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Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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.)

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."

"And just as I have often stood and watched
To see you every morning pass our home,
I'll stand in Heaven often at the gate,
And ask the Angel, 'Has my dear Priest come?'
I wanted so a missionary girl to be,
But Mamma says God has some work in Heaven for me."

Years passed along; the seed the little hand,
Had in such child-like faith, yet weakness, sown,
E'er God had called the little toiler home,
Had grown into a harvest. Not alone,
The soul of him she loved was saved: the blessed light
He carried unto others sitting in the night.

Prayer for Missions.

Faithful prayer for missions is obedience to a supreme command. "Pray ye therefore" (Matt. xvii. 38), is as imperative as "Go ye therefore" (Matt. xviii. 19). It is but an enlargement of the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come." It is offered in the name of Christ and in His Spirit. It is in sympathy with the labors and entreaties of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and will have all the earnestness, perseverance and importunity belonging to that "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man" which is commended in the Word of God.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The greatest workers in the Church have borne the strongest testimony to the all-prevailing power of prayer. Luther had, as he said, so much work on hand as to require at least four hours of the day for prayer. Queen Mary feared John Knox's prayers "more than ten thousand men."

It is not possible to measure the efficacy of prayer for missions alone by special instances of conversion or openings for the work which may sometimes be traceable to definite prayers in the Church at home or abroad, yet many such instances exist to confirm our faith. The experience of many missionaries abounds in such tokens. When Dr. Judson, in his last days, was listening to an account, read by his wife, of certain results flowing from his labors, a solemnity fell upon his face, his eyes filled with tears, and in reply to an inquiry for the cause of his emotion, he said that he was overcome both with joy and with awe, for somehow and somewhere he seemed always to have obtained what he prayed for in this work."

The particulars that should interest us in prayer for missions are numerous and varied. Some are alike for all fields.

1. We have the missionary himself, his isolation in heathendom or hardships in pioneer life, exposure to possible martyrdom or to the ills of the climate, the immense difficulties he often has to confront in the social system where he labors, and in his care for his converts. He is always saying, "Brethren, pray for us."

2. The converts from heathenism in their practical ignorance of the Christian life, their exposure to persecution and moral weakness.

3. The Mission schools through which alone the foundation can be thoroughly laid and the superstructure of a Christian society built up.

4. Conversions and the powerful ministrations of the Holy Spirit.

5. Providential openings which now indeed, on a general scale, have been secured in wonderful measure.

6. Reinforcements of thoroughly devoted soul-seeking men and women.

7. Contributions to the missionary treasury, for which there must be increasing need as the work for the 800,000,000 unevangelized grows in opportunity and variety. Large reinforcements and large contributions go together. Everything waits for these. Nearly every corner of the earth is open to evangelical effort. Said an eminent missionary secretary in 1867: "Doing great things for the heathen has ceased to be a question of power; henceforth it is simply a question of will." Let us pray above all for the will to do our part.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Godavery Association.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

BOYS AND GIRLS,—Were you ever at an Association? No. The big folks go, eh? Well, just get on your things and come with me to this Association. It is held this year with the church in Gunanapudi, 90 miles from Canada; 70 miles we go by boat and 20 by bullock carts. There are lots of people going, so the boats will be full, and we must be prepared for some crowding. Four ladies and three children with Bro. Timpany as captain, go on the Canadian. Three gentlemen with Bro. Craig as captain, go by the T. S. Shenston. Besides all these there are about 20 native Christians, preachers, teachers, and students on each boat. The boat goes on a canal, and along the side of this is a good road or a good path most of the way. We tie a long rope to one corner of the top of the boat, four men lay hold of the other end and walking on the road pull it along. They go about two and one-half miles an hour. Each man gets one cent a mile, and would have to pull 100 miles for a dollar! but then a dollar would feed a man nearly a month—not very good food you think—well, I guess most of you would think not if you had to eat it. Coolies (hired men) pulled the first part of the first night. (We started at night). After that Mr. Craig's Christian men pulled till daylight. We could get no coolies, and our men were very tired, so we asked some of the students to pull for a while till we could get men, but some of them thought the work was too mean for them, and refused. We told them the boat would be lighter if they were off, and that their absence would be good company; they went back; the others pulled like good fellows.

About 10 o'clock we reached the Godavery river. There is a great dam across it here which throws the water into the canal on each side. The river is three miles wide. We had to cross with the sail, as there was no place for the men to walk while they pulled. When we were about half way across a storm of wind and rain came up. The wind changed and blew against us; the rain came down in torrents; the boat was being driven down to the dam; the men were tired; the boat was leaking both above and below, and altogether we were in a bad fix. Several times we got stuck on sand-bars, groynes and all other sorts of things. All were out working hard, pushing, shoving, etc., missionaries, preachers, teachers and students—all except me—I had been quite ill all night and was afraid to go out; I had jumped out of bed the night before into three or four inches of water, which had leaked into our boat—that did not help the sickness any—however we got over at last in the evening, and away we went so smoothly, floating with the stream, down the beautiful, swiftly-flowing Ellore canal.

