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Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. I., No. 4.]

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

[DECEMBER, 1878.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

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Special Appeal to our Circles.

Are the Baptist women of Ontario and Quebec to have the honour of building the school-house chapel in Cocanada, the need for which Bro. John Craig writes is so great and pressing? The Eastern Board has become responsible for \$1,000 of the \$2,000 required, while the Western has appropriated \$300 and promised to do all in its power to raise the remaining \$700 in addition to the \$530 *per annum* already pledged for the girls' school and Amelia Keller's work.

Our missionaries have waited long amid great inconvenience for the money necessary in order to begin operations. In January, Mr. McLaurin wrote: "We had hoped to have been able to build our school-house during the past year, but have been disappointed. Our work is sorely crippled for want of this one building. There is little use in building girls' quarters in our Compound as long as our school-house is *two miles distant*, at the other side of the town. The girls cannot walk there and back twice a day." Our missionaries are obliged to go this distance to and from their work, under the blazing sun in the hottest part of India, and pay the high rental of \$270 a year for unsuitable, inconvenient rooms.

In view of this urgent want we appeal with confidence to the women of our churches, believing that they will not shrink from the task, but with energy and perseverance will devise ways and means for raising the necessary money with *little delay* as possible. They will thus accomplish a noble work; but it can only be done by united and hearty effort. Last year our Women's Society in the West had difficulties to contend with which have been happily removed; this year we hope not only to see those circles already in existence increasing in interest and liberality, but that many new ones may be formed. Let us aim at great things and the result will surprise ourselves. Above all, let us do this in the name of Christ and for His sake, remembering those we are and whom we serve.

On the Road to India.

FOR THE LINK.

On the 3rd of October a party of eight of us left New York for the East. Miss Hammond, from New Brunswick, for the Canadian mission at Bimpitām; Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, for Madras; Miss Russell and Mr. King,—these four sent by the Missionary Union,—and ourselves, made the party. We had a stormy passage of fifteen days to London. The passage of the party is taken from Southampton on 31st October. The ship is timed to reach Madras the 4th of December. While we have been waiting for our steamer's sailing, the great Pan-Mission Conference has taken place. It is nineteen years since the last one was held in Liverpool.

How much has occurred since that time to encourage missionary workers, and make them hope that the day draws nigh when the whole earth shall be filled with His glory! Scenes like those witnessed of late years in Madagascar and many islands of the Pacific, and in India, among the Santals and Kols, and only recently at Ongole, among the Telugus, indicate the *Spirit's* power, and what we are going to see shortly when He is poured out upon the Mission harvest fields that are fast maturing among all nations. The early rain is fast passing into the latter rain which will deluge the waste places with the waters of life. The plains of Sharon will then be many. Let the present rate of progress be maintained and the overthrow of idols will be completed by another fifty years.

If so much has been accomplished when God's people have just awakened fairly to the "Go ye into all the world," &c., what is going to be the outcome when His people believe all the words He has spoken and feel the weight of their own declaration of fealty to Him as their *King*!

I was more moved than I can tell at the last meeting of the Conference by some remarks of Dr. Murray Mitchell. They were on this wise:—Two thousand years ago the great Asoka was emperor of all India. His daughter, a beautiful, cultivated young woman, and her brother, renounced the bright prospects before them, and put on the yellow robes of *Buddhism*. They renounced the world and gave themselves to religious work. Their earnestness was great; their work great and lasting. The poor devil worshippers of Ceylon were disciplined by them; and how well they did their work missionaries among the Cingalese can this day testify. If the spirit of *Buddhism* could so take hold of the highest and best of India, should not the spirit of Christ do as much for many who have culture and wealth in Great Britain?

