

we meet people who look glum, and gravely tell you the world is getting worse. Oh! no, my friend, if there is one among our readers, it is not true. The evil perhaps is more apparent, but there never were in the history of the world so many people thinking and praying and seeking a way to solve the problems of mankind as there are to-day.

Many of the women came long distances, over rough roads, and through snow storms, with the thermometer standing at 30 below zero, in order to attend the meetings of their beloved Women's Missionary Society. One group, which planned to arrive the evening before the meetings commenced, was storm-bound. They were sitting up in the train all night, but on arrival wended their way to the church, though they must have been weary indeed. As I listened to the reports, heard accounts of the Home Mission Work, and saw their interest in the work of the foreign field, my heart glowed within me. I heard of Auxiliaries where their members had denied themselves "necessities" in order to keep up their missionary givings. Remember, dear readers, not "luxuries" but "necessities." Methinks we can see those gifts being taken by the Master Hand, the coppers turning into shining gold, the few loaves and fishes multiplied as in the days of old. Our Lord still performs miracles. God bless you women wherever you are who went without "necessities" for His sake!

I watched the women taking notes so eagerly in order that they might go back to their homes and churches and "share with others."

And then they made so much of their missionary visitor. How warm the hand clasp as they welcomed her in their midst! I can assure you the missionary never felt more unworthy and never had a greater desire to be more worthy of their love and to give a real message of inspiration. In an unexplainable way I felt whilst among them strangely near to China, not geographically, but in spirit. I heard of the pioneer days, of the brave men and women who saw to it that in that new territory the flag of Christ was unfurled. I heard of places even now without churches, mission stations without preachers, children without Sunday Schools,

and my sympathies went out to women facing problems right in their midst. As I told them of our problems in China, the millions of children who know not that Jesus said COME to the children of the world, as I told them of little children of tender years toiling in the factories in China, as I told them how China needed the Saviour, I felt they understood. It is possible to have so much as to become self-satisfied and self-centred, and to forget the prairies and the newly occupied regions of our own country, to say nothing of the regions beyond the seas.

In Saskatoon I had the experience of speaking in one of the churches on the Sunday where the service was broadcasted. I looked at the little machine on the desk, and realizing that by it means my words would be carried far and near, an overwhelming sense of total unworthiness came over me and I felt I dared not speak. But suddenly I saw the pulpit Bible on the desk and strength came back. It was not my message, but His Message I was to give. I looked at that Bible—God's Word to mankind, translated and I remembered that all over the world there were pulpits on which rested that same Bible, that people of every color were gathered together at that very hour to hear the Message from the Book of books. It was not difficult to see Chinese pastors, Indian pastors, African pastors, Japanese pastors, standing in their pulpits with the Bible on the desk in front of them. Surely the Bible is the greatest "Broadcasting" the world can ever know.

That morning a favorite hymn was sung in response to a request from someone living too far away to attend church. Truly the radio is another gift from our Heavenly Father. Let us pray that man may not abuse His gift.

Some of the delegates paid a short visit to the W.M.S. School Home in Edmonton. I went with them. The boys and girls were about to have their tea, but Mrs. Rodgers assured us they would not mind waiting. So the tables were pushed aside and the chairs brought close together. They sang to us in English and in French, and your missionary sang to them in Chinese and told them a little about the children of China. They all