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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. V., No. 11.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2.] JULY, 1883.

For the LINK.

Room for my Saviour.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

Room for my Saviour here,
Heart, open wide thy door!
Hence, unbelief, and doubt, and fear,
Hence, and return no more!

Room for my Saviour, heart,
Wide, wide thy portals fling!
Let each unhallowed guest depart,
Nor dare disturb my King!

Now enter, gracious Lord,
If thou canst stoop so low,
Enter, and bid each guest abhorred
Forth from thy temple go.

Enter, and keep thy feast,
And let me feast with thee;
For on thy sacred pledge I rest,
That thou wilt sup with me.

No crumb have I, my Lord,—
The feast must all be thine,
Thine the rich viands of the board,
And thine the hallowed wine.

And I shall feast with thee,
And thou with me to-day;
And e'en at eventide, with me
Thou wilt prolong thy stay!

Nor yet at eventide,
Wilt thou from me depart:
Eternity shall not divide
My Saviour from my heart.

Room for the Lord, my heart,
Wide, wide thy portals fling!—
He enters, never to depart,
My Saviour and my King!

Ingersoll, 20th May, 1883.

No Link for August.

There will be no issue of the LINK next month, the managers, encouraged by the kindness of their friends last year, having again decided to take a holiday. With the present number, therefore, the fifth volume closes.

Once more it is the privilege of the managers to record with the deepest gratitude to God, a year of continued usefulness and financial prosperity; and while again returning thanks to those whole-hearted mission workers whose active assistance has contributed so very materially to the success of the paper, they at the same time most earnestly solicit a continuance of their interest and co-operation.

As has been stated before, the LINK is a labor of love. Its publication was undertaken in the MASTER'S name and for HIS sake, and all the profits are given to the Foreign Mission work.

The Boxes.

Friday, the 20th April, Mrs. McLaurin and I went down to Cocanada to the opening of the home boxes. It was the first week of our vacation, and our minds were at ease, so we enjoyed the occasion thoroughly. I need not particularize. Many old, trusted and loved names appeared. They recalled many scenes, both pleasing and sad.

Some new names appeared, but names which will be new no more. It would be inside the mark to affect indifference to the material value of those love-tokens. Their value is very tangible this hot weather, especially fruits and vegetables. As tokens of loving interest in the Mission and the missionaries, we prize them highly. Where gifts were specially designated, they will of course be specially acknowledged. Will all the friends who contributed to the boxes, and especially those who have continued to do so for years, accept our heartfelt thanks for their kind thoughtfulness. May God verify to them his own word, "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

JOHN McLAURIN.

Samulcotta, May 2nd, 1883.

Hindu Child-Marriage, and Memorials to the Queen.

At the recent General Decennial Missionary Conference in Calcutta, Mrs. Etherington, of the Baptist Missionary Society, Benares, spoke, during the session allotted to Women's Work, of child-marriage, in the following terms:

"The chief hindrance to our work arises from the customs of this country, and the worst of these, beyond all comparison, is the marriage of children. That blight and curse the Government could have put down as easily as it did infanticide, *suttee*, the exposure of the sick to die, *charakpooja* of Bengal, and the crushing of men under the wheels of Juggernaut. *Suttee* destroyed its thousands, but this destroys its ten thousands. The other practices affected men; the victims of this are women and children.

"Those of us who have enquired into the social condition of the women of India and who have had ample opportunities for learning how the health, happiness and general well-being of the people are affected by this custom, must know that of all the evils which ignorance, vice and tyranny have combined to lay upon the weak and helpless, this is, without exception, the worst. It is, in all but the name, slavery in one of its most degrading forms—of woman to man. I say deliberately that I am aware of nothing in the condition of woman in any age or nation that is worse than it. The plea that religion is so mixed up with it that to seek its removal by legislation would be unjust and impolitic, is hardly worth serious consideration. The people themselves do not thus think

or speak of it. Tens of thousands of the better classes would be grateful for a law that would tend to destroy the evil. A native writer in a recent article declares that the only determined objection to legislation with regard to this matter would come from the Brahmans, who now reap large harvests from the marriage customs of the people.

"There are twenty-one millions of widows in India, and half of them were never wives. Some of these widows have said to me, 'Your Government stopped our burning ourselves with the bodies of our husbands, and we are now left without a remedy.' Is it any wonder that many of them take their lives in despair, and that a still larger number seek refuge from a life of suffering in a life of sin?"

