

THE Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XXIII. |

TORONTO, JUNE, 1901.

| No. 10

PRAYER CYCLE.

Miss McLaurin was the first who suggested the idea of a Prayer Cycle, she also assisted in its completion. Miss Morrow chose most of the texts. This explanation is given at Miss Hatch's request, as she has been given all the credit of it. The wish of these ladies that no name be mentioned in connection with the scheme was quite forgotten in the many months that elapsed before the Board decided to publish.

W. B. M. U.—We have waited this month hoping to receive the matter for this department, but it has not come.

ASSOCIATIONAL meetings that reach us after the 20th of June will be too late for publication.

WE MEASURE LOVE BY SACRIFICE.

How mother love its watch will keep
While all around are wrapped in sleep,
And when some danger hovers nigh
Be strong to suffer, dare, or die,
And in devotion such as this
Will show its love by sacrifice.

And One there was, who on the cross
Has borne all human pain and loss,
He laid His royal robes aside
And for our sakes He bled and died.
Was ever love so great as this,
If measured by its sacrifice?

What can we do to show our love
But count His work our own above,
And clasping close the pierced hand,
More swiftly at His least command,
To find His service highest bliss,
And prove our love by sacrifice.

—Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

SUMMER DAYS.

The life of the Master is full of suggestion for summer days. His eyes were always open to the beauty and meaning of the world around Him. In His busy ministry how close His footsteps place

themselves beside our everyday life! Did he seek an illustration of the work to be done? "Behold a sower went forth to sow." Was a lesson of courage needed? "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed" The barren fig tree stood as a symbol of fruitless lives, and the vine and branches are forever hallowed by His tender imagery.

"God's glory lies not out of reach,
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea beach
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet."

Many of us are weary, and during the next few months, by sea shore and mountain side will be seeking rest. The Master, too, was weary and slept in the fisherman's boat undisturbed by the roar of wind and wave, and wakened to shew that He held the waters in the hollow of His hand. Possibly with some of us the weariness is not all of the body, but wearied and discouraged in spirit, we are asking, "Does the road wind up hill all the way?"

He, too, felt this burden, and "went apart into a mountain to pray," and thus gave a new and sweeter meaning to the words, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."

The pearls of the sea, the fish and the nets, the stones of the desert, the lilies of the field, the growing corn, the brambles and the tares, the wind that bloweth where it listeth, the fields white to the harvest, even the fluttering little sparrows, the Master saw them all, and was interested in all the life going on around Him.

In these long bright days of summer may our hearts be filled with the sunshine of His presence! May we look "from Nature up to Nature's God." May birds and leaves and blossoms speak to us of Him who made this earth so beautiful. May we hear His voice in the whisper of the winds, and the breaking of the waves. May our hands be strengthened, our hearts refreshed, our lives made richer and fuller by living with the King through another summer. May our work for His children make us more child-like in spirit, and may we all become more like Him who is