It was now night, and everything was so beautiful and still. "The lights along the shore," from anchored boats and near villages, lit up the shimmering waters, the sky above; and the sky below, reflected on the waters, full of brilliant stars; Venus, Jupiter and Mars, and the Southern Cross, seemed to surround us; and the heron flying away with his hoarse croak, the plover crying out in his anger, "Did he do it," "Did he do it?" while packs of jackalls sounding every note in the gamut, with variations, favored us with a concert gratis. It was lovely, and we sat and talked and talked till it was long past bedtime; and some of us were sorry to go then.

But most things must have an end, and so had this ride or sail. Friday, about 11 a.m. we anchored opposite the Mission-house at Akidu—about 40 hours from Samulcotta to Akidu.

From this to Gunanapudi we went by ox-cart. It was twenty miles—no made road only a track and sometimes not even that. We were to leave Mrs. Timpany, Mrs. Hutchinson and the children at Akidu to rest till we returned; for the others we had to have ten carts and ten yoke of oxen, one each for the seven persons and three for tent and eatables. The carts began to come—the din was awful, nearly every pair of oxen had a cow-bell on. The carts here are not intended for travelling, so the covers were not good; if the rain, which was threatening came, we would be soaking before morning; the covers were too short too, about five feet long, and some of us were longer than that. Miss Frith fitted exactly, Bro. Timpany was not far behind. (We had to lie down on our mattresses at night)—the rest of us at varying lengths in the rear, while poor Bro. Hutchinson had to have a table extended at the back end of the cart, on which he could dispose of his extremities—he was a good deal longer than the cart. We started in the evening, crossed a large river on a ferry about 9 p.m., and wound our weary jingling way over hills and through mud holes till some time after midnight, when our track came to an end. From this we had to go across fields for about four miles. We had no guide and no moon, so we had to go by guess. Bro. Craig and his cavalcade had fallen behind and had gone another way, so we had to camp out till morning.

Shortly after starting in the morning we came to a village where we saw a man with a baby in his arms, asked him to give the baby to a woman standing near, and come and show us the way to Gunanapudi, he turned out to be a Christian, and proud he was to be our guide. In the distance I could discover Gunanapudi and the circle of trees around the tank in which little Jennie and I were anchored during the great cyclone of 1878.

Miss Frith and I walked ahead and got to the school-house chapel, for which I loaned the people Rs. 80, and which they repaid to the last rupee, about 8 a.m. It was nicely matted and felt so clean and cool. The inhabitants, led by Peter and Isaac, brought a large basket of fruit, plantains, pomeatoes and oranges—oh, but they were delicious to hungry, thirsty, weary and begrimed travellers like us. It was so kind and thoughtful of them! To lie down on the clean, cool mat and eat an orange, was just delicious—lovely, the girls would say. Soon all had come. The tent was soon pitched, and we all had a wash, then came breakfast in the chapel, and a wink or two of sleep, and we were ready for work. We met in a large temporary shed built by the Christians for this occasion—they were so proud of it, and well they might be; it would shelter about 500 people. The beams and bamboos were brought by themselves from Ellore, fifteen miles distant. The mats, woven of coarse grass from Colair lake which covered the roof, formed the

sides and carpeted the floor, were made by their own hands; and the whole expense was theirs too.

The real business began in the afternoon by the appointment of a Moderator and Clerk. The letters from the churches were a great improvement on last year; they were well written, gave a good idea of each church, and showed growth and courage, and faith in the people. They showed progress in the grace of giving. Do you know what that means? and showed that 319 had been baptized during the year.

Sunday was given up to sermons, prayer-meetings, etc.; Monday and Tuesday were set apart for discussing questions among the churches. I have no time to speak of all, but will mention a few.

Smoking, or using tobacco in any form was one. Not one of our Missionaries uses the weed. Long may that be said.

We advised them all to give it up. Many had done so already, and many others promised; many in Gunanapudi had given it up long before. We told them it was: (a). Bad for the body; (b). That it was very filthy, and (c). That it wasted a lot of good money. Another question was—*The wearing of jewels.*—Many women among the Christians wear rings and jewels in their noses, and the men wear rings in their ears. This must look very silly, don't you think. Yes, it does look silly to see grown up men with rings in their ears; and it is more than silly to see women with their noses stuck full of rings and some kinds hanging down over their lips. We asked them to read 1. Tim. 2: 9, and 1. Peter 3: 3, but some of them asked us if Christian ladies at home did not wear ear-rings and useless jewellery. What could we answer, only say to them—You are to do what God tells you in His word, and not what Christians may or may not do at home. Bro. Craig offered to take their jewels, etc., at a fair valuation, and give the proceeds to the Mission, or Gunanapudi church. Quite a number gave them up, women and men.

