. Then the approved candidates were received, after which we all adjourned to the tank, where Bro. Timpany baptized fifty-two."

Arrangements were also made for the re-organization of the church at Akidu, which, since Nathan Gabriel's defection in 1878, had been regarded as disbanded. Of the outlook here Mr. Craig says: "I expect to work among all the villages on the islands in Colair, after I get settled at Akidu. This is a promising field. I should not be surprised if we have a thousand members in connection with the Akidu station before five years are past, in fact it may be sooner."

Besides the fifty-two Telugus at Goonanapody, Mr. Timpany baptized several others during the tour.

Tuni.

Of the work performed, and the hopeful prospect at this station, Mr. Currie writes thus to the *Baptist*:—"During the months of August, September and October, we were able to devote nearly all our time to evangelistic labor, either in the neighborhood of Tuni, or in parts of the field more or less remote from the station. Many villages in which we had preached during the previous year were again visited, and in many others the way of life has been made known for the first time. Four preaching tours were made during the year, varying from two to five days in duration, and to places from eleven to thirty-eight miles

—distant from the station. Having no tent, and being dependent on travellers' Bungalows for accommodation, it was impossible to make protracted tours; had such been desirable. But the amount of time spent in touring is no indication of the amount of labor performed, as most of our work lies near at hand. The whole region is new ground in a missionary point of view, and the near villages thus far afford as good a prospect of success as the more distant. In Tuni itself bazaar-preaching has been regularly kept up at the weekly fair, except when we have been prevented by sickness or absence from the station. So far as we have been able to give ourselves to direct gospel work we have had no small amount of enjoyment and encouragement. An awakening interest in the truth has been observed in certain sections of our field; and we hope the Spirit has been at work in the hearts of a few persons. But desiring further evidence of conversion, we have not thus far urged any such to receive baptism. Great patience is needed. There must be "first the blade, then the ear, &c." In due time we hope to be permitted to gather in the ripened harvest.

Bobbili.

Mrs. Churchill writing under date Dec. 31st, to the Secretary of the Central Board, N.B. says:

"My health is so far restored that I am able to go about the house—this is a great comfort to me. I have not yet had the opportunity of consulting a doctor who could tell with any certainty the cause of my illness, so I do not know whether I may expect my health to be established without further trouble or not."

THE WORK AT HOME.

Nova Scotia.

The tenth annual meeting of the Central Board, and W. M. A. Societies was held on the evening of the 15th of January, in the vestry of the North Baptist Church, Halifax. Mrs. Selden, the Secretary, read the annual report of the Central Board for Nova Scotia, which states that:—

"It is a matter of some difficulty to find items of sufficient importance to present in a report, when the actual work accomplished both at home and abroad is so small in comparison to the magnitude of the cause represented. This appears to be especially the case this year, when we have not any great news to give, but simply a record of quiet work performed in the Master's service; the every day routine broken by no startling events, though filled with patient toil in schools, or in visiting from house to house, as our missionary, Miss Hammond, has found the way opened up before her.

"Although Miss Hammond is our only representative in India, supported by our funds, and working under our care, still we know that friends all over the Province feel deeply interested in the work carried on by our sisters, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Sanford, and several large donations have been sent by the Central Boards to assist in building operations, or to help in school work.

"We grieve to hear that Mrs. Armstrong's health has failed very much during the past year, and we hope soon to welcome her home, when she can have the rest she so much needs, and which she has so nobly earned."

After reviewing the work done by the lady missionaries during the year, the report speaks thus of the Home work:—"Only forty-four Societies have corresponded with us this year, being eleven less than the number heard from at our last annual meeting. But this smaller number have sent in to the treasury a sum exceeding that of last year by \$29.82. The donations are but one cent behind, but the point where we fall short is from Mission Bands and Sunday Schools. They have not been heard from, while last year the sum of \$40.59 was received, to be used for the education of the heathen children. Perhaps it is not our place to show the reason of this, but we respectfully request the Pastors of the churches, the Superintendents of the Sunday Schools, and the teachers working with them, to take this matter under their serious consideration, and to endeavour to keep up the interest in missionary work among the young people under their care. This year is the first break in the chain of contributions from Sunday Schools. In 1874 they sent \$70.23, which is also the highest sum reached. It is not fair perhaps to suppose that nothing has been done, because the money has not passed through our hands, for we know of one S. School (Wolfville) which sends funds direct, for the education of two native children in India. There may be similar cases of which we have not heard.

