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Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

VOL. I., No. 6.]

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

[FEBRUARY, 1879.]

The Canadian Missionary Link.

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A Cyclone at Cocanada.

FOR THIS LINK.

Monday, the 4th November, was a cloudy day, with some rain in the afternoon; the following night gave us a cool breeze from the north-west; and we noticed through that night and on Tuesday morning that the sea roared very loudly. I suppose this was owing partly to the peculiar state of the air. The wind which had made the temperature pleasant for sleeping, increased about half-past six in the evening to somewhat of a gale, and rain began to fall about eight o'clock; the weather was such as sailors call "dirty weather;" rain was falling heavily and the wind was carrying it along in sheets. At this time and on till noon we felt the chief force of the wind on our doors which open on the back verandah. These doors have shutters in the upper part, and though they were tightly shut, the wind drove the water up between the slats, where it seemed to be boiling or bubbling continually. About nine o'clock a large cork-tree was blown down and fell right across the front of the flower garden, crushing shrubs and flowers. At the same time the bamboo guards around some small shade trees in the compound began to take their departure, while the poor little trees were in most cases levelled with the ground. Meanwhile the deluge of rain had put a great part of the compound under water. In the midst of all this the postman came, bringing our letters and papers from Canada and England. The Montreal Witness that came that day gave an account of a great storm in Toronto. . . . When I went to the front verandah again it seemed very light, but I did not observe at first that this was owing to the absence of several shade trees, which had stood in front of the house. Two more good-sized cork-trees had gone down, while others had lost many of their branches. About this time, one o'clock, there was a lull in the storm, and some of the schoolboys and others were sent to gather up the guards which had been round the small trees. They did so and very sensibly piled them where the wind could have full sweep at them, consequently they were afterwards seen rolling at a great rate across the compound. Before speaking of the storm after the lull, I must add one other result during the forenoon. On each side of the house at the back is a small attached building, used for storing boxes, grain, etc. The north-west wind blew so hard on one of these that a whole side fell in, followed by the roof. As this building was constructed of solid brick-work, its fall will give some idea of the force of the wind.

At one time during the forenoon I noticed that the clouds were travelling almost directly south,

showing that the wind was due north, but soon after the lull of which I have spoken, a perfect hurricane started up from the west, and worked round to the south-west. The rain also fell more heavily than ever, and looked just like drifting snow, as the wind swept it along. All this time the roar was so loud that we could not hear the breaking of trees unless they were quite near the house. . . . In the midst of this awful scene two men came to ask shelter for their relatives. It was five o'clock before the cyclone abated sensibly, and about 5.45 I went out to see the destruction it had wrought.

The garden in front of our own house was a scene of desolation. There was hardly a tree standing, where there had been nearly a dozen. One poor cork-tree was alone left of the high trees, and it was so bare of branches and leaves that it looked more like a pole or a mast than a tree. Many in other parts of the compound had lost their largest and best branches, while one large cotton-tree, near the south-west corner of the house had lost not only its branches, but about eight feet of the top. I never saw such a ragged-looking lot of trees as the cyclone had left us. As I proceeded on my walk I met a gentleman who told me that the wind had blown some of his doors right in, while the stables and sheds had been brought to the ground. While we were talking, about a dozen natives came running into the town; they were on their way back from Samulcota, a town about ten miles inland, to which they had fled in the morning fearing that the sea would come up and destroy this town. I was told that hundreds left Cocanada that day. The awful catastrophe that visited Masulapatam some years ago has never been forgotten, and the mention of a cyclone fills the natives' minds with fear.

I walked through the bazaar and as far as the bridge, beneath which the water in the river or canal was swiftly rushing. Some of the canal banks had burst during the day, and no less than twenty or twenty-five canal boats had been carried out to sea. . . . On my way home I counted about thirty-two trees blown down. A great many native houses were unroofed, and in some cases quite ruined.

The ships lying out in the deep water near here were not injured, but at Vizagapatam, two ships, one French, the other English, were wrecked, and both the captains and most of their crews lost. Mr. McLaurin was out on the canals in his boat at the time; we were anxious about him and his companions, but this morning were privileged to welcome him back.

Mr. Currie writes from Tuni, that though they suffered some inconvenience from the storm, and had to leave their little bungalow, they were back again in a day or two, and found that a few rupees covered all damages.

