

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA. In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada. INDIA.

Vol. XIII, No. 10.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. July Aug. 189

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As usual, the August number of the LINK will be omitted.

THE reports of the Associational meetings occupy a large part of our space this month. The meetings have been, we believe, uniformly well attended, enthusiastic and profitable.

OWING to pressure of other matter on our columns, the Young People's Department had to be omitted in the present issue.

WE are still prepared to supply the *Missionary Review of the World* at \$1.75. It is, as we have often had occasion to say before, by far the most valuable missionary periodical anywhere published. We should like to see a copy of it taken in each Circle.

REV. A. B. LORIMER was set apart to the Gospel ministry a few weeks ago in the Eastern Association. He visited several of the Associations, and everywhere made a highly favorable impression. A farewell meeting is being arranged in Toronto for about the 6th of July. We are not able to give particulars. He expects to sail for India in a few weeks.

THE interesting account of the Albany missionary meeting, that appeared in our last number, was attributed by the printer, with the connivance of our proof-reader, to Mrs. McLaurin, instead of to her honored husband. When we afterwards inspected the signature of the article, we were not much surprised that "John" should have been mistaken for "Mrs." They don't look much like in print, but in MS. the resemblance is striking.

THE WAIL OF THE HINDU MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. B. TITTINGTON.

Lo, on a hillside a village is sleeping
While the white moon her fair vigil is keeping,
Gilding alike with her silvery sheen,
Temple and cottage, with palm-trees between.
But, through the still night air, what sound meets the ear?
A cry full of anguish, of sorrow, and fear!
A poor heathen mother is mourning her child:
For dead is her darling: her wailing is wild!
The breezes are wafting it on to our ear.
O thrice-blessed mothers! but listen and hear:
No heaven with its glory, no children's bright home,
No hope for the future, no Christ in the tomb!

"Little one, why did you go away"
For your mother's heart is wild!
When you were here it was always day,
And the sun shone when you smiled.
But now it is night, a black, black night,
With no sun or moon or star;
For the Nats have taken you out of my sight,
Carried my baby afar.
I offered my rice and my plainland there,
And I wildly begged for more;
I tore the jewels from out of hair
For the sake of the child I bore.
But, O my baby, my lost, lost dove!
I gave them all, my own,
And plead with the strength of a mother's love
But the heart of the gods is stone.

"They have taken you, baby, away from me
Away, I know not where;
And my frightened eyes will fear to see
In the wild beast's stony glare
The glance of your eyes, once tender and sweet,
But lost forever and aye.
My hair I tore, and my breast I beat,
And I called unceasingly.

"O snake, gliding yonder, oh, tell me true!
Did you take my little one's soul?
My offerings were poor, too meagre and few
To purchase a happier goal.
Ah me! I'm a woman, by gods accursed:
They care not for woman's pain!
But, oh, if only, somehow, somewhere,
I might find my baby again!"

Helping Hand.

SONG OF HOPE OF THE CONVERTED HINDU MOTHER.

Safely at home, my darling,
Safely in Jesus' breast,
The glory of heaven around thee,
And the song of the angels best

Here on the earth is weeping,
For thy mother's heart is lone;
The home nest is sad and empty,
For its singing bird hath flown

But not in the grave-bed lonely,
My child, do we look for thee,
But beside still-flowing waters
Thy happy home shall be.