The Society at Amherst takes the lead once more as the largest in point of members and money sent in. No new Societies have been organized, but one has been revived—at Freeport, Digby Co. One Life Member has been added to our list from the church at Hammond's Plains.

From the funds at the disposal of the three Central Boards of the Maritime Provinces, there has been donated this year the following sums:—

Salary of our missionary, Miss Hammond	\$ 400 00
Towards building missionary premises at Bobbili	1,000 00
For school buildings at Bobbili	500 00
To enable Miss Hammond to carry on school work at Bimlipatam	122 00
For the support of three orphan children under Mrs. Armstrong's care	75 00

In addition to this, the Central Board of Nova Scotia agreed to present Miss Hammond with a means of conveyance used in India, and which was a necessity for her work, living as she did at a distance from the schools. The cost was \$100.00, and the receipt of the money was gratefully acknowledged by Miss Hammond.

We are glad to know that the Canadian *Missionary Link*, published in Toronto, is becoming better known, and more widely circulated. We congratulate the lady editors of the paper on the success which has attended their enterprise, as shown by the distribution of the profits, which have been divided between the Central Boards, in proportion to the number of subscribers, our own share amounting to \$8.81."

The treasurer's report showed the total receipts for 1879 to have been \$901.44; of which \$833.68 was contributed by the W. M. A. Societies; \$64.09 was from special donations, and \$3.67 was the balance of bank interest after deducting the remarkably small item of \$2.08 for the working expenses of the Society.

Reports were read from the W. M. A. Societies, good speeches were made by the gentlemen present, much excellent music added to the enjoyment of the evening, and in response to an appeal from E. G. W. Greenwood, Esq., several friends gave their names for donations of \$5 to the funds of the Societies.

LAKE GEORGE, N.S.:—Mrs A. Cogswell writes For some time I have felt desirous of having a Women's Aid Society in connection with our church, but times have been hard here for several years, owing to the scarcity of employment, and I felt not the courage to undertake the work though I sometimes spoke of it. A letter to Mr. Cogswell from Mrs. H. M. N. Armstrong, prompted us to new endeavours. We shall have a "Society" but not wholly on the full membership system. We have obtained six subscribers for the *Link* and hope to get more. Also hope to have a visit from Mrs. Armstrong when she returns to her native land.

New Brunswick.

The annual meeting of the Central Board of the Woman's Missionary Aid Societies of N. B., was held in Germain Street Church on Jan. 29th 1880.

The President, Mrs. G. M. W. Carey occupied the chair. Meeting was opened by singing 109th hymn in Gospel Hymns of Sacred Song. Miss Myra Thompson presided at the organ. After reading the scripture prayer was offered by Mrs. William Scott; then followed the singing of the hymn "Hark the voice of Jesus cryeth." Address of welcome was given by Mrs. Capt. Masters.

The reports of the Central Board were read by the Secretary and Treasurer. These reports showed that less money had been received this year than last, all giving as the reason, scarcity of money, hard times. There has been over \$2,000 granted from the general fund during the year, for building and school purposes together with Miss Hammond's salary. The Missionaries are all doing grand work, with many marks of encouragement. Mrs. Churchill is now very very ill, Miss Hammond was sent for, and went to Bobbili to attend her. An account of Miss Hammond's journey from Bimlipatam to Bobbili is given in the Secretary's report.

Reports from local Societies were then read as follows:—Brussels street, by Mrs Allwood; Portland, by Miss Cowan; Leinster street, by Mrs James Masters; Germain street, by Miss Lizzie Phillips. A large number of other reports were read by the Sec. of the C. B. We were greatly disappointed in not having Rev. Mr. George and wife with us, they had been invited and would have been present but were prevented by illness in their family. The Rev. Messrs Carey, Everett, Hickson, and Willcox, were present and added much to the interest of the meeting by their prayers and kindly remarks.

