

# The Canadian Missionary Link

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## CONTENTS.

Editorial	37	The Work Abroad	42
"He First Loved Us."	37	The Work at Home	43
A Day with the Missionary	37	Treasurer's Acknowledgments	43
How to Interest Children in Mission Work	49	Young People's Department	44
A Poor Old Man	41	W. B. M. I.	46

**BUFFALO MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.** It was the privilege of the Editor to be present at this grand meeting, held in the Prospect Avenue Baptist church, Nov. 17-19. The aim of the meeting was to stir up missionary enthusiasm. Dr. H. C. Mabie, the new Secretary, who returned a few months ago from a tour of inspection in Japan, China, India, etc., full of zeal for the extension of the work, was no doubt the moving spirit in the arrangement and the carrying out of the programme. The presence in America of the venerable Dr. Clough, of the Telugu Mission, for the purpose of securing men and money for the enlargement of the Telugu Mission work, probably had something to do with the calling of the Conference. However this may be, the idea of holding the meeting was a most happy one, the programme was excellent, and the Conference was pronounced by all an unqualified success. Among the most interesting and valuable addresses were those by Dr. J. E. Clough, of Ongole, Dr. J. N. Mar dock, the venerable Secretary of the Missionary Union, Drs. A. J. Gordon, H. C. Mabie, J. Humpstone, L. A. Crandall, B. D. Thomas, P. S. Moxon and Professor J. H. Gilmore. Rev. John McLaurin and Rev. G. H. Brook, whom we are giving to the Missionary Union, were introduced, and responded in fitting words. We shall not attempt at present to give a synopsis of the addresses, but we hope during the next few months to publish long extracts from some of the best of them.

### "He First Loved Us."

"He first loved us"—O wondrous love,  
That stooped from such unmeasured height,  
All stretch of loftiest thought above,  
To our abyss of death and night!

Captives, He paid our dreadful price  
In priceless drops of tears and blood;  
And by His own meek sacrifice,  
He made us heirs of heaven and God!

O Love! that stooped to meet our loss,  
O Love! that measured all our need,  
That paid our debt on Calvary's Cross,  
That lives for us to intercede.

What wilt Thou have us do for Thee?  
With faltering lips our spirits cry;  
And lo, a voice from Calvary,  
Adown the ages makes reply,

"Gather my sheaves! the harvest waits,  
And toil-spent reapers droop and die;  
The golden season onward hastens,  
And lo, My coming steps are nigh!"

"Gather my lambs! their pleading cry  
Is borne from every clime to Me;  
Their plaint is heard 'neath every sky,  
And sadly floats o'er every sea."

"Go, feed my hungry, scattered flock,  
Go, delve in every mine for Me,  
Go, glean in every reaper's track,  
Go seek My lost by land and sea!"

"Take ye My love to make you strong,  
Take ye My Cross to keep you low;  
And love, like Me, through grief and wrong,  
Through pain and weariness and woe."

"One with your Lord in all His care,  
With Him in love and labor one,  
He will with you His glory share,  
When toil and weariness are done."

PAMELIA S. V. YULR.

### A Day with a Missionary.\*

The pleasantest day of the season was one spent with the missionary. we could not ask for a more delightful companion, the day passed all too quickly, he was so interesting. It is said, the best way to learn is to ask questions, so we plied him till we felt he must be exhausted, but in the goodness of his heart he said he was ready for more. He seasoned the meals of the day with stories of Hindoos and Christians, till we felt we had surely visited the Carnatic and chatted with the Telugu. The missionary told us we must not think of heathen as savage and therefore conclude all live in wretched homes, possess no treasures, think no noble and beautiful thoughts; he reminded us of Plato, Socrates, of the Grecians with their wonderful buildings, unsurpassed statuary, of the Romans with luxuries collected by land and sea; so with the Brahmin, he lives in a fine house, with marble courts and beautiful gardens, with such grace and refinement as only generations of wealth, culture and position can give. Their very shops

\* An address delivered before the W. B. M. Soc. of East. Ont. and Que., at Brockville, Oct. 6th, by Mrs. Upham, of Montreal.