Though many natives have lost their lives, and much property has been destroyed, yet we cannot help being thankful that the results of the cyclone of Nov. 5th, 1878, were not worse than they really are.

12th Nov., 1878.

JOHN CRAIG.

THE SINNER utterly unable to save himself can be wholly saved by the Redeemer.

Zenana Work.

In a recent number of the *Edinburgh Daily Review* Mr. J. Murray, Mitchell of Oban, gives some interesting particulars of the life and work of the late Rev. John Cooper, a distinguished missionary of the Scottish Missionary Society. He says:

"It would be in many ways instructive to compare India as it was when Mr. Cooper proceeded to it in 1823, and India as it is in 1878. The intervening period, spanned by the life of a single man, has been full of changes, political, social, and religious. It is quite possible that, when the Scottish missionaries first landed on the shores of India, they anticipated more rapid progress than has actually taken place; but Mr. Cooper was ever ready to acknowledge the magnitude of the revolution that is in progress. The theme is too vast for me to discuss in this note; but let me advert to a single point of difference between the past and present. The Scottish Missionary Society had requested the young missionaries to do their utmost on behalf, not only of the men, but the down-trodden women of India. Female schools were to be set up as soon as possible. When the missionaries reached Bombay, friends received them with all Christian kindness. One of these asked Mr. Cooper the day after his arrival as to the mode in which he and his brethren intended to conduct their operations, and was told in reply the society's strong hope regarding work for the women as one very important item in the programme. The gentleman was thunderstruck; he protested that the thing was utterly hopeless. "Really," said he, "it proves that those who sent you here know nothing about India. Not a girl will attend your schools." The precise words may have escaped me; but such, exactly, was the sentiment expressed by a true friend of missions. Discouraging, certainly; nevertheless, the missionaries and their wives resolved to do their best on behalf of Indian women. Schools for girls were soon set up and bravely carried on amidst many discouragements. But how greatly are matters altered now! In some parts of India, particularly in Madras and Bombay, female schools can be established without difficulty, and over all India the Zenana system, as it is called, can be presented without let or hindrance. The women—half the population of India—formerly almost inaccessible, are quite accessible now. What we want is not an opening of the door, but an open and glowing heart that shall compel us to enter and work for God. We want a whole army of female missionaries. Will not the women of our land respond to the loud call of heaven? And this is but one of the many stupendous changes that have taken place in India in the course of a single life. Like the faithful and honoured man who has just been gathered to his fathers, let us be encouraged by such things. "So fight we, not as one that beateth the air." The battle may be sore; but the victory is sure.

THE WITNESSING CHURCH must witness not only in Judæa, but in Samaria and in the uttermost parts of the earth. We talk of local churches, and for certain purposes they may be rightly so called; but no church can localize its sympathies,

aims, and efforts for mankind. Christ loved the world; and, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. Christ commanded his servants to disciple all nations; and what right have we to call him Lord if we neglect his command, and set at nought his authority? He has promised his Church that he will be with her in this work of discipling all men, till the world shall end. If we fail to evangelize the distant heathen, how can we claim his promised presence? There is something to the purpose in a recent deliverance of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, "that every pastor should present the cause of foreign missions, and ask collections for it, at least once a year, on pain of being regarded as recreant to duty; and that a church refusing to give forfeits the character of a gospel church." The arraignment is pointed, and very solemn; but who shall gainsay it? What less could He who is the faithful and true witness say of those who keep not the word of his testimony?—*Special Paper read at Cleveland Anniversaries.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Tuni.