I would apply this, as Dr. Mitchell did, to the work that is on hand for India's degraded women. Are there not many single women, even in Canada, who have culture and wealth, who could support themselves as they did "Zenana work" in India? Oh, my sisters, does not the fact that you have independent means increase your obligation rather than diminish it? The obligation to go *personally* and work as Asoka's daughter did is what I mean. No Hindu could charge you with coming to India to make a living for your comfort or your pleasure. Your work and words would come with added power home to the people. How close it comes home to us—"Though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor." How much in this to disarm opposition, soften the heart, and change hate to love! You surely will not say to me, "Physician, heal thyself." Do not the cries of our absent children ring in our ears? But louder and mightier than the roar of oceans is the cry of those whom we may rescue and save, who are sinking into the abominable heathen tide that bears the drowning millions into an endless night. Where, O where is your compassion that is born of the spirit of Christ, who came to seek and save that which is lost.

I doubt not that the time will come when we shall see,—what we in vain ask for now in anything like its fulness,—consecration in those who can best afford it.

A. V. TIMPANY.

FOR THE LINK.

Did She better than to keep her Souvenir?

BY W. H. PORTER.

Whether it was a mother's, husband's, or lost lover's gift, we know not, but carefully she brought her cherished treasure, broke the alabaster box, and poured the precious ointment upon Christ.

Quickly, with hush of every selfish murmur, glowing from an imperishable monument the fadeless inscription: "She hath done what she could, And whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this also that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her."

Leaving the Church one Sabbath morning recently a woman newly in mourning, placed a little parcel of small silver coins into my hand, saying, "Put them into the Foreign Missionary Treasury for me, please; they were little darling's gathorings." Only a few weeks since the sweet-voiced child had sung "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then ceased forever. And thus the idolizing and bereaved mother had brought her precious treasure to fill, perchance, some heathen home with the sweet melody and odorous name of Jesus. And surely, though I, "this also that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her."

The Condition of Hindu Women.

Mr. McLaurin's letter to Mrs. Alloway.

The Hindu woman is a slave,—a physical slave in a modified form—a mental slave—a social slave—a moral slave, and a spiritual slave; and perhaps the worst of all is that she is a willing slave—will not be made free,—often struggles against the truth which makes free with a great deal more vehemence than her husband does. Excepting with very young girls and widows, the physical slavery cannot be said to be very galling. The widows of the higher castes, who may be any age from five years to three score and ten, have a miserable time of it. The smallest child in the house is allowed to insult and abuse them with impunity. They are only borne with as a great calamity. There is but little social life among the Hindus at best, and their absurd and jealous rules with reference to the comingling of the sexes make what there is of society a sham. Unable to read, and knowing nothing of the world beyond her own particular caste or village, the Hindu woman's *mental* range must be small indeed. Her husband tells her nothing, because he says she cannot understand, and he takes the best means in his power of making his words true, by withholding all incentive to enquiry.

Her spiritual life is the most miserable of all. A few meaningless ceremonies on feast days,—a few uncouth posturings before an obscene idol—a few daubs of red paint on the forehead or a copious supply of saffron rubbed on the face and limbs,—and the hope of being transmigrated into a female buffalo or dog in the coming world, make up the greater part of her religious existence.

No wonder they commit suicide in thousands; no wonder that with their mother fingers they stop the breath of their little *girl babies*; no wonder that they are truthful, chaste and loving only through fear of self-interest; no wonder that they are swayed by considerations of passion and present pleasure alone.

Now, do not suppose from what I have written, that these Hindu men are fiends in human shape, veritable Blue Beards, whose roofs are slippery with wily gold; not at all—they are naturally as good-natured, as fond of their native country, their native village and the parental roof as we are, perhaps more so. It is sin, vice, idolatry, gross ignorance which make the difference. Their bible, their priests, their religion teach them this: *Sin* must be taken away by the blood of the Lamb. *Vice* must be replaced by the fruits of the Spirit. *Idolatry* must be superseded by the worship of God; and this gross *ignorance* must be dispelled by the light of the Glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ.

