

those Siamese villages where you were, they want some one to come and live with them and teach them of Christ, but they say they will send a guard to bring them when they come," and they told how the robbers had followed us, and warned the old chief they would rob us that night; how they had come to the house to murder us all, but the old man at the risk of his own life told them he had read many signs, and they all augured ill, that they would not escape punishment if they harmed us, etc. and so persuaded them to leave us untouched. "Ah," said my faithful Nau-Nau, who had been with me on the trip, "Mamma was right after all—we had great cause to be frightened that night in the grandfather's house, but God delivered us all."

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Roslindeale, Jan. 10th, 1882.

The Story of a Gold Chain.

I have thought that the readers of the MISSIONARY LINK would feel interested in hearing this story, as it came to me not very long ago. It is the story of a golden offering to the Lord, and is told with the hope, that it may kindle in the hearts of some, the desire to give more for Christ and His cause. Is it not written, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For, with what measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again?"

It is told in three pictures.

In the grand old city of Gloucester, famous in English history, with its stately cathedral and its beautiful surroundings, there lived some five-and-twenty years ago a young draper. His shop and house were in the principal street. If on a certain morning we could have entered and mounted three pairs of stairs, we should have found ourselves in a snug little nursery so situated that fresh air and sunshine could be freely enjoyed. We should have seen a lovely young mother occupied in dressing her baby. While thus engaged her husband enters the room, and with loving words and kisses, throws around her neck, as a birth-day offering, a gold chain.

From this time she constantly wore it, and when engaged in conversation, the pretty white fingers had a habit of toying with it.

Next—Accompany me about fifteen years later, to a pretty house in a suburb of the same city. We ascend the stairs and enter a bedroom furnished with great taste and comfort. The bow-window overlooks a lovely garden; from a hook over the bed hangs a gold watch and chain, but on that bed, slowly passing away, lies the mistress of that fair home. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," comes from those pallid lips—in that chamber of death is heaven's own calm; and the three little ones gone before, seem nearer to the dying mother than those she is leaving, and there are six beside her. A niece whom she loves as a daughter, kneels beside her, repeating precious life-giving words. To her, as a keep-sake, was given the chain.

Let us look now on a quiet Sunday evening in a Canadian home. On a lounge lies a mother reading, the paper in her hand is the MISSIONARY LINK, and as she reads of another mother who for the love of Christ, and the souls of the perishing heathen, has left her little ones and returned again to far-off India, her soul is stirred. Her own loved ones are sleeping in their little beds where she can go and look at them and kiss them, while others are making such a sacrifice. What can she do? She is not rich, she has very little money to give, but

suddenly, swiftly as the lightning's flash, comes the thought of that precious relic of the past, the keepsake around which cluster so many tender and sacred memories—the gold chain. If she gives that can it not be sold to help those who are sacrificing so much?

It was done. Some years have sped away since then—God only knows what has been or will yet be the fruit of that sacrifice. We believe that He accepted the gift, and that He will abundantly bless the giver. *Cont.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Akidu and Gunnanapudi.

(Rev. J. Craig, to the "Canadian Baptist.")

A year ago Akidu was just occupied as a station of our society. The hard work of erecting a mission house and other buildings was all before me. Now, by God's mercy, the heaviest part of the burden has been removed. My house was so nearly finished by the 1st of October that I left on the 4th inst., in order to take a little rest in Cocanada. Doubtless the building cost more by reason of being put through as quickly as possible, but a few rupees are nothing compared with a few months of a missionary's time. Other buildings are needed, and they will be erected as opportunity offers, but they will cost little both in money and time compared with the mission house. The fact that the house is built is a source of satisfaction in other ways. Our Christians round about used to feel like orphans when Cocanada was their station, because "the Jordan rolled between" them and it; at least the Godavery did and it was a veritable Jordan to our people. Now their station is near at hand, and their missionary's bungalow can be seen from villages miles away from Akidu. The bungalow being the wonder of that region at present, the Christians naturally feel happy, and thank the day of reproach has passed away.

I have mentioned the Godavery as a barrier on the way to Cocanada. Our people have no need to cross it now, as it forms the boundary between Bro. Timpany's field and mine. On the other side is the other great river of this part of India the Kistna. We never expect to pass it, because that would be treading on Bro. Clough's toes. But I doubt not a few years more will bring us close to the border. Secunderabad and Hannamaconda are situated, like Akidu, between the Godavery and the Kistna, but they are far away to the west, with hills and jungles between them, and us. Besides, the "Church Mission" has some flourishing stations at Ellore and Ragapuram, to the west of us.

Although we have only one station here, we have in reality two centres, as Gunnanapudi is the headquarters of a fully organized church. This village is about twenty miles south-west of Akidu. The Akidu field is divided into two parts by Coair Lake and a river flowing from it to the sea. Akidu is about two miles from the river on the north-east side.

During the past year the Gospel has been preached very frequently in Akidu to all classes of the people, and I trust we shall soon see a good many come out on the Lord's side. Quite a number have been baptized on the Akidu side of the field. Peter has been pursuing his work steadily on the Gunnanapudi side, and has been privileged to baptize some converts.

In September a number of my helpers were in Akidu at one time, and when some were about to leave, I proposed a little season of prayer. I then spoke about the