*Extract from a letter from Mr. Currie to Dr. Cooper, of London, Ont.*

It is a source of no small comfort to know that there are bonds of Christian love uniting us to friends and brethren in the distant West—bonds which distance and time cannot sever—making us all one in Christ Jesus, and the expression of this fraternal fellowship by friends at home is most welcome. Especially to us, since our removal to this station, where we are widely separated from all Christian influences or Christian society, except what we find in or immediately connected with our own household. We are surrounded by the densest heathen darkness. Not another English-speaking family resides in the place; and beyond the range of our few servants and native evangelists, not another Christian household within many miles. But I do not wish to say much about the disadvantages, many though there be, of living at a country station like this,—they are of little account. If our Master honour us with a good measure of success in the work we have undertaken, we shall rejoice to be here, notwithstanding the few privations which we may find it necessary to undergo. As to success, it is scarcely time to expect much as yet, in a place where regular work was commenced only about ten months ago. In heathen communities generally a considerable amount of ploughing and sowing is necessary before much reaping can be done. Yet we have not been without indications of a good work progressing in the hearts of some of the people. A few persons in villages visited lately by my native assistants, have professed to be believers in Christ. One of them has twice come to the mission house to converse with me; and he seems to be sincere. If after waiting a few weeks these men appear to be genuine converts, they will probably be baptized. We have felt very much encouraged by these evidences of a disposition on the part of the people to receive the truth. Still we rejoice with trembling, as we know something about the instability of native character, and the disappointments incident to missionary life.

### Bimlipatam.

We learn from Rev. Dr. Cramp that our missionaries have been so busy lately in superintending the workmen who are erecting houses for them that their letters have been fewer than usual. Bro. Churchill's last (Nov. 11), contains the pleasing statement that two or three men, one of them his English-speaking teacher, (a Brahmin), are about to profess Christ. Let us be thankful for this, and look forward to the shower that will succeed the mercy-drops.—*Chris. Messenger.*

## Cocanada.

### INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

FOR THE LINK.

We have had two copies of the LINK and are very much pleased with it indeed. We all wish a long and useful career for it. I am glad it has made room for itself. I believe it is destined to form a very important link in the chain, which shall yet bind more closely our scattered Canadian missionary forces. I hope the missionaries will not fail you in doing their part to keep up the interest now evident.

If you will, I wish to send you a few notes of my last tour among our Christian villages:—

On the evening of the 25th October, the day of the Hindu feast of *Dheepavali*, the streets were fizzing, and resounding with fire-crackers—the sky seamed with rockets, and the canal brilliant with "lights along the shore," Jennie (a six year old) and I started for the west.

Our first Sunday we spent in *Moramanda*. The village is about a mile from the canal—so we left our boat, and, partly on our feet, and partly on the backs of our boys, made for the village. Why did we get on the boys' backs? They were our ferries across streams, mud-holes and submerged paddy-fields. Sunday we had two good meetings with the Christians, and slept both Saturday and Sunday nights on a native cot under a verandah. The house inside was too close and stifling. Monday we were off again, wind fair, weather beautiful, and everything hopeful for a splendid tour. We reach

*Dowlajheram*.—The boys cook their food on the beach. I get our license for the boat; we pass into the mighty Godavery,—over three miles wide; and try to cross. We go some distance, but the wind falls, the poles won't reach the bottom, and—the current is carrying us over the anicut (dam) twenty feet high! But there are sand-banks in the river, and this is our hope. Four men are stationed with poles ready to push for their lives, should bottom be touched, while another feels for the sand-bank. Slowly we move down—bottom is touched—a mighty spurt—and we are safe at the shore. Here we are detained by a furious storm till Wednesday. While waiting under the shelter of a high cliff, we have leisure to watch the people keeping the feast which is called

*NAGALA SOUTH*.—This is the feast of the *Cobra god*. This venomous reptile, whose bite is *certain death*, generally appropriates for his use deserted white ants' nests. To these the people, mostly women and children, repair on this day, and pour into the large holes of those nests different kinds of fruit, cakes and milk, and ask the god to receive them and be favourable.

Nothing of importance, except that we sailed on Wednesday morning, occurred till Thursday evening, just as we were entering *Colair Lake*. Here one of those cyclonic blasts, so common on these coasts, struck our boat. The sarang or captain did not handle the rudder properly. Poor "Minnie Wilson," crash—bang! down came sails, mast and front of the boat into the seething waters. The natives are all shouting at each other and doing nothing. The missionary turns captain—steps on deck—orders each one to hold his tongue and obey orders—has the anchor cast—the wreckage hauled on board, and then turns carpenter and blacksmith till the damage is repaired.

