

THE Canadian Missionary Link.

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In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

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VOL. V., No. 5.] *"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."*—[Is. lx. 2.] JAN., 1883

The First Missionary.

BY MRS. J. J. BAKER.

[Read at the Brantford Evening Meeting]

There is a region bathed in sweetest light,
No death is there, nor ought of sin's dark blight.
No billows beat the shore, nor tempests high
Disturb the calm of heaven's cloudless sky
In vain essays this sin-encumbered hand
To pen the glories of that blessed land.
No eye hath seen the brightness of its days,
No ear hath heard its soul-entrancing lays,
No heart conceived the sweetness of the love
That ever reigns within that home above.
But once there came a pause within the song,
A silence fell upon the tuneful throng.
Then quick the tidings flew—"Far off below
"A world is dying in its sin and woe.
"And who (a voice was heard) will haste away
"To save that world from sin's unbounded sway?"
Among the countless throngs of angels there,
Among the sons of God and all who share
High heaven's glory, there was found but One.
And He, the Father's well-beloved Son,
O matchless pity of a loving heart!
O Love! O Christ, the Son of Love Thou art!
Let all the people join and loudly sing
Glad praise to God the great eternal King.
Yes, sing aloud the sacrifice He made!
O now before the altar where was laid
All heaven's rarest treasure! Let the air
Reverberate with songs of praise and prayer
God gave His Son a dying world to save;
And angels wondered at the gift He gave
The Saviour left the glory had above,
And in the fulness of His dying love
He came "a stranger" to this world of sin
Tho' lofty ones refused to take Him in,
"The common people" gathered far and near
And waited still impatiently to hear
The treading of the great Messiah's feet
Who walked unknown about the crowded street
A weary, sad, rejected by His own
He bore our griefs; for sin He did atone.
We hid our faces from Him, and the rod
Fell heavily upon the Son of God.
He wiped the tear from ev'ry upturned eye,
He heard and hushed the penitential sigh,
He healed the blind who sat beside the way,
And stretched His weary arms to be a stay
For helpless ones. He raised the fallen child
And cleansed to purity the life defiled.
To every yearning heart He gave relief,
And healed the spirits breaking with their grief.
He suffered even the little child to share
The tender blessing of His loving care.
And devils fierce were quiet at the will
Of Him who bade the raging storm be still.

The languishing arose from beds of pain
And blessed the power that gave new life again.
The gloomy graves gave back their lifeless clay
To live once more within the light of day.
It was the meat of Jesus to fulfil
In toil and pain His gracious Father's will.
He bore the burden and the heat of day,
His bleeding footprints marked the rugged way,
In shame and sorrow life's dark path He trod
To lead the way to happiness and God.
Alone within the garden's gloomy shade
The blessed Saviour agonized and prayed.
His heart was heavy with the awful woe
That but the sinless heart of Christ could know
The cup of agony could not be passed,
The sacred heart must bleed and break at last.
The heavens were dark and God withdrew His face
When died for us the Christ of truth and grace.
His mission is fulfilled, His work is done.
The Father glorified, the blessed Son
Now dwells forever in the light of God,
And angels strike their harps to praise and laud
The holy name of Jesus.

And to-day
Remembering all the roughness of His way,
And that for us His heart hath ached and bled,
And that He had not where to lay His head,
And that for us His hands and feet were torn;
The sacrifices made, the sorrows borne,
Remembering, though in agony He shrank
Before the awful cup, yet bowed and drank,
Remembering all His anguish, so would we
Take up the cross, dear Lord, and follow Thee

Who will follow Jesus?
Who will bear the loss?
Who will brave the danger
Of a pilgrim stranger
Holding high the cross?

Who will follow Jesus
Thro' the ceaseless strife?
Who in vale; on mountain,
Will unseal the fountain
Of the stream of Life?

Who will follow Jesus
Thro' the darksome way?
Who will hush the sighing
Of the helpless, crying
For the dawn of day?

"Tis the Father's promise—
"Th' heathen shall be Thine."
Go, then, tell the story
Till His fadeless glory
O'er all the nations shine.

We might as well have no opportunity as not to use
the one we have.—*Jas. French.*