Then we talked about the duty of the Christians to build their own school-houses and support their own teachers. Many of the Christians spoke of this, and some told the joy they had in helping to build school-houses. Some of the people think it would be nicer, and less trouble for the Missionary to do all this, but then it would not be God's way, and besides, it would be *bad for the people*. It is bad for young children and young Christians to be helped too much; we should not do for the people what they can and ought to do for themselves.

We closed up the meetings on Tuesday and started for home that same evening. Next day we reached Akidu, picked up the stragglers and left for Samulcotta and Cocanada at noon. The Missionaries from the north came *via* Samulcotta to see the Seminary and hear the boys recite. They left Saturday morning *via* Cocanada for Bimli and the north. We had a grand good time—good company, good rest on the boat, and good meetings. Hundreds of Christians, and some Missionaries and Christians who came 250 miles to the meetings was something worth seeing—besides I got the promise of eight new boys for the Seminary next year. So boys and girls hurry up those Sunday-school dollars and cents to Brethren McDiarmid and Bates. JOHN McLAURIN.

Cocanada.

Miss Frith writes under date of March 13th: Our Zenana work is growing and is very interesting. We have

seven houses to visit now and I expect to go to a new one to-morrow. Miss Gibson has been helping me since the last of January. I only go out three times a week as I must keep at the language as faithfully as possible.

OUR TRIP TO GUNANAPUDI.

DEAR LINK,—If it is not too late I would like to tell you now about our trip to the Association in Gunanapudi. No doubt some of the others have written about it; but if they have it will not do you any harm to hear about it again.

Our missionary conference took place in Cocanada immediately before the association, at which all the missionaries, excepting Mrs. Sanford in Canada, were present, and as you may have already learned, we had a most interesting and profitable time. It was good to see each others faces, and talk of the Lord's dealings with us and His blessing upon the work. It would make my letter too long to give you any of the particulars of what took place during the four or five days we were all here together, so I will begin my little story with the adjournment of the conference. First came the breakfast, then the packing of provision boxes and valises, etc., and in as short a time as possible we found ourselves sailing up the canal in the *Canadian* and T. S. *Shenston*, leaving behind in Cocanada Mr. and Mrs. Currie and children. At 5 p. m. we reached Samulcotta and had our dinner with Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, then started off again leaving with Mrs. McLaurin Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and children and Mr. Sanford. We travelled all night, not by steam as you do in Canada when you go on a journey of a hundred miles, nor had we a favorable wind to hoist our sails against, but slowly and steadily, tortoise-like, the bearers plodded along the bank and towed us, while we slept quite comfortably in our narrow beds. The next day at noon we had reached the Godavery; while crossing a small cyclone blew up giving no little trouble to those who were trying to manage the boats; finally we were obliged to anchor and wait till the storm, which lasted about three hours, was over; but before the shades of night had gathered around us we had passed through the lock and were safely and quietly sailing along the canal on the other side of the river. The smooth path, green grass and pretty shade trees, tempted some of us to get off and walk, which we enjoyed very much. There was no danger of being left behind by the boat for we walked much faster than the coolies who pulled. Friday at 11 a. m. we had safely landed at Akidu; and while some were busy making preparations for the rest of the journey, others were visiting the girls' school, looking at the Memorial house, Chapel, and other places and things of interest in the compound that were new to some of us, this being our first visit to the station. The rest of the journey had to be made in bullock carts, so there were about a dozen of these engaged. In those we were to occupy some nice straw was put, then our mattresses, pillows, and blankets were arranged comfortably for the night. Other carts were filled with the tents, cots, chairs and provision boxes, etc. etc. These were all sent on to the river, about three miles distant, in the care of the servants who were charged to have them sent across as quickly as possible so that there might be no delay when we came. I must not forget to tell you that a coolie carrying two pots of drinking water was started off with the rest. Twenty miles is a long distance to carry water is it not? but it is nothing wonderful here, for good drinking water such as we would care to use is not to be had everywhere, so it must be carried, and we are thankful

