

Canadian Missionary Link.

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

INDIA.

VOL. VI., No. 9.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2. [MAY, 1884.

Koung-Kin-Bone-Pou.

(HEAVENLY BLOSSOM).

(By Mrs. Orlando W. Spratt, read at the Annual Meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, held in the Prospect Ave. Church, Buffalo, N. Y., 1884 10 and 17, 1884.)

The glorious sun, from the blue tropic skies
Pours down his golden nectar, 'till the air
Quivers and throbs with brightness, and the eyes,
That gaze upon the world, are filled with light.
Tho' eyes may see the brightness, souls are without sight;
Tho' sun illumine earth and air, there yet is night.

With thoughtful step a Buddhist priest walks by
The Mission Compound; as he nears the gate
He hears the joyful sound of Christian hymns,
Inviting all to come and celebrate
The holy Sabbath day, on which our Saviour rose.
"Oh Buddh," he whispered low, "these Christians are our
foes."

Each morn and evening thus he slowly walks
From monastery cell to templed hill,
To offer up his prayers to stony gods
Who answer not, and with dread silence chill
His earnest loving worship into trembling fear.
How can they bless and answer when they do not hear?

Apart and sad he lives his priestly life;
No sight of woman's face can cheer his heart.
Day after day 'mid dark-browed monks he moves,
While in the world so fair he has no part.
He strives to live the life his Holy Books command,
And looks and longs for signs from Buddha's Land.

His hand hangs by his side, he feels it thrill"
With touch of dainty baby fingers, and he sets
A little figure clothed in white, with fair
Sweet face and shining hair. He falls upon his knees.
"Oh, Heaven's child," he cried, "I now am truly blest;
The gods have sent thee, sacred child, to bring me rest."

"Is you the man for whom my Papa prayed?"
The little one lisped out, her fairy hand
Stretched forth to touch his bronzed face as he knelt.
"I thought he said, tho' I don't understand,
That you were blind; and can't you never see?
You're looking right into my face, can't you see me?"

"I see a Heavenly Blossom, little one,"
He answered, rising slowly to his feet.
"It can not be an Earth-child," so he thought:
"Pray, who do you call Papa *Aern*, my Sweet?"
"Why I don't you know my Papa, when he truly came,
Away across the sea to bring you Jesus' name?"

"Jesus? I never heard the name," he said.
She opened wondering wide her eyes, and cried,—
"Jesus was once God's little boy, and then
He grew to be a man, and then he died,—
My Mamma said that He for us was crucified—
But now He sits in Heaven close to His Father's side."

A breath of wind swept by, and all the bells,
Pendant from temple eaves began to chime:
The Priest looked quickly up, then hurried on,
As if to overtake the passing time.
Penance and solemn prayer could scarce for this at me,
Since priestly lips have named the Christ—the Accursed One.

Across the baby face there came a cloud,
At being left without a smile or word:
But soon a thought brought all the dimples back:
"I'm derry glad," she whispered, "that I heard
My Papa say the Priest was blind, for now you see
I know he is not, 'cause he looked right straight at me."

The earnest worker, in the field of God,
Lifted his little daughter on his knee,
And listened to her story till she said:—
"I know he is not, 'cause he I oked at me."
And then with simple words he tried to teach how blind
Are all who will not love the Saviour of mankind.

"Papa, and may I tell the Priest about
Dear Jesus, who can make him truly see?"
With blue eyes raised and folded hands devout,
"Dear Jesus, make a Mission girl of me."
Then morn and eve, day after day, she stood to wait,
For her poor Buddhist Priest, close by the Compound gate.

At times he strode along, nor stopped to smile
Upon the little Herald, waiting there,
Again he only seemed to pause and bless
By laying bronzed hand on her golden hair,
Until at length, her hand in his, close by his side
She walked, and in her childish way she tried to guide.

He learned to listen awed and wonderingly,
As blessed truths fell from that silvery tongue
"Can these things be?" he marvelled more and more,
"And whence this wisdom in a mind so young?"
He tried to close his eyes from seeing Truth's clear light,
The gods he served were blind, then why should he have sight?

Weeks, months, passed by, the sweet child learned to love
The strange dark Priest so changeful, yet so mild;
His love for her had grown to worshipping
"The Heavenly Blossom," as he called the child;
And gifts, that to the gods, he once, with prayer, had given,
He placed within the hands of this fair flower of Heaven.

The child fell sick, and fever's scorching breath
Wasted her little body till she lay
Wide-eyed and panting. Near her couch there knelt
Her loving friend, the Priest, who tried to pray.
"Oh, God," he cried, "this little one has served Thee.
Heal her. Spare her sweet life, and take poor worthless me."

"Our Saviour, whom we serve, said, 'Not my will,
But thine, oh Father, ever more be done,'"
Slowly the preacher said, as near the child
He stood; then stooped to kiss the little one.
"Don't cry, dear Priest," she murmured low, and sweetly smiled.
"I'm only going home to God. For I'm His child."