

Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada

XXXIII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1918

No. 10

A DELAYED SAILING.

We had hoped to have the missionaries taking furlough this year almost at home with us by this time, but word has been recently received that they are indefinitely delayed—Miss Priest, Miss Murray and Miss Blackadar. The delay has been a great disappointment, as they were within a few hours of leaving when word reached them of the change. It may be two months before another passage can be secured, but hopes are entertained for an earlier opportunity.

A TRIBUTE TO MISSIONS.

A Letter from a Young Soldier.

Lying in hospital, shattered and broken, just waiting for the end, a gallant soldier writes to his friend, a month before he died: "You know I have been all over the world. It would seem I should have plenty to think about. Strange, isn't it, that my thoughts always go back to the one theme of Foreign Missions—especially as I never before thought them worth thinking about. . . . I do not remember ever giving a penny to Foreign Missions in my life. It was easy to prate about their uselessness—so cheap and popular too; even when travelling in distant lands, sometimes knowing that but for the work of missionaries there would have been no road for me; and after accepting generous help from Mission Hospitals when sick, I failed to own the blessed service they were doing both for the natives of those countries and for their own land. My whole energies were set on trade. Gold was my god. In common fairness, I might have recognized who prepared the way for the markets I found so profitable. But I did not.

Then I came home and joined Kitchener's army. You sent me a New Testament. I have it now. Reading at random one night, for want of something better to do, I was struck by the words of John 17: 3—"And this is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." I could not forget these words. They have been with me ever since. They are with me now. How precious I find them who can tell?

I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend. I realize now that this Friend cares for every living soul just as He cares for me. . . . Would God I had earlier known the new Birth. I envy you fellows who have done so much for the cause. I would gladly die for it now when it is too late. As I think of the loyalty of subject races, so gloriously exhibited in this day of stress, as I picture those splendid Indians now in France, my mind refuses to absorb any but the great central fact—We have here the fruition of the work of the missionaries and of the prayers of the missionary-hearted everywhere.