there are always plenty willing to do the carrying. After every thing was ready and dinner over we started on our way to Gunanapudi leaving in Akidu Mrs. Timpany and Mrs. Hutchinson and the children. Our company you see grew less as we went on, but there were still seven of us, Messrs Timpany, McLaurin, Craig, Hutchinson, Archibald and Mrs Archibald and myself, besides a great many christians from all parts of the field who had gone on before us. About dark we reached the river, but found the carts had not all been sent over. After crossing on a ferry it was decided that it would be better for some of us to go on while the rest waited to see that all the bandies were brought over safely. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr. McLaurin and I got into our carts and began to move on with a man going before carrying a lantern. The bullocks belonging to the cart which I occupied being the largest and smartest, took the lead, Mr. McLaurin's came next, on each pair of bullocks were a pair of good old fashioned cow bells. I remember saying, "We would not be likely to sleep much with all that noise," but it evidently did not keep me awake. The ding-dong of the bells and the thumping and bumping of the cart must have affected me in something the same way that singing and rockings do a child, I slept and dreamt of being out in a sleigh in a great snow storm. The wind really blew that night like east winds you have at home in the winter, with this difference, it of course was not so cold by any means. I believe we had a little rain. The roads, if they were worthy of the name, were very rough. I woke up a few times while going over some very rough places, either going up or down the bank of a canal, or while the bullocks were paddling through the water. Morning found us standing near some little village waiting for the daylight so that we might find the lost way. How long we were there, I do not know, for I was asleep. Mr. McLaurin who had been acquainted with the country before, had some idea where we were, and what direction to go in, so as soon as it was light enough to see we started and soon came to a little village where some Christians live, the name of which was either Shinganapudy or Chintalapudy, here we stopped and inquired the way and distance to Gunanapudi of a man standing outside his little mud hut with a little black baby on his side. His wife, who probably was preparing the morning meal, no doubt heard the rumble of carts and talking, came out to get a sight of the expected missionaries, and I imagine it must have been quite interesting to them to see our procession of carts. We were shown the village in the distance and shown the way. Mr. McLaurin and I got out and walked the rest of the way. I shall not soon forget the bright, happy faces who came to meet us, and gave us such a warm welcome. They seemed so pleased to see their first missionary, Mr. McLaurin, again. It would have done you all good to have seen poor old Abraham, who is over 80, one of the first Christians in that part. Then there were Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Peter and many other familiar names if not faces. We arrived at the chapel about 8.30, after a good long walk over the rice fields. One thing which amused me was having to be carried by the natives over the canals. I was a little afraid at first that they might let me fall into the water, but soon got over that. We were a little tired and were glad to see the nice plantains, oranges, and pamulus which Peter had there for us to eat, but while we ate those we longed for some nice currie and rice. The others arrived about three-quarters of an hour later, feeling hot and tired, and were glad enough for some of the water and fruit. After resting while the breakfast was being prepared by the cook, the bandies

or carts were unloaded and the tents were pitched and things put in order ready to open the first session of the Association at 2 p.m. A large shed had been put up by the Christians, as their chapel is small, to hold the meetings in. This was covered with mats they made out of rice straw; the mud floors of the chapel and tents were matted with the same. Phillip, who teaches in the seminary, preached the opening sermon. Then followed the reading of letters from the churches in order as at home in the Associations. Sunday the second day several sermons were preached during the day, and in the evening we had a large prayer and conference meeting. The presence and power of the Lord was upon us and all evidently felt it. I attended many meetings of the Ottawa Association while at home, but do not remember of being present once when there seemed to be such an interest and power as we felt in Gunanapudi. Monday the reading of the letters was finished, and the subject of ear and nose jewels was discussed and on Tuesday morning a resolution was unanimously passed that missionaries, preachers and teachers were to use their influence against the wearing of nose jewels in particular. Then the subject of tobacco was discussed and the use of it discouraged. Monday evening Peter baptized seven men and women who had professed to have put their trust in Jesus as their Saviour. Now I must not make my letter any longer, although I feel there are so many things of interest that you would like to know and I would like to tell you. We arrived home in Cocanada on Friday morning feeling much refreshed and encouraged by all we saw and heard. I did not tell you that over 500 were present at many of the meetings in that shed. That itself was worth going a 100 miles to see, was it not?

M. J. FRITH.

Bobbili.

A RETROSPECT.

As I sit here in the Bobbili mission house the last Sunday afternoon of our present sojourn in India, many thoughts crowd upon my mind, and many, many scenes in the past few years come up before me.

Nearly five years ago we moved to Bobbili, and in those years how many hours of joy and gladness have we experienced, how many of precious seed sowing, and how many of hard work and worry in building—how many also of deep anxiety and pain, and how many of heart-breaking sorrow. Yet our Father knows them all, and there might have been a great many more of pain and sorrow, had He not in pity withheld them. All has been of his ordering, and I ought to thank him for each experience, and no doubt I shall sometime.

When we came to Bobbili there were four of us, as there are now on the eve of our departure. One darling boy has been taken from us, and another given to us; our little girl and ourselves, though many times ill, and sometimes very ill, are still spared to each other.

