

I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will be all wrong!" cried the Madrepore.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds on *little coil*."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn trees, and bushes, and coconut trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it?" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think it was all done by our making one *little coil*!"

They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge. Shall we not learn a lesson from the smallest of God's creatures, and each do our work in his place, carrying forward the Master Builder's great missionary work?—*Leader by Miss Pollock.*

### Ancient Hymn for Dying Christians, used in India.

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "good night," assured of their awaking at the resurrection call.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;  
We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,  
Good night.

Until the shadows from this earth be cast;  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;  
Until the twilight gloom be over past,  
Good night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies;  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,  
Good night.

Until made beautiful by love divine;  
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine—  
Aid He shall bring that golden crown of thine,  
Good night.

Only good night, beloved, not farewell;  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell—  
In mellowed union indivisible,  
Good night.

Until we meet again before His throne;  
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own—  
Until we know, even as we are known,  
Good night.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

REV. DR. LANGFORD, Secretary of the Episcopal Missionary Society of America said: "Looking back upon the past, with its record of glorious enterprise and results, and looking to the future, with its blessed possibilities and opportunities, the speaker thoroughly believed that woman is to take a larger part than in the

past in the evangelization of the world—not only by going out into the field, but by looking to things at home. In the work of organization, and in getting together and putting into shape the facts which may kindle the fire of enthusiasm for missions, the women have a sphere of great influence. The pastor cannot find time, and has not the aptitude to do many things that are expected of him. In America the women have realized this and they are taking the missionary interest quite into their own hands—editing papers, distributing tracts, sending out reports and circulars, and, having faith to believe that it was by the Spirit of the living God that great works will be accomplished, they have organized prayer unions, to present the matter continually at the Throne of Grace. In conclusion the speaker prayed that God would own woman's work by making it a blessing to the entire human family.

The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, and trees, gentle and yet irrepresible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain, is life love that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is Divine power.—*Loungflow.*

### WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

*Receipts from March 25th to June 15th.*

Fort Qu'Appelle (Master Edwards, 25c; additional omitted last month), 25c; First Baptist Church, Montreal, \$6.07; Buckingham, \$15.47; Philipsville, \$6; Cornwall, \$12; Morrisburg, \$10.31; Brockville, \$8; Olivet, \$23.10; Dominionville (including legacy), \$25; Abbott's Corners, \$5; Osnabruck Centre, \$10; Delta, \$10; South Grove, \$10; Clarence Mission Band, \$13.83; Perth, \$7; Mulgrave, \$4; Thurso, \$6; Kingston, \$9; Rockland, \$12; Osgoode, \$11.36; Westport, \$7.61; Lacerte, \$11.25; Roxton Pond, \$1.00; Keupville, \$6; Collections and Donations, per Miss Frith, \$14.61 Total, \$256.89.

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Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N. S., is Correspondent of the Link for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the Link from mission workers residing in that region.

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