

Canadian Missionary Link.

VOL. XX. |

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898.

| No. 5.

Editorial.

THE Ottawa churches seem to be provoking each other to good works. They have each sent us in a good long list of new names for THE LINK. This is a good time for some other churches to follow their example.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—One Circle met after the death of one of its members, and resolved to make up the amount which this sister had been giving to Home and Foreign Missions that her subscription should not be lost to the cause.

WE are pleased to give so many and such good reports from the Thank-offering meetings. There are others yet to report.

WE are sure these meetings do good in more ways than adding to the treasury.

One Circle reports of a sister who attended the Thank-offering meeting last year. She became so interested that during this year she saved up \$10.75 in a bank, which she sent as an offering to the last meeting.

ANGELS.

They come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To sooth our sorrow, calm our fear;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Blest Jesu, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou did'st not scorn Thine Angels' aid.

An Angel guard to us supply
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine own Almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

—Selected.

"SA'YAN'S THANK-OFFERING."

Julia Freeman for the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions,

There were six, little, black, kinky-haired, solemn-eyed girls and no boys in the family of Solomon Goshen that morning he sat on the wood pile, scraping out a turnip with a clam-shell, and soliloquizing on a question he seemed to think ought to be settled. Between much scraping and many mouthfuls of turnip, he repeated thoughtfully over and over: "Gawge Wash'n't'n Goshen, P'ince A'bet Goshen, Napol'en Bonypa't."

"Dey ony ejection dey is tow dey name ah Gawge Wash'n't'n, et's gittin' kiney common 'mong dey Reblution'y ginces us; but now ef er boy uz name Napol'on Bonypa't on 'e uz a lean, skinny little da'key, yo kin call um Bony fo' sho't, en' ef 'e uz fat an' roly-poly, Poly ull fit um; 'en Nappy's dey name fo' um ef e'z lazy en sleepy; but ef 'e'z frisky en full er fun ez er colt, Pony 's dey nick-uhname fo' um."

"Heeb, yo', Pony, go whack up dem kin'lins! Pony, go drive dem jigs out dey gyrden!" "Soun's perty fine. Yes sir—Napol'on Bonypa't Goshen's dey name."

As he reached this conclusion, the back door of the cabin close by opened and aunt Betty Partridge came shuffling across the chip-pile to him.

"Da's 'nother little gal in yo' fambly, Sol'mon; yo'll hab tow scratch mighty libely tow spo't um all," she cackled, grinning and bobbing.

Solomon dropped the big scoopful of turnip on the way to his mouth and glared at Betty Partridge.

"Fo' dey good lan' sake! 'zif siz want anuff en' fo'h, five too many," he groaned.

Betty grinned and bobbed. "Seben ob um!" she said.

"Git intow dey house yo' ole witch o' Yendy!" he wrathfully shouted, shying the turnip stump at Betty's shuffling feet.

"Dey need'n nobuddy ax me tow buy close an' fixin's fo' dat little no'count nigger. I yaint go'n' tow hab nuppin tow do wid'er—nuppin 'tall." And shouldering his ax he started off across the lots towards the village and was gone six weeks.

It was dinner time when he returned one day, and his wife was dishing out pork and beans to the children. The old chip basket sat behind the stove with a pillow and a dingy red flannel bundle in it.

"W'y Sol'mon!" his wife said as he opened the door. "W'y poppy!" shouted six little Goshens.

"Hello, Abby! Hello, young uns!" he said returning their greeting.

"Got a job splittin' rails; jes' got through las' night," he offered as explanation of his absence, and as a guard against further remarks on that subject he took the pail and went to the spring for some fresh water. When he came back, his wife was joggng the chip basket and the dingy bundle was squirming a little.