Five years ago the mission compound was a plot of barren land, no trees or shrubs or buildings upon it. Now how changed! Comfortable houses for missionaries, helpers, servants, and for school purposes, as well as sheds for horses, cows and fowls, and store rooms, have been erected. Instead of the barren waste are vegetable, fruit and flower gardens, with good wells to supply the needed water refused by the clouds so many months in the year.

In this department of our work we see the fruits of our toil; all is beauty and verdure where it was barrenness and desolation when we came.

In the moral and spiritual department of our work the fruits we earnestly desire to see do not yet appear. Here there was not only barrenness, but there were and still are noxious weeds and thorns to uproot, as well as the tilling and the sowing of good seed to be done, so we may not expect the good fruits so soon to appear. But where it was dense darkness when we came, we know some light has penetrated. In the homes of my school-girls it is not so dark as it was; to the Telaga women the Gospel has been preached; to the Yellama women and to many of the Brahmin women the story of the Cross has many times been told, and in the homes of my Zenana women the name of Jesus is known.

Also in all parts of the town, and in hundreds of the villages around, the missionary and his preachers have unfurled the banner of the Cross many, many times; and though no fruit yet appears, we believe the good seed cannot die, but in God's own time the change spiritually from barrenness and desolation to verdure and beauty is as sure to come as it has come naturally to our mission compound. O pray that it may come speedily.

These last weeks have been hard ones to me; the giving up of one thing after another in which my heart sympathies are enlisted, has been trying indeed. Last week I gave up the charge of the schools, and bade many of my women good-bye. But there was joy, too, connected with the giving up of these interests, inasmuch as I was giving them over into such good hands. Our brother and sister Archibald received a warm welcome from the retiring missionaries, I can assure you, when they arrived on the 8th, and the tired missionaries go home to recruit with very different feelings from what would have been theirs if they had had to leave their stations unsupplied, or in less experienced hands.

This morning was my last in the Sunday School, and my feelings so overcame me that I could not say to the children in parting what I wanted to. This week I must say good-bye to my Zenana women, to our Christian helpers who have endeared themselves to our hearts, to our newly arrived beloved missionaries, and hardest of all, to the little grave in the corner of our fruit garden. It seems almost like parting again with our darling boy to leave the little mound here alone, and go away without him to our own dear home land. O how often and with what bright anticipation has he talked of going with us, and now we are about to go, and he not with us. God ordered otherwise from his or our plans, and His will be done.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

February 24th, 1884.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

BOARD MEETING.

The second quarterly meeting of the Central Board of Ontario was held on Friday afternoon, April 18th.

The first business considered was the place of holding the annual meeting of the Society in October next. Invitations have been extended to the Society from the London, Talbot St., and St. Catharines Circles. After consideration it was unanimously decided to meet in London, it being more central than St. Catharines, and consequently more convenient to the Circles in the West.

The Cor. Secretary reported a circle formed since last quarterly meeting in Plympton.

Mrs. J. G. Goble was reported a life member of the Society by the Mission Circle at Goble's Corners.

E. DENOVA, *Rec. Sec.*

COURTRIGHT, ONT.—A sister says: I see in the last number of our LINK a letter from Miss Muir, suggesting a prayer union, every Wednesday evening, for the Foreign Mission. Surely very many of the sisters throughout Canada will respond. I wish to join the proposed Circle. Please give her my name.

PORT HOPE, ONT.—A missionary entertainment was given by the "Gleaners," on March 7th. The chair being ably filled by the pastor (Rev. A. Murdock), reading of scripture and prayer, followed by the annual report of the Secretary. A very interesting letter from Rev. John Craig (India), was read by Arthur Craig. Readings, recitations and singing by the members of the Band, and a dialogue (Lukshimah) formed an interesting programme. A voluntary collection was taken amounting to \$21.

A. L. RICHARDSON, *Sec.*

FIRST CHURCH, BRANTFORD, ONT.—A friend writes: We are engaged in making another rag carpet which is already spoken for; it is to measure thirty yards. During the last year we made sixty yards of rag carpet. This is rather a slow and tedious way of making money, but one that nearly every one will take hold of. As a circle we have resolved to save all our waste rags and instead of exchanging them for tinware, as so many do, sell them and give this money as an extra. If all our Baptist sisters would do the same a good sum could be gathered from this source alone. I speak from experience, for I have been doing so for some years, and have got a good many dollars in this way, and make a good deal of rag carpet too, but I have quite a large family, or of course I should not gather so much. Pray excuse me mentioning this, but I know newly-formed circles often ask for advice, and I thought perhaps this may fit somewhere, as it is something within the reach of all. Besides it keeps mission work constantly before the mind, as it is almost a daily task to add to the little store, and it becomes the household's work too, if the plan is really established. In my home all the waste bits are always spoken of as "missionary rags."

