

En Route for India.

DEAR LINK,—A few evenings ago a company of us, among whom were five missionaries of the American Presbyterian Society, attended a farewell meeting of the *London Missionary Society*, to seventeen missionaries, some of whom will sail for Madras in the *Eldorado* with our own party, when they, like ourselves, will have to separate, each taking a different course, but with the one aim in view, to sow the precious seed and gather the ripe golden sheaves in the Master's great harvest field. Some of these seventeen are going to China and to the islands east of China. The chairman of the meeting said that one missionary and his wife were going so far east that they would find themselves in the west, and one day behind the rest of the world. One missionary leaves in England his wife and children, others their children, parents, brothers and sisters. Many kind words of sympathy and encouragement were spoken to those who are going, and those left behind; and in their behalf were prayers offered that, no doubt, will rise up before God as a memorial. Then there were words of counsel from one who had been a missionary in Africa. Rev. Jackson Wray, pastor of Whitehead's Tabernacle. He told them not to be discouraged nor disappointed if they did not reap the fruit of their labor at once. They were to leave the results with the Lord, and toil on, perhaps ploughing, sowing and rooting instead of reaping, accompanied by watching and anxiety because of not simply trusting the blessed Lord, who has the care and charge of His own vineyard, and who has promised the "early and latter rains," also the harvest, although some one else may be called to do the reaping. The missionaries from the American Presbyterian Society go to the interior of India; three of these are single ladies. How cheering and encouraging it is to meet with so many whom God is sending to help in this great work.

The 27th of August, the day before I left my dear home, was a day which will long be remembered by our family. A number of the members of the Baptist Church at West Winchester, of which I had been a member from the time of my conversion until I went to Ottawa to labor as a missionary, with a few of the neighbors and friends, met at my mother's house, that they might give their word of cheer and sympathy and to beseech a throne of grace on behalf of those who were to remain as well as the one who was to go. Brother A. J. Laflamme, who led the meeting, read the 2nd of Isaiah, upon which he made many comforting and appropriate remarks, speaking particularly of that blessed promise, "For the Lord will go before you," a promise from which I had derived so much comfort for several months. How good it is to have the Spirit open our eyes to the fact and to make us realize that our Lord is going before us, opening up the way each step, no matter how dark, He will be the light; if rough and crooked, He has promised to make it plain and straight. Are we weak and weary? If so, we find Him a shade upon our right hand, comforting us with the promises, "Yea, I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Towards the end of the meeting, Brother Chambers read Ps. 121, a portion of scripture which contains so many precious promises. About the time I was deciding to go to India, my thoughts were directed to that Psalm; and while reading it each one of those promises became as real to me as if God had just uttered them to myself. All my fears disappeared; I believed He would be to me in India all that He promised in that blessed portion of His word; and,

if any one who may be reading this letter is weighed down with care and anxiety, just let God speak to you through His word. Satan will probably tempt you to doubt, and suggest to your mind that these words were spoken to some of the old patriarchs or prophets; but he can be silenced by a promise in 2 Cor. 1, 19-20 (read new version). Let me say that the reading of those two passages of scripture were like reassurances from my Heavenly Father on a renewing of His covenant.

Monday morning, August 28th, I bade farewell to my dear mother, sisters, brothers, relatives and friends, took a farewell glance at all that was familiar around the dear old home, and as we passed along many were standing at the roadside to say "Farewell." I left Morrisburg on Tuesday morning, and remained with Miss Muir in Montreal until Thursday, when I left for New York, where I arrived early on Friday morning, engaged a cab and was driven to the Astor House. I soon found my way to the Mission Rooms, where I met and was introduced to some of the missionaries, whom I have since learned to love as sisters and brothers in the Lord.

September 2nd, we left New York on the s.s. *Anchoria*. Our party consisted of Rev. Mr. Cross and wife, Mr. Douglas, M.D., Rev. Mr. Denchfield and wife, for Rangoon, Burmah; Rev. Mr. Denchfield will be pastor of the English Baptist church. Mr. Shay Oo, a Karen, who has been studying in the United States for ten years, is returning home, and will attend the theological seminary at Rangoon two years, after which he will preach (D.V.) among his own people; Rev. Mr. Case and Mrs. Eveleth, who is returning to her husband, go to Toongoo, Burmah; Miss Burns is going to Maulmain to teach in the Eurasian school. These are all on their way now, with four more who joined them from Nova Scotia, belonging to the American Board. They left Liverpool on the 27th of September. Then there are going to India: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chute, formerly of Strathroy, Ont., for Secunderabad, and Mr. and Mrs. Rayl for Ongole.

While in Liverpool we met Rev. J. Bennett Anderson and Rev. Mr. Carey, formerly of St. Johns, New Brunswick. Since we came to London we have heard some of the celebrated preachers, visited some of the places of interest, and have seen some of the "sights." A week ago Sunday we heard Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preach from Dan. ix., 24. His topic was, "The work of the Messiah."

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A Visit to Ongole.

The readers of the LINK are probably aware that a number of us went to Udayagiri Hill about the end of June. After a pleasant rest of seven weeks we turned our faces homeward once more. The weather had been disastrously dry during July and most of August, but our progress from Udayagiri to Coacanada seemed to be attended by a succession of drenching rains. We were not much inconvenienced by them, and even if we had been, we could not have failed to thank God for refreshing the thirsty land.

We were at Ramapatam on Saturday, the 26th August, and had the pleasure of seeing not only Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, by whom we had been entertained when on our way to the Hill, but also Mrs. Burditt of Nellore, whom some of us had not seen previously.

We saw also Lukshmi and Papulama, whose story is told in Dr. Clough's book, "From Darkness to Light." They have a year-old baby called Seetama, after Lukshmi-