

THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. IV., No. 4.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] DEC., 1881

A Bird's Ministry.

FROM his home in an Eastern bungalow,
In sight of the everlasting snow
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,

Thus wrote my friend: "I had travelled far,
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
Through the sand-white plains of Sindh-Sagar:

"And once, when the daily march was o'er,
As tired I sat in my tented door,
Hope failed me, as never it failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside fane,
By the Indus bank, on the scorching plain,
I had taught; but my teaching all seemed vain.

"No glimmer of light," I sighed, "appears;
The Moslem's fate and the Buddhist's fears
Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.

"For Christ and His truth I stand alone
In the midst of millions; a sand-grain blown
Against yon temple of ancient stone

"As soon may level it! Faith forsook
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look;
Then, rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof for the cooler air,
I gazed and marvelled—how crumbled were
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

"For, wedged in a rift of massive stone,
Most plainly reft by its roots alone,
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown,

"Whose gradual stress would still expand
The crevice, and topple upon the sand
The temple; while o'er its wreck should stand

"The tree in its living verdure! Who
Could compass the thought? The bird that flew
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall
Than earthquake, war, simoon, or all
The centuries in their lapse and fall!

"Then I knelt by the riven granite there,
And my soul shook off its weight of care,
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:

"The living seeds I have dropped remain
In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain."

—Selected.

Foreign Missionaries at Home.

A CIRCLE MEETING ADDRESS, BY MISS IDA FITCH.

We often hear people remark, "We cannot all be missionaries." With this we do not agree, but would rather say, "We can all be missionaries." It is the duty of every member of a Mission Circle to be a foreign missionary. Not to leave our own land to carry the light of the Gospel to the East—for we have at present as many missionaries in India as we are able to maintain—but we want more steadfast women, whose hands are here, but whose hearts reach away to heathen lands. More women who are willing to give, not only this year and next, but their lives to this work—women who lay their all on the altar of the living God, and are consecrated to this blessed mission of spreading abroad the news of Salvation.

Not long ago we heard a lady remark that she believed she was willing to die, if need be, that the Telugu people might learn of Christ. It is blessed indeed to die for the cause we love, but it is more blessed to live for it, and this is what Christ asks of us. How many of us are living to send the light of the Gospel over the world? How many foreign missionaries have we at home? We must have in our Circles more women in whose hearts this love is burning—burning constantly, whose prayer for our mission never ceases, and whose hands never tire gathering the mites.

If we could oftener remember that the work is the same whether done in India or in Canada, there would be stronger and more constant endeavour. Not long ago we visited an extensive organ factory in which were employed a great many workmen. Near the entrance stood a boy rubbing small pieces of wood with sandpaper, farther on a man was working on what would be a bellows; the next man was forking the reeds, and so on all through the building. The last workman gathered the pieces, made them into a whole, and shipped the work away finished. But if the boy at the entrance had stood idly by, or left his work to stare enviously at those farther on, the organ would have had no keys. Is not our mission work the same? It may be that we stand at the entrance with a small piece of work, but who can tell the importance of it?

If we are standing idly, will the day not come when we shall hear from across the seas, "Sisters in the West, who