This is not done till the next morning, and in the meanwhile we pass a stormy, blustering night on the lake. Next day, with a fair wind, we cross the lake to

*GUNANOPUDI*.—This is the home of *Peter and Isaac*. Near by are the Christian villages of *Golvalapilly*, *Komanimudi*, and *Shenkerpud*. Sunday and Monday we spent with the Christians—preaching to large and interested audiences on Sunday. The whole country is covered with water—in many places several feet deep. This we found to our cost when we wanted to send a man to *Ellore*, 12 miles distant, for bread. No one would go—would have to swim half way, they said. But there was higher ground on the way to *Bundar*

(*Masulapatam*). So we sent a man there. He came back on the *third day*! The town was 24 miles distant. But, oh dear, on the way back, as he was sleeping in a village one night, a dog ran away with *four* out of the six loaves of bread he was bringing us. But, bad as this was, we consoled ourselves with the fact that in two or three days we would meet the coolie from *Cocanada* with supplies and letters. Tuesday, the illustrious 5th of November, was the day of the

*CYCLONE*.—We had only a fierce gale where we were. But from the way in which the wind behaved, we feared a Cyclone, but thought it would move east and south of *Cocanada*.

We moored our boat in a tank, under the shelter of a high bank covered with trees—anchored it fore and aft, and threw our sail over the cabin, in which we remained snug all day. Wednesday, crossed an arm of the *Colair Lake* and came to *Asaram*. We preached to the Christians and a good congregation of heathens till late at night. Here we met the provision basket from *Cocanada*. Letters from home—from *Canada*—from brother missionaries—from societies, etc., and papers—*Indian*, *Canadian*, *American* and *English* or *British*, were there; among them the first copy of the LINK. But was there bread in it? Y-e-e-e-s there was bread in it, and *rusts* too—but both were mouldy to the core. Well, well, no more bread till we reach home. But there is rice in the bag and there are chickens in the villages—so we shall get along. Thursday we re-crossed the lake to

*CHINNAMILLIPAUD*.—The readers of the LINK will have some idea of the state of some parts of this country, and the distress of the Christians and others, when I state that the "Minnie Wilson," which drew over two feet of water, sailed over the fields which ought to have been waving with grain,—and that we anchored in the *door-yard* of one of our Christian brethren. There will not be a handful of grain harvested this year in this village. We saw and talked with the Christians—heard their pitiful stories of distress—gave them the little help we could—told them we would tell their misery to you, and forward them all the help you sent them. As we sailed away we listened to the pitiless lap-lap-lap of the waves as they licked away the foundations of their houses. Many houses had already fallen. *Nindrabole*, *Gumutur* and *Artemur* were visited Friday and Saturday. Saturday morning we found a very venomous viper in our boat. It had climbed in during the night. Of course we killed it. Its bite would have been death. Late that night we reached

*GANAPAVARAM*.—We had intended remaining several days longer, but at this place porteur David made his appearance. This was not in the programme, and I knew at once something was wrong. "Is it well at home?" I said. Here is a letter, he said. Oh, how cold and sore my heart was. A Cyclone! I knew. I grasped the letter. It was *Mrs. McL.'s* handwriting. I felt better. I tore it open and read, "All are safe," but I must lose no time in getting home.

That afternoon we started, and against wind and tide we had made thirty miles by 7 o'clock next morning. We had now reached the *Godavery river*—but the wind was contrary and we could not cross. Just at this juncture in our affairs along comes the *Government tug steamer*, and hitching on to that, we were safely ferried over. The first news which greeted us this side was

"CANALS CLOSED."—What should we do now? No bandies could be had here, as there had been no demand for them hitherto. Bearers would cost Rs. 20, and we could not think of it. We went to the *Boat Office*. "One said?" "boat can go," another said. "can't go." The canals were breached, and the roads washed away by the Cyclone. I said, we shall go as far as the boat can go, and then we shall go the rest some way. So on we went, mile after mile, now sticking on a mud-bank, and again on the sand, till by dark we had come 18 miles. Suddenly our boat grates on the hard gravel, and we are stuck fast. We push and pull and shout. All get into the water and put their shoulders

to the poor stranded "Minnie Wilson," but she won't go.

