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EDITORIAL.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Kings! Are you sure they are as happy as we are? The Editor has her doubts. She feels that this is the very most beautiful world that she ever lived in. There are so many wonderfully good hearts in it—and she has had some wonderful peeps thereinto. Let her tell you about it, and begin away back at our Convention in Ingersoll last November, for something happened there which she can never forget.

In the church, as we were all going out one day, a lady introduced herself by a name which the Editor recognized as belonging to one of our student volunteers for foreign service. So she just asked, "Are you his mother?" and, sure enough, she was. So then the Editor said, "And are you glad your son is going to be a foreign missionary?" And without hesitation she gave answer, "Oh yes, I consider it a great honor"—and was going on down the aisle. But even as she went she turned, came back, and said: "I suppose it would be too much to ask the Lord that all my children might become missionaries!" Now, your Editor felt something like people must feel when a great fortune is unexpectedly bestowed upon them—millions and millions. Her breath almost forsook her. She had never experienced such generosity; and it did seem a great deal to ask even of our Lord. But she knew He could do far more abundantly above all that we could ask or even think, and so she answered as quickly as she could: "According to your faith be it unto you."

What a royal mother-heart was there! To take in the whole wide world, and be ready to empty her home for its

sake and the Gospel's; and consider it an honor! Do you wonder that the incident made a warm place in the Editor's heart, and memory keeps it warm? As long as there are hearts like that left to us in the denomination, there is hope for the "wholly unoccupied" fields.

And only yesterday morning the Editor arose thinking about Miss Priest's bungalow—not the old one, where the rats and white ants overran her, but the new one she is going to have; and she wondered if anyone was remembering about it and sending money for it, and she sighed just a little as she glanced at her little mission-barrel, for it does take such an age to fill! But when she went to take a cup of tea with a friend that very afternoon, lo, and behold! her hostess handed her \$10 "for Miss Priest's bungalow"! Coming right into her hand thus from the warm hand of a dear friend, it had all the charm of a personal gift, and sent her home so light-headed (hearted, maybe!) that she quite forgot to take the car as she was bade, and walked home instead—on air, not concrete. When she got inside and remembered, all she could do then was to pop the care fare into that same thankful little mission-barrel. So somebody was thinking about it, after all. Are you?

And now just a wee story picked up from one of our exchanges. A little Chinese maiden, carrying her little brother on her back, was spoken to by a missionary, who said, kindly, "Poor little girl, what a burden for you to carry!" But, even as she staggered under the weight of him, the little girl looked up into his face and said: "It's not a burden, sir; it's my brother!"