

Jesus Christ." When her husband returned he found the beads on the floor. She forbade him to pick them up, but said to sweep them out with the rubbish. She died trusting in Jesus. Mr. Turnbull took the beads from his pocket and showed them to us. A young woman, to whom had come a yearning for the truth, watched a procession where a wax doll was being carried in the sun. The rays of the sun were so hot they melted the wax on the face, and the conviction came that an image that could not take care of itself, while she could protect herself with a hat, was not the thing in which to put her trust. Years passed. She went to a Christian service with her brother, a Christian. Her longing was satisfied and she was baptized after finding peace in Jesus Christ. The priests have run after the heretics, have forbidden the faithful to take them water, they want them all exterminated, would burn them, but pastor and people alike have held their ground and now there is a change coming over the people. Two most consecrated women from California, away past the age when any Mission Board would dare accept their services, are doing a most beautiful and blessed work, visiting in the homes, rebuffed many times, but still going on, Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Morton. Nearly self-supporting, these two noble women are also teaching in the Sunday School. Mr. Haddow offered a priest some of the literature. It was torn up and thrown in his face, stones were thrown at him; but he was not hurt. Miss Wilson is busy with the language. Work is being done with the Indians, the whites and half-caste! He was so glad that now, through the generosity of the Toronto Sunday Schools, they were to have a proper building for this work. Mr. Turnbull thanked the convention for sending Miss Alice Booker to them. Adjournment and supper.

At the evening session the church was packed. Men and young women, busy through the day, crowded through the doors till both main floor and gallery were full almost to discomfort. While the people were gathering the talented young organist of the church kept us from the sense of weary waiting as he played some beautiful selections. Rising to sing, the people gave expression to their praise in a great volume of music. Rev. Mr. Stillwell read the 57th Psalm: "Nothing in the world can make the people sing for joy, dry tears, give hope for despair, but the knowledge of the love of God." Mr. Stillwell led in prayer that this condition might soon obtain. Under the leadership of Miss Lilly Petty some of the young women secretaries of the different societies of the associations gave their reports. As we listened to these accounts of the growing work: "Increasing interest," "unselfish giving," "regrets for shortcomings," "plans for the future," "development of talents," "special gifts," "boxes for missionaries," "definite study," "more purpose in prayer," we were quite ready to understand the natural result—young faces turned toward the places needing their help, and the assurance to our hearts that the blessed work of the Kingdom of God is not likely to suffer loss with these strong, young hearts to love it and carry it on. Miss Marion Pearce led in a short service of worship, beginning with a beautiful address, "Jesus Calls Us," and closing in a service of prayer.

Not on the program, but in the heart of God for us, was the next event. A surprise, a happy surprise. There was a stirring on one of the front seats. Children and young people began to mount the platform. Every pair of eyes in that large audience watched to see what was happening. Who were they? What were they going to do? "Happy thoughts" the President had called them. Mrs. Dengate, formerly Miss Craig, our missionary's daughter, introduced them as they stood: Mr. Wyman Smith, in college, and Miss Evelyn Smith, training for a nurse, both children of Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Smith, of Pithapuram, India; Miss Laurina Chute, in training for a nurse; Gordon, Kenneth and Laurence Chute, all here in school, children of Rev. J. E. Chute and Mrs. Chute, M.D., home on furlough. Gilbert and Winnifred Scott, children of Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Scott, from Tuni, and the very littlest of them all, Olive Smith, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. Dixon Smith, Cocanada. "And Jesus answered and said, 'Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands . . . and in the world to come eternal life' (Mark 10: 29). The love and the sympathy, the admiration and the congratulations of the whole convention, go out to our beloved missionaries and their children. They have "chosen the better part, which cannot be taken away from them." "Treasure in heaven, where neither