

Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

Vol. VII., No. 2.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. lx. 2. [Oct., 1884.

The Christian's Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the holy HEBREW land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave.
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein thy Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine's prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the light divine?

Or is the Christian's fatherland
Where, with crowned head and oroziered hand,
The ghost of empire proudly sits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
O, by those world-embracing walls,
O, in those vast and pictured halls,
O, underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's fatherland?—
He still looks on from land to land—
Is it where German conscience woke,
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shores was heard
The calm Helvetican's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseemly throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer land,
Our own, our native fatherland?
Where law and freedom, side by side,
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fire-side nook, the ocean wave.
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,
Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian, no, not even here,
By Christian hearth or church-yard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry;
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame;
Nor o'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star;
Thy fatherland is wilder far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christ-like faith is keen to seek
What truth or conscience freely speak;

Where Christ-like love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man;
Whom round God's throne his just ones stand:—
There, Christian, is thy fatherland.

—Dean Stanley.

"Beside All Waters."

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Shallow or deep, or narrow or broad! He who giveth the increase is able to guard the seed till it yield in His own good time; it is ours only to sow. Sow beside the stream that flows through the lonely wood: it is very quiet there and no eye but God's may see the labor. How many such places we pass by as scarcely worthy our time and effort. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Sow beside the river widening and bending through hamlet and city. The noise of commerce is loud, there is hurrying to and fro, and little time or place for sowing the precious seed for the Master. "Sow beside all waters," and ~~from~~ ^{from} the river's margin shall spring a golden harvest. Sow beside the great ocean. The rocks and seaweed are there, and the rising waters may touch thy feet, but "they shall not overflow thee." The voice that spoke "Peace!" to the sea of Galilee is yet powerful to still the wildest tempest. Along the great sea shore shall be gathered countless sheaves for the Master. Gather beside all waters! What is the promise? "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Belleville, Ont.

I. B.

A Hot Day in India.

For several days the heat has been intense. It culminates to-day at 107° in our coolest room. One seems to live in a hideous nightmare. The early riser finds the sun on the horizon at 5.30 a.m. A light, suffocating mist hangs about the river, upon the groves of dusty palm and mango trees, and almost hides the distant hills. In an hour this has disappeared and the sun is up in his strength. By seven o'clock the early walker begins to feel that he has had enough of it and hurries homeward. Exertion throws him into a profuse perspiration, which becomes worse on entering the house. This is followed by that peculiar condition of the skin called *prickly heat*—a red, tormenting rash with an irritating electrical sensation. Livid with this rash and frantic efforts to ease the irritation, drenched in a perspiration so profuse that it renders frequent change of clothing necessary, the poor sufferer tries to keep cool under the mocking pankahs. As the heat creeps up towards 100° one dries and the body feels parched and fevered. Exertion becomes trying, work intolerable, sleep impossible. The mind becomes op-