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EDITORIAL.

The Day of Sacrifice is upon us. Belgium has laid herself upon the altar of the world's welfare, and we all, personally, owe more to her faithfulness and valor than we can estimate. Women are giving their men, and men are giving their lives. Daily the great struggle waxes tense and awful. Europe is making colossal sacrifices. Even "heathen" India (isn't it about time we stopped using that word for our fellow-subjects?) springs to the front, and will not be denied her share of sacrificial service. She is giving her princes, her men, her private and personal fortunes, and even her jewels for the Empire.

War is an appalling tragedy. Nothing can ever make up to us for the precious lives that are being laid down for us over there. Can anything comfort us for the devastation of our most sacred places—our ancient and historic and beautiful altars, and our homes; or for the sighs and tears and groans of the widowed, the fatherless, the desolate? It is OUR burden, for "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and if we believed it before, we feel it now.

Yes, war is indeed an unspeakable tragedy. We have no words left to express our horror. We used them all carelessly up long ago in speaking of minor evils, trifling inconveniences—"dreadful" thunder, "awful" heat—and we feel that the same words won't do for what has overtaken us now.

But even such a horrible thing as war has called into action the noblest impulses of which humanity is capable, and we can never cease to thank God

for the display of the spirit of sacrifice which our eyes have seen. I read in my paper to-day from the seat of war—

"Lots were drawn by four officers," says The Daily News' Ostend correspondent, "to decide who should remain in command of Fort St. Marie, northwest of Antwerp, the officer thus chosen being sworn to fight to the death.

"The lot fell on a married man with a family. An unmarried officer immediately offered to take his place, and the officer who originally was chosen reluctantly accepted. The three officers then retired, bidding a touching farewell to their comrade who remained behind."

"Greater love hath no man than this," said our Lord, who knows the heart of man. And that high spirit glorifies even this heart-breaking struggle, and turns our hearts God-ward as we feel our blood quicken and our hearts burn with a longing to share, somehow, with such noble spirits the pain and—the sacrifice. While the spirit is upon our Empire and upon our nation let us open our hearts wide to the Spirit of God, and ask Him to open our eyes that we may see where "the Son of God goes forth to war," and to lead our feet and hearts to "follow in His train;" for our Captain is leading a great campaign against the arch-enemy abroad in the world. Our battlefields are India and Bolivia. And a critical period is upon us now. Funds are low, reinforcements are needed.

Does the war in Europe paralyze the will and effort of the nations engaged? Does the great crisis that is upon them strike them helpless with discouragement?