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VOL. V., No. 8.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2.] APRIL, 1883.

Bringing Our Sheaves.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;
"Master, behold my sheaves !"

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves ;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat :
"Master, behold my sheaves !"

Few, light and worthless ; yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my helpless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew ;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Krupavarti.

Last year, about April, one morning a Christian living in Cocanada, brought to my study a young caste girl about twelve years old. The history I got from her was as follows :—"When she was a little girl her parents died. The debtors of her father seized the property, which was considerable, and made away with it,—she, poor child, was given to the temple harlots, or dancing girls, to train for their profession. She lived among them doing all kinds of house work, and waiting on the older members of the household. Some months before she came here she had gone to spend some time with relatives at Rajahmandry, who were farmers and kept a large number of cattle. She was very hard worked there, and got sore eyes in some way. She returned from Rajahmandry to the dancing women who were her protectors. They shaved her head and did all to cure her eyes they could, but in vain. The disease was very bad and extended to the nose. The good looks of the girl were spoiled, so the dancing women thought. They sent her away and told her to go to the hospital in Cocanada. She was simply turned out to go to ruin. She found her

way down to Cocanada and to the hospital. The first day as she came out of the hospital she was crying, as well she might. Just then this Christian came up and asked her who she was and what was the matter ; she told him, and he brought her to me. I did not know what to do about her. The upshot of it was I did not see now that she had come to me that I could send her away to what I knew was sure ruin and perhaps the loss of her sight. We have to teach these Hindoos in many ways, and one important way is to exemplify the mercy and compassion of our Lord Jesus. I did not dare send her with such bad eyes among our school girls, so I called Sarah, the wife of one of my colporteurs, and gave the girl to her care. I attended to her eyes daily, and had the satisfaction to see after a week's time that they would get well. After about ten days Sarah came to me and said the girl was nice and good, and I need have no fear about putting her in with our girls. I did so, and she became another of our girls. She had been in the place about three months when she gave her heart to Jesus. The change was evident. The beginning of December she was baptized along with three more of the school girls and some others. The baptism was a typical one. First came two of our English congregation, then one who had been a Brahman, then some from the non-caste class, then this Sudra girl, then some more from the non-caste class. I took away her old name and gave her the beautiful native name of Krupavarti (the perfume of grace). She has learned fast, and bids fair to become a beautiful, noble woman. I think she is sincerely thankful for what has been done for her. How wonderful are God's ways ! Had it not been for her very sore eyes those dancing women would never have sent her away, as she was fine of face and form, and would have suited their profession admirably. A year or two more and she would have entered upon a life of sin from which there is no release. I am glad to have some such girls. There are no relatives to draw them away and get them married just about the time their education is well under way. That young woman, Lukshmi, about whom some of you may remember, is the best scholar now in the station school. Fifteen girls out of the eighteen now in the school are members of the church.

A. V. TIMPANY.

Cocanada, Jan. 17th, 1883.

Seedsowing.

BY MISS CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

When viewed either temporally or spiritually, there is something peculiarly pleasing in contemplation of harvest.

The rich beauty of broad fields of ripening grain, fills the heart of the beholder with satisfaction. So when any