While we were all down in the water, Jennie was out on the deck running about in a great state of excitement, calling out, "Papa, papa, let me get down and help." I tried to get her to remain in the cabin, but nothing would quiet her. So at last I thought I would dump her down in the water, after which she would be glad to remain on deck. The water was nearly up to my knees and the current was running like a mill-race. So I tucked up her panties, and tying her dress in a knot behind her, I lifted her down into the water. Not a scream, nor a sob nor a gasp—gathering up her dress with one little hand, she put the other to the boat and pushed! But "Minnie Wilson" was stubborn and would not go. We are still 12 miles from

**SAMULCOTA.**—There only we can get a bandy for Cocanada. What shall we do? I have not walked a mile for nearly a year, and how can Jennie get along? But go we must—so we packed up our mattress—had the cook put tea-things in a basket—took two men to carry Jennie, when she was tired, so off we went. Our plan was, to walk six miles—camp for the night—get up early and get the remaining six miles over before the sun would be too hot. The night was beautifully clear and a full moon rode in the sky. The road was bad—half washed away with the Cyclone—gullies twenty feet deep to be crossed—mud and water, besides scores of trees lying on the road, to be gone around. The first few miles was well enough. But then we began to get tired, and at six miles we were glad, very glad, to get an upright tree under which we spread our bed and lay down to rest. Three stones were brought—laid a few inches apart—on these were placed a brass pot in which was some water—fire was put under, and in ten minutes we had tea. The tree was too small for shelter—so we put up our umbrella to keep the "moon from smiting us by night." Jennie slept, but I did not—only a few winks in the morning, for I was afraid of snakes and of sleeping too long. About 2½ o'clock we started, walked four miles, then halted for tea—rested half an hour, and then walked on to Samulcota.

We had intended to remain here till evening, but having reached before daylight, and Cocanada being only eight miles distant, we determined to push on. So we engaged a bandy and pair of bullocks, jumped into our wagon and pushed for Cocanada. But, oh, the bullocks, how slowly they moved! Two miles short of home they stopped altogether. The driver had to hold them up to prevent their falling. Of course we had to get down; but what to do was the question. It was now nearly nine o'clock and the sun was fierce. The child could not walk so far, and I was too weak to carry her—neither could a coolie be had, till we reached the town. But we could not sit down on the road—so the brave little one walked by my side under the umbrella for one mile, after which a coolie carried her home.

Poor, Cocanada, shorn of her beautiful trees, and our poor Compound! how bare it looked! But about all this Bro. Craig has told you, and I will not repeat the story. How glad we were to get home and find all safe and well! "*He doeth all things well!*"

JOHN McLAURIN.

Cocanada, Dec. 2nd, 1878.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Nova Scotia.

The Central Board of the Women's Mission Aid Societies has just presented its Ninth Annual Report. It is a deeply interesting and lengthy document, comprising passages from letters received during the year from Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Sanford, about the work in which they are respectively engaged; and also extracts, illustrative of the home work, from many of the W. M. A. Societies reports, several of which speak in terms of commendation

of the MISSIONARY LINK. The report further states that it is with feelings of great gratification the Board can report once more a missionary of its own in India—Miss Hammond, who sailed last October, and is to live with Mrs. Sanford at Bimlipatam. Mrs. Armstrong has also asked for an assistant, but no one has as yet volunteered to go. The publication of the LINK is spoken of as a matter of general interest. Out of 180 churches connected with the Associations in Nova Scotia, only 51 societies reported this year. The appointment of local secretaries to look after the societies in each County is recommended. Four new societies are reported—Upper Stewiacke, Margaret's Bay 1st ch., Bridgewater and Newport. Amherst heads the list as regards finances. The receipts for the year, which are smaller than usual, amount to \$913.57. Expended in connection with the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Boards:—Mrs. Sanford, for school, \$500; Mrs. Armstrong, for orphanage, \$120; Mrs. Sanford, for building mission premises at Bimlipatam, \$1,000. Also, Miss Hammond's outfit and travelling expenses to India—

### Montreal.

At the quarterly Board meeting of the W. B. F. M. Society, held in December, the resignation of Mrs. Alloway, as Corresponding Secretary, was read, and, with sincere regret, accepted. Miss Muir was unanimously elected in Mrs. A.'s place.