"We are blessed with a Viceroy who fears God and seeks to do justice to man. Will he close his ear to your appeal on behalf of woman? To save the millions of India's daughters from the cruelties of child-marriage, and from what child-widowhood means here, will add more lustre to his rule than any system of local self-government or mass-education can shed upon it. How can men govern themselves who have not yet given freedom to their women? I appeal to this great Conference to resolve to do something to attempt the removal of one of the greatest wrongs that woman has suffered at the hands of man. Quit you like men. I plead on behalf of twenty millions of helpless widows, and of millions of suffering wives and children, and in His name who said, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'"

The *Indian Evangelical Review*, published in Calcutta, speaking of the addresses of the lady missionaries, in an article reviewing the proceedings of the Conference, says:

"It would be invidious to make any distinctions where all deserved such high praise, but as Mrs. Etherington touched most emphatically some burning questions, her eloquent appeal excited the most general interest, and called forth most comment outside the missionary circle. Also, though not the origin, her speech was yet the occasion of one of the most practical results of the Conference, and led to definite and united steps in reference to child-marriage. A memorial is in process of circulation, and an executive committee appointed, of which one object is to form a general association to advocate the abolition of child-marriage."

The Women's Missionary Societies in England and Scotland have already taken up the work, and are sending in memorials to Her Majesty, praying her to do what she can to abolish this great evil. In the United States the women of the different denominations are also moving in the matter. A memorial is in course of preparation for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. And, as will be seen by the report of the meeting of the "Brant Associational Society," the Baptist women of Ontario are not one whit behind in their desire to see the poor little girls of India delivered from the slavery of this cruel custom.

It is expected that at the next meeting of the Ontario Central Board, to be held on Friday, July 13th, a form of memorial will be ready to submit for approval. If adopted, the necessary steps will be at once taken for its signature and presentation to the Empress of India.

Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble.—
Dr. Williams

If sin was better known, Christ would be better thought of.—*Mason*

The One Great Missionary Society.

This is the universal Church of Christ—an aggregation of all the churches by whatsoever name they are called. She was constituted one great missionary society by the parting commission of her Divine Founder when he bade His followers "Go and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Just so far as the Church of Christ is imbued with the missionary spirit is she true to the commands of her Divine Master, and just in that same degree is she prosperous. When she ceases to be a missionary church she will cease to make any impression upon the world, and will be to all intents and purposes a dead church. Every Christian is called to cultivate a missionary spirit just as much as the missionary who leaves home and all the surroundings of Christianity and civilization for the work in a heathen field. It is not necessary that we should all become ministers and preachers of the Gospel in order that we may become missionaries. We can do it, still continuing to occupy all the variety of stations which God in his providence has allotted us. All who love God, all who love their fellowmen, all who have the faith at heart, and all who have their Lord's honor at heart, may be truly missionaries within the limits that His providential work makes possible, though he may never have looked upon the face of a heathen in his life; just as every serious and earnest Christian bears within his heart the spirit of the martyrs, though he may never be called upon to witness his faith with his blood. If we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, if we are happy ourselves in having found forgiveness of sins and joy in the Holy Ghost through the atonement of Christ, we shall have an overmastering impulse to spread the knowledge of this wonderful love of Jesus Christ as broadcast as we can. We shall desire that everybody else shall share the priceless blessing with us. We shall promote missionary enterprise everywhere. We shall bear up with our prayers and means the hands of those who have gone with the Gospel where in the providence of God we are not permitted to go. This missionary spirit is one of the greatest gifts of God to His Church. It makes the Churches practically one: for this one spirit brings all Christians into real oneness, however they may be otherwise separated by denominational partitions. Let every man and woman then, who really knows and loves the Lord Jesus Christ, cultivate the missionary spirit, that they may thereby be the more perfectly conformed to the spirit of that church which Christ came from heaven to earth and gave his life to found.—*Christian at Work.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

1. GIRL'S SCHOOL.—This school is larger in numbers than it has been at any time since it started. There are twenty-seven girls in the girls' quarters, and some others who are helped living with families in the compound. The girls are very much better than they were a year ago. It is nice to see and feel that they have grown in grace and Christian ways. Nearly all the girls are Christians; three of them are now candidates for baptism, perhaps two of them will be baptized next Sabbath.

There is not one of the old girls of this school who is not now a member of the church. You would hunt a long while to find a young ladies' school at home of which as much could be said.

The latter part of March I made a preaching tour on the boat *Canadian*, and took eleven of the girls with me. The first day out we picked up an old school girl who had been out of the school for one year and a half. She came back to school and was baptized the first Sabbath after our return. The girls on this tour were a joy and delight to me. I could not help noticing the evident growth of the most of them in Christian character. They gave no trouble or anxiety; were always ready to go to the villages with me to sing and talk, and were deeply interested in the work. Multitudes of people heard the truth. Of these many were women. They were attracted of course by seeing their own sex in the company.

The church here has taken up the work of caring for itself, mostly, financially. The girls have no money of their own to give, so without saying anything to me, they commenced to take out *one day's food in seven*, that they might not be lacking in benevolence. I, after a while, interfered, and now they take out *one-tenth* of each day's food (rice). They get rice in the husk. There is a good deal of work involved in making this ready for cooking. The outside husk is simply chaff and good for nothing. The inner husk is a kind of bran, which is good to mix with the grain given to the cows. This bran the girls sell to Mrs. Timpany. The money realized they give in the church contributions. As soon as their cooking is done, they quench the fire with water so as to save the coals. These they sell also to Mrs. Timpany for charcoal. The proceeds go as above. I mention these things to show you that the girls are being educated in more things than reading and writing.

