

They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice: "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you? Do you know what is meant by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for him."

"And you are willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I am not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never!" God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm, I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"Oh, he's just gone up-stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying; "O Lord, make this boy, who has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The Superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy become one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a Missionary to the heathen.—*Miss. Review.*

### Poor Dick's Contribution.

In all parts of the world missionary meetings are held and contributions made for such as are still in darkness. Could you have been present on a certain occasion of this kind, in one of the distant island stations, it would have been a treat to have seen the bright, laughable expression animating the countenances of the people as their names were read out in the congregation. One of the last to come to pay his money was Dick, a little boy born a slave, but who, with his parents, had not very long before been made free. Dick being considered a good, honest lad, one who would not steal the eggs, had been duly appointed captain of the poultry-yard on a neighboring-estate.

Dick was a very modest boy, and hung down his head as he presented himself at the table before which the missionary sat. Taking a little bag out of his pocket, he took out of it five dollars (twenty shillings and ten pence English money), and laid it on the table.

"Where is your collecting paper, my boy?" asked the missionary.

"I don't got none, sir," replied Dick.

"But how did you get these five dollars?" asked the missionary.

Dick looked much embarrassed as he said: "I bring 'em gie you myself, sir, for de mission cause."

"But how did you get so much?"

"Dick burst into tears at thus being interrogated, and, after considerable emotion, said: "Sir, I been work for 'em myself. I say, de Lord gie me free, an' de fust money I arn I gie to He. I put up all my money—bit, bit (a bit—being—at that time fivepence), tampee, tampee (one penny)—until he all come to five dollars. Den he been ask somebody to gie me big paper for me bring gie you, sir."

Noble, unselfish Dick! Doubtless the Lord honored Dick's offering of his first fruits, won by the labor of his hands, as he cast it all into His treasury. May my young readers imitate Dick's example, and give themselves also unto the Lord as, we doubt not, Dick did.

Five dollars would have bought Dick a fine suit of clothes, and a pair of boots to wear on Sundays; but Dick willingly went to the Sunday school and to chapel in his blue striped shirt and Osnaburgh trousers, in order to give his first earnings to the cause of that Saviour who gave Himself a sin-offering for him and for us all.

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#### WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from October 26th to November 23rd, inclusive.

Emerson M. C. \$7; Perth M.B. \$17, for the support of Morta Cornelius a student; 2nd Markham M.C. \$5; College St., Toronto, M.C. \$9.75; Hamilton M.C. \$24.50, of this \$22 was half of collection at Annual Meeting, also \$2.50 half of proceeds of a social at the house of Mrs. Burdwell; Peterboro' M.C. \$11.40; College St., Toronto, M.B. \$25, to make Mrs. Moor a life member. Total, \$99.65.

NOTE.—In the Annual Report \$10 was credited to Whitty 6th Con., which should have been credited to Whitty M.C. In last month's acknowledgments Springfield should have read Springfield.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,

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