

Canadian Missionary Link

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VACATION TIME.

Summer seems at last to have reached our land, and plans are being made for holiday outings. July is the month in which the Editor takes a rest, and no Link is published as usual till September. We hope it will be a season of refreshing to many, and that we may all return to our work with renewed energy.

Space in the July Link has to be given largely to Associational Reports, but while they are lengthy it seems necessary to condense them, as it is very desirable that as many as possible should be published in this number.

While holding a meeting one day a thoughtful Moslem, who had been carefully studying the different forms of religion with which he had become acquainted, said to a missionary, "I know that the Protestants are the best of all sects." A man in the audience said to the Moslem, "How do you know that? You are a Moslem. What do you know of the teachings of the Protestants?" And the Moslem said, "I know by one sign. If I go to a priest, he says to me 'Give'; if I go to an official or friend, they say to me, 'Give.' All say 'Give.' The Protestants alone say 'Take.' Their schools say 'take'; their teachings say 'Take'; their charities say 'Take.' By this I know that they are the best."—Selected.

After a morning spent with a Chinese woman she interrupted my gospel message with the questions: "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No," I answered. "Does your husband get drunk?" "No." "Does he smoke opium?" "No." "Does he beat you?" "No," I replied, "he has never struck me a blow." It took her several minutes to be convinced of this astonishing fact, and then she turned to me, saying impressively: "You have been talking to me of heaven and hell in the life to come; Your life now and mine are as heaven and hell."—Missionary Tidings.

Many of our readers will remember Miss Frith as the first missionary sent out by the Women's Societies in 1882, and will be pleased to hear of her work in Assam.

"ALL SHE HAD."

Eliza C. S. Long.

She had no treasure for Him—
Her love was all her treasure—
Yet longed she to adore Him,
And spread her gifts before Him,
As one who need not measure
Her lavish offering.

With feet that journeyed slowly
She trod the sanctuary;
Her gift was less than lowly—
She deemed the courts too holy,
For one whose hand could carry
No better to its king.

She knew not that He saw her;
Her tear-dimmed eyes filled fuller,
As haughtily before her
Strode Pharisee and lawyer,
While Saducee and ruler
Came sweeping on behind.

With lofty ostentation
Their wealthy stores they fingered;
But with humiliation,
And whispered adoration,
The lowly woman lingered,
And all she had resigned!

The proud who thronged above her,
Compared to this gave meanly;
For two pence to Jehovah
They kept a hundred over;
But ah! her gift was queenly,
And peerless in its kind.

With eyes all mild and tender,
The dear Lord marked her giving,
And speaking to commend her,
He crowned her act with splendor,
Which until now is living,
And made God's angels glad.

And as she now retreated,
With sad eyes raised to heaven
Methinks their lips repeated
The praise the Master meted
To one whose love had given—
O think ye!—"ALL SHE HAD!"

—Helping Hand.

Canton, Mass.