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EDITORIAL.

The very day that we are going to press—April 15th—is the twentieth anniversary of Miss Priest's arrival in Tuni. Twenty years ago to-day did she begin that service of love which has meant so much to the women and children of that town and field, and to all, indeed, with whom she has come in touch. And in this 21st "year of her reign" are we women of Ontario going to build a new bungalow for her. We are—we are sending in our money now, and out in India committees are passing the plans. Watch the Treasurer's report—money is coming to her for it. Watch the Editor's little Mission barrel. Such a happy little barrel it is nowadays—never starving any more! Still, like the proverbial small boy at the Sunday school picnic, it has an almost miraculous capacity. The Easter mails brought it \$26.00 in gifts from those lovers of missions and Miss Priest who will not let me publish their names. (Miss Priest will smile when she reads about it—those of us who know her, know it well—wouldn't you like to be there to see the shiny look come into her eyes?) The messages which accompany the gifts are like the ointment which came from Mary's alabaster box for sweetness—breathing of love and desire for India, as they do.

What a lot of love goes into those bungalows! The Editor never realized it before. No wonder she spent such happy days of service, and God seemed so near, in the "Jane Buchan Bungalow" at Vuyuru!

Word comes from India that the plan adopted for Miss Priest's bungalow is similar to that of the Jane Buchan Bungalow. Our faith and imagination

reach forward to the day when our dear missionary will be actually in it—is it not so? Let us hasten that day.

"Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for
all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can be-
stow.
Like Mary's ointment, my devotion
prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love."

The writer is reminded, by the notices coming in for insertion in this LINK, of the associations that are drawing near. Directors are busy and anxious over programmes. Entertainment committees are dreaming of salads and apple pie. We all want our Association to be successful—the "best yet." The Editor has a few ideas to get rid of; and, in the first place and to waste no time, let her say that as she has sat in the audience and faced the platform she has often wondered why it was not more appropriately decorated. Oh, yes, I know there is a bouquet on the pulpit—but nothing to suggest a missionary meeting. Why not have large maps of our Mission fields hung over the platform? Surely they would prove a far more inspiring prospect to the audience than the yawning chasm of an empty baptistry, and the speakers also should find inspiration in such a suggestive background. If the entertaining church has not such maps wherewith to decorate the platform, the associational gathering furnishes an excellent reason for sending for one now. A missionary meeting without a map! No wonder our horizon is often so small, our vision short. By all means, let us have maps. They are suggestive, they make us