Some time ago I fenced in their yard and gave them some native hoes. They say they are going to try to raise some flowers and native vegetables. They tried to do this a year ago, but the cattle destroyed everything. Some cocoanut trees planted out there they carefully water every day, carrying two pots of water over 40 rods to water each tree.

The first thing heard of a morning, just at break of day, in the compound, is a morning hymn sung by these dear girls, and often the last thing heard at night may be their evening song.

2. SCHOOLS.—We have a nice school of 40 scholars in Jugganaikapoor, taught by a Christian teacher, who was formerly a *caste* man. Then we have another school in a village a mile or less northeast of this. In different places in the district, there are nine other schools. The main object of all these is to spread Christianity. So, as a rule, we do not have a school very long in a place before some come to Christ, as the *direct* result of this work.

3. BAPTISMS.—We have had already this year nearly as many as we had all last year. The most of these have been a real accession of strength to the church.

4. INTEREST ON THE FIELD.—I have no doubt that there is a more wide-spread general interest on the field than at any time since I came to it.

To me the work seems glorious, not only in what is done, but particularly in what we know is coming. The stone cut-out of the mountain without hands, is filling the whole earth. It is filling India, and the Telugu country will not be passed over. Never, at any time of my life, was life dearer to me for my work's sake than

now, for the harvest time is come. Satan and all wicked angels and men cannot keep back the car of salvation.

5. THE ENGLISH WORK.—The English work in connection with this mission has been a great anxiety and care to me. I finally concluded we could not abandon it. As we evangelized the native people, we could not afford to have our English people go into a kind of heathenism, or into Roman Catholicism, so we have held on to the work, and tried to enlarge and strengthen it. Within a year this work has cost me personally more than *one thousand rupees*. The place in Jugganaikapoor is paid for; net cost, Rs. 2,700. The English Baptist Church and work are a real help now to our Telugu work. They exert an influence, which is growing, on the side of a pure living Christianity. We are now trying to start a school, which will cost about Rs. 60 a month. I can hardly tell how it will be provided for. But if it be according to the will of God, it will be met in some way. This is a wicked seaport, and growing fast into a great city. Those who have the English work will eventually have the native work also.

6. THE WORK AT HOME.—Hold the ropes! We are getting hold of the jewels in the mine!!

I have very little anxiety about the woman's part of the work: you have organization. But I am anxious, very anxious, about the general society. We cannot hold up here now, it would be ruin. After some years, when the work in some places has become self-sustaining, it would not be so bad. But for the present the war supplies must come from home. May God open the hearts of our people at home to supply our wants. We are only playing at missions yet—only think, 30,000 Baptists give \$10,000: 33½ cts. each for spreading the gospel among the heathen! Oh, it makes my soul sad when I think of it. How very few there are who know why Christ their Saviour keeps them in the world,—still, the dawn of a better day comes on apace.

A. V. TIMPANY.

May 9th, 1883.

News from Akidu.

Last year I sent an account of my April tour; then I visited the villages north of Akidu. This year I visited the villages to the south-west. I travelled with my tent. The first night we stopped at a village six miles west of Akidu, and on the edge of Colair Lake. A great many heard the truth; I counted about twenty-five women among those who were listening at one time. We have only two or three members there, but many more must come out soon. The second night we were at a village about eight miles further south. The third night we moved on to Peyyairu, where fifty-three were baptized in November, 1881. On that occasion, the village head-man, who is a Shudra, told one of my preachers he would give him quite a quantity of rice, if at the end of a year there was one Christian left among the fifty-three baptized. He said they would all be drinking and gambling again before a year was past. The preacher went to him on the occasion of our visit last month, and reminded him of his promise, but he only smiled. The Mala hamlet there has become a Christian hamlet.

From Peyyairu we went to a village where some Madigas were said to be believing. None of that caste had ever been baptized on this field up to that time. Two preachers and some other Christians were with me, and after examining the candidates for baptism, eight were received and baptized by Peter. Strange as it may seem,

there is often a great deal of caste feeling among Christians from the Mala and Madiga castes, and yet people of both these castes are considered out-castes by Brahmins and Shudras. The preachers and others who were with me ate the food prepared by the Madigas, and thus proved their sincerity in preaching against caste, as of course they do. There are not many madigas in this region, but now that some have come, I trust others will follow them.

I visited about sixteen other villages and returned to Akidu on the 19th April, at 11 p.m.

Two or three weeks ago my students came from Samulcotta for the vacation, and are now at work upon various parts of the field. Last Sunday we had a good many people at our monthly meeting. Eight were received for baptism, and on Monday morning I baptized them in a tank a short distance from the Mission compound. Peter and I have baptized *one hundred and ten* since the beginning of this year. I trust we may have the privilege of baptizing many more before the end of June.