M. H. PORTEOUS, Rec. Sec.

### Ontario.

#### WOMEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, CONVENTION WEST.

The first regular meeting of the Central Board for 1879, was held on Friday, Jan'y 17th. The most important item of business was that relating to the appointment of a Treasurer. At the annual meeting held in Brantford, Miss Erskine Buchan resigned her position, very kindly consenting, however, to perform the duties of the office till a successor could be chosen.

The Board, not willing to relinquish Miss Buchan's services, postponed action for over two months, when her resignation was reluctantly accepted.

Mrs. R. W. Laird was then nominated and unanimously elected Treasurer. Her address is, 232 Carleton St., Toronto.

The Board desires publicly to give expression to its appreciation of Miss Buchan's services, and sincere regret at her resignation.

F. LOUISE MORSE, Rec. Sec.

**TORONTO.**—Several members of the W. M. Circle of the Jarvis St. Church have united in making Mrs. Castle, the pastor's wife, a life member of the W. B. F. M. Society.

**BRANTFORD.**—The first of a series of Foreign Mission Socials was held in the vestry of the 1st Baptist Church, on Friday, Dec. 17, under the auspices of the W. M. A. S.

Its object was to raise funds towards the erection of a school-house-chapel in Cocanada, of which our missionaries are much in need. Interesting addresses were given by the Pastor and Deacon John Harris; also, readings by Miss Lightbody and Miss Susie Dimock, interspersed with appropriate music, forming a pleasing and profitable evening's entertainment. The attendance and collection were smaller than we hoped for, but trust to find improvement in our next gathering. Last winter Socials of a similar character were held, which were not only interesting, but profitable in the amounts raised.

In addition to the pecuniary benefit derived from these entertainments, we hope to awaken a deeper interest in the work by the dissemination of missionary intelligence; hence we endeavour to have the addresses, readings, recitations, and music chiefly bearing upon the missionary cause. While these are the principal objects, other less impor-

tant ones are gained, such as cultivating the social and intellectual elements of the church. Could not other circles do something in this way, to aid in the erection of the school-house-chapel? Are we, as Christian women, doing all we can? Where much is given, much will be required. L. L. P.

**PARIS.**—Our Circle held the annual meeting Dec. 10th, when the Rev. W. H. Porter, of Brantford, gave a stirring address on our duty as Christians to be up and doing for our heathen sisters; showing that, as we have our rights and privileges, we should help our less enlightened sisters to obtain theirs. Mr. P. had a valuable gold chain given him by one of his church members, to sell in aid of the Foreign Mission fund. Our Pastor read the annual report, which was very encouraging,—\$55.00 forwarded to Central Board. We were disappointed that neither Mrs. Messmore nor Miss Lightbody (*Sister Belle*), of Brantford, was able to be with us. At our business meeting, Mrs. Grant, our Pastor's wife, was elected President, and Miss Emily Moyle, Secretary. M. E. M.

**PORT BURWELL.**—The Little Helpers' Society sends \$17.50 to the Central Board for the education of the Telugu girls. It was organized about a year ago, and is composed of girls under sixteen years of age, who make and sell articles of fancy needlework.

**THELFORD.**—The Treasurer of the Circle, in remitting to the Central Board, says:—We do hope that the money will be raised for building the chapel. Could not some means be adopted for the organization of mission circles in more of our small churches? The aggregate of their collections would make a material difference in the income of the Society. When we began our circle, our most sanguine expectations would have been realized with ten or twelve members, each contributing two cents per week. We have done better than we dared to hope, and have derived great good from the meetings ourselves. The Master has often met with us, and we have found our hearts to burn within us as we have prayed for, and talked of, the mission cause.

### Ongole, India.

Bro. Clough writes: "Bro. Drake is sick, but he Jures to hold on and have strength given to baptize 500 converts in and near Kurnool, before Jan. 1st, 1879. I have been in the harness every day for five years, excepting two weeks when I had the ague, and am getting weary. As Bro. Drake cannot come to my aid, I must have two men sent out to Ongole this fall. The need is imperative; over 9,000 new converts baptized and the \$,000 more to be baptized, the 400 villages to watch over, the college to re-organize and set going, a hundred churches to organize, are among the things to be done at once." We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Clough's health is so impaired that she must leave for home in March or April; that Bro. Loughbridge and his wife feel it necessary to return to this country, or seek some other location.

