

Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada

XXXIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 6

REV. C. N. MITCHELL.



THE New Year prayer meetings in our churches were in many places saddened by the news of the death of Mr. Mitchell, in La Paz, Bolivia, two days before. The anxious fears which so occupied our minds a year ago, had been almost entirely quieted by the news of his great improvement in health, and the letter contained in January LINK, from the pen of Mrs. Mitchell, with its intimation of the active part Mr. Mitchell was taking in the work again, still further assured us. A letter, written by Mr. Mitchell, arrived somewhat later than the cable-announcing his death, saying that he and Mrs. Mitchell were to sail for home Feb. 11th.

Mr. Mitchell had been our missionary in Bolivia for about seventeen years, and had given himself so unsparingly to the work that most of us thought of Bolivia only to think of Mr. Mitchell, and of Mr. Mitchell to remember Bolivia. Besides the usual and engrossing duties which occupy a missionary's time—preaching, teaching, visiting, persuading, being a living witness "known and read of all men"—Mr. Mitchell had edited for some years our paper in La Paz, "El Amigo de la Verdad," "The Friend of the Truth." His success in winning his way into the hearts and interests of the people was well shown in the loving attention they showered upon him in his illness last year.

Another of our leaders has gone. He will be greatly missed in Bolivia, and greatly mourned here. Someone must try to pick up the threads of his many activities and carry them on. Mrs. Mitchell, on her way home, and her two sons, waiting for her here, will be sympathetically remembered by us all in her loneliness and desolation.

"When, with bowed head
And silent-streaming tears,
With mingled hopes and fears,
To earth we yield our dead;

"The saints, with clearer sight,
Do cry in glad accord:
"A soul released from prison
Is risen, is risen—
Is risen to the glory of the Lord.'"

—J. M. N.