I have started a Girls' Boarding School, but have only five girls in it. At the end of next month the school will be dismissed for vacation, and after the re-opening I shall try to increase the attendance. For various reasons I am not anxious to have many attend at present.

JOHN CRAIG.

Akidu, 10th May, 1883.

Bobbili.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE AND WORK.

A young Brahmin came to see me last week, and told me that his grandfather was very anxious to see me. I promised to go, so started yesterday afternoon to fulfil my promise. Going along, I said to Siamma, "We will read the story of the Prodigal Son, and get the old man to listen, if possible, instead of allowing him to talk about his Shasters and his great learning, as he always wishes to do."

When we came in front of the house, I saw there was a pandall up and bunches of leaves tied and hanging down from it, as they always have at the time of weddings. There was nobody to be seen, so Siamma said she would go and ask if she might go in. But before she reached the house, the young man who had invited me came rushing out, and said his grandfather had gone away to some village, to the marriage of one of his grandsons (a little boy of course). I asked if there were any women in the house. He said "No; all had gone to the marriage." But I replied, "Your aunt, the widow, has not gone, has she?"—for widows are not allowed to go to weddings. "Oh no; she is in the house," he said. "Well, I will go and see her," and down I got from the carriage without waiting for any words of dissent. The aunt welcomed me with a smile, and motioned me to a seat on the verandah. After talking a little and asking her if there were no more women in the house, she called others, till eight sat down in the hall. By this time, also, a crowd had gathered outside, women and children, in all about fifty. We sang a Telugu hymn giving the history of Christ, which Siamma explained, I adding a sentence occasionally, and helping her along to the crowning act, His dying for us, while their attention was fixed. The women inside, and a number outside, listened very attentively, making their comments as we proceeded, especially when we told of His miracles, and I felt that the

Lord had chosen the day for us, when there were no men present to interrupt. After praying with them, and asking the Lord's blessing on the words of truth spoken, we asked if we should come again. They all said, "Come," so promising that we would, we took leave, and drove on into another Brahmin street, to see a woman whose husband had come for me nearly a fortnight previously, and taken me to his house, to see if I could do anything for her.

This time we found her sitting out on the verandah, looking very weak. A woman not out of her teens, I suppose, and this was her third child. Until she had had her bath on the seventh day, not one of her relatives would go into her room or do anything for her; they allow an old woman of a lower caste to go in and do some things, but almost everything for herself and child she has had to do herself. On the eleventh day, if that be a good day, she will take a second bath, some holy Brahmin will come, perform some muntrums over some water, give her some to drink, sprinkle some around the room, and name the babe. Then both she and the child are considered clean, and her friends can go into her room, and she can go into the other rooms of the house.

One day last week her people sent for me again, saying some bad symptoms had appeared, and they wanted me to come and see her. My own babe was ill, and I could not leave him. I told the messenger what to do for her; but feeling anxious, I took Siamma and went down in the evening. I found her alone in her room and the babe crying lustily in her arms. I told her she must put the babe down, or I could not do anything for her. After a great deal of talk and waiting, an old, old woman of a lower caste came poking in, leaving her cloth at a respectable distance from the woman and child and us, and at last got the babe in her arms and quieted it, while we attended to the mother. Having finished, we asked her if any of her Brahmin friends would come in and wait on her as we had done. She said, "No, not even her own mother would come near her to help her or do anything for her." So we tried to make her see why we were willing to come and do hard things for her; it was the love of Jesus in our hearts. She acknowledged the difference, and yesterday, when we went again, she seemed very glad to see us, and asked us to sit down on the verandah with her. We sat down, far enough away not to touch her, and a crowd gathered round among whom were a number of boys from the Rajah's school, who, when we began to talk, began to interrupt by asking questions. I told them they had many opportunities of asking questions—they could come up to our house for this purpose if they wished; but the women had few opportunities of hearing us and it was to them I wished to talk to day, if they would kindly stand a little farther back. Then I turned to the women and said, "I had joy and peace in my heart, and I was very anxious that they should enjoy the same, and if they would listen we would tell them how they might get it." This woman and another, her husband's sister, and some girls, listened very attentively, seeming to drink in every word. Among the latter were some I had had in my school when I first opened it here, four years ago. One of these came and stood quite close to me, and I asked her to sing with us a hymn I had taught her at that time. She sang it all through with us, giving me great pleasure by so doing. I asked her if she could repeat the Ten Commandments she had then learned, but she said she had forgotten them. I had them on a leaflet in my book, and asked her if she would learn them again if I gave it to her. She said she would, and took it, and I hope to hear her recite them when I go again

to that street. One woman, when I called her to come near, said she had on her cooking-cloth and must not go into the crowd lest some one might touch it. A number of women were looking over the mud walls that separated the yards on either side. We asked if they wished us to come and see them. They made some excuse, so we came home, silently praying that the Lord would use His own truth in opening these blind eyes. Will not all who read this offer the same prayer?

