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BIDDING FAREWELL

Wednesday, Sept. 14th, was the day set for the departure of our Missionary party from Toronto. Miss Corning, Miss Baskerville, Miss Marsh, Miss Philpott and Miss Alexander composed the party, and they expect Miss Priest to join them on the way. The unloveliness of railway tracks, puffing engines, smoky roofs and cinder-covered walks do not lessen in any degree the task of leave-taking. But on the platform were gathered many smiling, friendly and sympathetic faces and on the coach steps stood the five travellers. As the train pulled slowly out, smiling good-byes and happy waving of handkerchiefs came to those left behind, with only a flitting look of sadness now and again, and on one face the intense look as of one trying to stamp the scene on her memory that she might be able to bring it back at some future need.

What was behind it all? These representatives of ours had said the hardest good-byes before, had left, some for the first time, one for the second, and one for a third time, the full and happy life of the homeland, and they had done it for only one reason,—because they believed the word of the Lord,—that it was the duty of each one of his people to go into all the world and preach His Gospel, and they had obeyed that word.

To those who were left behind what did it mean? Were they less responsive to the call? Should they have been going too? Should our readers have been with that party of five? We verily believe some on that platform and some who read this should have been there. If they may only find out their path of duty before the opportunity slips past! But for the larger number of us, the path of duty led not across continents and seas, but back to our homes and our churches and our Circles,—always though, to preach the Gospel to every creature. Not one

of us who bears the name of Christian dares to count himself out of that command,—“Go ye into all the world.” Are we doing it?

That leave-taking on the 14th was another opportunity given us as women to examine ourselves once again as to our full part in the great commission, and to measure ourselves by the standard. Let us not despise the reminder but rise in our strength and go “to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

And for these who have gone for another seven or eight years to the thick of the fight, what is our duty to them? The question is not hard to answer and the answer ought not to be hard to carry into action. We can always keep in mind the words of John R. Mott,—“The day upon which you think the missionaries need your prayers least, they may need them most,” and “More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.”

WHO ARE OUR DELEGATES THIS YEAR?

Oct. 4th and Nov. 9th, to very many of us, spells just one word,—Convention; the Eastern on Oct. 4th, the Western Nov. 9th. Is every Circle member asking the question of the heading,—is she sure that some are being appointed,—has she carefully decided as to whether she herself can go this time?

The programmes, to be superlative in our expressions, are “just splendid.” We humbly submit that we think they could hardly be improved.

Let no one think that this is a gathering planned by a few women whose business it is to induce others to come. This is the annual gathering of the Mission Circles and Bands of our province, and each Circle and each Band has exactly the same responsibility towards it as every other,—and that responsibility is to send