

we sent post card reminders many have promptly responded. We shall be obliged to drop at once the names of those from whom we do not hear; but we shall be glad to re-insert them as soon as we hear from them.

**RAMABAI'S VISIT TO TORONTO.**—The Pundita Ramabai has had a very hearty reception in Toronto. It was a matter of regret to the editor that the state of her health did not permit her to hear the eloquent and learned young Hindoo widow. Those who heard her in the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church give glowing accounts of her address. The short sketch of her career, given in another column, is from the *Missionary Helper*, and the sentiments expressed in this and in the poem are quite in accord with what we have heard in Toronto. Ramabai makes an earnest plea for money, but she wishes to have it distinctly understood that she is not competing with missionary organizations in her efforts to raise funds. She would not divert one cent of money from the mission treasuries, but, if over and above what we are giving to missions, we can, by curtailing extravagances, save something to aid a good cause, she would be very glad to receive it. We are far from thinking that her scheme deserves to rank with regular mission work. We doubt whether the exclusion of distinctively Christian teaching, nay of the word of God itself, from the proposed school, is good policy or good Christianity. Even from a purely humanitarian standpoint we doubt whether the scheme of Ramabai is the best scheme. But she presents it with great confidence, and many are won by her arguments to the support of her cause. Without being able to give our full commendation to the scheme, we yet wish the promoter of it Godspeed, and trust that if it should not prove to be the best, she will have grace to amend it.

**THE LINK AND THE BRETHREN.**—We have been informed that at a recent meeting of the General Board, in Toronto, expression was giving to a feeling that the brethren in our churches do not have adequate means of keeping informed on missionary matters, and a desire was expressed for space in the LINK for the special benefit of the brethren. We would say in this connection that the columns of the LINK have always been open to the General Secretary and to any other members of the General Board who have anything worth saying on the subject of missions. It has been a matter of regret to us that they have not availed themselves more largely of their privileges. As regards the matter of the LINK, while it may be especially designed for ladies, and while the work of Circles and Aid Societies is a prominent feature, we flatter ourselves that every number of the paper contains a large amount of matter that is worthy of the attention of the brethren, nay, even of the most intelligent of them. We doubt not many brethren do regularly read the papers that go into their houses addressed to their wives and daughters, etc., and not a few are personally subscribers to the LINK,

but we should be glad to have every brother who has not ready access to the paper among our subscribers. Will not our sisters, who take an interest in the circulation of the LINK, bear in mind the fact that the brethren need the information furnished by the paper no less than do the sisters? Much good might be accomplished by inducing such brethren as are not readers of the LINK to become so. We hope to make the paper more and more worthy of the attention of all classes of readers.

### Ramabai.

The little Hindoo maiden heard a voice amid the lull  
Of singing streams and rustling leaves, in groves of Gungamul;  
It swept along the mountain wind down to the western sea,—  
Heaven whispering to the listening earth, "Truth, like the  
air, is free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering caste  
away,  
To give his fledgelings liberty for flight in ampler day  
Than Manu's cage-like code allowed; and so the maiden grew  
To reach the thought and insight clear no dim zenana knew.

Child of the lone Ghaut Mountains! flower of India's wilder-  
ness!  
She knows that God unsealed her lips, her sisters dumb to  
bless;  
Gave her the clews to lead them forth from where they  
blindly grope:  
Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamps of  
hope.

Bravest of Hindoo widows! how dare we look at thee,  
So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?  
We who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain the  
slaves  
Of indolence and selfishness, immured in living graves!

O Ramabai, may we not share thy task, almost divine!  
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's own work, no less than  
thine.  
The Power that unseals sepulchres will move thy little hand!  
The stone roll back; they rise,—they breathe! the women  
of thy land!

—Lucy Larcom.

### The Brave Hindoo Widow.

Probably no one event has ever meant so much for the future of India as the visit to this country of the Pundita Ramabai. Whether interested in foreign missions or not, that person must be possessed of exceptionally dull sensibilities who does not feel a keen interest in this brave little woman. She is from Calcutta, is below medium height, has a very youthful face, with large, frank eyes, and dresses, whenever in public, in her native costume. She belongs to a high caste family; with the consent of her father, obtained a liberal education; is an excellent Sanscrit scholar, and talks excellent English. She was married at sixteen to an educated man, who died nineteen months later, leaving her with a little daughter.

Herself a widow, her heart became deeply stirred because of the hard lot of thousands of her countrywomen, and she made her way to England, where she was for a time a lecturer and teacher on Sanscrit, in one of the colleges. She has written a book on *The High-Caste Hindoo Woman*, in which she tells a pathetic story in