

The Canadian Missionary Link

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No. 1

PICTURE CARDS—Will any boy or girl, who has bright picture cards, (business cards will do as well as any,) send them before the 1st of October to Miss. Bessie Newman, 116 Yorkville Ave. Toronto, who will prepare the cards, by pasting white paper on the backs, and send them out to India.

The Missionaries will write or print Scripture texts on them, and give them to the boys and girls in India, who will appreciate them very much.

We regret to learn that Miss. Hatch has had an attack of fever lasting several weeks. She has not been able to prepare our usual list of students in the Seminary, nor answer letters from Bands. It was a great comfort to Miss. Hatch, during her illness, that she was in Bangalore, with the McLaurins, where she had the kindest care from friends, daily attendance of physicians, and a pleasant climate.

A card just received says that she is steadily regaining strength and hopes to resume her work in Samulcotta Seminary. In the gladness of our homes let us not forget this servant of Christ, who in her weakness is endeavoring so far away to teach the Telugus the word of Life.

NOTICE—It is expected that the Annual Meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Societies will be held in the Paris church, on the 26th and 27th of Oct. Circles will please bear in mind in appointing delegates that, according to Art. IX of the new constitution of the Foreign Mission Society, each circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less, for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life members, or contributors of at least \$1.00 a year to the funds of the Women's Foreign Mission Society.

E. DAVIES

Rec. Sec'y W.B.F.M.S., of Ontario

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD."

Shall we in idle reverie,
Spend thus our lives for Thee;
Content to dream the hours away,
Rocked on a summer sea?
The days of striving are not past,
The work of heroes done,
The trump its clarion blast proclaims
The battle has begun.

While multitudes are hastening
Unto a common doom,
We cannot, will not, must not rest
In doubt's despairing gloom.
Arise, O Lord, assert Thy might,
In Thy strength let us go
Wherever sin, dread despot reigns,
Or hearts are filled with woe.

Thy promise calls the wanderers home,
Thy voice bids none despair,
It nerves the weak and trembling serf
Bowed with his load of care;
Thy love shines radiant as the sun,
It towers as mountain height,
This is the message we can bear
In this Thy day of might.

R. G.

Tuni, India.

THE following verses will be read with interest. They were composed by Rev. J. Marshman, and sung when the first copy of the New Testament was printed in Bengali.

"Hail precious Book divine I
Illumined by thy rays,
We rise from death and sin,
And tune a Saviour's praise.
Now shall the Hindoos learn
The glories of our King;
Nor to blind *goroos* turn,
Nor idol praises sing:
Diffusing heavenly light around
This book their *Shasters* shall confound.

Deign, gracious Saviour, deign,
To smile upon Thy word;
Let millions now obtain
Salvation from the Lord:
Nor let its growing tongues stay,
Till earth exult to own its sway."

NO DEBT!

BY MRS. H. M. BIRBY.

To my dear sisters, members of our churches, and of our Women's Foreign Mission Society:—

WHEN I was leaving Burma, the disciples, some from Toungoo and some from the mountains beyond, gathered about me, burdened with a sorrow the people of Christian lands may never know, and they sent a message to you. They said, "The mama is going to her own country; she will see the disciples there; we love the disciples in America because they have sent us the light; tell them we love them, and we have a little light. Ask them to pray for us and send us more light." From that time, I have rarely entered a Christian assembly without thinking of those poor disciples in the midst of darkness, asking for more light.

In many missionary meetings I have presented that request, but I have not met my obligation to them yet. I have reached but a few of the disciples of America, and I am in debt to them still.

Will not you, whoever you are, who are now read-