On Friday we went over to visit the Yellamas. At the first house there are only three of a family—an old man, a widower; his daughter, who lost her husband a few months ago; and her daughter, also a widow since her childhood. That afternoon another old lady and her daughter, and two children were there, besides two others, which made us a congregation of nine, who sat and listened attentively, except the children; and even they were very much pleased with my pictures; one showing the Prodigal Son while engaged in feeding the swine; and the other, his father embracing him on his return home.

The old lady was very ill a month ago, so ill that I did not think she could recover. For more than a week she could not speak and could scarcely hear anything, but always greeted me with a smile when I went to see her. She was the one who first opened the door to the Yellamas to me, and I have always felt that she *must* be saved. She confesses before them all, seemingly sincerely, that she believes in Jesus and that He is the only Saviour. He only knows how deeply her heart is affected by the truth. One of the women belonged to the second house we visited and went home before us, and we were followed by the other stranger. I had been called to this house when one of the daughters was very ill, some two years ago, and they never forgot my services. This day I had a warm welcome and many enquiries after my little boy, and why I had not visited them for such a long time. Here, too, was a woman waiting for the purifying waters the Brahmin could manufacture, and they seemed quite surprised when Siamma told them that no such purification was ever required by her. They said, "God had commanded it." To this we took exception, and showed them why the Brahmins taught it, as well as a great many other observances at which they must be present, and receive their pay. Here ten women listened to us attentively, and three of them followed us to the next house, where they again listened well to the lesson for the day, and, answering the questions correctly, helped us to teach their sisters who had not heard before. At each of the houses we offered prayer, both to show these women how to pray to the true God, and to ask His blessing on our work. At each house we were invited to come again soon, and I came home feeling that the Lord had surely been with us. We had only been at three houses, but all the women from six houses and a few others had been present, and heard of the way of life that afternoon.

Just as I got home, two Yellama men came to see me. One said he had a sick son at home, his only child, and wanted me to go to see him. The other said, "You cured my son two years ago, and I have brought this man to you that you may go and cure his son." I tried to make them see that it was only God, the true God, who could cure diseases, and that without His blessing on my work I could do nothing; promised to go next day and see his boy, and dismissed them, for another little boy was then waiting for me.

Saturday we went out again, calling at another house on our way. Here had lived and died the husband of the widow we visited the previous day. (She has now gone

home to her father's house.) I had known the man well, as he often came to our house for flowers, etc., and brought me limes which could seldom be bought in bazaars. In talking about him I asked, "Where did he die, in this room?" pointing to one near us. "O no," they said; "he died out there," pointing to a shed, I suppose used for their cattle—a number of posts set into the ground and roofed with grass or leaves; no protection around the sides. "How many days did he lie there before he died?" "Three. When they thought he would die they had him carried out there." For he must not die in the house lest the house should be unlucky afterwards, and all kinds of misfortunes should come to them.

While I was there, there was considerable talk about a piece of cloth, and I asked what it meant. They informed me that this cloth, or *quaka*, had been purchased without asking the Brahmins whether it was a good day or not, and afterwards it proved to have been a bad day. So the cloth was laid aside, and must not be put in with their other cloths till a good day came, on which they might tear off the end and put it away ready for wearing. The woman who bought it had no one to send it with to the Brahmin, to see if this was a good day or not, so had sent it over to these her relatives for some of them to go and enquire for her. We tried to convince them that all days were alike good, but failed. Then I said I could tell her whether this is a good day or not, as well as the Brahmin. She stood irresolute, and her daughter said, "Go along and ask the Brahmin," and by way of apology to us, "All of our people do this way, and we must too." We pointed out to them how that for this service, as well as the innumerable other things in which they were consulted, the Brahmin must receive pay, and for this the custom was insisted. As we came out of the yard we met the woman returning. "Well, is this a good day?" we asked. She replied by rolling up her eyes, shaking her head, and spreading out and twisting her hands in the peculiar manner which always means *No* among these people.

Arrived at the house where the sick child was, we found the father holding him. I asked for the mother, "O, she is in there," he said. "Sick?" I asked. "Yes, a little." Some other person whispered what I already knew, but had forgotten for the moment, "The wife must not be seen in the presence of her husband, or the husband must not see her in the presence of others."

We intended to talk to the women of this house too; but after praying with the father and his child, and administering the remedies we had brought, the black clouds rolling up in the north and west, the muttering thunders, and almost constant flashing of lightning, warned us to return home without delay. This we did, and it was no vain warning, for we were no sooner housed than the storm was upon us in all its fury. First, clouds of dust, preventing us from seeing across our compound, and reminding us of a blustering snow storm at home; then the rain, thunder and lightning, with the wind blowing a gale all the time; lasting till some time after night-fall.

During the dust storm, in looking toward the east, we saw the glare from a burning village, which we at first thought was our own town burning. It must have been a hard time for the poor unfortunates to become houseless and homeless.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

April 20, 1883.