DELHI, ONT.—Our Mission Band held a concert on the evening of the 3rd of March, 1884. It consisted of readings, recitations, dialogues and singing. We spent a very pleasant time together, and at the close of our meeting had the pleasure of presenting to our pastor's wife, Mrs. Boyd, a handsome autograph quilt, which the Band have been busily engaged in making during the winter. The proceeds of the evening's entertainment, together with the amount raised by the quilt, came to \$25.50. We are doing well, and hope we may be long spared to work in this glorious cause.

JENNIE HEATH, *Sec.*

SARNIA, ONT.—A most encouraging open meeting of the Circle and Band was held on Wednesday, April 2nd, in the Sarnia Baptist Church. The proceeds amounted to \$40, which were equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. We have much reason to thank our Heavenly Father for His goodness in giving us growth in this work. It belongs to Him, and He will take care of it, and if we do our part faithfully, we have the happiness of knowing it is not in vain.

E. ROWLES.

OTTAWA.—Our Mission Band held its first entertain-

ment last Friday evening. The children were all delighted with the programme. Songs, recitations, readings, dialogues (all missionary or temperance), and a carefully prepared paper by the Secretary, made two hours pass very pleasantly. The lecture-room was well filled with older friends. The plate at the door received \$13.50. We purpose holding similar entertainments every month.—*Com.*

ORMOND, QUE.—A Mission Circle was organized on the 2nd of April with the following officers: Mrs. Howland, *President*; Mrs. D. McIntosh, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Margaret Dewar, *Secretary*; Miss Janet Dewar, *Treasurer*. The present membership is 18. The funds amount to \$17, which amount has been devoted to the support of a native student of Samulcotta Seminary. Much Christian enthusiasm is manifested by the sisters, and we hope that not only will this membership be largely increased but also that the whole church will become filled with missionary zeal. T. H.

Maritime Provinces.

APPOINTMENT OF MISSIONARIES.

At the last meeting held on Thursday, March 20th, the Foreign Mission Board went into the consideration of the best means of reinforcing the mission in view of the return of the Rev. Mr. Churchill and his wife, and the anticipated early return of Mr. Sanford. Applications had been received previously from two young ladies for appointment, but no action had been taken thereon. Two sessions were held on the 20th—afternoon and evening—and the subject was very carefully gone into. It was finally decided that the most advantageous course for the Board to adopt was to send out two young ladies, rather than an extra male missionary, who, on the return of brethren Sanford and Churchill to their several fields, would be left without a station, whilst the young ladies could be stationed with the resident missionaries as circumstances should demand. The young ladies were before the Board, and gave a statement of the way in which their minds had been directed and their determination settled to consecrate their lives to foreign mission work. Satisfactory answers were given to questions put by members of the Board, and certificates of health, mental attainments, and Christian character were presented from physicians, educationists, and ministers of the gospel, all of which were of a satisfactory character. Finally, the two sisters were appointed upon the staff of missionaries, subject to directions subsequently to be given to them.

Miss Henrietta Wright, a resident of Halifax, N. S., is 30 years of age, a member of the Granville St. church, and has been a teacher for about twelve years, in public schools or as a governess. Two pastors and numerous friends testify to her fitness for missionary work.

Miss Lenore Hamilton, a resident of Jacksonville, Carlton Co., N. B., is 20 years of age, and a member of the Truro, N.S., church. She is a graduate of the N. S. Model School, and holds a first-class license from the N. B. Board of Education, under which she has taught schools in this Province for two years. She is a young lady of much refinement with a well-balanced mind, and a spiritual and religious experience of a wide and deep character. Gentle, modest and retiring in nature, she is yet self-contained, self-reliant and firm in the expression of her convictions.

It is probable that these sisters will be sent to Bimlipatam under the care and direction of Brother Sanford until they have had time to familiarize themselves with the people, their language and their needs. Then, upon the return of Brother Sanford to this country, the station can be left in their care, until his return.

This addition to the staff of workers will necessitate enlarged beneficence on the part of our churches, and aid societies, but the means will not long be wanting to carry forward every department of the work, if the wonder-working hand of God is but seen directing, guiding and controlling the work He has given His servants to do.

Thoughts suggested by Miss Muir's Letter.

I have just been reading Miss Muir's letter in the LINK for April. I shall be glad to join in the proposed prayer circle, and I should like to say something on the second point—giving. Now all Christians belong to Christ. But do we give Him all the money we might. The spring is coming on when we want new clothes. Would not a less expensive dress do, and give the remaining money to the mission; or a dress with less trimming; or a bonnet with fewer flowers. At the last day it will not matter to us whether in the summer of 1884 we dressed in silk or not. But it will matter if some poor dark soul has been made light-through the money we gave. And is it not in these things that we shall receive the reward of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad? This will apply to all women, whether ladies or servants. Servants have more money at their disposal than ladies. They earn good wages, and have only to draw out of them. If they are servants of Christ let them put some of these earnings out at interest in this way for Him, that at His coming He may receive His own with usury, and they hear His "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many." Cannot some thing be done without in our homes? A new carpet, new curtains, perhaps expensive fancy work, to be given like a pound of ointment, very costly, showing in some measure the love of the giver.

