

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada

INDIA.

VOL. XIII, No. 8] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [APR., 1891.

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From the General Board of Ont. and Que.

The women who subscribe for and read the LINK are the ones whose hearts are in the Foreign Mission work. In the *Baptist* of March 12th, you notice that the treasury of the General Board is *overdrawn* for the first time since October. Money comes in more slowly during the months of February, March, and April, than during any other months in the year. This year a larger amount than ever before is required, and the times are very hard. If we are to receive the full amount necessary, every effort must be put forth, especially if we raise it promptly. The Board is extremely anxious to avoid paying interest. Every dollar used in this way is practically so much lost. During the past year a large proportion of the income has come to hand during the last few days of the year. This is very unfortunate, and should be remedied.

Will our sisters help us in doing this? We are sure you can. Talk it over in your homes, in your Circles, and rouse the church on the subject. The brethren intend to forward the full amount required sometime during the year. Will you endeavor to have them attend to it as soon as possible? Probably some churches and some individuals are able to increase their contributions even this year, and to give now as well as later.

Stir up your pastor, if he needs it. Speak to some wise-hearted deacon or church member. Let every individual in the churches have an opportunity to give something very soon. A canvas will usually give better results than simply an open collection.

The money is *required*; we cannot do without it. It is required for investment in the cause which pays the highest interest. You understand all this. Let others know the facts, and hearts will be stirred, and pockets opened, and God honored. We urge upon every reader to put their hearts into this matter. Will you?

On behalf of the General Board,

S. S. BATES,

Chairman

Toronto, March 16th, 1891,

A PENTECOSTAL DAY IN ONGOLE.—We give this month, further particulars of the great revival in the American Baptist Mission among the Telugus.

A SISTER after reading Mr. Stillwell's article in March LINK, sends us a dollar, saying, "After reading that I thought I must send you another dollar for the poor heathen, praying the Lord may bless it, and it may be the means of helping to save some soul."

Mr Craig writes: "I do hope that some devoted sister with a medical education, will respond to the call this year.

BOARD MEETINGS.—The semi-annual Board meetings of the W. B. F. Missionary Society of Ontario, will be held on Thursday, April 18th, at 9 Richmond Street, at 2 p.m. The Home Mission Board will meet on Wednesday 15th. Entertainment will be provided for members of the Board, and they are invited to remain over on Friday 17th, for the meetings of the Toronto Missionary Union.

THE half-yearly reports of the zenena workers, Mrs. De Beaux, Miss Lottie Gibson, and Miss Priscilla Boggs, are to hand—128 houses have been regularly visited. There is a growing distrust in the gods of wood and of stone, and a deepening conviction that Jesus Christ is the only true God and Saviour. The zenena visitors have gained the confidence and love of the women, who look upon them as their dearest friends. The caste girls' Sunday school is beginning to show its effects.

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a headache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of bothersome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which every one may find,—
They come in night and silence,—
Each chill, reproachful wrath,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.