

worship, and sinfulness of the heathen, that I think the heart and soul of every child of God must be stirred.

When we know and think they have no knowledge of the blessed Saviour whom we so love and honor, and who died for their salvation as well as ours, our hearts and souls are stirred within us, and we think, O for the means to send the Gospel to them!

I often wish I had money, how freely I would give. I think it is about fourteen years that I made a quilt, as I thought, for myself. It remained unquilted for some time. One morning when I awoke, my first thought was, what can I do to get money for our Foreign Mission? The thought occurred to me, take that quilt, call it an Autograph Quilt, get donations, and have the names of the donors on the quilt. I am happy to say it was not long before I had \$23, which was sent to the Mission Aid Society. On the quilt were several passages of Scripture, such as "Go ye into all the world." etc.

When dear Sister Churohill, with her husband, visited Yarmouth, I had the pleasure of presenting the quilt to her. Since then I have made another quilt which I sent to St. John to go in the box for India for Mrs. Shaw. That quilt I got \$10 for, which was handed in to the Treasurer of our W. M. A. Society in Temple Church. I have not heard that Mrs. Shaw received it: but since have learned that she went to California for her health.

I hope the readers of the LINK will not think I am belating. No, dear friends, it is for your encouragement. You, like myself, may not have the money, but we may devise some plan, or make some sacrifice whereby the money may be obtained.

HARRIET MCGILL.

MY FRIENDS THE MISSIONARIES.

(From the Home of the Bible.)

BY MARION HARLAND.

My opposite neighbor at table upon the voyage from New York to Southampton in the autumn of 1893 was a young woman about 25 years of age, whom I silently decided by the closing of the second day out, to be among the most interesting of my fellow-passengers. In feature she was pleasing, even pretty, but her charm lay in a certain refinement of speech and manner, combined with quick intelligence and sensibility of expression. She was a lady in grain, and in education and conversation, so far above the average of her sex, that when the crucial twenty-four hours of "slight unpleasantness" to both of us were happily over, I made opportunity to cultivate our acquaintanceship.

We were already good friends when on the fourth night of our voyage—which chanced to be Sunday night—we were pausing the moonlighted deck together, and the talk took a personal turn. The initiative step was my statement that I was bound for Palestine, the Promised Land of my life-long dreams, never before visited by me in body and in truth. My companion listened,

and when I proposed jestingly that she should join me in Jerusalem, smiled brightly.

"In other circumstances, nothing would give me more pleasure, but I too, am going to a Promised Land. My destination is Rangoon."

"Are you going alone?" "Alone so far as human companionship is concerned. The friends with whom I was to have sailed left America about a week ago, I was detained by a short but severe illness."

This was the preface to the story I drew from her. From childhood she had known that she was "appointed" as she phrased it, to the Master's service in foreign lands. With the natural shrinking of youth from privation and toil, she had tried to get away from the conviction in various ways. At 23 she was impelled to reveal to her mother the struggle going on between conscience and expediency, and how she could not escape from the persuasion that the Divine will urged her to consecrate herself to the life of a foreign missionary. The mother's reply set the seal upon her purpose. "Were I fifteen years younger I would go with you. As it is, let me fulfil my part of the mission by giving you up cheerfully."

From that moment, the deep peace that entered the daughter's soul had never known a cloud; a clear-headed, resolute woman, she knew what she had undertaken. In putting her hand to the plough she had grasped it, not hastily, but with staying power in the hold. In our long and earnest talks upon the subject, I appreciated for the first time what constitutes "a call to the mission field." Since then I have thought and spoken of it with reverence, as something with which a stranger to such depths of spiritual conflict and such heights of spiritual enlightenment as hers may not intermeddle.

My last glimpse of her was at the Waterloo Station, London. We had said "good-bye," she caught sight of me, stepped to the open door of my carriage, the electric light showed the ineffable white pence of the smile with which she kissed her hand to me silently, and made a slight but eloquent upward motion. Then the crowd and the London night swallowed her up, and I saw her face no more.

The thought of her had much to do with the resolution that moved me a month later to seek an interview with a party of missionaries, who, I heard, were voyaging with me upon a P. and O. steamship bound to India via Port Said. The information came to me through the lips of one of the ship's officers who was my *vis-à-vis* at table. "A jolly game of cards had been disturbed the night before by the psalm singing of a pack of missionaries in the second cabin," he growled, "if they had sung something jolly, don't you know, the card party would not have minded it so much, although there was such a lot of them that they make a beastly racket, but hymn tunes have a way of making a fellow low in his mind, don't you know?"

I had never heard until then of missionaries as second cabin voyagers, and the impression was disagreeable. It is still, although I have learned how common it is for the Board at home (moved presumably by the churches at home) to economize in this way, especially when the voyage is long. My readers may not sympathize with the indignation that flushed up to my forehead at the coupling of the words "missionaries" and "second cabin." It may be that the failure to fall in with my temper arises from ignorance of the conditions of a six weeks' voyage second-class, in a P. and O. steamship.