Repentance is the act of a Christian, but weeping is the act of a carnal man.—*Secker*.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

WILL OUR SUBSCRIBERS and those friends who assist in promoting the circulation of the LINK please to remember that the sixth volume will commence with the September number, and that our terms are only twenty-five cents a year, *paid in advance*. By remitting early they will confer a favor upon the managers.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Society of Ontario will be held on the 11th or 12th of October, in the Jarvis St. church, Toronto. It is earnestly hoped that every Circle will be represented by one or more delegates. Should the committee on arrangements find it necessary to make any communication on the subject before the 1st of September, they will do so through the columns of the *Baptist*.

OF \$1931 ACKNOWLEDGED in the *Baptist* by Mr. Daddon, treasurer of the General Society, as having been received from April 19th to June 14th, \$1432 was from the women's Circles of Ontario and Quebec—specially designated money for educational and Zenana purposes. We would like to ask how the Board is to provide for the missionaries' salaries and the other expenses of the Mission, unless the brethren of the churches do their share of the work.

WE TRUST THAT every one who is interested in Mission work will read the article by Rev. S. S. Bates on Woman's Work, published in the *Baptist* of June 28th. Miss Frith is now hard at work learning the language, and a young lady, a resident of Cocanada, is also qualifying for Zenana work. No means will be left untried to win the Telugu women in our mission field to the Lord Jesus Christ.

W. B. F. M. SOCIETY—CONVENTION EAST.

The regular quarterly Board meeting was held on Monday, June 11th. We had the pleasure of receiving two new Circles, Dominionville and Morrisburg, into our Society. A kind invitation having been sent by the Ottawa Circle to hold the annual meeting there, it was decided to do so on the 4th of October. It is hoped that Ottawa will prove a more convenient place to reach than Montreal, and that all the Circles, near as well as those more distant, will send delegates. In consequence of Mrs. McPhail's liberal donation of *one hundred and fifty* dollars we were able to make our last payment on our appropriations and vote beside one hundred dollars to the General Society. We look upon this as a matter for thanksgiving, for it has been made a subject for special prayer that our Society might be able this year to do something more than we felt justified in undertaking, towards the expenses of the Mission. We will require three hundred dollars more before our annual meeting, as we must carry over that balance to make our first payments in December. Do not let us forget that the General Society closed the year with a debt of \$900, and if that is to be made up and they are to close this year out of debt, we all must make an extra effort to see that each church gives a little more than last year. If we will, each in our own circle of friends, do this, it will lift a great burden from the hearts of those who are carrying the responsibility of the finances of our Telugu Mission.

S. BENTLEY, Sec.

THE BRANT ASSOCIATIONAL MEETING.

Our Associational Society has now been organized one year, and it is with great thankfulness we report successful meetings in St. George. Six circles had raised \$393.63; and five Bands \$199.00; total \$592.63; One Circle and two Bands have been organized during the year. Two Circles have failed to report. A very interesting letter from Mrs. McLaurin, on "The Management of Circle Meetings" was read at the afternoon session.

A resolution, approving of a memorial to the Queen, asking that child-marriage be abolished in India, was presented by Mrs. Grant, seconded by Mrs. Tuttle. Mrs. Arnold, who presided, referred to the action taken by the American ladies in this work. It was then approved by standing vote.

The evening meeting was held in the Baptist church, Mrs. Tuttle presiding. Mrs. B. Needham read a paper on "Caste," bringing before us in a very vivid manner the influence it exerts upon the heathen. Rev. J. McEwen followed with "Does it pay?" Facts and figures proving that Foreign Missions do pay. Rev. D. N. Richards' earnest address on "Women's Sphere in Mission Work," encouraged many of the workers present. Collection \$15.00.

ANNA MOYLE, Ass't Sec.

SARNIA, ONT.—Another year of mission work has just ended, and as we look back over it we have great reason to be thankful to our Heavenly Father for His goodness to us. We began the year with a membership of fifty-four, which has increased to sixty-seven, making thirteen new names added to our list of workers. Our meetings were kept up during the year. Although they were better attended and more interesting than ever before, we need to realize more fully the importance of this work. O, that every Christian woman had the cause of missions so much at heart, that she would never cease to work and pray for it; that she would be as many of the meetings as possible. This woman's work for woman is far more important than we think it is; if we could realize the good it is doing in far-off India, we would not work in this half-hearted way, but would give much more of our time and thoughts, as well as our means and prayers to carry it on. Our Circle has raised this year for various objects, \$119. Circle fees, \$53.70; Mission Quilt for Miss Frith, \$32.30; Missionary Social by Mission Band and Circle, proceeds for Home Missions, \$33.00. Our Mission Band is in good working order; it is now in its second year, and our little ones are, we trust, learning to love mission work, and to give their pennies to carry the gospel to their less favoured brothers and sisters in India. Although we cannot tell of great things done, we are very much encouraged; the interest is slowly but steadily growing, and we hope, with our Master's blessing, to do better work this year than we have in the past, knowing that as our day our strength shall be.