We hold in our hands the only remedy for all this,—the word of God. Oh, how I wish I could impress this fact upon the heart of each mother, sister, daughter, each father, brother and son in the Dominion of Canada. What fact? The fact that they owe all that makes them *happier, purer, nobler* than these Hindus, to the *Gospel*; that this same Gospel is the only means by which this people can be raised; that Jesus Christ *commands* them to send them this Gospel; and that He will certainly require it of them at the last day if they neglect His will.

Oh, it is very wicked, it is very unwise to withhold the Lord's money, to consign millions to eternal death, in order that we may pander to some whim, or gratify some silly propensity of our very curious natures.

When, Oh, when will all the whole people of God arise in the omnipotence of their *prayers*, the fulness of their *faith*, and the joyousness of their *liberality*, and make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose?

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

Mrs. Selden, Secretary of the Nova Scotia Central Board, writes:—I have lately received a letter from Mrs. Armstrong, of Chicacole, from which I will make an extract for the benefit of the readers of the *Missionary Link*. Mrs. A. says: "Our girls' school is very interesting; there are over twenty in attendance, and they are beginning to show marked improvement on the ignorance in which we found them. The Inspector of Schools for this district, an English gentleman, visited the school a week ago and expressed himself much pleased with it, and promised to do all he could for its advancement. It is the only school for girls in the town, and as it is a new thing, many are unwilling to allow their girls to learn anything;—"It is not our custom," they say; and think the argument unanswerable. We were cheered last month by the accession of one more to our Church membership. The young man supported by the Wolfville Sunday School, who has for some time past given satisfactory proof of his sincerity, was accepted for baptism by the Church, and the ordinance was performed in this town for the first time."

Cocanada.

A kind friend furnishes the following extract from a private letter lately received from Mrs. McLaurin:—

You will have heard what a dreadful year this has been for heat. We never before experienced anything nearly so bad, the heat being extremely great and also long-continued. To very many, both Europeans and natives, it has been a fatal year. We never knew anything like it. It was quite startling, day after day, to hear of one and another that we had seen or known, falling victims to heat paralysis or heat apoplexy. During those weeks, dear —, the hope of seeing you again faded, and I do not think either of us would have been surprised if we had found ourselves passing away from this earthly home forever. But we have been spared, and for this we are grateful. Mr. McLaurin was very ill just in the worst of the heat with

fever, caused, the doctor said, by the heat. His head was worse than ever before. The doctor told me afterwards that he had been very much alarmed, but that, which he brought with him, and freely used on my husband's head and in his drink, soon somewhat subdued the fever. He told us then that it would not be safe for us to remain here through the coming cool (fever) season. We are undecided yet as to what we may do. We will just keep quiet till the Timpanys come, and will then hand things over to them; and feel free to go, or stay till March, as seems best. We would prefer staying here through the cool season—that is till Spring if Mr. McLaurin's health will permit of it. At present we are pretty well. It took me a long time to rally from the effects of the heat,—an overpowering languor seemed to chain me hand and foot, yea, and mind and spirit too, but now I am better. . . . Of our work, I will not attempt to say much. New and trying difficulties have met us this year. Most of the time our position seems to be to *bear* rather than to *do*; this is especially the case with Mr. McLaurin, who is so much laid aside with poor health, and yet sees so very much that ought to be done. My school has somewhat suffered—this has been such a sickly year; but still there are over fifty scholars. I do feel that it is even now being a blessing in this dark corner of the vineyard. Are you thinking the famine over? *Never* were prices of food as high as to-day, since we came to India; bread and all grains are twice or three times the usual price.—Lately we have had abundant rains, and now look for the good old times to return with the new year. We want for nothing necessary. The straits to which our Board is put for money are trying to our faith and patience, of course, but "The Lord will provide."

THE WORK AT HOME.

Montreal.

SPECIAL BOARD MEETING OF WOMEN'S F. M. SOCIETY, EAST.

