

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

## Cocanada.

Private letters recently received from Cocanada, state that the missionaries there were all in good health, and that it was expected that the chapel would be opened for public worship about the end of September.

A NEW STATION is about to be established at Akeed a large village some 40 miles south-east of Cocanada. Land has been secured, buildings are soon to be erected, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Craig hope to remove thither early next year.

## Bimlipatam.

Extract from a Letter of Miss Grace Hammond's to Mrs. Phillips.

Seven months ago to-day I arrived in India. Humanly speaking, I have two sources of enjoyment; one is getting letters from dear Canadian friends, the other is going down to the sea-beach. After sunset, I occasionally go to the sea and watch the white breakers roll in over the sand; your continual motion rests me, and I always come away refreshed.

I wish you could go to school with me some morning. Some thirty brown faced children are about the door, and as I go in they raise their right hands to their foreheads and say, "Ah ma," or Madam.

Two new girls came to school a short time since. I began asking some questions. First, "Do you know anything about God?" "Yes, he is in the temple on the hill, we have seen him a good many times." "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" "No." "Did you ever hear of the Son of God?" "Yes, he has three sons, the sun and moon," and they did not know the third.

It is very hard to get up an interest among the women; the majority of them are too ignorant to want to know anything. One evening we were talking to a few by the roadside, when a Brahmin passed along; he stopped for a moment and listened, then said, "What is the use of your talking to them? They don't know anything." His expressive look and gesture gave an emphasis which I will never forget. What he said is true of thousands of women in this place. And they never will know anything till they learn the gospel of Christ.

The first day of July we moved into our new compound.

The house is damp and the mats new, and they yield an odour productive of fever. The mat in my room is very damp, and I have a pan of coals which must be fanned every few moments, and moved from place to place. The mould is gathering, and it is that which induces fever. If we can safely get through the first six weeks here, we will have more than the usual causes for thankfulness. We are very much crowded, yet, if all goes well, will try to get through the cool season here.

It is exceedingly warm yet, and will be till September. We have no thermometer, so I can give you no account in degree; but I have seen the covers of books curl back, as perhaps you have seen them, when seated before a fire reading. They were lying on the table, and the shutters were closed. We perspire freely days and nights together; get up in the mornings feeling unrefreshed and tired. We have no communication with the English people, but live wholly by ourselves. Our nearest missionary friends are at Chicacole, forty miles away. The separation from every loved one must be experienced to be understood. Apart from my work, there is no pleasure in India. The happiness that affords, compensates for every deprivation. I am interested in, and enjoy my work. If I can only find my way to the hearts of this people, and help them to find their way to Jesus, I shall be thankful.

## Chicacole.

From Mrs. Armstrong.

DEAR SISTERS,—Some way I see very little in print about missions that missionaries do not write. Our dear LINK is coming to the rescue, and we do hear home news about mission work through it. We want to hear more. We want to hear from the W. A. Societies—from every one of them, and we are sadly disappointed when any Board fails to be represented in your columns.

I sometimes fear that you expect us to do all the work out here, and keep up the interest at home, too. But this is not a fair distribution of work. We want you to hear from us all that we can possibly get time to write. But the next time any one of you thinks "I

wish we had more of interest to tell from our mission stations," will you not remember that your sisters in India are pretty hard-worked, and they would like to hear something from you. Then sit down and do the best you can to let us know what you are doing and how your work prospers. We need encouragement too. Cut off as we are from society, our letters and papers are almost the only stimulants we receive from without.

How many of my sisters will say, "But we have nothing of interest to tell?"—Well, sisters, you must make something. Go out this afternoon and do something for foreign missions, and then—success or failure, you can tell us about it. Could you not go and visit some other Society and help them a little? Never mind if it is new work to you; we may well expect to be helped when we go out on the Master's service. We travel for any and all other purposes, might you not do a little mission travelling now and then? How many of you might attend the annual meetings of the different Women's Boards, and thus become acquainted with those who are working at the heart of these Societies? I am certain you would be well repaid for the effort. If you really wish to work, you will certainly find a way; and if there was more doing, would there not be more to tell?

So much I had written some days since, as I take up my letter again, allow me to take up another subject.

To-day as I was looking round the house for something to make a new cover for my umbrella, I began to think of its history, and then of all my "missionary millinery" so to speak. I ended with tears in my eyes, and a feeling that I would like to tell you how things had gone with me.