A very interesting letter was read from Mrs. Churchill; she was bolstered up in an easy chair while she

wrote. An extract from a letter from Miss Hammond dated a week later, was given as follows:—Last Wednesday I started for Bimlipatam by native bandy; was more than half way home when I saw Mr. Churchill's servant man coming rapidly. I knew before he produced the letter what was wanted, in five minutes I was on my way back to Bobbili, Mrs Churchill was worse. I made the greater part of my journey by palkee and reached her on Friday about three o'clock. Mrs. C. was much weaker than when I left.

Then the President asked earnest prayer for the restoration of Mrs Churchill's health.

After the collection which amounted to nearly \$6, the meeting closed by singing the doxology.

M. A. SKINNER.
Sec. of the Central Board N. B.

Letter to Mrs. Armstrong, of Chicacole.

MY DEAR MRS. ARMSTRONG,—I have just returned from our Conference, where I had the pleasure of reading your interesting and most welcome letter, dated Chicacole, October, 1879. In accordance with your suggestion, I will reply through the columns of the *MISSIONARY LINK*.

What a flood of happy memories that letter brings to my mind! I am carried back to the time when we first met, nine years ago, on board the boat on our way to the Convention at Fredericton, N.B. Well do I remember the little incident related by you, which led to the investigation of the subject of infant baptism, resulting in your entire change of sentiment on that subject; and having much to do with your subsequent determination to become a foreign missionary.

I regret exceedingly to learn that your failing health compels you to leave your loved employment among the benighted Telugus. I know from your letters, which are always looked for and read with great interest, that you are deeply interested in your work; and much as your friends in N.S. would like to have you with them again, yet their desire for the advancement of the cause of missions rather leads them to pray for your speedy restoration; that your valuable labours may long be continued in the mission.

Your touching appeals to the sisters at home impressed me deeply with the importance of doing more for foreign missions. I was much pained while reading of the many privations experienced by our missionaries—the privations of which they knew nothing in their native land, and to which we ourselves are entire strangers. In view of these great sacrifices, I am led to ask, What are we doing at home? what sacrifices are we making in order to hold up the hands of those who have left home and friends, to tell the "Old, old story of Jesus and His love"? Well may we fear that the heathen will rise up in judgment and condemn us for our neglect and abuse of the many privileges we enjoy.

I am doing what I can for the circulation of the *MISSIONARY LINK*, believing it will serve as a stimulus to greater efforts in this glorious work. I would like to see a copy of it in every family.

Hoping that you and your associates in the mission may be long spared to lead benighted souls to the cross, and that an abundant ingathering may be the reward of your labours, believe me, yours most sincerely.

M. A. F. SKINNER.

Chester, N.S.

THE ROMANISTS are sending missionaries promptly into Afghanistan, three having left the Roman Catholic college near London, for this "arduous and untried field of apostolic labor."

THE SCRIPTURES have already been translated into no less than two hundred and fifty tongues. One of the latest has been made by the Rev. John Ross into the language of the Corea, a country to which the new native church at Japan has resolved to send a missionary.

REV. H. CORBETT, a Presbyterian missionary in China, writes that "the native pastor in connection with the English Baptist Church has lately received one hundred and thirty members, of whom sixty-five are women."

REV. MR. MARSHALL, a Baptist missionary, writes to the *Lucknow Witness* that in Orissa 400 Hindus have renounced caste and become Christians. There are among the 400 many of the highest caste, and of considerable wealth.