This meeting was held in Montreal on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 6th, at which the President, Mrs. T. J. Claxton, expressed pleasure in introducing the names of five ladies to be received into our Society as Life-Members, viz: Mrs. J. H. Marsh, of Barmston, and Mesdames Davies, Barlow, Craig and Smith, of St. Catherine St. Baptist Church. This is a very encouraging feature, and will doubtless inspire our workers with greater enthusiasm through the year on which we have lately entered.

A resolution was passed to the following effect:—"That after paying the required amount to complete the Girls' School in Cocanada, this Society shall undertake to raise \$1000 towards building the Chapel, the payment of which amount may extend over two years."

Perhaps it is as well to state here, for the benefit of the Circles in the country, belonging to the Convention East, that all moneys sent to Miss Green, Treasurer of the Board, are forwarded by her to India and used exclusively for Foreign Mission Work.

M. H. PONSROUS, Rec. Sec.

Toronto.

A meeting of the Central Board of the Women's Baptist Missionary Society of Ontario was held on Friday, Nov. 15th, and it will be grateful news to all interested in that good work to know that the interest and earnestness that marked the deliberations preaged a hopeful year. After the appropriations to Mrs. McLaurin's School and Amelia Keller's support for the half year, the question as to the further disposition of our funds was brought up. A letter from Mr. Coutts and letters from the Montreal Board, all bearing on the importance of the Chapel-work in Cocanada, were read; and in view of the last clause of article 1st of our Constitution, which reads—"provision of suitable means for work," and after realizing to some extent how needful this Chapel was, the Board resolved to devote the \$300 now on hand to this work; and,

without plodging themselves for any given amount, resolved by letter and through the *Baptist and Link* to lay this matter before the Circles, asking for their best endeavours to have a sum worthy of the cause, beside doing out of the best possible things for Foreign Missions. We are working in unison with the sisters at Montreal, and are lifting that much responsibility from the General Board.

We received from Mrs. Raymond, of Guelph, most cheering words. \$100 are promised from that Church, and we have reason to believe that at our next annual meeting the Chapel Fund will be among the finished items of work.

Will every Baptist woman respond, with prayer, and ten cents a month?

H. H. HUMPHREY, Cor. Sec.

Ottawa.

At the regular meeting of the Circle of the Ottawa Baptist Church, held September 4th, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved.—That as our dear sister and fellow-worker, Mrs. Caswell, has been suddenly called to her Heavenly Home, we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathy in this great bereavement to her only and beloved child, Mrs. G. M. Haney, and we do most earnestly pray that "That peace which passeth all understanding" may rest on her like a sweet and healing balm, and that she may be able to say: "All things work together for good to those who love God and are called according to His purpose."

In a note to the Editors the Secretary, Miss Mosher adds:—"I would like to see a copy of the *Link* in the hands of every Canadian Baptist. I think it an excellent plan, this collecting so much Missionary information in such a compact form, and trust that many will become interested in this work through its means. Our Circle seems to be increasing in interest as well as numbers."

Nova Scotia.

Rev. W. B. Boggs and wife sailed from Halifax in the *Nova Scotian* on the 13th ult., and will proceed directly to India via Suez Canal. They leave in this country his son and their infant child—making this great sacrifice so as to give themselves more freely and fully to the Lord's work in the great harvest field of Ongole.

New Brunswick.

Letters have been received from Miss Carrie A. Hammond, who is on her way to join the Missionary band at Bimlipatam.

After two weeks spent pleasantly and profitably in London, she was about to sail in the *S. S. Nepal* for Madras.

A Short Sketch of the Telugu Mission, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Compiled for the *Missionary Link*.

On the western coast of the Bay of Bengal is the Country of the Telugus, stretching north and south about 600 or 700 miles, and extending from the coast inland a distance of 300 and 400 miles. It is a country densely peopled, numbering by the latest estimate 18,000,000. But Telugus are scattered far beyond the bounds of their own peculiar territory, dwelling in large numbers in all the towns and cities of Southern India.

The prevalent religion is Brahminism, while the system of *caste* is rigidly maintained, as every where in Hindostan. This latter opposes a formidable barrier to the progress of the Gospel, but even this obstacle is becoming gradually weakened by the advancing tide of Christian civilization.

