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In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

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VOL. VIII., No. 4.] "*The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.*"—*Is. lx. 3.* [DEC., 1884.]

The Macedonian Call.

BY REV. J. R. MUNROE.

There's a wail of woe on the troubled air,
 Coming over the deep, wide sea;
 'Tis an anguished plea, 'tis a woman's prayer,
 To you, Christian sister, and me.

'Tis a voice like the sea's when the storm's wild strife
 Wakes a moan on her every strand;
 A dirge for the ships, with their freight of life,
 That are never to reach the land.

The sable women of Afric's wild
 Join in the pleading cry,
 When all unhonoured, unloved, unblest,
 They sink in their chains to die.

The daughters of Brahma unite in the dirge,
 And roll the echo along,
 Till it sweeps over Bengal's flashing surge,
 And is joined by Siam's throng.

Burmah, and Assam, and all the slopes
 That skirt Himalaya's steep,
 Are thronged with women, whose only hope
 Is to suffer, and toil, and weep.

The daughters of Buddha, condemned from birth
 To a dark and joyless lot,
 Whose fondest prayer is to pass from earth
 And in silence of death forget.

And China's sad womanhood, hated and scorned
 With tears that for ever flow,
 Are loading the breeze of the night and the morn'
 With accents of deepest woe.

Still I seem to hear it, loud and long
 A cry of distress and fear,
 From that toiling, suffering, dying throng
 Do you hear it, my sisters, dear?

Our fathers, and husbands, and gods unite
 To oppress, and to crush, and to spoil;
 We are hated, and beaten, and bought, and sold,
 The slaves of passion and toil.

This life is a dreary, weary way,
 This world is a joyless home;
 And for women, the gods of the heathen say,
 No mercy this side the tomb.

But they tell us your God is a God of love,
 And that every woman may share
 In his favour here, and then rise above,
 To dwell in his glory there.

Is it true? Come, tell us before we die:
 Is your God the woman's friend?
 And will He take us to his home on high,
 When our troubles on earth shall end?

"Was it heathen women He came to save
 From sin, and death, and night?
 Has He room for us beyond the grave,
 In his heaven of eternal light?"

"Toll us of your God and his mighty love,
 How He died to bless and save;
 Of the mansions of glory prepared above,
 Beyond the sleep of the grave."

"Our journey in life is a weary waste,
 Our death is a starless night!
 We are dying by millions 'O sisters, haste
 To bring us that glorious light!"

And another voice I seem to hear,
 Speaking now from the highest heaven,
 'Tis the voice that once to my captured ear,
 Proclaimed my sins forgiven:

"Go ye into all the world," it says,
 "And tell all nations abroad,
 The glad, sweet story of Christ, who died,
 To bring a lost world to God."

Jesus, Redeemer, we come to Thee!
 Our hands and our voices we bring
 To tell of thy love, till a ransom'd world
 Shall crown Thee our Saviour and King.

Christian Woman.

What is necessary to secure progress in our Mission Work?

A PAPER BY MRS. A. R. McMASTER, READ AT THE LONDON
MEETING, OCTOBER 9TH

It is well occasionally to turn our attention to the severely practical side of a question, as usually there is more or less of sentiment and enthusiasm attending, which creates interest and sometimes blinds us to plain truths standing side by side, which it is well to consider and thoroughly understand. The fact cannot be gained, our Women's Missionary Circles have accomplished a good work, in doing what was left undone. But the question is, Are we now using all our forces and securing the largest results of which we are capable? If the answer is in the negative, may we not then ask, How can we accomplish a still more effective work in our churches for the cause of Missions? That is, how can we women better do our part of the church mission work, do it better than it is being done at present?

There are those here to-day who have worked faithfully during these last eight years, but when we look facts in the face and see the large majority of our members still unreached, still uninterested in the work, we can but look on the slight interest created, and the few thousand dollars raised as very small return for the labor expended. We have indeed reached the pockets of a few,