We rejoice in Bro. Newhall's encouragement, and Bro. Campbell's first experience in public preaching. Though much has been written regarding this Telugu revival, and the thanksgiving was very generally observed, yet we scarcely realize that these brethren have baptized in three months enough to make twenty-five city churches of the average size—or 200 country churches of fifty members each. How can we expect that Bro. Clough and the two men we have sent out to help him, will be able properly to care for so many converts from *heathenism*; and who can measure that system of caste, unparalleled in history, which shackles the souls of the poor Hindus? These 10,000 converts are to be fed with the sincere milk of the word. The thousands more, who are inquiring, must be pointed to the cross, and the eighteen millions of the Telugu as well as the two hundred and forty millions of Hindus must be saved. Jesus died for them, and he bids us bear the blessings of his gospel to every creature.—E. E.

## Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks who read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Did your bright eyes see a little note in this paper last month about a gift to the children of India?

It made Sister Belle very glad, and I will tell you why. The givers were little children living in Dundas (not very far from Brantford). Instead of buying candy, they kept their money to send news of Jesus to the heathen children in India. So when they had two dollars some good friend of theirs sent it to Toronto to be sent to the missionaries. These little folks were "fellow-helpers" in this great work. I would like to know their names. Then I would ask them if they did not like candy? (My little sisters do.) Perhaps they would answer yes, and tell me that when they walked down town, and saw all the candy stores full for Christmas, they often felt like buying some. "Why did you keep your money then, little friends?" I would ask. Just see how happy they look as they quickly answer, "Oh, yes, we like candy, but we felt so sorry for the children who never heard of Jesus, that we kept our money to send somebody to teach them." Then I would draw them a little closer to me and ask, "Do you love Jesus? Are you His little ones? Did you send this money for His sake?" And I think their glad answer would be "Yes." God bless these little folks who have denied themselves for others. Just you try it, boys and girls, and see how much happier you will be afterwards.

Now I want to tell you about one of the boys of India. It was noon on a very hot day. He had walked many miles to find some one who could tell him about God. At last, he came to the mission-house. The lady teacher was sitting in its porch. She had been speaking about Jesus all the morning, but the scholars were careless, and did not seem to learn. Her heart was sad, for she felt as if she was doing little good. But God was sending a great work right to her door. She had prayed that she might lead some poor heathen to Jesus that day, and her prayer was going to be answered. Just then she looked up and saw a stranger standing before her. He was only a boy, but his face was full of a longing for something. The lady gently asked him what she could do for him. This is the meaning of his answer:—

"Lady, my home is far away among the Garo hills. We heard stories in my country about a living God, and a wonderful heaven, where He lives. I have walked many miles to hear if these things are true, and if a poor mountain boy like me, who knows very little, can ever go to that heaven. Tell me, lady, are these things true?"

She gave him a seat beside her, and prayed in her heart that God would help her to answer his questions, so as to lead the dear boy to Jesus. Then she asked him how he had found his way to the mission house, and if the journey had not been long and weary. He answered that he knew part of the way, and when the road became strange he asked people he met, and that they told him how to go.

"Were you not afraid at night?" asked the teacher.

"Never," said the boy, his dark eyes full of brightness, "for I had something in my heart that kept me above all fear. Even the howls of the wild beasts all around me did not make me tremble, for I felt that the God I longed to find would keep me safely. My heart burned to know if there was room for me in that beautiful heaven. The idols my people worship cannot help me. I want to learn about the true God, and the way to go to Him."

Tears of gladness came to the lady's eyes, and she fed this poor starving soul with the Bread of Life. He listened so eagerly she told him of Jesus, God's well-beloved Son, and that He had died to take away our sin. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

For many days the Garo boy stayed at the mis-

sion house, learning more about the Saviour, and how to read God's Word for himself. Jesus forgave all his sins, and a sweet song of praise went up over the water as the missionary baptized this happy believer in Christ's name.

Afterwards he became a preacher, and went back to the hills to tell his friends about the true God. His heart was so full of love that people listened to him everywhere. Through village after village he went speaking of Jesus, and hundreds of people believed on Christ through his preaching. Was not the Garo boy well paid for his long journey?

The lady who led him to Jesus is in heaven now, but the Garo preacher in that far-off land is still telling the story of Jesus, and how He "loved us and gave Himself for us."