MONTREAL, April, 1884.

JANE PAYNE.

A Scrap for a Circle Meeting.

One of the first essentials in any Christian mission is faith. Not the faith that must see the why, wherefore and immediate results, but one that can overreach the years and see the *final success* of the work. Without this element what could the early missionaries have done, those who toiled for four, ten or twelve years without seeing the conversion of a single soul. It was this *faith* in the *final success* of the mission that bore the soul of Paul above the tides of adversity that overtook him. How great was his faith! How much greater should be ours! We who have seen the triumph of the cross; we who are so near the glorious day that the light is breaking upon us. Let us pray, "Lord increase our faith," for what saith our blessed Master, "According to your *faith* be it unto you." I. B.

Annual Meeting at Buffalo.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Prospect Avenue Church on the 16th and 17th of April. About five hundred delegates and visitors were present, all of whom entered heartily into the spirit and exercises of the

meeting. The opening service was a prayer meeting of great earnestness and power. Mrs. Colby, the president, conducted the meeting of the society, and the address of welcome was given by Mrs. Gordon.

The society reports for the year, 24 missionaries, 90 schools, 4,448 scholars, 47 Bible-women, and 183 baptisms.

The report of the Treasurer, Miss Mary E. Clarke, of Boston, showed that the receipts were \$50,955, and the disbursements \$58,686.53, leaving a debt of \$7,956.53. \$48,076.07 was collected from thirty States and Territories represented in the society.

(Special contributions, taken during the second day, amounting to about \$1,500, will reduce the indebtedness).

The afternoon session was very profitable. Mrs. Clark, of Assam, gave an outline of the work of herself and husband among the Assamese. Miss Price, of Salem, Mass., read a choice paper on "Our Heritage and our Opportunity." Miss Payne, of Burmah, related interesting experiences of her work. Mrs. M. H. Bixby, of Providence, spoke on "School Work in Missions—Who shall do it?" The session closed with an admirable address to children, by Mrs. J. N. Cushing, who happily described child-life in Burmah.

The house was completely filled at night, notwithstanding stormy weather. Mrs. Downie, of Nellore, captured and held her delighted audience by an address of rare merit, delivered most naturally and effectively. She was followed by Dr. Henson, of Chicago, who paid a noble tribute to the work and worth of Christian women, contrasting them with novel-reading, theatre-going, pleasure-seeking, worldly women.

The reports of the State Secretaries, on Thursday morning, were of very great importance, and showed increasing interest in the churches, enlarged contributions, deeper consecration, and many other evidences of genuine devotion and hope. Mrs. Freeland, of Ontario, conveyed the greetings of the Canadian societies.

A most charming and touching missionary poem, called, in Burmese, "Koung-kin-boné-pou" (heavenly blossom), was recited by its author, Mrs. O. W. Spratt, of Brooklyn, who was born in Burmah, and whose father (a returned missionary) now resides at Lewisburg—Rev. G. P. Watrous.

At the afternoon session, Miss Wayte made some very appropriate remarks, in view of her early departure to India. A young Telugu girl, Seatama, spoke in English very acceptably. Mrs. Gates read a faithful and searching paper on "What are our Related Needs?" Funds and helpers, she claimed as the reply. Mrs. Armstrong, from Burmah, told of her work among the Karens, and recited the pathetic story of Nana, a Bible-woman of ardent zeal for Christ. Mrs. Rathbun gave an excellent address on "Missions," and a carefully prepared and instructive paper was read by Miss Clarke, on "Our Helps to Study."

Much interest was manifested throughout the entire sessions. Every arrangement possible had been planned by local committees for the comfort of the delegates and the success of the meetings. The young lady ushers representing the various churches, faithfully and gracefully performed their tiresome, yet pleasant work.