As early as the year 1805, the London Missionary Society made a feeble effort to evangelize the Telugus but the enterprise was attended with little or no success, and was eventually relinquished.

Thirty years rolled on without further steps being taken; then in September, 1835, the Rev. Samuel Day, a native of Canada, and his wife, sailed from

Boston to Calcutta, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Society; with instructions to open a Mission among the Telugus.

On his arrival in India, 1836, in February, Mr. Day proceeded to Vizianapatam, one of the principal cities of the Telugu country. There he engaged a learned Brahmin as his teacher, and sought to prepare himself for his arduous work; but ere long Mr. Day deemed it to be more conducive to his work to establish his residence in the vicinity of Madras, and thither he accordingly went.

Four years of labour passed away amidst numerous difficulties and discouragements; a few Eurasians, Tamils, and English residents were baptized, but none of the Telugus.

Mr. Day then began to think of Nellore as perhaps better suited to his work. That town is 110 miles north of the city of Madras, and is situated in the midst of a large population, purely Telugu. He removed his family there, rented a piece of land, and erected Mission premises. Soon after his settlement at this new station he was permitted to welcome to his aid Rev. Stephen Van Husen and wife, from the United States.

In September of this year, 1840, Mr. Day baptized his first Telugu convert; the second followed in 1843. During this interval schools were established and the Gospel persistently preached at the street corners, and at every available point. Many heard it by the way-side, and in visiting the schools, where the people were more than willing to have their children taught. Thus was the soil under silent preparation for the seed of the Kingdom.

The population in and about Nellore wore by this time gradually beginning to feel the power of gospel truth, and to cherish some doubts respecting the divinity of their idols.

But alas, the health of the Missionaries began to fail; Mr. Van Husen was obliged to return home, the victim of a distressing malady. He was unable to resume his work, and died in 1854, aged 42. Soon after he left Nellore, Mr. Day was so prostrated by sudden and severe illness that he too was obliged to seek health and rest in his native land, leaving his Church, School, and the Missionary property in the charge of a Eurasian preacher aided by the native Christians.

At home the question of abandoning the Telugu country as a Mission field was seriously entertained, but Mr. Day strenuously pleaded for its continuance and reinforcement; accordingly it was determined not to advise a dissolution of the Mission, but to wait for future indications of Providence to decide the policy which should hereafter be pursued.

It will interest some of our readers to learn that the late Rev. John Bates, so loved and respected here, and who was the father of Mrs. Timpany and Mrs. McLaurin; and the Rev. Dr. Caldicot, so long the faithful pastor of Bond St. Church, were both present at the Board meeting held at Troy, N. Y., in May 1848; indeed Mr. Bates was the one who opened the meeting by prayer, when the subject was discussed.

At the end of two years Mr. Day's health was so far restored as to enable him to resume his loved work. This time he was accompanied by Mr. Jowett and wife; they left Boston 10th October, 1848.

Then followed five years of struggle and almost utterly fruitless efforts, at the end of which time the question of giving up the Mission was again under consideration by the Home Board.

The subject was felt to be an important one. It was earnestly and prayerfully dealt with. The special committee, in their report, which rang with the courage of faith, observed: "We regard the work of Missions, not as a work of expediency, but of faith and persevering labour; the door is wide open; it is a vast and perishing field. Who will dare to retreat? The God of Missions is a great God, and our times of necessity have been our times of salvation."

Eloquent pleas were also urged by friends of the Mission, and the Lord caused them to prevail. One of the speakers, Rev. J. L. Burrows, pointing to Nellore on the map suspended over the platform, called it "The Lone Star." The words fell with

peculiar force on the ears of one present, and that night Dr. Smith put to paper the following stanzas on

"THE LONE STAR"

Shine on, "Lone Star" thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the Eastern sky;
Morn' break'st apace from gloom and night:
Shine on and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, "Lone Star" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely Star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star" in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
Lone stars in Heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star" who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost plead" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star" the day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou,—
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star" I till earth, redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "Crown the Saviour Lord of all."