May God help us all to believe in Jesus ourselves, and then to lead others to Him.

SISTER BELLE.

Brantford, Jan. 20th, 1879.

## Burmah.

Mrs. C. B. Thomas, of the American B. M. Union, writes from Henthada, Oct. 1st:—

There is great cause for encouragement. It is as if the gospel leaven which has been working these many years has at length affected the whole mass of the people. Never before was there such a general uprising among the Henthada Karens in favour of Christianity. It is not simply that the heathen listen well when talked to, but they manifest an inquiring spirit, and seem weary of their heathenism. Many seem to realize that the religion of Jesus Christ is just what they need, and what, sooner or later, they must have. They say, "We are coming, we are surely coming; we are almost ready." From all directions come calls for preachers, far beyond our ability to supply.

Several good men are now spending their whole time itinerating among the heathen. They are greatly encouraged by what they see and hear, and cheerfully endure the hardships of the work, now that they see their labours are not in vain. For the last two months the reports, verbal and written, from the jungles, have been of the most exciting interest. Last week Toowah wrote me from the east, "The heathen of this Toung-bo-la plain are mightily shaken. They seem all ready to receive the truth." I could not then finish the letter, for my tears. "Can it be that Toung-bo-la is coming too?" I asked. It seemed too wonderful to be true; for that plain, although one of the most populous Karen districts, has been perhaps the hardest, most hopeless portion of this mission field. Thus in many instances the news comes from wholly unexpected quarters, often from villages of which I had never heard before.

## Glimpses of Kaffirland, illustrating the condition of Heathen Women.

From Wood's "Uncivilized Races."

BY W. H. PORTER.

In most heathen countries the birth of female children is regarded as a calamity. Despised and abhorred, they are more or less neglected and abused from their very infancy. But this is not the case among the Kaffirs. Naturally fond of children, they welcome the birth of either sex with pleasure. The male children are regarded as a source of strength, as their future warriors. The females, as a source of wealth, as each one is expected to bring as many cows as she was worth in marriage. As the number of cows that a girl will bring depends upon her condition—her appearance of strength and beauty—she is carefully treated by her parents before marriage, as any other creature would be that is being fitted for the market. But how different with her after she is married! She is thenceforth expected to be her ease-taking husband's abject, willing slave. Her husband, whose chief delight and glory is in his cows—and which,

by the way, he milks—meets with his neighbors, eats and drinks, smokes and snuffs, chats and discusses with them; while she, often with a babe, varying in age from a few days old, hung at her back in its skin cradle, toils on from early dawn, till late at night, performing the heaviest labour—breaking the ground with a heavy clumsy sort of mattock, grinding corn between two stones, and doing almost all that is to be done, outdoor and in, for herself, her husband, and the family, only for herself last.

As we have often noticed among the negroes of the West Indies, just emerging from the debasing influences of fetichism and slavery, the women walking many miles over steep and rocky mountain passes, carrying heavy loads upon their heads to market, while the men—dear creatures—would be riding on their horses, mules and donkeys, holding over their precious heads an umbrella. Indeed, such seems to be the genius and spirit of a Christless religion, everywhere, that *might* claims the right, absolutely, and woman as the weaker vessel, is consigned to almost unalleviated hardship and suffering. Until men's hearts are leavened with the divine benevolence of Christianity, the life of women must wearily drag on, in its dull, hard, routine of thankless doing and endurance, scarce dreaming of a better possible condition. But lift among their jungles the cross of Him who, dying on it, said to His bosom disciple, "Behold thy mother," and gradually woman's day will dawn. The cross of Jesus is the grand inculcation of the great social and moral lesson. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

## WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY EASTERN CONVENTION

Receipts for the Quarter ending Dec. 31st, 1878.

Médomes Martin and Barford, \$2.00; Barnston, \$25.00; Olivet Church Circle, Montreal, \$25.00; St. Catherine St. Church Circle, Montreal, \$24.40; Perth, \$20.00; Brockville, \$20.00; First Baptist Church and Young Reapers, \$16.85; Inverness, \$12.50; United Collection, First and St. Catherine St. Church Sunday Schools, \$13.00.—Total \$158.75.

NANNIE E. GREEN, Treasurer.

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