

The Canadian Missionary Link

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Enough To Do

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT

The lady rose from her cushions,
Her broidery frame to bring,
And showed me the tinted satin.
Where violets seemed to spring,
Then turned to a splendid curtain,
Enriched with a golden thread,
And scarf with arabesques covered.
All worked by herself, she said

"But where have you found the leisure?"
I said, as my head I bent
To look at the fairy stitches
That minutes and hours meant
"In a world so full of business,
Whence cometh this time to you?
She laughed as she lightly answered,
"I've nothing besides to do."

"I've servants to wait in plenty,
They lift one from household care,
There is no use of me stitching
The garments I choose to wear;
And save to drive in my carriage,
And loiter my visits through,
Or dress for a ball or dinner,
I've nothing besides to do."

Nothing! when thousands are mourning,
Can brain and can fingers find
Nothing to do but make cushions
And curtains with gold outlined?
And while from the darkened nations
Call mothers, and widows, and brides,
For teaching and help, you embroider,
With "nothing to do besides."

I've heard how the Eastern beauties
Live hushed in their perfumed air,
Shut in from the world's confusion
With nothing to do but be fair:
The blood in their pulses flowing,
Languidly day by day,
With never a thought to stir it
As passes their life away.

We are not as they, my sister,
To thus let the years go by:
They know of no living higher,
Than watching the moments fly
We live in a world enlightened
By Christian teaching of years,
And the cry of help for sorrow
We cannot drive from our ears

I know that you hear it, sister,
However you shut it out,
Although you sit and embroider,
So closely curtained about.
It reaches in through the curtains,
Though heavy and thick they fall,
And wives, and widows, and mothers,
Send up their sorrowful call.

Wives that are beasts of burdens,
Widows mocked at in mirth,
Brides that are trembling children,
Daughters cursed at their birth:
In India's muslin chuddah,
In Turkey's turban and veil,
In the costly shawls of Persia
They are robbed as they tell their tale.

Wives, and widows, and mothers,
They call from the darkened lands,
And nothing more than the Bible
Twixt their lot and your lot stands.
They call for its words of freedom,
They stretch out their hands to you;
Oh! speak no more of your "leisure,"
You have God-given work to do.

—Life and Light

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. XII.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

As with Moffat in Africa, so with Williams in the islands of the South Sea, he was not the first missionary who had broken ground there. As early as 1797 a missionary company consisting of eighteen men, five women, and two children were landed by captain Wilson of the ship Duff on the island of Otahaiti, or Tahiti, as it is at