At the Thursday evening session, a large audience assembled. By special request, Mrs. Spratt repeated her beautiful poem. Dr. Clough graphically outlined the geography, history experiences and success of the renowned Telugu Mission Field. His address was listened to with rapt attention and profit. Throughout all the meetings, an earnest, Christian spirit prevailed, and much gratitude to God for his abundant blessings.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—A missionary lady in India has written this true story for us. A poor heathen woman had two babies sent her from God. Very lovely the little twins looked lying side by side in their basket-cradle which was swinging from the branches of a cocoa-palm tree near their home. But the mother's heart was full of sorrow, for one of the babies was a girl and blind. She said she knew that the gods she worshipped were angry with her, or both her babies would have been boys. For a short time she grieved over it and then said "I must please the gods no matter how much it costs me." The missionary could not comfort her, nor did the terrible meaning of her words enter her heart until one evening she found the mother weeping bitterly by the cradle. One baby was gone—the beautiful, dearly-loved boy! Only the little blind baby-girl remained. The mother had thrown her boy into the Ganges to be food for the crocodiles that the gods might be pleased. The missionary was dumb with horror at first, but at last asked, "If you felt that you must destroy one child why did you not give your girl and save the boy you loved best." "Ah, that would not do!" she answered, for I dared not offer a girl when I had a perfect son. That would only have made the gods more angry. They must always have our best. Alas! for my beautiful boy, my beautiful boy, the sunshine of my heart! He has gone forever!" Dear boys and girls, can we not learn a lesson from this sad story? If the heathen who have no reason to love their gods feel that they deserve the best of their possessions, how should it be with us? Our Lord spared not His only Son, but freely gave Him up to suffering and death that we might be saved! And yet we receive this "unspeakable gift" carelessly and grumble over giving the smallest portion of our wealth, our time, our talents, our love to Him. Oh, that we might learn to give freely of the best God has given us to spread the "glad tidings of great joy" to the uttermost parts of the earth." We are told that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect money for foreign missions, an old friend of his said, "Well, Andrew, I will give you five pounds, seeing it is you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I cannot take anything for this cause in that way." His friend felt the reproof, and after a few minutes said, "You are right, Andrew, here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the Lord Jesus Christ."

Children, you who know the Saviour,
Does the story of His love
Ever thrill your souls with gladness,
Or your hearts to sorrow move?

Do you think of Him in glory,
Where, your faithful prayer he hears,
On the child with favor looking
Who His name both loves and fears?

Would you send abroad the story
Of our great Redeemer's grace,
Poor, benighted heathen, telling
That they, too, may seek His face?

Children bend their knees to idols
In these far-off heathen lands;
Gifts they bear into the temples
Earned by labor of their hands.

Not of that which costs you nothing
Let your ready offerings be:—
Work for Jesus, cheerful working,
With an earnest will and free.

Though your gifts may seem as trifles
In the haughty worldling's eyes,
Christ, your Lord, will smile approval,
He, the proof of love, will prize.

Then, let prayers, sincere and earnest,
Rise to Heaven on wings of love,
That on heathen lands God's Spirit
May come freely from above.

I am very anxious that all the members of our Mission Bands may give their offerings to this work for *Jesus sake*, and not for any other reason. God will help us if we ask Him.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

NOTICE.

The second annual meeting of the Brant Associational Society, in connection with the Foreign Mission work, will be held in Jerseyville, on Friday, June 6th. Afternoon session in the Temperance Hall to commence at 2.30 o'clock. A public meeting will be held in the evening in the Baptist Church. Special efforts are being made by the committee to make the meetings interesting and profitable, and they hope a large number of delegates will be present.

A. MOYLE, Assoc. Sec.

THE LINK for June will contain a wood-cut of the Samulcotta Seminary. Orders for extra copies must be sent in before the 1st of June.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from March 26th to April 30th, 1884.

Hamilton, M. C., \$31.95; Paris, M. C., \$15; Paris, M. B., \$9.61; Stratbroy, M. C., \$18.75; Springsford, M. B., \$8 (towards the support of a student at Samulcotta; Baker Hill, M. B., \$4.10; Wyoming, M. C., \$17; Yorkville, M. C., \$15.40; Belleville, M. C., \$6.72; Wingham, M. B., \$25 (for the support of Chininama Fisher and a boy in Mr. McLaurin's school); Sarnia, M. C., \$40, of this \$18.65 from a social; Sarnia, M. B., \$5; London (Adelaide St.), M. C., \$24 (of this \$7.65 proceeds of a lecture by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart); Delhi, M. C., \$8; Stratford, M. C., \$6; Goble's Corners, M. B., \$25 (proceeds of a quilt to make Mrs. J. G. Goble a life member and to be applied to Seminary work); Port Hope, M. C., \$27; Hartford, M. C., \$10; Aylmer, M. C., \$8; Jarvis St., M. C., \$19.20; Alexander St., M. C., \$10.93; Thedford, M. C., \$3; Boston, M. C., \$14 (support of student at Samulcotta); Boston, M. B., \$14 (support of Cocannda Mission); total, \$365.66.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.

267 Sherbourne St. Toronto

W.B.F.M. SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST.

Receipts from March 5th, to April 28th, 1884.

Tayside (Roxburgh Circle), \$5; Clarence, \$20; Morrisburg, \$14; Cornwall, \$5; South Gower, \$15; Perth, \$8; Brackville, \$20; Dominionville, \$6; Montreal (Miss Payne), \$5.—Total, \$98.

M. A. SMITH, Treas.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.