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VACATION NOTES.

LAKE OF BAYS.

"Here, drawn from different homes and sundered wide
Meet friends unknown and those long known before,
Blending with pleasures that too brief abide,
Those that will live in memory evermore."

AMID the unfading pleasures of our month's holiday was that of forming Christian acquaintances. Prized among them was Rev. Murdock McKenzie and wife, returned missionaries from China, who suffered much and narrowly escaped death in the Boxer Movement. With his consent THE LINK publishes the following extract from one of his sermons :

WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

"Ye shall be witness unto Me . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

"Christ is addressing His followers here for the last time. He is now giving them His parting command and promise. They are to receive power that they may be His witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth. He meant His words to be taken literally. His power is sufficient to enable His Church to accomplish the work given to them. He is the Church's Head and heart. The Apostolic Church flourished so long as it believed in and rendered obedience to His commands. So will it be with the Church in every age. Just as the healthy human heart sends the warm life current coursing through all the veins and arteries of man's complex body, so would the Church's heart have His love and light, His truth and life, carried out by the Church, which is His body, to earth's remotest bounds. The Church of God can never expect to be the spiritual instrumentality which Jesus meant her to be in the world until she undertakes that world's evangelization. This is the purpose for which the Church was formed and endued so regally by her Divine Head. He waits to see the work undertaken. He has been kept waiting for nineteen Centuries. "Awaken Thy Church, Thou blessed One, for the work so dear to Thy heart."

HOLIDAY MUSINGS.

ALITTLE way in from the dusty road bubbles a clear cold spring. Here the golden rod rears its yellow head above the granite stones. The thirsty cattle come hither to drink and as they wait, crop the grass, so that all about the spring is green and smooth like the best kept lawn. How pleasant to step aside from the dusty road to rest beside this wayside spring ?

All about lies the quiet country, fields of golden grain beautiful in their frame of waving trees. We think of David's song, "He leadeth me beside still waters, He restoreth my soul." After the dusty highway of life we come away from the toil and noise to rest and think, beside this cooling stream. See the little birds how they sing as they dip their wings in these cooling waters ! Soon we must take up our busy life again ; like the birds, we have been refreshed, and like them we must fly away to gladden the world with our song.

An hour ago it was very warm; the wind tired out had sunk to rest, now, like a young giant refreshed by sleep, it comes forth blustering and jovial bringing with him refreshing rain. Now every thing looks fresh and beautiful. The flowers with washed faces smile at you as you pass. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but can'st not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." How we have seen the withered life take on new beauty and the barren life become fruitful. There is rest and stillness in the air, but also a music soft and sweet that can only be heard in the quiet, away from all world noises. How often Christ took His disciples apart to pray, often walked in the wilderness, and we His children must also find time to go apart and listen for the voice from Heaven that always speaks to listening souls. When the day's work is well done, we can wander alone in the solemn eventide. To-morrow, busy life will crowd our life, eager-eyed responsibility will claim us as her own.

F. F.