THE *Missionary Herald* counts up over \$3,000,000 given to the missionary enterprise of the Presbyterians, Episcopal, Baptist, Wesleyan and Congregational churches by only a dozen givers within the past year.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—A lady in Halifax wrote me a letter asking how to make the meetings of a Mission Band so interesting that no child would want to miss one. Little folks get tired of things so much quicker than big people do. At least they are more ready to tell their real feelings:

How can we make the weekly meetings so good that you will not get tired of them? Several plans have been tried, and I think this a good one. Let the Band be divided into companies, five or six in each one. These boys and girls could take turns in speaking or reading. The President might give you a subject to study. Perhaps she will ask you to come prepared to tell her all you can about India, with its different countries, China, Japan, Africa, or some of the heathen islands of the ocean. One company might tell the geography of these countries; another their history; another about their people, manners, dress, customs and homes; another could give little stories about the missionaries at work there. One of the older members could write a short composition about it. The very little ones might get mamma to teach them some text or little poem to recite. One "Band" was studying about Hindustan in this way. A dear little girl stood up and said, "many of the Hindus think the moon is their father." Then she sat down again having done what she could to make the meeting interesting. Such a plan would take some of your play-time to prepare for this study, but I know you would be glad afterwards. Then once a month,—or if your meetings are held monthly, once a quarter—you might have a missionary prayer-meeting. Sing your hymns, recite texts, and then have four or five short, earnest prayers for the men and women who are working for God in these heathen lands.

I know you will feel like sending more money and working harder yourselves after such a prayer-meeting. That is the way God answers our prayers for His blessing on others often, by giving us a mind to work for them.

Here is another little poem for one to recite at a Missionary Band Meeting:

In the Vineyard of Our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are so young and few;
Little handfuls
Help to fill the garner, too.
Tiding early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day;
Nothing small or lowly scorned,
As along our path we stray;
Giving gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth;
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth;
Telling heathen
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

SISTER BELLE

Lorne Place, Ottawa.

Horrors of the late Famine in China.

In his report to the Chairman of the China Famine Relief Committee, Walter C. Hillier, Esq., H. B. M. Consular service, says:—

"I may say that I have no doubt whatever that the consumption of human flesh existed at one time to a frightful degree; indeed, I feel almost inclined to believe that five people out of ten in Shan-si have learned the taste of human flesh. The question is one that I hardly liked to put to any one, but the necessity for doing so never arose, as information on the subject was volunteered on every side. I was told again and again that human flesh was actually sold on the market in the most undisguised and unmistakable form; persons were pointed out to me who were known to have devoured it, and numbers of people who could have

had no reason whatever for deceiving me on the subject, as I never asked them for information, told me that the practice was terribly common.

One man said that he had seen two women buried alive by the authorities as a penalty for killing and eating their own children, and that this was only one instance out of many that passed unnoticed. Others said that so terrible was the condition of things at one time that men dared not go beyond their own village unless in large parties, as they would have been killed and eaten to a certainty had they done so. Many were mentioned by name who were known to have gone out at night in gangs simply to hunt down human game for food, and Mr. Richard himself told me that he had seen the bodies of dead people bricked up in the rooms in which the survivors of their families were living, as they wished to preserve them from being devoured.

The state of the country at this time must have been simply indescribable. Each village or town was almost in a state of siege, for no one hardly dare go beyond the place in which he was known for fear of what might befall him. There seems to be a sort of impression that the majority of those who gave way to this fearful temptation did not long survive; whether from the effect that this food had upon the system, or from mental causes, no one could say, but the practice was universally condemned, and the fact of its causing speedy death was looked upon as a proof of its being wrong, though it was very justly argued by some that when only this step lay between a man and death it was hardly fair to pass judgment upon him.

I have been asked by some, "If the state of things was as horrible as you say, why did the people stay?" I really do not think they could have got away. When things were at their very worst, not only the whole of SHAN-SI, but large portions of CHI-LI, SHEN-SI, SHAN-TUNG, and HO-NAN were suffering from the same scourge, so that these unfortunate people were hemmed in by a belt of famine that it would have taken weeks to penetrate. It was hardly to be wondered at that they should have clung to their homes until their last cash almost was spent, hoping on each day for rain that never came; until at last, weakened by hunger, and utterly penniless, they started from their homes, perhaps with wives and children, for a weary tramp of many weeks through districts as suffering as their own. Thousands must have tried it, and almost all, I fear, but those on the confines of the famine region have failed. The whitened bones on the roadside which are the remains of a very small proportion of those that died, tell too plainly the sequel of their efforts.

