

## CONTENTS.

Editorial.....	78	W. M. Union of Maritime Provinces.....	81
Poetry—Doubling the Mission Dollar.....	78	The Work at Home.....	81
Letter from Mrs Rand.—A Thank-Offering Story—The Leaven of Christian- ity—After Many Days—Somebody is Watching.....	78-82	Young People's Department.....	81
The Work Abroad.....	84	Treasurer's Acknowledgments.....	81

Information of Miss Barker's safe arrival at Cocanada has reached us.

**MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.**—Mr. Bevis of the Standard Publishing Co., informs us that he has a large stock of new leaflets. Send to No. 9 Richmond St. West, Toronto, for them.

The excellent portraits of missionaries, were prepared for the special Foreign Mission number of OUR OWN PAPER. They are placed at our disposal by Rev. J. McLaurin, our esteemed Foreign Mission Secretary. We are sure they will be much appreciated by readers of the LINK.

**ADDRESS ON HEROES OF THE CONGO.**—One of the most instructive and inspiring addresses on Missions we ever heard was one on this subject by Rev. Thomas Trotter, delivered at the recent annual meeting of the Fyfo Missionary Society, at McMaster Hall. The subject was an excellent one, and it was handled with great power.

**CORRECTION.**—The second of the Scripture quotations in Miss Buchan's note, published in our last issue, was misprinted, and should have read as follows:—"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

**MANUSCRIPTS WANTED.**—Some years ago one of our missionaries prepared two papers for circulation among the Circles, one entitled "A Day in the Cocanada Mission Homes," and the other entitled "Two Telugu Girls." These papers were in the "Drawer" of which Mrs. Freeland had charge, and were probably retained by Circles to which they were last sent. The former was published at one time in the *Messenger and Visitor*. If any one can aid the author in getting a copy of one or both of these papers she will be greatly obliged, as the papers are wanted for present use. The editor of the LINK will be glad to receive the papers, or any information that may lead to their recovery.

**EUROPE.**—Missionaries among the Jews in all the countries of Continental Europe report an increasing interest in Christianity among that people. They seem to be greatly affected by the movement toward Christianity inaugurated by Mr. Rabinowitz of Kischenoff, Russia.

### Doubling the Mission Dollar.

'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day  
To turn from her toys and her careless play  
With a questioning glance of sad surprise  
And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes;  
For something so strange she had heard them say—  
Those older ones talking that summer day,—  
They thought she had come for a fond caress,  
Nor dreamed they their meaning the child could guess.

She listened while shadows came down apace,  
Then cropt to her treasures with earnest face,  
And there in the twilight she told it all  
To one little hearer—her patient doll;  
'Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea  
Are millions who never will Christians be  
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,  
And how they may go to the home above.

"And I heard them say that to lands afar  
A packet is going—the *Morning Star*—  
To carry the Gospel! I believe they said,  
'If the people to giving are only led.'  
Now I have a dime that I meant for you,  
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,  
But perhaps it will help them sail the ship;  
We'll give it!" she said, with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer  
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,  
And lovingly stroking the curly head,  
She noted the words that were softly said,  
'Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad  
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,  
And sometime we'll help them, perhaps, again;  
I hope you will bless them, O Lord, Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep  
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep,  
But the head on the pillow turned once more,  
A puzzled expression the child-face wore,  
'I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard,  
The meaning of sacrifice—that's the word.'  
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,—  
Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar  
The wonderful light of the *Morning Star*;  
And into her soul shall His presence shine,  
To beckon her on to the life Divine;  
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour  
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,  
And she kept her desire of greatest worth  
To "carry the gospel" to all the earth.

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,  
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,  
She remembered the lesson learned that day  
In the magical hour of childish play.  
The dime to a dollar had now increased,  
The blessing of giving had never ceased,  
Her sacrifice often took shape anew  
In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.

For Europe and Asia her pleadings rise,  
For Africa, too, with her burning skies,  
For sin-enslaved souls in isles of the sea,  
That Jesus' atonement might make them free.  
'Twas very surprising and sad indeed  
That she had forgotten her country's need  
That o'er her own country and prairies vast  
Her eye in its searchings had blindly passed.

And then into retrospect, one by one,  
Came duties neglected and work undone;  
The voice of Conscience seemed close by her side,  
"Your dollar for missions you must divide."