

Canadian Missionary Link.

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GONE IS THE SUMMER.

Gone is the summer, the harvest is ended,
Sheaves have been gathered and fruits have been stored,
Treasured the gifts that from God have descended,
Filled is the house and heaped is the board.

Brown are the wheat fields and brown are the meadows,
Bare are the trees that with fruitage were hung;
Over the earth lie the autumn's cold shadows,
Gone are the wild birds that fluttered and sung.

Yet is the promise of glad resurrection
Hidden deep under the sprout-grown ground;
Gracious and true is our Father's protection,
Surely at length will the springtime come round.

Sowing and reaping, and waking and sleeping,
This is the round of the swift-circling year;
Waking and reaping, and sowing and reaping,
Till we are done with our pilgrimage here.
—Jessie H. Brown, in *Harvest Festival*.

NOT INTERESTED.

WHY NOT?

On every side as we go up and down this beautiful land of plenty and peace, we hear from fair lips these words: "I am not interested in Missions." What is the reason you are not? Is it a valid reason; one which will stand the test at the judgment? In the first place, how did Christian missions originate and for what and by whom? If you acknowledge the truth, i. e., that they were instituted by our Lord, are the result of His last commission to His church, and if you claim to be a part of that church, how can you reconcile your excuse with this direct command? What is your duty? A good soldier is expected to obey without question the command of his general or to be court-martialed. We listen to the voice of duty in other matters, why not in this? Were you greatly interested in sweeping your floors and making your beds or washing your dishes to-day? did such a thought ever suggest itself to your mind? It was the work given into your hands, a duty to perform and you did it, with no thought of whether it was interesting or uninteresting. It would have been much pleasanter to read the new magazine which lay with its fresh, uncut leaves; or how much more you would enjoy lying back among the cushions on a hot afternoon, and resting, than sewing a patch on Tom's trousers or darning Kittie's stockings. Which do you do? neglect duty because it is dull or uninteresting? Oh friends, duty becomes pleasure when love is alive. Let us turn aside awhile, into the by paths of the world and see if duty makes no call.

It is Africa, sunny Africa, with a landscape worthy of a painter's brush, broad plains and mountain ranges, babbling brooks and sloping fields; while here and there are nestling picturesque villages, surrounded by grand

old trees and creeping vines, which are one mass of brilliant bloom. Would you know the story of a life in one of these villages? Then listen! She was a tall, straight, fine looking woman; her husband had brought her from her own village several years before. She had been as light-hearted and happy as it is possible for a heathen woman to be, but a great cloud had settled down about her. She bore no children. That was disgrace enough in itself and she became a by-word to her more fortunate sisters. Then one day she feels utterly desolate, when her husband, of whom she is truly fond, brings home a new bride. All does not go smooth and by and by, when this second wife in her glad anticipation taunts her with cruel words for being childless, she, in a sudden passion of jealousy and rage, wishes that her tormenter and her child might both die. Oh! dreadful words, why did she utter them? Others sitting by did not forget them and when a few weeks later, this woman and her new born babe lay dying, she was accused of employing witchcraft to cause their death. And then oh! how can we write it? This innocent woman was dragged to the most public place in the village and in the presence of all the people, was stripped as on the day of her birth. She was tied to a rude cross set in the ground, while cruel men with rough dull knives, shaved every hair from her body. Her mouth was pried open and filled with hot parched corn. She suffered indignities which can not be written. At last, she was flung on the ground and beaten, kicked and cut with knives, but she did not die. When their fury was spent, she was cast out crippled for life, branded as a witch, to suffer on in exile till death should bring deliverance. This incident and the woman were well known to the writer.

Now you ask, "How am I responsible for this? How can I prevent it?" *The gospel of Jesus Christ does prevent it. Are you reading that gospel?*

Away in the North of China, there came to the mission station one day a man with his wife and children, all victims of the opium habit. They had heard in their village that the foreign doctor could release them from the curse and so, pawing all their goods to raise money to travel with, they had made the journey and reached the hospital, only to be told that every ward was full to overflowing, there was no room for them. Then the awful feeling of despair took possession of them. What! could it be possible? Here was the doctor, kindly and sad, but refusing them. It could not be, it must not be. In a frenzy of grief that husband and father flung himself on the ground before the doctor's window and beating his head on the pavement, begged to be admitted. It was impossible, and so frankly did he become, that the physician, (Dr. Atwood) of the Shansi Mission, N. China, whose heart was bleeding for him, had to threaten to send for a magistrate to lock him up. A cart was hired to return them to their home with a promise that they could be admitted in a month or two.

And friends, for the paltry sum of \$200 that hospital could be enlarged to accommodate twenty more patients