Though faith had yet to be sorely tried, the accomplishment of the prediction, couched in the above impromptu stanzas, will soon appear in the sequel to this sketch.

Rev. Mr. Day relinquished the field a second time, in 1853, leaving Mr. Jowett and family alone in their work. In this same year Mr. Jowett, with his wife and a native Christian, visited a town named Ongole, 77 miles north from Nellore, containing a population of about 6,000, all Telugus. The Missionary, though stoned and reviled, preached the Gospel in the streets and thoroughfares of Ongole; and towards evening, the work of the day having been seemingly in vain, the three ascended a hill, overlooking the town, and there singing a hymn, they prayed to God to send a Missionary to Ongole.

The years roll away, with labours incessant and sometimes discouraging, almost beyond the endurance of the strongest faith. In 1862, after 14 years of unremitting toil, Mr. Jowett, with his physical system almost hopelessly shattered, was compelled to return home.

The Anniversary Meetings of the Union were being held this year, 1862, at Providence, R. I. For the third time, the question of abandoning the Mission was under debate, but Mr. Jowett was there to plead for the cause he so dearly loved, and in most emphatic terms he avowed his determination never to give it up. The Lone Star Mission was to him precious beyond expression. With the vision of faith he beheld a day breaking for the millions of that benighted people.

The confidence, courage and faith of such a tried man as Mr. Jowett, were not to be treated lightly, and could not be overthrown by a policy of expediency. It was resolved "To return Mr. Jowett, if his health permit, and to send a helper with him."

And now the day was breaking; that remarkable prayer meeting on the hill of Ongole, held by three believing souls, was not forgotten by Him who answers prayer; the blessing, after 12 years, was about to descend. The Lord raised up a helper in the person of Mr. Clough, who, specially designated as the "Missionary to Ongole," arrived at Nellore, in company with Mr. Jowett, 1865.

Early in the year 1866 Mr. Clough made his first visit to his appointed station, and on the 1st Jan. 1867, a Church of 8 souls was organized in Ongole. This little one was destined to become a thousand. In 1874 it was the largest Baptist Church in the world, numbering about three thousand three hundred souls.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH gave first of her morsel of bread to the prophet of the Lord, and then the blessing came. Even in dark times let the feeblest Church of God have the same faith and do after the same manner, and blessing and supply will surely follow.

The Work of the Lord at Ongole.

Mr. Clough writes, Sept. 17th:

"The total number baptized up to date, since June 15, is 9,147. Is this too large a blessing? Is it not what you have been praying for? Are the converts unacceptable, because so many? Are we not after all the Telooqos? We—my native preachers and myself—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in preaching the gospel. We baptize those only whom we have reason to believe he has regenerated. How can we do otherwise? The converts are not the rich high-caste Hindoos, but are weavers, cobblers, tanners, farm-laborers, etc.; and are mostly of the Madaga and Mala castes. About two thousand are small farmers, and own about six acres of land each, on an average. With common elementary education for the mass of converts, added to their Christianity, they will be, in a few years, largely the bone and sinew of this part of the Telooqoo country. They cannot help us much now, but will generally do all they can. The clamor for preachers and teachers for the four hundred villages is excruciating. The twenty-two preachers of last year are at work. The graduates from the seminary are at work. The old village schools are all revived, and are flourishing. Several lay preachers, or "lights of the jungle," as I call them, have been set to work to help us hold the position and press out our pickets. These are now out one hundred miles to the west, and seventy miles north.

Our old normal school is again in operation, with forty-seven men and large youth, fifty women and girls. Four competent teachers are pushing them as fast as possible. Besides these we have a few boys and girls in Mr. Loughridge's school; and seventy-three men and fifty-four women (under God our hope) in the theological seminary at Ramapatam.

