

# The Canadian Missionary

CANADA. In the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

VOL. XII, No. 10.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [JUN.] 1890.

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### REPORT OF THE CANADIAN BAPTIST TELUGU MISSIONS FOR THE YEAR 1889.

We have received a copy of this report just published in Madras. It is a neat pamphlet of 65 pages and contains full information about every mission station and every department of our Telugu work. The missionaries from the Maritime Provinces join with those of Ontario and Quebec in this publication. The membership of the churches belonging to the Canadian Baptist Missions at the close of 1889 was 2,460, 410 having been added by baptism; 14 having been restored, 14 dropped, 50 excluded and 51 having died. The net gain was therefore 309. These members are distributed among 23 churches, the Akidn field has 11 churches; the Bimlipatam 2; the Bobbili 1; the Chicacole 3; the Cocanada 5, and the Tunji. Evidently a good year's work has been done, and there is every reason to expect that the work of 1890 will be still more abundant in fruitfulness.

**SOWING AND REAPING**—It is not the custom of the LINK to publish notices of books except those that have a direct bearing on Foreign Missions; but the work by Mrs. Yule is so excellent in itself and its author is so well known and so highly esteemed by many of our readers that we do not feel that it would be out of place to call attention to this her most recent book. Those who have read Mrs. Yule's volume of religious poems, her poems and articles published from time to time in the LINK and the *Canadian Baptist*, do not need to be told that whatever she writes is worth reading. The book before us is a highly moral and religious story, well adapted to family reading. It should be in every Sunday School library and in the private libraries of many. Dr. Withrow writes of it: "Its story is so interesting, the subject is so important, the style is so attractive, and the spirit which it breathes will be so salutary in its effects upon the mental tastes and moral character of those who shall read it, that I anticipate for it a very widely extended sphere of influence." Mrs. Yule has published this book at her own expense and depends upon the sale for paying the publisher and for her remuneration for the time and labor devoted to it. Those who purchase it will therefore, not only get the full worth of their money, but will also be helping a worthy sister in her efforts to help herself. The book may be secured by enclosing \$1 to Mrs. J. C. Yule, Brantford, Ont.

### Inasmuch.

"If I had dwelt"—so mused a tender woman,  
All fine emotions stirred  
Through pondering o'er that life, divine yet human,  
Told in the sacred word—

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,  
In some Judman street,  
Where Jesus walked, and heard His word so laden  
With comfort strangely sweet;

"And seen the face where utmost pity blended  
With each rebuke of wrong;  
I would have left my lattice, and descended,  
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,  
Of some rich rabbi there;  
Seeking the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled  
At sight of such despair,

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,  
Nor let one spark remain;  
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,  
For pity of their pain,

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me;  
I would have walked between  
The Marys and Salome, while they told me  
About the Magdalene.

"Faces have holes"—I think my heart had broken  
To hear the words so said,  
'While Christ had not'—were sadder ever spoken f—  
'A place to lay His head'

"I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,  
And in my joy have been  
First on the threshold, eager to adorn Him,  
And crave His entrance in"

Ah; would you so! Without a recognition  
You passed Him yesterday;  
Jostled aside, unhelped, His mute petition,  
And calmly went your way.

With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled,  
Before your window-all,  
Sweep heart-dick crowds—and if your blood is curdled  
You wear your jewels still.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them  
In its implorings wild;  
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them,  
And you be thus defiled.