

suit, etc., he presented the mission with the remainder." The story is one of thrilling interest from beginning to end, and we should like to see it very widely circulated. In a preface Mr. John March has given a good sketch of the missions of the Maritime Provinces in India, and the pamphlet contains a good map of the Telugu mission field and Southern Asia by the same hand. It is our own private opinion that this story would have done more good if it had been published as a serial in the LINK.

To-Day.

In tones as sweet as sweet could be,
A little baby sang to me,
Her happy heart to music stirred,
Yet knowing but this one sweet word—
A word, how meaningless to her,
To me, how much the heart to stir,
As o'er and o'er, in songful play,
She sang her pretty roundelay,
"To-day, to-day, to-day, to-day!"

"To-day, to-day!" still ring the words
Along my spirit's subtle chords;
And more when I easy to know
How much unto my Lord I owe,—
How much to cravo, to do, to dare,
To plan and purpose, brave and bear,
To win to God the souls that stray
From Him in folly's downward way.
And all to-day, to-day, TO-DAY!

Wherefore! Because to-morrow comes
Never to human hearts or homes.
Have I the lost to seek and save?
To-day is all the time I have!
Have I to lift the cross so high
That all may see it who pass by?
Have I to watch, and wait, and pray,
And fight the fight of faith away?
My time—my only time—to-day!

To call aloud to souls that die:—
"To-day the Christ is passing by."
"O hear to-day His pleading voice."
"Make Him to-day your blessed choice."
"To-day with patient love He waits,—
"To-day holds back destruction's gates."
"To-day's bright hours glide swift away."
"And judgment will not long delay."
For this—all this, I've but to-day!

"Dear baby, may your artless song
Linger in heart and memory long;
And day by day constrain, impel,
My work to do, and do it well;
Remembering, as the minutes fly,
For me may come no by and by:
That what I ought to do or say
Be said or done without delay
While yet for me it is to-day!

Mrs. J. C. YULR.

The Story of Malukshmi.

During the year 1882 a man belonging to the Mala caste, Rajana by name, living in a village about three miles from Tuni, professed faith in Christ, and on being baptized, was received into the church at this station. Others in this same place became much interested in the

truth, and seemed on the point of becoming Christians, but did not come forward at that time. On the other hand, the step he had taken excited a good deal of opposition in the minds of some, and especially among the members of his own family. His wife, however, whose name appears at the head of this article, was led gradually to look upon the matter more favorably, and came occasionally with her husband to the station to attend worship. Her unusual intelligence, and attractiveness of manner, greatly interested us, and we had frequent conversations with her, endeavoring to persuade her to decide for Christ. At length, she yielded, and about a year after her husband's baptism, we had the pleasure of welcoming her to a place among our little band of Christians. Their eldest son, a young man, who had been from the first strongly opposed to the course his father had taken, was still more displeased at his mother's conversion, and became more bitter in his opposition. He did his utmost to cause his parents to abandon their new religion, and in this he was heartily seconded by many others among the people of the village. After our departure for Canada, in the beginning of 1884, the trials of Rajana and Malukshmi, on account of their profession of Christianity, became greater than ever. A most determined effort was made by their son, in conjunction with the leading men of the village, to compel them to renounce Christianity, and return to heathenism. They were summoned before the munsiff (magistrate), and in the presence of the principal men of the place, they were threateningly asked whether they would remain Christians or return to their former religion. Rajana's courage was hardly sufficient for the test, and had he been alone, he would probably have yielded to the pressure brought to bear against him. But Malukshmi stood her ground bravely, and declared that whatever might happen, she would never give up her faith in Christ. Her husband, encouraged by the firm stand she had taken, remained with her, and together, they resisted the efforts that were made to induce them to recant. The son became very angry and violent, beating his mother, and holding a knife at her throat, thus endeavoring by intimidation to compel her to return to heathenism. I had this from an eye-witness, who himself was so impressed by Malukshmi's firmness that he became an earnest enquirer, and afterward came frequently to Tuni to talk with our preachers about Christianity. In consequence of Rajana and Malukshmi refusing to abandon Christianity, they were driven from their house, and obliged to take refuge in a small shed, standing in a field at a considerable distance from the village. There, with their youngest child, about nine years old, they lived in a half-starving condition for several months, their diet consisting most of the time of five palmyra nuts each day, and water seasoned with pepper. It happened one day, while they were living in this shed, that a well-to-do Shudra, who was onged to their village, and knew them well, came that way, apparently by accident, and found them in this wretched condition. His compassion was at once excited, and handing them some money, he told them to go back to their house in the village, and live there as before, and he would befriend them. They returned to their home, and strange to say, the very people who had driven them away, including their son, now seemed rejoiced to have them come back. The feeling of their neighbors toward them appeared to have undergone a complete change during their absence. Since that time, their son has been living peaceably with them, and they have been enjoying the good-will and friendship of all about them.

Malukshmi has not had much teaching on the subject