As much work should be carried on during the year 1878-79 over this mission field as on ten ordinary mission fields. This is self-evident. God has led us up to this point. He points ahead. Thousands of converts now await baptism. We must advance along the line, and keep the old camp-fires burning also. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Sound this grand old motto out over the land until every sleeping Baptist is not only awake, but at work.

[The Canadian mission field is immediately to the north of Mr. Clough's. The effects of this wonderful work of grace must extend to all the adjacent districts; only let us faithfully and earnestly sustain our missionaries with our prayers, and money for their work, and we too shall have a blessing. Ed.]

Ramapatam.

From Bro. Timpany's former station Mr. Newhall writes as follows to the A. B. M. Union:—

Sunday w/s collection-day. We spent the entire morning service in this exercise. * * * * *

At my suggestion, that, even in their famine times, they ought to do all they can to help themselves, the church took a vote that hereafter every member who comes in to the station at the bi-monthly meeting shall bring some kind of offering to the Lord, if it is only one "pie," or one single grain of rice. A failure to do this lays the person liable to discipline. I believe this vote means something more than empty words.

Wednesday evening we had a meeting, the results of which I know you will be glad to know. This Ramapatam church has never had a pastor. Ezra Keller has, for a few years, been serving as station-preacher, but he is now in Ongole. Lately Newton White, one of the seminary graduates of last May, has been serving the church with so much acceptance, that, on the evening just mentioned, they voted to invite him to become their pastor, to be ordained the 1st of next September; his salary, Rs. 8 per month, to be paid from the first of the present July.

You will observe that the church has thus become self-supporting.—the first, I believe, in all our Telooqoo mission.

Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks who read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Do any of you know what a famine means? If we had no rain for many months, the ground would become hard. Our farmers might plant wheat and corn, but the seeds would not grow. When the harvest time came there would be no grain to reap. Very soon it would be hard to get food, and many little boys and girls would go to bed hungry. That is the way a famine begins, and then people starve to death. A little while ago there was a great famine in India. Hundreds of mothers saw their little children crying for bread, and had none to give them. Strong men grew weak and pale and thin, and many people died of hunger. Then the news came to our land that a whole nation was starving for food. God had given us good harvests that year, and our barns were full of grain. So when we heard of the heathen dying in that far-off land, we sent help over the ocean to buy food for them. This famine did not last long; but a worse one is in India now. It has lasted for hundreds of years. One year ago these people were dying for want of bread to feed their bodies; but their souls have been starving all their lives. Our souls need food just as much as our bodies, and we cannot have eternal life unless they are fed. Jesus says, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." This is the food that our souls need, and the heathen in India are starving because they never heard about Jesus. Let us pray that God will put it into the hearts of our people to send more men and women to tell them the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Then let us give all the money we can to help this work. That is one way in which our prayer will be answered. God works through His people, even by boys and girls. They may be "fellow-helpers" with the missionaries. Every copper we give helps to send tidings of Jesus, the Bread of Life, to these people whose souls are starving. Did you ever think that God sees each copper you give? He can read in your heart the feeling that led you to give it.

We are going to have a "Thanks-giving Day." People all over the land will thank God for all the blessings of the past year. Have you anything to thank God for? Your home, your friends, food and clothes, health to enjoy these blessings, but most of all for His great Gift. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

May our hearts be given to this dear Saviour as a thank-offering.

SISTER BELLE.

Brantford, Nov. 17th, 1877.

CHINA! VAST CHINA!—At the recent Conference on Missions held in Shanghai, Rev. Dr. Williamson observed,—"That each province in China is as large as Great Britain; so that China proper may be compared to eighteen Great Britains, placed side by side. But when we include Mongolia, Manchuria, Tibet, and other dependencies, we find that the vermilion pencil lays down the law for a territory as large as Europe, and about one-third more.

The Church of God, all the world over, has long prayed for the opening of China. God has more than answered our prayers. The evangelization of the empire is now thrown upon this generation. The Church must either accept the responsibility, or answer for it.