KATE WATSON, Sec.

AT THE NEW BRUNSWICK Southern Association the report on Foreign Missions was something new. Instead of repeating what has been published in our papers about the work abroad, it dwelt upon the *Home Work of Foreign Missions*. The Committee reported the amount contributed by churches of the Association, and the names of those that gave nothing to the work! and they gave several recommendations for increasing the interest and contributions of the churches, not in Nova Scotia or other parts of the world, but in the Association itself.—*Christian Messenger*.

Drowning the Baby.

As a missionary was walking by the river Ganges, in India, one day, he noticed a Brahmin woman and her two sons; a beautiful boy of twelve years, and a little baby a few months old, with two female servants going towards the river. By their appearance he knew that the child was to be drowned to please the goddess Gunga. When they reached the principal bathing place four priests came up to them; and when the mother saw them she gave a loud cry and fell senseless to the ground. She was carried by her servants to the water's edge, where there was a great crowd of people. The chief priest then took the lovely babe from his mother's arms, covered its little body with oil, vermilion, and saffron, dressed it in red and yellow muslin, and began to repeat charms over its head.

The priests tried to arouse the mother, who at last opened her eyes. When she remembered what was going on, she sank back, saying:

"Is there nothing that will save my child?"

"No," said the priest, who expected a large sum of money for performing the ceremony; "no. You have vowed to give him up, and you must do it. But the gods want you to be willing to do it. Are you willing? Say so, and let the goddess take her own."

"No, no!" cried the mother, "I am not willing. If I break my vow, I can only be cursed. Let the curse come. I would rather die than do it."

"Yes," said the angry priest, "the curse shall come, but not on you; it shall come on the lad there," pointing to the elder boy, "on the darling of your heart. You shall go home to-morrow, taking your worthless babe with you, it is true, but leaving your noble boy, the hope of your house. Do you still refuse?"

The poor mother could not speak, and the priest added:

"Then wave your hand as a sign that I may throw your babe into the river."

The sign was given; and the child was thrown. One little splash was heard; but the next moment the mother had it safe in her arms once more. Wild with grief she had plunged in and saved it.

"No, no; Gunga shall not have him!" she cried. "I was mad, quite mad, when I made that vow. If it were a daughter, perhaps I could give it up; but I can not see my baby boy drowned before my eyes."

The priest threatened her with still more dreadful things. She was made to say again she was willing; and the priest was just ready to throw the child into the water when his arm was drawn back by the missionary, and he was thrown down by a soldier who was close behind. You know that Queen Victoria is Empress of India as well as Queen of England; and Englishmen have made a law that children shall not be drowned in this way. When the missionary found what was going on, he went in great haste for some soldiers to stop the priest, and arrived just in time to save the baby's life.

The frightened priest got away as well as he could, the crowd fled after him, and the missionary, the soldiers and the now happy family were left alone. The mother fell at the feet of the missionary crying,

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, sir! You have saved my darling. You have made my mother's heart rejoice. Oh, how could I have lived without my baby! I can do nothing for you, sir, but the God of the universe will reward you. I will always pray to our gods to send you their blessings."

Relieved and happy, the mother said to her servants: "Come, Dasee and Tara, let us go to our boats and leave this dreadful place. The gods grant that I may never see it again!"

Since the gospel has been carried to India, these things very seldom happen: and if all Christian people would do what they could to send missionaries there, the time would soon come when they would never happen. What can you do?

To the Boys and Girls who Read the Link.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Do you remember a piece in the LINK last August, by E. E. McConnell, asking each one of you to dry one cup full of fruit, or corn, to send to our missionaries in India. Well, I am just going to tell you what a little boy named Tommy Wilson (who lives in Brussels, twelve miles from Wingham) did, when he read it. He thought how easy it would be for him to try this plan, so he began and dried a nice little bag full of sweet corn and fruit. His mamma was very glad to think that God had put it in the heart of her little son (nobody told him) to do what he could to aid the missionaries, but there being no Baptist church or Mission Band in Brussels, she began to wonder how she could send Tommy's productions, and wrote to a friend in Wingham to see if we were going to send any. We replied, "Yes, we will try." We were just about organizing a Mission Band at the time, and at our first meeting we told the Band about Tommy and his dried fruit, and what do you think, we found that other little boys and girls had some already sewed up in little bags, but did not know how to get them sent away. Others followed, and when Tommy's parcel came, we had a large biscuit box full, which was forwarded to A. A. Ayer, Esq., of Montreal, for India.

Now will you not try and do what you can this summer, during the fruit season, while enjoying your summer holidays? and if you have no Mission Band, ask your S. S. teachers to help you organize one, or send to the nearest Mission Band, which will be glad to aid you. I must not forget to tell you that this little boy is a member of our Band, although so far away, but we sometimes send him a nice little letter to tell him all about it.

