

The Canadian Missionary Link

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

Vol. XIII, No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. LX. 3. [JAN., 1891.]

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Miss Baskerville passed her final examination in Telugu early last summer, but unfortunately the fact was not mentioned in the LINK, as was that of Miss Stovel and Miss Simpson. We regret the oversight, as Miss Baskerville has been remarkably successful both in accuracy and accent.

MAPS of our Telugu missions may be had by sending to Baptist Book Room, 9 Richmond St. West, Toronto; maps mounted on cloth, varnished, with neat rollers, \$1.00, unmounted, 25c.

ZENANA WORKERS.—Mr. E. Poole, P. O. Drawer 70, St. Catharines, has a number of photographs of our first zenana workers for sale. The group comprises: Miss Frith, Miss Folsom, Mrs. DeBeaux, Misses Gibson and Lottie Gibson, Rachel and Priscilla Beggs, and Ellen the Bible woman. Price 35c. each, or \$3.50 a dozen.

OUR sisters of Ontario are reminded that besides the extra work which we have taken for this year, in connection with Samuloota Seminary, etc., we are still hoping to secure a medical lady, and when she comes to us we must be ready to send her.

GIVING.—A sister writes: I saw in the LINK that we must deny ourselves in order to give. I denied myself a trip to Sarنيا, and send you the money. My husband belongs to the Salvation Army and I don't see much money. Still I belong to the Circle and take the LINK.

LOOK AT YOUR LABEL, and if it bears any date previous to Dec. 1890, please either hand your subscription to the agent (you can help her in her arduous task by not waiting for her to call), or send it direct to the editor. If any mistakes have been made in your name or address, or in not crediting subscription sent, please inform us, as this is the only means we have of detecting mistakes.

GREETINGS to all of our readers. A happy New Year to you, and may it be to each a year of great usefulness in the service of the Master. We wish to thank our friends for the many kind words of appreciation that have come to us during the past year. They have been to us a source of cheer and encouragement. They show also, that many of our sisters are wide-awake, appreciative students of missions. We wish especially to thank those servants in the cause of missions,

of whom we hear so little at our meetings; they do not figure in the reports, they are the quiet, patient agents for the LINK. We believe that there are no officers connected with the Society, who have it in their power to accomplish more for the cause, than those who have to do with spreading missionary information. No one, more than the editor, knows how to appreciate an agent who is prompt, painstaking and energetic. We frequently notice in looking over our list, a great disproportion in the length of lists for different post offices. Some churches that are not by any means the largest or strongest, have long lists, and some that are quite small have much longer lists than some large churches. Will not all of the agents in churches where few LINKS are taken try with the beginning of this year, to get a number of new subscribers? There are some Circles in which no agent has been appointed. This is a great mistake, an agent being almost as necessary an officer as a president. Will not some of our readers, who belong to Circles where no agent has been appointed, volunteer to take up this work? There is no way in which you can add more to the life and interest of your Circle. We will aid all we can, by way of sending sample copies or a list of the present subscribers.

The Cry of the Perishing.

We die, we die, for whom One died in anguish;
 Yet thousands, called His children, sit at ease
 In palace-homes, unhooding that we languish
 In hopeless night beyond their broad, blue seas.
 They know the way to us, they broat our waters,
 They climb our mountains, and o'erawep our plains,
 Know all earth's pathways—they, their sons and daughters,
 But leave us still in anguish and in chains!

We ask not gold—'tis bread for which we're crying—
 The Bread of Life, for which we toil in vain,
 In dire self-sacrifice, in pangs, in dying,
 In horrid orgies, and in hopeless pain.
 They know the rest of faith in its completeness,—
 They stand on heights toward which we vainly yearn,—
 They drink from founts of unimagined sweetness,—
 And we—we die, and to the dead return!

O death—oh death!—were't but the body's dying,
 Its direst pang—we'd face them undismayed;
 But, oh, this endless, hopeless, weary crying
 For light on the beyond, for some sure aid
 To bridge the awful gulf that seemeth ever
 To yawn before us in the unpierced gloom,—
 To show us in that dim, unknown forever,
 For us and ours, some resting place, some room!