

work, might help almost as much by sending money. Discouraged at the thought that she had no money of her own, and not wishing to ask her father for any, she queried: "How can I earn anything? Some of my friends are earning their living by type writing and telegraphy and teaching, but I can't do any of those. I wonder," and here a bright look came into her eye, "I wonder if I could make my brushes foreign missionaries." Her friends discouraged her in this thought, but she had a mind of her own, and tried. This was the small beginning of what was not so small in the end. The friends Madge made on her return to America were interested in various plans, and were surprised that it was difficult to get her to join in their clubs. "Too busy," was her excuse. Resolved to see what she was up to, they called at her house and found her in her den, as she called her studio, engrossed in work.

Odd bits of paper, strown on the floor or pinned on the walls, showed most fascinating bends of rivers, old bridges, hay fields, and wood interiors. At this particular moment Madge was at work, in pen and ink, upon a book-cover design, putting the dearest little landscape into a frame of pussy willows. To her friends' question as to why she confined herself so closely to her studio, she told them she was working for a firm in Boston.

As her father had more than enough to make his daughter happy and comfortable, her friends could not understand why such a girl should be working as hard as she seemed to be doing. Then she told them her secret.—that she was earning money to send way off to Turkey, to help some poor Armenian girls in school.

I am afraid these friends did not fully appreciate it all; but as Madge went on with her work, and tasted the delight of direct service for the Master, life became grander and more noble to her; and as she told so sweetly her plan of work, her friends thought it would be pleasant to do the same thing, and each in her own way put some talent to service, and all were surprised to find how much more blessed it was to give than to receive.

And the Armenian girls were no losers by all this. The success which these young workers had was really "quite a book," as Madge said; and she added, "If our wills are wholly given up to God, certainly He will put us in right places and direct us to do his work." Now I think that a young girl who can't go on a foreign mission can do some good at home; don't you?—L.P.H. in *Life and Light*.

A Parable.

"O dear! I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present. "I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour, when he was on earth, often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys, was of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging on a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple tree. He counted these ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him, and said:

"My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." So he held out his hand and received six apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness?

No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all for himself; and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignant, "he ought to have been ashamed of himself; and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie," said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply; for now he began to understand the parable, and he felt an uneasy sensation at his heart—conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements? Ought he not to be punished if he will not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"—*Sunday-School Banner*.

I am not what I was; I am not what I would be; I am not what I should be; I am not what I shall be; but, by the grace of God, I am what I am.—*John Newton*.

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

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Almonte, \$11; Daleville, \$32.14; Phillipsville, \$10; King, \$ton, \$5; Delta, \$10; Sawyerville, \$32.25; Cornwall, \$13; Dominlonville, \$3; Hull, \$9.90; West Winchester, \$26.35; Roxboro', \$6; Mago, \$20; Perth, \$12; Beebe Plain, \$7; Rebbert's Corners, \$4; Morrisburg, \$8; Osgoode, \$32.64; Montreal, F. Ch., \$54.30; Maxville, \$13.75; South Oliver, \$14; Coaticook, \$27; Barnston, \$29; Montreal, Oliver, \$30.20; Ottawa, \$22; Komptville, \$3.70; Westport, \$7.67; Thurso, \$15; Brockville, \$15; Lechute, \$9. Total, \$482.90.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also; that the money should be sent to her quarterly, in order that all our obligations be fully met.

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