The mind almost fails to grasp the intensity of the suffering that must at one time have been undergone in this ill-fated region, and perhaps it is as well for most of us that it should be so, for I know at times as we travelled along the road and pictured to ourselves the weary gangs of fainting wanderers, and the feeling that must have been experienced by a husband or a father as he saw his wife or little ones lay down by the roadside to die, seemed to invest the place with such terrible associations that we were strongly tempted to turn back. I think, however, thorough realisation is hardly necessary to call forth the active sympathy of all charitable persons should it be found necessary, as is only too painfully probable, to appeal for aid to prevent a repetition of these awful scenes.

—From China's Millions.

The Word of Life.

An interesting story has been related in one of our missionary periodicals concerning a faithful minister now laboring in a foreign field. While travelling once in India, he discovered in a retired spot by the wayside a man lying on the earth. Seen at a distance, he appeared to be asleep. He judged him to be one of those singular heathen devotees, so often in that land encountered upon their painful pilgrimages, and supposed that,

fatigued with his protracted journey,—he had fallen on the ground for rest.

Coming up to him, however, he found that the man was really in a dying state, just breathing his last. Kneeling down by his side, and solicitous to give help or bring comfort to one in such mortal extremity, he put the question in the native language: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?"

Faintly, but with an expression of delighted surprise, the man replied: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." His strength failed him with the mere repetition of these inspired words; and in a moment more, the soul of this unknown believer had passed out of human sight, and was in the presence of God. Subdued into unutterable emotion at thus suddenly confronting death there in so secluded a retreat, the missionary gazed upon the lifeless body, silently wondering who this strange fellow-Christian might be. His eye caught a glimpse of a fragment of paper closely clasped in the dead man's hands. On examination, this proved to be a detached leaf of the Bengalee Testament. On it were traced the words which that Hindoo convert had repeated with trustful reliance, as he floated out alone upon that shoreless sea of eternal existence which rolls, all around the world.—*Ex.*

Chinese Christians.

Rev. E. J. Weekes, of the China Inland Mission, relates the following very interesting incident:

At the close of 1877 I was visiting a station some distance from Amoy, and I heard there was a large number of Christians who never gathered in our church. I made enquiries, and I learnt that four years previously eleven persons who had been under our Christian instruction had refused to come to our church. They said, "No, it is our duty to keep in our village with our parents and children and relatives. Why should we walk seven miles over the mountains and leave our friends behind us? No, we will stay here and instruct them." I told them that I should like to see them and talk over the matter with them and see whether something could not be done for them to help them. When I reached a place that was not far distant from the village at which they held their meetings, I stood on the brow of a hill, and the house which was used as a church was pointed out to me, and across the valley there floated the sound of a hymn which I could recognize. It was, "My heart greatly rejoices because of the grace of God, which saves my life from destruction. With my whole heart will I praise him." I thought that that was a grand song to hear, especially remembering that no missionary had ever been there before, and that on the Sunday no pastor or preacher had visited them, and that teachers had rarely gone there during the week. Those eleven Christians had multiplied into seventy, and they carried on the service three times a day, and had done so for four years.

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF WEST. ONT.

Receipts from Jan 28th, 1879 to Feb 20th, 1880.
Proceeds of social at Guelph, \$24.44; Guelph Circle, \$9.55; Cheltenham, \$2.00; Alexander st, \$8.75; Aylmer, \$5.25; Brantford, \$21.70; Dundas, \$8.00; Simcoe, \$10.00; Peterboro, \$15.00; Jarvis st, \$10.35. Total \$115.05.
Special for "Mission Boat." Jarvis st 2.00. Total receipts \$117.05.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,
232 Carlton St.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sanford, A. M., Bimlipatam.
" George Churchill, Bobbili.
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicacole.
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaughlin, at home.
" John Craig, Coconnada.
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.
" A. V. Timpany, Cosana-la.