IN A WILD FOREST OF NORTH AMERICA a missionary was preaching to the Red Indians on "Christ Jesus and Him crucified." The motley group felt the power and influence of the truth, and they began to weep. Presently a tall-son of the forest, with tears on his cheeks, asked, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to

give Jesus, the white man take them away; Me give Him my dog and my rifle." He was told that the Lord Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian he got no more to give, he give Jesus all." The Red Indian bent his head in sorrow, meditated, then raised his head once again and said, "Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him? A thrill of joy ran through the souls of the missionary and the people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat in his right mind at the feet of Jesus.—*Illus. Miss News.*

NO NEW HEATHEN TEMPLES!—At a recent Missionary anniversary the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst said:—"In my travels round the world I saw not one single new heathen temple. All the pagan worship I saw was in old dilapidated temples." Not very long ago there were 100,000 idol-gods in Raratonga; but a young man from Raratonga visiting the British Museum, has since seen among the wonders there the first Raratongan idol his eyes ever beheld. He was born and had lived nineteen years in Raratonga without ever seeing an idol, so clean a sweep had the Gospel made. In India 77,000 persons profess the Christian faith in connection with the Church Missionary Society. Lord Lawrence said:—"The Missionaries have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined." Sir Bartle Frere said:—"They are working changes more extraordinary than anything ever witnessed in modern Europe." A Missionary among 10,000 Fijians said:—"I do not know of a single house in which there is not family worship." A recent Turkish newspaper says:—"Thirty years ago there were 50,000 Mussulmans on the island of Cyprus: now there are hardly 20,000."

BAPTIST MISSION TO AFRICA.—THE ENGLISH BAPTISTS are sending out two Missionaries, Revs. T. L. Johnson and W. Richardson, to Africa, to preach the Gospel in that dark, benighted land. Farewell services were held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle under the presidency of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who, in an earnest speech, introduced the Missionaries, when the latter discoursed earnestly to a large congregation on the great work of their mission in Africa.

Africa is a great field, calling for earnest and faithful heralds of the Cross, to proclaim the blessings of the great Salvation.—*Christian Visitor.*

THE WONDERFUL LIBERALITY OF CHRISTIANS in Europe, America, China, and elsewhere, has greatly affected the Chinese mind. The self-sacrificing spirit of the missionaries in going into the famine-stricken districts, where fever and pestilence abound, as dispensers of the funds, has still more astonished them, especially when they have learned that a number have lost their lives in the attempt. One of the highest Chinese officials publicly declared that the religion of Jesus must exert a powerful influence on the hearts of its followers when it led them to give even their lives in endeavouring to save the people of China. A native Chinese paper of Shanghai, that has hitherto opposed missionary effort, closes a most laudatory article with these words:—"Let us, then, cherish a grateful admiration for the charity and wide benevolence of the missionary, whose sacrifice of self, and love towards mankind, can be carried out with earnestness like this. Let us applaud, too, the mysterious efficacy and activity of the doctrine of Jesus of which we have these proofs. We record the same in writing for the information of all noble-minded men 'within the seas.'—*Advocate of Missions.*

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT seems to be alive in the coloured Baptist churches. In Virginia they are preparing to send a missionary to Africa, and will soon accomplish their purpose. In South Carolina there are sixty-seven coloured societies, which aid the Educational, Missionary and Sunday-school convention of that State. Each member of these societies contributes four cents a week. *Christian Visitor.*

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Texts.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me. Endure hardness as good soldiers, &c. Let your light shine. Undertake all the everlasting arms. Go ye into all the world and preach, &c. Unto the upright there ariseth light, &c. Stand therefore, having your loins girt, &c.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father of our Lord Enthroned above the skies, Let endless praises from our lips Unto His seat arise.

PRAYER.

Give wisdom, Lord, and grace, and zeal; O bend our will to Thine, Own all our efforts in Thy work Shine on them, JESUS, shine.

Montreal.

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