

Missionary Link.

CANADA

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

INDIA

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"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Is. Lx. 3.

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The Canadian Missionary Link.

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Editors—Mrs. H. J. Bole and Mrs. M. Prichard.
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THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC enters on the present year in an improved financial position. The debt of \$2,000 with which last year began has been reduced to \$800. For this we "thank God, and take courage." Such a spirit of liberality has been poured upon the churches, that of the \$7,450 asked for some two months ago, only \$800 is yet unprovided for. Surely this also can be raised. Are there not in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec eighty men and women who can and will send \$10 each to the Treasurer, T. Dixon Craig, Esq., 51 Front St., Toronto? By so doing they will free this Society from the "shame of a deficit." Brethren and sisters, it can be done. In the name of "The Master" we ask, who will do it?

WOMAN'S COMMISSION.

For THE Lark.

Have we, as Christian women, any commission given us by Christ, to spread the precious Gospel message from pole to pole? We think we have, and it is two-fold:—special, or peculiar to our sex; and general, or relating to our duty as followers of the Lamb.

Turn your thoughts backward through many decades of years to an oriental garden. It is spring time, the first Easter Sabbath, and very early in the morning. Night is folding back the mantle with which she has enshrouded the earth, and the rising sun is tinging the cloudy drapery around his eastern bed with gold, violet and purple. Oliver's sombre sides are reflecting the rosy glow, and the gray mists of dawn are rapidly dispelling in the growing light.

But yonder sorrowful, weeping woman, thinks not of the beauties of earth or sky—does not even glance at the pure white Eastern lilies blooming beneath her feet. The burden of her cry is, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Suddenly a voice breaks the stillness—and though soft and tender, it pierces the heart of the woman, causing every chord to vibrate. "Mary! Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to Heaven, but go to my brethren and tell them—I ascend unto my Father, and to your Father—to my God, and to your God."

Christ seemed to understand that the timid, shrinking nature of woman, needed a special revelation—a special request—and this, with the message given her formerly by the angels—to "go, tell the brethren and Peter, that Christ is risen"—is enough for Mary. She hastens to publish the glad tidings. And shall we hide the story of our Father's love, and the condescension of our Jesus, in veiling the glory which he had with the Father

before the world was, and coming to earth to redeem mankind—millions of whom are perishing for lack of knowledge?

Regarding our duty as followers of the Lamb, has not Christ said of Himself by the inspired singer of Israel,—“Lo, I come to do Thy will, O, God?” And has He not left us an example that we should follow in His steps? And here we would say to those who will do nothing, because they cannot do much, that commendation comes not so much for what we really do, as for the desire, the motive,—the doing according to our ability. A master-mind of the age has well and wisely said that “it is not what we accomplish, but what we work and strive for, which determines the true worth of our lives.” It is not in the task He gives us, but the doing it for Him.

The small sum of \$2.00 per year, would send more than one dozen Bibles across the seas, or into the forest wilds of our own land.—The same sum would be the one five-hundredth part of the salary of a lady missionary; or the one-fiftieth part of that of a native Bible woman. Let us not despise the day of small things, because in the performance of just such small things, are we fulfilling Christ's command—"Go, tell that I am risen."

A practical question, however, arises here. Is there a necessity for us as Christian women to enter the Foreign Mission Field as labourers? Might we not be faithful to our duty, and fulfil our special mission, by simply telling the "old, old story" to lost ones nearer home? We might—and indeed we must not neglect this. But in our advanced age, when everything moves along with a rapidity almost inconceivable,—when the printing press, the telegraph, the steam-engine, have brought even continents together,—we may, by inquiry and observation, know as much of the condition of China, India, the islands of the sea, as we do of our own land. And what do we discover? That, for centuries, the women of these lands have been degraded, ignorant, immured from the every-day world—condemned to a bondage worse than slavery; and that caste has reared its adamantine walls so high between them and all that is bright, beautiful and happy, that now, only women, Christian women, with their kindly hearts and tender fingers, can find a crevice in this wall, or turn the key and fling open wide the doors to the Heathen homes.

What are our equipments for this glorious work, this special mission? Earnestness, and steadfastness of purpose, also a spirit of prayer, consecration and self-denial. In a future article we may discuss the meaning of the words "Consecration" and "Self-Denial."

PARTING MOMENTS.

Many of the readers of your little paper have doubtless often heard of missionaries going away to distant lands, leaving their children behind to be cared for and educated by near relatives, or strangers, as the case may be; yet few have ever witnessed, as I have done, the parting of those parents from their children. I now invite you to go with me to the birthplace of one of our mission-

aries, at "Timpany's Grove," on the eve of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany for India. You will there witness a scene not soon to be forgotten. Relatives and friends have met to bid farewell, while the little ones, so soon to be parted, perhaps forever, are mingling with the little group, the tears chasing away the smiles from their dimpled cheeks, with the sad thought that Papa and Mamma, with little Mary, are so soon to leave them. The hour comes when they must retire to rest. Mamma, for the last time, must smooth the pillow, and listen to the childlike prayers, as only a mother can do, for should they all live to meet again, innocent childhood will have passed away forever, will have given place to more mature age. Now stand with me at the closed door of that chamber; we will not intrude,—the place is too sacred. Listen! We hear the sweet strains as they come from the lips of that tremulous group, "Precious Jewels," oh! how precious to that mother's heart. Then come the bended knees, the clasped hands, the uplifted eyes and hearts, wrestling with Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, to protect, guide and keep, and be to them more than their earthly parents can be.

Mothers and sisters, we are not called to sacrifice thus. Ours is of another nature, closely connected and equally important. God's great temple is composed of precious stones, varying in size and grandeur. Let us not be content to linger idly on the shores of the great sea of life, picking up the pebbles from the strand, or gathering a fragment here and there which may chance to float by us without any exertion of our own.

The command to Peter, "launch out into the deep," is applicable to every Christian, male or female. We often hear anxious fathers and mothers plead for their children and neighbours; and yet they can find no time nor means from their abundance, to further the Redeemer's kingdom, save within the limits of their own homes. Is it a wonder that the Lord tarries, and their children are not converted? May the time be hastened, when vain and worldly amusements will give place to religious and benevolent enterprises and especially may all Christians make it a life-work to aid in sending the glad tidings of salvation to earth's remotest bounds. Then shall we, with our sacrificing missionaries who are now on the mighty deep, and who so sorely need our prayers and our aid, unite in shouting hallelujahs to the Lord.

Mrs. J. McCONNELL.

Calton, Ont.

THE NATIVES OF THE DARNLEY AND MURRAY ISLANDS have received at least one Christian Book in their own language, which some of them have been taught to read. Rev. S. McFarlane speaks of them as coming to Somerset to meet the mill. They sang very well in familiar strains the sweet hymn, "Come to Jesus." A few days ago, about thirty young fellows from these islands finished their twelve-months' service with one of the shellers, and were paid off. Many inducements were held out to them to re-engage, but they all refused, saying that they had now got books in their language, and intended returning to their homes, that they might learn from the teacher to read and write.