When on my way to India, nine years ago, I was detained a fortnight in London. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. Winsor of the Mahratta Mission, under the A. B. C. F. M. were staying at the same hotel as I, and were also waiting for their steamer to sail. In company with them I did my sight-seeing in London. Happening to mention one day that I had not provided myself with an umbrella, which I had heard was a very necessary article in India, Mr. Winsor said that it might be difficult for me to get another one, and he would select for me "the best umbrella in London." So we three gave an afternoon to it. I knew little difference in umbrellas, and would soon have been suited, had I been alone. But this gentleman searched place after place and found nothing to please him, till at last when it had grown quite dusk he found two that he thought would answer, and asked me to take my choice of them. He certainly knew well what he was doing, for that umbrella I have still, and really do not know that I shall ever need another. Strong, light, and durable, it has shielded me from sun and rain through all my wanderings. As I journeyed on ponies through the magnificent forests of Burmah, or in native boats glided up and down its many rivers, and often out to sea; or, on elephants, through the tangled bamboo jungles, and over the rugged mountains of Siam; or, in ox-bandies through the more cultivated districts of India; everywhere it has been my indispensable companion. I recall many strange sights and many imminent dangers it has seen me through. This led me to wonder what else I had that had lasted so long. We are outside the current of fashion and folly that sweeps along so many unwilling ones at home, and have little to tempt us in that direction. But in India, as a rule, clothes wear out rapidly and are reduced to fragments by the heathenish mode of washing them, that we all have to submit to. Yet I have been surprised to see how many things are left that might reasonably have worn out long ago. Missionaries have no time to live luxuriously even if they could afford it. Dear friends at home have supplied me with dresses and many other pleasant things that I never could have procured for myself. I have neither the money to buy, nor the time to make up anything but the most necessary articles. But others have been provided for me, and these gifts chiefly have made our house look homely. But the way these things have kept through our many changes from place to place, belongs to the loving care of Another. It seemed to me as I thought of it as though the Master had touched them and bidden them stay. He has touched them, but not me. He may preserve the supplies, but will not protract the journey. How blessed will be the day when we enter our promised land, and see Him "face to face."

Aug. 6th.

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

FALL to the work God sets thee about, and thou engagest His strength for thee; run from the work, and then thou engagest His strength against thee. How often hath the coward been killed in a ditch?—W. Gurnall.

## THE WORK AT HOME,

## Ontario and Quebec.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

This Society held its third annual meeting on Friday, the 10th of October, in the Sunday School Hall of the Jarvis-st. Church, Toronto. It was the largest, most interesting, and most enthusiastic meeting that has yet been held, and will, we doubt not, bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God by awakening a new interest in the minds of some who may have been previously indifferent to the great work in which the Society is engaged—that of sending the Gospel to our heathen sisters—and by stimulating all to fresh zeal and activity.

The morning session began at 11 o'clock. After devotional exercises, the President, Mrs. M. Freeland, read her address, reviewing with gratitude to God the work which the Society had been permitted to accomplish in the past, and looking forward with confident hope to the future. Grateful mention was made of the faithfulness of the circles in supplying the Board with money, so that every obligation had been promptly met, and of the fact that, throughout the year, both the Eastern and Western Boards have been actively co-operating in the endeavor to raise \$2,000 for the erection of the chapel-school-house in Cocanada. The total amount of money raised by the Baptist women of the Dominion, and sent to India since last October, has been \$4,065. Of this sum the Society of Western Ontario has contributed \$1,530, that of Eastern Ontario and Quebec \$815, those of the Maritime Provinces, \$1,700, and the Winnipeg circle, \$20.

A cordial welcome was given by Mrs. J. G. Scott, on behalf of the Toronto women, to the delegates from the circles of other cities and towns, to Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, and to the members of the Presbyterian Women's F. M. Society, a number of whom were present. After a duet by Mrs. Lillie and Miss C. Lugsdin, the 96th Psalm, and part of the 10th chapter of Romans were read, followed by a short prayer by Mr. McLaurin. Reports from circles were then given by their own delegates; most of these were very encouraging, denoting increased interest and greater liberality in mission work. Mrs. Harvie, of the Presbyterian Society, followed, and in remarkably eloquent language bade us God speed in our work. "Work for the night is coming" was sung, after which Mrs. Grant, of Paris, moved the appointment of the committee to nominate the officers and members of the Central Board for the ensuing year, consisting of one lady from each circle represented at the meeting. This was seconded and carried. Miss Ida Fitch, of Simcoe, then gave a short, earnest address, and after some words of cheer and encouragement from Mr. McLaurin the meeting adjourned.

At one o'clock all repaired to the church parlor, where the ladies of the Jarvis Street circle had kindly provided an elegant and bountiful luncheon. The afternoon session was opened at 2.30 with prayer and praise, after which the annual reports were read.

Miss Morse, Recording Secretary, reported the work accomplished during the year in sustaining the girls' school and providing funds for the buildings at Cocanada, with the details of which the readers of the *Link* are already familiar. Nine ladies have become life-members of the Society, viz.: Messdames Raymond, Gill and Coutts, Guelph; Cooper, London; Castle and Denovan, Toronto; Porter and Hill, Bradford; Grant, Paris. Five new circles have been formed, one directly due to the circulation of the *Link*; and that of Winnipeg becomes an auxiliary of our Society, till Manitoba has one of its own. Several instances of self-denial in order to contribute to the building were related: one lady having given a gold chain which brought \$25 into the treasury, another who had \$10 laid aside with which to buy a brooch sent them to help the chapel, and still another went without a new spring hat giving its value, \$3.50, to the building fund. Several children's auxiliaries have been formed, and the young girls of Port Burwell contributed \$18. The Board earnestly desire to extend the work among the children.

The report of Mrs. Humphrey, Corresponding Secretary, stated that 33 circles were in existence, several of which had not reported, but from the majority the tidings were most cheering. "With God's blessing resting on their efforts the two cents a week which seemed a small thing has built a school-house-chapel, supported Amelia Keller, and sustained the girls' school. We are hoping that it will not be long before every Baptist woman in Ontario will covet a share in the work. We would like this coming year in addition to our specified work to support a Bible