K. M. FISHER.

Wingham, Ont., June, 1883.

DURING the last illness of the late Maharajah of Travancore, a most singular ceremony was performed, which bears some resemblance to the Jewish institution of the scapegoat. A man was found willing, for 10,000 rupees, to bear the Maharajah's sins. He was brought into the royal presence, and after the Brahmins had performed certain ceremonies over him, the sick man tenderly embraced him. Then he was led out of the country of Travancore into the Tinnevely district with a charge never to return.

If you desire to be great and good and efficient in God's cause, or in any good work, make the most of the capital in hand. Develop and train and prune yourself. The glory of manhood is its royal kingship over the realm of self. Make the kingdom of your own soul glorious, and real greatness will come to you.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—You know we Baptists have no stated creed, as some other churches have; but I am going to copy a missionary creed for you to learn:

We believe in God the Father, His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit; the three, one God.

We believe the heathen will be lost without a knowledge of Christ.

We believe it is our duty to tell them of the plan of salvation that God has provided through the death of His Son.

We therefore engage to send them the Bread of Life by the hands of our missionaries.

We engage to pray often for our missionaries.

We engage to do all in our power for the spread of Christ's Gospel in the earth, that His kingdom may come.

Next, I have a little hymn for you to sing at your Mission Band:

Hark! a voice from India stealing:
Children' voices we discern;
Voices sweet and full of feeling,
Such as come from hearts that burn:
"Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorned and hated,
Wooden gods that we could burn,
Unto Him whose word created
Heaven and earth, we fain would turn;
Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn.

"We have heard of one who never
Little children's prayers will spurn;
Guide us to His feet, and ever
Heartfelt thanks will we return.
Come and teach us,
We are young, and we can learn."

And now a recitation, entitled "Only a Penny."

"Mamma, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say,
"And it seems so very little
For me to give away."
"To give away where?" said mamma.
"Why, don't you understand:
I want ever so much money
For our new Mission Band.
"There's a lot of little heathen
In a country far away,
Who don't know hardly anything,
Not even how to pray
As we do here. Their gods, you see,
Are made of stone and wood;
They're taught all kinds of wicked things,
And so they are not good.
"We're going to send them Bibles,
So they'll know the God we do;
And when they read how good He is,
They'll love our Jesus, too.
And then they'll all be happy,"
Said the child, in sweet content;
"But it takes a lot of money,
And I only have one cent.
"If it were but a five-cent piece
It would not look so small;
But it seems as if a penny
Was not anything at all."

"My dear," said mamma, quietly—
A smile o'er her features played—
"You say you have only a penny,
But of what are dollars made?"

"Of cents," said the little maiden.
"Then, darling, don't you see
That if there were no pennies,
There would no dollars be?
Suppose that every little girl
Should say as you have done,
'A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help anyone,'

"How many Bibles do you think
Your hand would send away?—
So don't despise the pennies,
But save them day by day,
And soon you'll find you have enough
For what you want to do,
For in saving up the pennies,
You save the dollars, too."

Do any of you remember that our first copy of the LINK was printed on July 1st. 1878? So this dear little paper that we love, and that does us good month by month, is five years old. My "boys and girls" have grown in number (and stature too) since the first LINK visited their homes. Our good editor will say, "Always room for more names in the list of subscribers." Perhaps some of you can send a few new names when sending for your own LINK for next year. It will help the cause we love.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

W. B. F. M. CONVENTION EAST.

Receipts from March 18 to June 22, '83.

Mrs. McPhail (Ottawa), \$150.00; Perth, \$10.00; St. Andrew's, \$13.00; Children's Mission Band (First Baptist Church, Montreal), \$8.00; Mrs. McLaren (First Baptist Church, Montreal), \$2.00; Olivet Mission Circle, \$18.18; Cornwall, \$6.00; Metcalf, \$7.00. Total, \$214.18.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

M. A. SMITH, Treas.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from May 27th to June 28th, 1883.

Uxbridge, \$6.80; Peterborough, \$14.60; Parliament St., \$9; Lemonville, \$6; London (Talbot St.) Mission Circle, \$16.25; do. collection at lecture by Rev. S. Bates, \$35; do. Mission Band, to support a student at Samulcoita, \$2.85; St. George (Mission Circle), \$10.83; do. (Mission Quilt), \$20.30; Brant Associational Society held in St. George, \$16; Aylmer, \$5.25; Jarvis St., \$5.80; Ailsa Craig, \$5; Cheltenham, \$5; Delhi, \$19; Paris (Mission Circle), \$13.77; do. (Mission Band, for Nancy), \$4.23; do. to make Mrs. Arnold a life member, \$25; Beverley St., \$23; Goble's Corners (Mission Circle), \$8.04; do. (Mission Band), \$3.26; do. (sale of photographs), 95c.; Mrs. Wm. Blake (Kimball P. O.), \$1. Total, \$256.93.

MRS. W. H. ELLIOTT,

267 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

Trea.

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